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"The MEDICAL CIRCULAR," May 10, 1854.

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"The MEDICAL TIMES," August 5, 1854.

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"The Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics," &c. &c.

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an old Scotchman a curious letter, which she prints *in extenso*, and which is worth attentive perusal, dwelling as it does, with considerable minuteness, on the shocking state of moral depravity and ignorance of so large a portion of his countrymen.

Hear what a character he gives the

SCOTCH BODIES.

"Dinna be telling when ye gang hame that ye rode on the Aberdeen railway, made by a hundred men who were all in the Stonehaven prison for drunkenness; nor above five could sign their names.

"If the Scotch kill ye with ower feeding and making speeches, be sure to send this hame to tell your fouk, that it was Queen Elizabeth who made the first European law to buy and sell human beings like brute beasts. She was England's glory as a Protestant, and Scotland's shame as the murderer of their bonnie Mary. The auld hag skulked away like a coward in the hour of death. Mary, on the other hand, with calmness and dignity, repeated a Latin prayer to the Great Spirit and Author of her being, and calmly resigned herself into the hands of her murderers.

"In the capital of her ancient kingdom, when ye are in our country, there are eight hundred women sent to prison every year for the first time. Of fifteen thousand prisoners examined in Scotland in the year 1845, eight thousand could not write at all, and three thousand could not read.

"At present there are about twenty thousand prisoners in Scotland. In Stonehaven they are fed at about seventeen pounds each, annually. The honest poor, outside the prison upon the parish roll, are fed at the rate of five farthings a day, or two pounds a year. The employment of the prisoners is grinding the wind, we ca' it; turning the crank, in plain English. The latest improvement is the streckin board; it's a whig improvement o' Lord Jonnie Russell's.

"I ken brawly ye are a curious wife, and would like to ken a' about the Scotch bodies. Weel, they are a gey ignorant, proud, drunken pack; they manage to pay ilka year for whiskey one million three hundred and forty-eight thousand pounds.

"But then their piety, their piety; weel, let's luke at it; hing it up by the nape o' the neck, and turn it round atween our finger and thumb on all sides.

"Is there one school in all Scotland where the helpless, hameless poor are fed and clothed at the public expense? None.

"Is there a hame in all Scotland for the cleanly but sick servant maid to go till, until health be restored? Alas! there is none.

"Is there a school in all Scotland for training ladies in the higher branches of learning? None. What, then, is there for the women of Scotland?"

If these charges be true, surely it is time for Sawney to be up and doing. The immorality and want of education of the masses in Scotland is a favourite theme upon the Continent: it is not often, however, that we find it so freely admitted and so bitterly denounced by a North Briton himself.

On her arrival in London Mrs. Stowe received numerous invitations from individuals of all classes, amongst others, from Lord Carlisle. On her way to his house she was much struck by the appalling number of gin-shops that met her eye at every corner.

LONDON BY NIGHT.

As we rode on through the usual steady drizzling rain, from street to street and square to square, crossing Waterloo Bridge, with its avenue of lamps faintly visible in the seethy mist, plunging through the heart of the metropolis, we began to realize something of its immense extent.

Altogether the most striking objects that you pass, as you ride in the evening thus, are the gin-shops flaming and flaring from the most conspicuous positions, with plate-glass windows and dazzling lights, thronged with men, and women, and children, drinking destruction. Mothers go there with babies in their arms, and take what turns the mother's milk to poison. Husbands go there, and spend the money that their children want for bread, and multitudes of boys and girls of the age of my own. In Paris and other European cities, at least the great fisher of souls baits with something attractive, but in these gin-shops men bite at the bare, barbed hook. There are no garlands, no dancing, no music, no theatricals, no pretence of social exhilaration; nothing but hogsheads of spirits, and people going in to drink. The number of them that I passed seemed to me absolutely appalling.

After long driving we found ourselves coming into the precincts of the west end, and began to feel an indefinite sense that we were approaching something very grand, though I cannot say that we saw much but heavy, smoky, walled buildings, washed by the rain. At length we stopped in Grosvenor Place, and alighted.

We were shewn into an ante-room adjoining the entrance hall, and from that into an adjacent apartment, where we met Lord Carlisle. The room had a pleasant, social air, warmed and enlivened by the blaze of a coal-fire and wax-candles.

We had never, any of us, met Lord Carlisle before; but the considerateness and cordiality of our reception obviated whatever embarrassment there might have been in this circumstance. In a few moments after we were all seated the servant announced the Duchess of Sutherland, and Lord Carlisle presented me. She is tall and stately, with a most noble bearing. Her fair complexion, blond hair, and full lips, speak of Saxon blood. In her early youth she might have been a Rowena. I thought of the lines of Wordsworth:—

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, to command."

Her manners have a peculiar warmth and cordiality. One sees people now and then who seem to radiate kindness and vitality, and to have a faculty of inspiring perfect confidence in a moment. There are no airs of grandeur, no patronizing ways; but a genuine sincerity and kindness that seem to come from a deep fountain within.

* * * *

The company soon formed themselves into little groups in different parts of the room. The Duchess of Sutherland, Lord Carlisle, and the Duke and Duchess of Argyll formed a circle, and turned the conversation upon American topics. The Duke of Argyll made many inquiries about our distinguished men; particularly of Emerson, Longfellow, and Hawthorne; also of Prescott, who appears to be a general favourite here. I felt at the moment that we never value our literary men so much when placed in a circle of intelligent foreigners: it is particularly so with Americans, because we have nothing but our men and women to glory in—no court, no nobles, no castles, no cathedrals: except we produce distinguished specimens of humanity, we are nothing.

The quietness of this evening circle, the charm of its kind hospitality, the evident air of sincerity and goodwill which pervaded every thing, made the evening

pass most delightfully to me. I had never felt myself more at home even among the Quakers. Such a visit is a true rest and refreshment, a thousand times better than the most brilliant and glittering entertainment.

At eleven o'clock, however, the carriage called, for our evening was drawing to its close; that of our friends, I suppose, was but just commencing, as London's liveliest hours are by gaslight; but we cannot learn the art of turning night into day.

The sketches given of some of the other well-known characters with whom this lady came in contact are interesting.

The following description of an individual well known to a generation fast passing away will amuse many readers.

SAM ROGERS.

C. and I were to go to-day, with Mrs. Cropper and Lady Hatherton, to call on the poet Rogers. I was told that he was in very delicate health, but that he still received friends at his house. We found the house a perfect cabinet collection of the most rare and costly works of art—choicest marbles, vases, pictures, gems, and statuary met the eye everywhere. We spent the time in examining some of these while the servant went to announce us. The mild and venerable old man himself was the choicest picture of all. He has a splendid head, a benign face, and reminded me of an engraving I once saw of Titian. He seemed very glad to see us, spoke to me of the gathering at Stafford House, and asked me what I thought of the place. When I expressed my admiration, he said, "Ah, I have often said it is a fairy palace, and that the Duchess is the good fairy." Again, he said, "I have seen all the palaces of Europe, but there is none that I prefer to this." Quite a large circle of friends now came in and were presented. He did not rise to receive them, but sat back in his easy chair, and conversed quietly with us all, sparkling out now and then in a little ripple of playfulness. In this room were his best-beloved pictures, and it is his pleasure to shew them to his friends.

By a contrivance quite new to me, the pictures are made to revolve on a pivot, so that by touching a spring they move out from the wall, and can be seen in different lights. There was a picture over the mantelpiece of a Roman triumphal procession, painted by Rubens, which attracted my attention by its rich colouring and spirited representation of animals.

The colouring of Rubens always satisfies my eye better than that of any other master, only a sort of want of grace in the conception disturbs me. In this case both conception and colouring are replete with beauty. Rogers seems to be carefully waited on by an attendant who has learned to interpret every motion, and anticipate every desire.

I took leave of him with a touch of sadness. Of all the brilliant circle of poets, which has so delighted us, he is the last—and he so feeble! His memories, I am told, extend back to a personal knowledge of Dr. Johnson. How I should like to sit by him, and search into that cabinet of recollections! He presented me his poems, beautifully illustrated by Turner, with his own autograph on the fly-leaf. He writes so clear, firm, beautiful hand, like a lady's.

How our venerable friend himself, and those who know him best, would chuckle on finding him styled a *mild, benign* old man. Oh that Tom Moore or Sydney Smith could but have heard this!

After a brief sojourn in London, Mrs. Stowe betakes herself

TO PARIS.

We gave the *lady* a franc, dined, and were off for Paris. The ride was delightful. Cars seating eight, clean, soft-cushioned, nice. The face of the country, though not striking, was pleasing. There were many poplars, with their silvery shafts, and a mingling of trees of various kinds. The foliage has an airy grace—a certain *spirituelle* expression—as if the trees knew they were growing in *la belle France*, and must be refined. Then the air is so different from the fog and smoke of London. There is more oxygen in the atmosphere. A pall is lifted. We are led out into sunshine. Fields are red with a scarlet white-edged poppy, or blue with a flower like larkspur. Wheat fields half covered with this unthrifty beauty! But alas! the elasticity is in Nature's works only. The works of man breathe over us a dismal, sepulchral, stand-still feeling. The villages have the night-mare, and men wear wooden shoes. The day's ride, however, was memorable with novelty; and when we saw Mont Martre, and its moth-like windmills, telling us we were coming to Paris, it was almost with regret at the swiftness of the hours. We left the cars, and flowed with the tide into the Salle d'Attente, to wait till the baggage was sorted. Then came the famous ceremony of unlocking.

Tuesday, June 7.—*A la Louvre!* (sic) But first the ladies must "shop" a little. I sit by the counter and watch the pretty Parisian *shopocracy*. A lady presides at the desk. Trim little grisettes serve the customers so deftly, that we wonder why awkward men should ever attempt to do such things. Nay, they are so civil, so evidently disinterested and solicitous for your welfare, that to buy is the most natural thing imaginable.

In the evening I rested from the day's fatigue by an hour in the garden of the Palais Royal. I sat by one of the little tables, and called for an ice. There were hundreds of ladies and gentlemen eating ices, drinking wine, reading the papers, smoking, chatting! scores of pretty children were frolicking and enjoying the balmy evening. Here six or eight midgets were jumping the rope, while papa and mamma swung it for them. Pretty little things, with their flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, how they did seem to enjoy themselves! What parent was ever far from home that did not spy in every group of children his own little ones—his Mary or his Nelly, his Henry or Charlie? So it was with me. There was a ring of twenty or thirty singing and dancing, with a smaller ring in the centre, while old folks and boys stood outside. But I heard not a single oath, nor saw a rough or rude action, during the whole time I was there. The boys standing by looked on quietly, like young gentlemen. The best finale of such a toilsome day of sightseeing was a warm-bath in the Rue de Bac, for the trifling sum of fifteen sous. The cheapness and convenience of bathing here is a great recommendation of Paris life. They will bring you a hot-bath at your house for twenty-five cents, and that without bustle or disorder. And nothing so effectually as an evening bath, as my experience testifies, cures fatigue and propitiates to dreamless slumber.

Thursday, June 9.—At the Louvre. Studied three statues half an hour each—the Venus Victrix, Polyhymnia, and Gladiateur Combattant. The first is mutilated; but if *disarmed* she conquers all hearts: what would she achieve in full panoply? As to the Gladiator, I noted as follows on my catalogue: A pugilist; antique, brown with age; attitude leaning forward; left hand raised on guard, right hand thrown out back, ready to strike a side blow; right leg bent; straight line from the head to the toe of left foot;

muscles and veins most vividly revealed in intense development; a wonderful *patrician*, as if he had been smitten to stone at the instant of striking.

Although, generally speaking, our authoress is not very happy in her criticisms on art, and does not profess any great artistic skill, yet the following observation deserves to be recorded.

MODERN CLASSICALITY.

In general, all French artists appear to me to have been very much injured by a wrong use of classic antiquity. Nothing could be more glorious and beautiful than the Grecian development; nothing more unlike it than the staid, wearisome, repetitious imitations of it in modern times. The Greek productions themselves have a living power to this day; but all imitations of them are cold and tiresome. These old Greeks made such beautiful things, because they did not imitate. That mysterious vitality, which still imbues their remains, and which seems to enchant even the fragments of their marbles, is the mesmeric vitality of fresh, original conception. Art, built upon this, is just like what the shadow of a beautiful woman is to the woman. One gets tired in these galleries of the classic band, and the classic headdress, and the classic attitude, and the endless repetition of the classic urn, and vase, and lamp, as if nothing else were ever to be made in the world except these things.

Again: in regard to this whole French gallery, there is much of a certain quality which I find it very difficult to describe in any one word—a dramatic smartness, a searching for striking and peculiar effects, which render the pictures very likely to please on first sight, and to weary on longer acquaintance.

Here, also, is a well-deserved hit at the old Dutchmen and their laborious

CULINARY PAINTINGS,

in which cabbages, brass kettles, onions, potatoes, &c., are reproduced with praiseworthy industry. Many people are enraptured with these; but, for my part, I have but a very little more pleasure in a turnip, onion, or potato in a picture than out, and always wish that the industry and richness of colour had been bestowed upon things in themselves beautiful. The great Master, it is true, gives these models, but he gives them not to be looked at, but eaten. If painters could only contrive to paint vegetables (cheaply) so that they could be eaten, I would be willing.

Mrs. Stowe passed about a month in the gay capital of Europe—in the fairest city that the world can boast. She did not dwell during her residence there in hotels and *cafés*, but in the seclusion of domestic life: received everywhere without ceremony, and with confidence and affection, she trusts that she was enabled to give an insight into the

FRENCH HEART.

I liked the English and the Scotch as well as I could like any thing. And now, I equally like the French. Exact opposites, you will say. For that reason all the more charming. The goodness and beauty of the divine mind is no less shewn in the traits of different races than of different tribes of fruits and flowers. And because things are exact opposites, is no reason why we should not like both. The eye is not like the hand, nor the ear like the foot; yet who condemns any of them for the difference? So I regard nations as parts of a great common body, and national differences as necessary to a common humanity.

I thought, when in English society, that it was as perfect and delightful as it could be. There was worth

of character, strength of principle, true sincerity, and friendship, charmingly expressed. I have found all these, too, among the French, and, besides them, something which charms me the more, because it is peculiar to the French, and of a kind wholly different from any I have ever had an experience of before. There is an iris-like variety and versatility of nature, a quickness in catching and reflecting the various shades of emotion or fancy, a readiness in seizing upon one's own half-expressed thoughts, and running them out in a thousand graceful little tendrils, which is very captivating.

I know a general prejudice has gone forth, that the French are all mere outside, without any deep reflection or emotion. This may be true of many. No doubt that the strength of that outward life, that acuteness of the mere perceptive organization, and that tendency to social exhalation, which prevail, will incline to such a fault in many cases. An English reserve inclines to moroseness, and Scotch perseverance to obstinacy; so this aerial French nature may become levity and insincerity; but then it is neither the sullen Englishman, the dogged Scotchman, nor the shallow Frenchman, that we are to take as the national ideal. In each country we are to take the very best as the specimen.

We cannot afford space for any allusion to our author's further continental wanderings. From the copious extracts we have selected, a fair opinion may be formed of the style of the whole, which would have been all the better for a little more careful revision, and the avoidance of certain numerous Yankeeisms, which to English readers will be apt to convey an idea of vulgarity. We may instance a few, to illustrate our meaning:—"We passed many beautiful *establishments*, about of the quality of our handsomest country-houses." "It was the first *stopping-place* of Queen Mary, after her fatal flight into England." "We had engaged to attend a *soirée* gotten up by the working-classes." Speaking of the smoke, obscurity, and fog of London, she says, "The *authentic* air with which they lament the existence of these at present would almost persuade one that, in general, London was a very clear, bright place." In commenting on the paintings of Canaletto, allusion is made to his "management of perspective, *chiaro-scuro*, and all the other mysteries of art, such as make his paintings amount to about the same as the reality" (!) Further on we read of one who "espoused to himself a bride;" and still further, on board a Rhine steamer, our travellers, "escaping from the *jam*," made their way to the bow, "and there, on the *very beak* of all things, they had a fine view."

But nothing in modern American books strikes a critical reader more than the quaint and constant use made of the word "quite." Here are a few of the thousand and odd examples to be found *passim* in these two volumes. "Quite a number of people had come together to meet us." "We rode through several villages, and met quite warm welcome." "The rude simplicity of thus arranging it on

the polished floor of this magnificent apartment struck me as *quite* singular." "This mode of serving plovers' eggs has something *quite* sylvan and picturesque about it." "This meal, called *lunch*, is with the English *quite* an institution." "Arrived at the hall, we found *quite* a number of *distingués*, bishops, lords, and clergy." "*Quite* a large circle of friends now came in and were presented." "There was *quite* a struggle for her, between a French naval officer, the English, and the Turks." "Gradually *quite* a circle of people dropped

in, and amongst them was a very young man with *quite* light hair. If you had been there we might have had *quite* a brilliant time." So frequent is the use of this word, that it recurs occasionally five times in a page.

We mention these little matters in no unfriendly spirit, merely suggesting the expediency of their correction in some of those "Author's Editions" which the recent decision in the House of Lords has made numerous and cheap.

NOVELS.

Hard Times for these Times. By CHARLES DICKENS. Bradbury and Evans. 1854.

THE title of this book naturally suggested that it would be a story of over-work, small wages, poor food, and scanty clothing; and we took it up, rather expecting to meet with a tale of the Mary Barton school, and with some curiosity to see how even so experienced an author as Mr. Dickens would meet Mrs. Gaskell on her own ground.

"Hard Times," however, though the scene is laid in a town of long chimneys and furnaces, of red brick streets and coal-grit roads, is not a tale of the struggle between masters and operatives—between "heads," and "hands," as they are technically called—but one to set forth the hardness of the times, which would drive fancy and feeling out of the mind of the rising generation, to make way for the mere acquisition of facts and figures—facts and figures, coupled with no other learning, combined with the cultivation of no human sympathies, and of no human affections. The work is full of characteristic passages in Mr. Dickens' happiest manner. He has avoided the fault he is apt to fall into, of introducing too many personages who are unconnected with the story, and he has steered clear of the array of idiots, madmen, and half-witted people, wherewith he sometimes unnecessarily encumbers his narrative, sacrificing nature and probability to the grotesque.

In "Hard Times" the characters are strongly drawn, but they are true flesh and blood: it is easy to fancy that all and each of them live and move in the world around us, and that they are not merely puppets called forth by an arbitrary will to play a part according to the dictates of the machinist. We are first introduced to a model school, patronized and supported by an "eminently practical" retired wholesale hardware dealer, Thomas Gradgrind by name, and others, his equally practical friends. Mr. Gradgrind's views may be briefly explained in his own words:—

"Now what I want is Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out every thing else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts. Nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children—stick to Facts, Sir."

In the course of the examination of the little vessels assembled in this school to be filled brimful of facts, Mr. Gradgrind's eye falls on one scholar, "Girl number twenty," whom he does not know. She has just joined the school, and is the daughter of a tumbler at a circus temporarily established in Coketown. So "un-

practical" an origin of course offends Mr. Gradgrind; but having succeeded in obtaining a remarkably dry, matter-of-fact definition of a horse as quadruped, graminivorous, forty teeth, twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, twelve incisive, &c. &c., from a model boy, Mr. Gradgrind walks homeward in a state of satisfaction. Mr. Gradgrind's home is thus described:—

A very regular feature on the face of the country Stone Lodge was. Not the least disguise toned down or shaded off that uncompromising fact in the landscape. A great square house, with a heavy portico darkening the principal windows, as its master's heavy brows overshadowed his eyes. A calculated, cast-up, balanced, and proved house. Six windows on this side of the door, six windows on that—a total of twelve in this wing, a total of twelve in the other wing, four-and-twenty carried over to the back wings. A lawn and garden, and an infant avenue, all ruled straight, like a botanical account-book. Gas and ventilation, draining and water-service, all of the primest quality. Iron clamps and girders, fireproof from top to bottom, mechanical lifts for the housemaids, with all their brushes and brooms—every thing that heart could desire.

Arrived at this stony Paradise, Mr. Gradgrind there finds his friend Mr. Bounderby, who is, so to speak, his Mrs. Grundy, of whose opinion he stands in the greatest awe, and to whom he has the mortification of owing that, while walking from his model school, he has actually found his own model daughter Louisa, and his own mathematical son Thomas, peeping in through the chinks of the deal boards of the circus, to endeavour to obtain a glimpse of that forbidden palace of delight. More than ever determined to dismiss Sissy Jupe, "girl number twenty," from the school, Messrs. Gradgrind and Bounderby set forth to find her father's dwelling. The clown has, however, mysteriously disappeared. He had failed lately in several of his tricks and tumblings, and given little satisfaction with his jests, and it is supposed that, unable to bear that his daughter should hear or know of his disgrace, he had fled and deserted her. By a somewhat incomprehensible impulse on the part of so "eminently practical" a man, Gradgrind resolves to receive Sissy into his house; and after a pathetic leave-taking between her and her circus companions, including the asthmatic manager, Mr. Sleary, she accompanies Mr. Gradgrind and his friend, very much against the advice of the latter.

Gradgrind's friend, Bounderby, is a bachelor—a self-made man he delights to call himself. It is his boast to proclaim that he sprang from the lowest depths of vice and misery; that his unnatural mother ran away

from him, and he ran away from a drunken grandmother; and that he has become, by his own exertions, Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, Banker, owner of a large factory, and employing a born lady for his housekeeper. This housekeeper, Mrs. Sparsit, is one of the capital characters of the tale. She is fond of mentioning her family and connections; she is by birth "a Scadgers," and her lamented husband was by the mother's side "a Fowler." She is a sort of aristocratic guage for Mr. Bounderby to measure himself by, and he is as fond of exalting her antecedents as of depreciating his own. It adds to his glorification to feel that this real lady, tremendous in gentility, awful in rustling silks, is his dependent, "keeping the house of Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, at a hundred a year, which she is pleased to term handsome."

Mrs. Sparsit, with every appearance of deferential respect for Mr. Bounderby, has no great love for him in reality, and no great opinion of his judgment. It is with much disgust she hears of his intention to take young Tom Gradgrind into his office; and though she says nothing, she penetrates his motive, which is no other than a penchant for Tom's sister Louisa, the fact-crushed, unhappy, gloomy daughter of Mr. Gradgrind. Mrs. Sparsit is presiding over Mr. Bounderby's lunch of chop and sherry (she is too strong-minded a woman to eat luncheon herself) when a request is made from one of the "hands" for an interview with his employer. He sends in his name, Stephen Blackpool, and is admitted. He details in homely, but forcible language how that nearly twenty years before he had married a pretty girl, who had turned out badly; how she had become drunken and profligate; how she had sold every thing he possessed over and over again; how he had endeavoured to reform her, and failing, that had attempted to purchase her absence; how she had come back again the previous night, and filled his heart with shame and sorrow. He comes to ask Mr. Bounderby's advice, and to know if by any means he may rid himself of this incubus; and, having done so, may marry a pure-minded, gentle woman, who has cheered his lonely path with friendship and kindness. He is told that to the rich such a proceeding would be possible, but not so to the poor. Stephen pronounces his favourite phrase, that "it's a' a muddle," and departs to his wretched home, to find his friend Rachel succouring and caring for the miserable creature he was bound to for life.

Time passes on, and we find Mr. Gradgrind a member of Parliament; Louisa a young woman, quiet and reserved, with a hidden fire smouldering under the cold exterior; Tom

grown up into an ill-conditioned whelp; and Sissy an earnest, affectionate, good girl, still sadly deficient in facts.

Mr. Bounderby proposes to make Louisa his wife. The subject is discussed in a solemn interview between her and her father. "She sadly, wearily, accepts the proposal. She would wish to do the little she can, and the little she is fit for. Life is short. What does it matter? She has been so trained as never to have had an aspiration or an affection; never to have had a child's heart, or dreamed a child's dream." So Mr. Bounderby is accepted, and has to break the news to Mrs. Sparsit. He is not quite sure how she will take it. He thinks of writing, but, after all, resolves to do it by word of mouth.

To his astonishment, perhaps to his disappointment, Mrs. Sparsit receives the news with bland tranquillity. A bottle of smelling salts he had provided "in case" were absolutely useless. A hope he might be happy, a compassionate mode of treating him as a victim, an aspiration that Miss Gradgrind might be all he desired and deserved, was all that his piece of intelligence produced. And Mrs. Sparsit agrees to the proposition of Mr. Bounderby, that she shall retire to apartments at the Bank, at the same rate of annual compliment (she objects to the word "terms") as before. Mr. Bounderby's marriage takes place in a few weeks, and the happy pair depart on a very matter-of-fact trip to Lyons, to see how the "hands" get on in those parts. Soon after this, appears on the scene a Mr. James Harthouse, a sort of languid speculator, who, having failed in several things he has "gone in" for, takes it into his head to go in for facts, and to come down to Coketown to act as a great fact auxiliary. He has been bored by every thing he undertook; and this very circumstance, with his freedom in owning it, rather impresses Louisa in his favour. This unloving wife, unaffectionate daughter, is yet a devoted sister—devoted to the ungracious Tom, the sullen young fellow in Mr. Bounderby's office. Mr. Harthouse perceives this instantly, and forms a project to make himself well acquainted with the sister by means of the brother, to learn all he wants to know about her through him. About this time arise complaints among the workpeople. Stephen Blackpool becomes suspected by Bounderby, and is told, in the presence of Louisa, to finish what he has in hand, and to seek work elsewhere. As he returns home he meets Rachel and an old woman he has seen once or twice before, who always appeared to take an intense interest in Mr. Bounderby and his affairs. They all go to Stephen's house together, to "tak a coop o' tea." There presently arrives Louisa, accom-

panied by her brother—she to offer Stephen pecuniary assistance, Tom to linger behind when she was going, and in a hurried, fearful way to tell Stephen he thought he could do him a good turn, and if he could hang about the Bank for an hour in the evening he would try to let him know. He does loiter about the building for more than the stipulated time, but nothing happens, and he takes his leave of Coketown early one morning, before the “hands” come out to work. Mr. James Harthouse meanwhile pursues his way, undermining Mrs. Bounderby’s slight faith or belief in any thing, with his own unbelief and careless, sneering distrust. At first he did not care much for Louisa, but gradually he began to think that it would be a new sensation if the face which changed so beautifully for “the whelp” would change for him. By pretended interest in Tom he interests Mrs. Bounderby in himself, and wins her gratitude at least, and her confidence on the subject of moneys that she has given to Tom, and jewels she has sold (her husband’s gifts) to pay his debts.

Now comes a tremendous discovery—the Bank has been robbed in the night. By whom? Stephen Blackpool had been seen by Mrs. Sparsit lurking about the Bank. Of course Stephen must be the thief, and the old woman who took such an interest in Mr. Bounderby’s affairs his accomplice. Mrs. Sparsit’s nerves having been shaken by the event, she removes to Mr. Bounderby’s house, and treats him more like a victim than ever, begging him not to be low, and to keep up his spirits, till the poor man is as miserable as heart could wish. She detects in a moment how Louisa is being drawn into Harthouse’s snare, and, with all the spite of a cat watching a bird, she follows up every link of the chain. At last, at Mr. Bounderby’s country house—to which, suspecting something, she goes stealthily by the train—she discovers Harthouse and Louisa talking together in the garden, and overhears him declare his love, and a meeting arranged for that evening, though where Mrs. Sparsit is in too great a whirl of gratified malice to remember. She sees Harthouse go, and she sees Louisa return into the house, and reissue from it again. She follows her to the station, takes a place in another carriage, arrives at Coketown, looks out anxiously for Louisa, but she is already gone. And where? We own that we do think it an unusual, not to say an unprecedented, arrangement, for a lady, married or unmarried, to make an appointment to elope with a lover, and then to choose her father for her confidant. Nevertheless, so we find it written; and Mr. Gradgrind, sitting at his desk in his writing-room

by lamplight, sees with amazement his daughter standing before him. She comes to tell him that she curses the hour she was born, and to upbraid him for the education he had given her; to tell him that, hating her husband, chance had thrown in her way a man, light, polished, easy, making no pretences, avowing the low estimate of every thing *she* had been half afraid to form in secret—that this man had understood her, read her thoughts, and had gained her confidence.

Her father’s face was ashy white, and he held her in both his arms.

“I have done no worse; I have not disgraced you; but if you ask me whether I have loved him, or do love him, I tell you plainly, father, that it may be so—I don’t know.”

“This night, my husband being away, he has been with me, declaring himself my lover. This minute he expects me, for I could release myself of his presence by no other means. I do not know that I am sorry; I do not know that I am ashamed; I do not know that I am degraded in my own esteem. All that I know is, your philosophy, your teaching will not save me. Now, father, you have brought me to this—save me by some other means.”

And she falls at his feet, an insensible heap—she who had been the pride of his heart and the triumph of his system! When she revives she is in her own room, and Sissy near her—Sissy, from whom she had long felt estranged, but who comes with loving words and loving ways to comfort her. Sissy does more than comfort, too; she goes to Mr. Harthouse, who has waited and wondered through a night and a day, and persuades him to quit Coketown at once and for ever, an intention which he communicates in the following terms to his brother:—

“DEAR JACK—All up at Coketown—bored out of the place, and going in for canels.

“Affectionately, JEM.”

Mrs. Sparsit, meanwhile, has informed Mr. Bounderby of Louisa’s flight, and is not a little disconcerted when, after an angry scene between Mr. Bounderby and her father, she is declared to be in his house. Her husband gives her till the morrow at noon, by which time, if she does not return home she may do so no more. Noon arrives: at five minutes past twelve he directed Mrs. Bounderby’s property to be packed up and sent to Tom Gradgrind’s; he then advertised his country-house for sale, and returned to bachelor life.

All this time no news of the robbers of the Bank, and neither Stephen Blackpool or the mysterious old woman are heard of. A reward is offered for the apprehension of the former. Rachel pledges herself he will come back, but he does not. Messengers are sent to the town where she says he is. They return alone. He received her letter, and decamped the same hour, no

one knew more. The mysterious old woman, however, is presently found, through the exertions of Mrs. Sparsit, and turns out not to have any thing to do with the robbery, but to be Mr. Bounderby's poor old despised mother, whose only business near Coketown was to come once a year to gaze at the son who disowned her. He could boast of the wet ditch in which he chose to say he had been born, of the profligate mother he invented, and the drunken grandmother, equally the product of his coarse brain; but the plain, old, decent woman was what his boastful pride could not suffer, and she had been ordered to remain unknown, and did so humbly, till the officious Mrs. Sparsit brought her to light, to Mr. Bounderby's great disgust.

On the next Sunday Rachel and Sissy met to walk in the country. Exercise and air were all that kept poor Rachel sane. Days had passed, and Stephen was not found. While walking in a wood they find a hat: it is Blackpool's. They search further. Is he murdered? No. They are close to the edge of a pit—surely he must have fallen in there. The passages describing the search for him, and his discovery, are most graphic, but unfortunately too long for extract. At last, men having been lowered into the pit, with infinite difficulty the poor, crushed, and dying Stephen is brought to the surface of the ground. Louisa, Gradgrind, and others are by this time on the spot. Stephen charges Gradgrind to "make his name good wi' aw men."

"Mr. Gradgrind was troubled, and asked how."

"Sir," was the reply, "yor son will tell yo' how. Ask him. I mak' no charges. I leave none ahint me—not a single word. I ha' seen and spoken wi' your son one night. I ask no more of yo' than that yo' clear me, and I trust to yo' to do 't."

So the bearers carry poor Stephen away, but he is dead before he arrives at home.

While the crowd were occupied with Stephen, Sissy whispered to Tom to be off while he could, and to take refuge with her old friends of the circus. After a confession of having been the robber of the Bank, and a hair-breadth escape, he succeeds in reaching the shore, and getting out of England; and it is hinted in the last chapter that he died in penitence thousands of miles away, his last word being Louisa's name.

Mr. Bounderby quarrelled with Mrs. Sparsit, who, before they part, tells him that she has long considered him a noodle, and that the proceedings of a noodle can only inspire contempt.

Sissy's fate is slightly indicated as a happy wife and mother, and Louisa's is shadowed

forth as rejoicing in Sissy's happiness, "growing learned in childish lore, thinking no innocent and pretty fancy ever to be despised, trying hard to know her humbler fellow-creatures, and to beautify their lives of machinery and reality with those imaginative graces and delights, without which the heart of infancy will wither up, the sturdiest physical manhood will be morally stark death, and the plainest natural prosperity figures can show will be the writing on the wall."

Poor Gradgrind! His theories destroyed, his facts turning against him, his eldest son only escaping the punishment of a felon by an eternal exile—we leave him in a position miserable enough to atone for all his errors and mistakes.

It is quite surprising that one is forced to present the grave side of this book in order to give a sketch of its story; for a casual thought of it would bring to the mind so many passages full of humour, that it is difficult to imagine the lighter portions to be not more closely incorporated with the work. Two or three important errors strike us in considering the whole tale and its treatment. The first, to which we have already alluded, is the adoption of Sissy by Mr. Gradgrind. There does not seem any reason for it that would have weighed with a man of his stamp. Then many people will hardly like Stephen Blackpool's calculating on marrying Rachel, if he could obtain a divorce from his wretched wife, and will suspect whether, if the wife had not been so bad, he would not have wanted still to get rid of her. All must recognise the injustice of there being virtually a law for the rich and another for the poor; but a very large class of Englishmen, and a still larger class of Englishwomen, cannot think it would be advantageous to *either* class to render the law of marriage less binding. The third remark we have to make is, that it is not sufficiently clearly made out why Tom should have caused Stephen Blackpool to prowl about the Bank he intended to rob. It must be seen, of course, that he wished him to be seen and subsequently suspected; but it is, we think, a clumsy contrivance, and that Tom would more naturally have trusted to non-discovery himself, without providing a scapegoat beforehand, and the suspicion might have been thrown on Stephen in some more probable manner. With regard to Louisa's marriage and separation from her husband, the morality is altogether rather questionable. She had chosen her own lot in marrying Bounderby with her eyes open. "Facts" had made her hard, but not stupid. She knew before she married him that she did not love him, and she had no right to separate from him at her own will. We must say

that we think men are very hardly used when young ladies marry them because they are rich, and then snub them because they are disagreeable. It seems a little surprising in an author, so universally considered the most moral of writers, to bring forward, in a small book like the present, *two* cases which, if not absolutely advocating facility of divorce and separation, constantly treat the idea without censure. Some of the minor characters are exquisitely sketched. Mrs. Gradgrind, of whom we have not yet made mention, "a little, thin, white, pink-eyed bundle of shawls, of surpassing feebleness, mental and bodily, who was always taking physic without any effect, and who, whenever she showed a symptom of coming to life, was invariably stunned by some weighty piece of fact tumbling on her;" whose head is always in "a state," and who was some-

times heard to declare "that she wished she hadn't had a family at all, and then what would they have done, she should like to know?" We can see her, and hear her whimpering, complaining voice. Bitzer, the model fact boy, who turns out a man of facts, and nothing but facts; Mr. Sleary, the manager of the circus (though we have a great deal too much asthmatical spelling in his speeches); Mr. E. W. B. Childers, "so justly celebrated for his daring vaulting act as the Wild Huntsman of the North-American prairies;" and Kidderminster, the stunted Cupid, are all gems in their way, and *almost* equal to any thing Mr. Dickens has done before. To say this is to say that no one can, without much enjoyment, pass an hour or two in reading the small volume called "Hard Times."

Life and Adventures of a Clever Woman. By MRS. TROLLOPE. Hurst and Blackett, 13, Great Marlborough Street. 1854.

COARSE, careless, and clever, like many of her former productions, is this last emanation from Mrs. Trollope's fertile brain. It hardly needed her name upon the title-page, so characteristic is every line of that style with which the public for the last twenty years has been kept tolerably conversant. There is pretty strong evidence that this fiction has been thrown together without much consideration; that it has been written against time, not improbably that it might appear, ere those whom the eventless season of 1854 had convened in the metropolis should have dispersed.

Charlotte Morris, the daughter of a retired banker living at No. 7, Gloucester Place, is the heroine, and the nine hundred and odd pages now under consideration detail the various manœuvres by which a clever young lady, of moderate expectations and wholly without connections of any kind, is supposed to make her way in the world.

Losing her mother at an early age, Miss Morris is placed by her father under the tutelage of Mrs. Buckhurst, his sister-in-law; but she, finding her young charge somewhat too much for her, is obliged to invoke the aid of a "moveable governess," one Miss Smith, who attends daily at stated hours for a series of years, until she finally announces that "Miss Charlotte was certainly a very clever girl, and that she did not think she was in need of a governess any longer."

The time approaches when Mr. Morris thinks that his daughter ought to be assuming the position and character of *la dame de la maison*.

She considered herself beautiful, though her personal attractions scarcely justified that opinion. Her father saw that she was well developed and tall, somewhat stouter than girls of seventeen usually are, but he consoled himself on this account by thinking that "she would grow out of it, and probably become a very fine woman." She was perfectly aware, however, that unless she could obtain some "fashionable female acquaintance" she could never herself become fashionable. To accomplish this, is consequently the great object of her own as well as of her father's existence. As a banker, the society in which he had hitherto mixed consisted, of course, of such people only as he might happen to come in contact with in the course of business, and they were not very likely to forward his present views. Mr. Morris succeeds in the first instance in obtaining admission to a West-end Club: here he gradually but judiciously forms a few acquaintances and having established some slight degree of intimacy with them, his next proceeding is to select four of them who are "family men" residing in his neighbourhood, and to ask them to dinner.

This, the first occasion of the kind at which Miss Charlotte had appeared, is of course an important event, and its minutest details are consequently recorded. In the phraseology usual with respect to such matters, "it goes off very well;" the ice is broken, and Miss Morris is speedily on visiting terms with one or two of her Gloucester Place neighbours. Conspicuous amongst these are the Knightons—poor, proud, but exceedingly shrewd in all

matters of worldly wisdom. They keep a carriage, though the expense pinches them exceedingly, in order not to be outdone by some relations far wealthier than themselves. The Knightons soon perceive the policy of establishing an *entente cordiale* with the Morriszes, and consider that the opportunities they possess of introducing Miss Charlotte to "eligible partners" will amply compensate for the loan of such articles as they may borrow when giving one of the numerous parties in which they feel called upon pretty frequently to indulge. The Knightons agree that Miss Morris is "just well-looking enough not to be a blot; and that her footman is quite well-looking enough to be borrowed to wait either at dinner or evening parties; not to mention many other trifling accommodations which such a house may furnish, if they manage well." Even thus it is, we are told, that the denizens of Gloucester Place discourse of and concerning one another. What a different aspect all the fulsome civility, the flattery and imperishable affection such people so lavishly proffer, would wear, if its real origin and true aim were on every occasion apparent.

The Morriszes and the Knightons have not been acquainted many days, when the former, *père et fille*, are invited to a small evening party given by their neighbours.

THE YOUNG LADY'S DIARY.

The best way, perhaps, of shewing the effect upon my heroine of the first evening visit she had ever made in the character of a grown-up young lady, residing in a handsome house in Gloucester Place, will be by copying her own account of it from her journal:—

"June 4. I never fully understood the sort of pleasure which may be found in good society till last night. By good society, I of course mean fashionable society; for no well-educated girl in my station of life could bestow that epithet upon any other, without betraying a coarseness of mind, which might justly be stigmatized as disgraceful.

"I often think, as I pen the pages of this journal, that the time may come, when they may be read by other eyes than my own; but this idea never has, nor ever shall, impede the free current of thought and feeling I have indulged in, from the first hour in which I resolved to record the events of my life, the feelings of my heart, and the workings of my mind.

"If I ever attain celebrity of any kind, such a record as this would be eagerly sought for after my death; and the only way in which to avoid giving disappointment instead of gratification, is by shewing myself as I am.

"I remember reading in some book, whose author's name I have forgotten, that 'an autobiography written with perfect sincerity, and recording the real feelings of its author, would be an invaluable work;' and such a work I am determined to attempt, though it is possible that I may not have courage to go on with it. The reason why I record this purpose now, as also why I have not recorded it before, is, that it is now only that I seem to have learnt the real value of my intellect.

"Never till last night was I conscious of the pleasure of talking, where I was both looked at and listened to as being decidedly something out of the common way. I hate self-conceit; and, if I hated it for no other reason, I should do so because it gives an air of folly to

all who are afflicted with the weakness; and I almost think I had rather *be* a fool than *look* like one. But if I despise self-conceit too heartily to become subject to it, I almost think that I despise self-depreciation more deeply still.

"The human being who is conscious of possessing either great talent, or any other personal advantage, is, in my opinion, ungrateful to heaven, if he disclaims it. I shall in future make the pages of this journal a test of my own strength of mind in this particular. If, upon throwing a glance from time to time over them, I detect that paltry affectation of modesty which leads ordinary people to say that they are unable to judge of this, that, or the other, I will throw away my pen, and burn my journal. It might do very well for Dogberry to exclaim, 'Write me down an ass,' when addressing those around him; but it would *not* do for Charlotte Morris to echo this permission when addressing *herself*.

"So much by way of preface to the record of my existence as a woman. Hitherto I have felt but as a child. It may have been as an intelligent child, perhaps; but it was only last night that I began to feel what it was to be a woman.

"On entering the drawing-room at Mr. Knighton's we found many more people than we expected, but they were almost all ladies. The dinner-party, as I found afterwards, had consisted wholly of gentlemen; and the ladies we met there, in addition to the family trio, were invited, like ourselves, for the evening. At the first glance I own I was disappointed. These pages will record my follies and my blunders, as frankly stated as the most flattering triumphs that may be in store for me. And now, with no further preface, I will go on to record what occurred on this, to me, important evening; important as being my first entrance into what I consider as really good society.

"I had the pleasure of immediately perceiving that my appearance was approved. I believe most girls of seventeen are attractive in some way or other, and I have no reason for believing that I am likely to be an exception to this *law of nature*, for such it certainly is.

"Nay, I see no good reason why I should not state, merely by way of memorandum, that, whatever I may be hereafter, I certainly am, at present, handsome, though not, perhaps, absolutely beautiful; at least, I have seen others whom I think decidedly more beautiful than myself; and I note down this observation with pleasure, as a satisfactory proof that I am exempt from that lamentable species of weakness, which shrinks from acknowledging superiority in others. Neither was I at the moment, nor am I now, at all insensible to the fact that the good taste and costliness of my dress had something to do with the gracious glances with which I was received, when Mrs. Knighton presented me to her cousin Lady Wilcox Smith, and the two Misses Wilcox Smith, her daughters.

"Where should I have been now (in the scale of society I mean) had I lacked courage at the important moment, when the amount of my allowance was discussed? Thus far, at least, I may fairly congratulate myself upon my success, not only on this point, but on every other on which I had made up my mind to succeed; and, by the help of a tolerably clear judgment and a tolerably firm spirit, I flatter myself that I shall go on as I have begun.

"The Misses Wilcox Smith are any thing in the world but handsome, but they are both of them most decidedly lady-like, and quite the sort of people which just at first I am the most anxious to meet. By and by it may be different: when I have attained the place I wish for in society, I shall, I think, be less particular as to mere outward appearance and manner, and endeavour to make my way among people of talent. Of course, the perfection of society is only to be found where both unite. And who shall say that the day will not come, when I may find myself the centre of both?"

We submit that this is very far from conveying a correct notion of the style in which those mystic volumes entitled "young ladies' diaries" are kept. A shrewd, knowing old woman of fifty-seven may jot down her thoughts after this fashion; but we fearlessly appeal to any of our fair readers between the ages of seventeen and seven-and-twenty, whether or not we are right in censuring Mrs. Trollope's knowledge of the feminine heart juvenile.

Our readers shall now hear what the Knightons thought of their new *friends*.

AN ONLY DAUGHTER.

"Louisa!" said her elder sister, the day after the little impromptu dance which was mentioned in the last chapter, "I have a strong inclination to poison you."

"May I ask why?" returned the philosophical Louisa, very gently.

"Yes, you may, and I will answer you. My inclination to poison you arises from my perceiving what a very delightful thing it is to be an only daughter. If I had seventy pounds a-year now, instead of the half of it, I might have the gratification of wearing on ordinary occasions a dress as elegant as that worn by Miss Morris last night, and that too without the hateful bore of remembering that I have not paid my last year's shoe bill."

"Yes, and I think it highly probable that just when you are beginning to take measures to poison me, I shall be preparing a dagger to stab you," replied Louisa. "It is a very fine thing," she added, sententiously, "to be an only daughter."

"You may turn your acute observations to better account, my dear young ladies, than such idle jesting," said Mrs. Knighton, gravely. "If we cannot afford to let you dress as expensively as the only daughter of our banking neighbour, we contrive to do for you much that it is not in his power to do for her. I do not allude now to our keeping a carriage, that being a matter of necessity to people of our condition, although it may not be so to people of theirs. A family connected with the aristocracy by near relationship to an old title, are not at liberty to spend their money in lace and embroidery; or, at least, they must first take care to comply with the more strongly marked features of aristocratic arrangement. I could name many instances where this rule is conscientiously followed by people perfectly worthy of being looked to as an example. Take Lady Tyndale, for instance. Her brougham, with its appurtenances, is a perfect model, and there is not a man in town of any rank or judgment who would not tell you the same; but, to my certain knowledge, she never has a dress that is not made at home, nor does she ever, by any chance, wear real lace. Such a woman as that may be much more profitably studied as a model, than any banker's daughter in Europe."

"Oh, yes, mamma, I am quite aware of that," replied Margaret; "and though we have not a model brougham, I am quite aware of the importance of a carriage, and I certainly would not give it up for the sake of dressing like Miss Morris. We were only joking, you know."

"Yes, of course, I do know it; nor have I any thoughts of taking you *au pied de la lettre* as to the wishes you have expressed to murder each other. My lecture has another object: I wish to point out to you, my dear girls, that in this case, as in most others, a sober and useful moral may be drawn, as well as a gay and idle one. My opinion very decidedly is, that the near neighbourhood of these good people may be really useful both to them and to us."

The "clever woman" is not long in per-

ceiving that the excessive urbanity and affection of the Knightons is a *quo* for which she must be prepared to contribute her *quid*. She had, for years past, set her heart on being a woman of fashionable consequence and intellectual influence in society, and to this end was she therefore directing all her efforts. Her thoughts ran, therefore, much more on the possibility of presiding at future balls, than on the joys of dancing, even with what are termed, in drawing-room slang, "good men," on her first appearance in society. To attain all the advantages she could derive from her very dear friends, she would have only to lend them occasionally a few cups or glasses, and perhaps now and then a bracelet or a brooch. "Poor people! their ambition went no further, their imagination had no higher object!"

The Knightons give a ball, and Miss Morris, after a long and earnest exposition of her feelings to her father, takes care that they shall want nothing which her well-furnished pantry and larder can supply. Mrs. Knighton thereupon summons her daughters to a conclave, where this subject is fully discussed.

THE QUID PRO QUO.

"I presume," said Mrs. Knighton, "that you will both agree with me in thinking that she might have very satisfactorily testified both her liking to us, and propitiated our liking in return, without letting her wish to assist us carry her one quarter the length it has done. Do you understand me, girls?"

"Certainly, mamma!" cried Margaret. "Perfectly, mamma!" cried Louisa; adding, however, that she thought the superfluity was accounted for very satisfactorily by the youth of Miss Charlotte.

"And there is precisely the point where I differ from you," returned her mother. "That she is much younger than she looks, I am fully aware; for her father, who is quite a sort of man to be depended on, gave me the date of her birth at full length. She still wants a few months of eighteen, yet she certainly looks very nearly, if not quite, as old as either of you. And this touches on the moral of my homily. Trust me, Miss Morris is a *very* clever girl for her age; and a very clever girl would not throw away such a superfluity of liberality and exertion, if she did not expect to get something in return."

"Something? And most assuredly she will get something," said Louisa. "Will she not get such a ball as she never had in her whole life before?" And do we not intend into the bargain that she should have partners for every dance?"

"Yes, Louisa; but, if I am not very greatly mistaken, she looks for more than that."

"Why, what on earth, mamma, do you think she wants us to do more? She certainly does not want any aid either in dress or dressing; for it is very evident, from her hair, that her maid is quite first-rate; and as to her dress, you know perfectly well that, though perhaps we have more ingenuity than she has, which may enable us to supply deficiencies in a way she would never dream of, her wardrobe is worth about half-a-dozen of ours."

"Quite true, my dear. Miss Morris requires no friendly help of any kind in the article of dress. And yet I am very decidedly of opinion, that neither her creams nor her jellies, her cups nor her glasses, her forks nor her girandoles, to say nothing of her magnificent contribution of flowers, have been bestowed upon us either from pure love of our various excellences, nor yet for the honour and

happiness of being at our ball to-night, nor yet for the sake of securing a partner for every dance."

Here Mrs. Knighton paused for a moment, and her eldest daughter impatiently exclaimed, "Pray, pray, mamma, do not be so mysterious! You mean something rather important, I am quite sure; but I, for my part, am totally at a loss to guess what."

"But if you really do mean any thing particular, you must please to say it at once, if I am to hear it," cried Louisa, impatiently; "for the beautiful flowers you talk of are all still lying untouched on the back-parlour table, and we ought to be making up our own bouquets, and those for the drawing-room slabs into the bargain."

"Nevertheless, Louisa, I must request that you will listen to me for a few minutes longer," said her mother: "I will promise to be as brief as I can. TRUST ME, this young girl has a deeper and more important object in view than you give her credit for. Trust me, that it is not for the sake of getting a partner that she has been doing all she has done. She is a very clever creature, take my word for it; and what she wants from us is, that we should introduce her, not to a *partner*, but to *society*. She hopes and expects that we shall get people to call on her. . . . She hopes and expects that we shall put her in the way of giving balls herself; and, what is more still, of inducing people to go to them."

"Then let her expect!" cried the indignant Margaret. "I do not expect, whatever she may do, that you, ma'am, will undertake any such Herculean labour. Mercy on us! Her father a third-rate looking person, without having a decent connection in the world! And she expects you to place her on an equality with ourselves in society?"

How the ball "went off," and what Miss Morris thought of it and of her partners, is recorded in her diary, in language most artificial and far-fetched.

The banker's daughter is now verging upon her nineteenth year, and being of course anxious to preside at her father's table, it is agreed that, after a few more *coups d'essai*, that is to say, small dinners, to which a limited number of men are bidden, the Knighton family are to be invited, and Miss Morris is to give her first "ladies' dinner-party." Her success thereat is triumphant, and, having no nervousness in her composition, it soon becomes pretty evident that the great object of her life will, ere long, be achieved.

Miss Morris, we are informed, "felt as a bold young *navigator* might do, who, having placed his foot upon the first *step of the cordage* (!) which led to the highest pinnacle of the tapering mast, determined to relax *that hold* no more, till he had reached *that* highest point, and thence looked out upon the new world whose splendours were as yet only known to him in dreams" (!)

Many and many an hour, during her autumnal visits to Brighton, had she paced some remote portion of the beach full of new projects, which soon became plots, and, from plots, plans, ultimately entitling her to the appellation of a heroine. Success attends all her schemes, with the exception of the momentous one which is to end in matrimonial results. Captain Knighton (brother of the Miss Knightons already men-

tioned), a guardsman, a *roué*, and a spendthrift, over ears in debt, imagines that it would be convenient to have at his disposal Miss Morris's thousands: he accordingly proposes an arrangement with that view, is accepted, and nearly all the preliminaries are settled, but, happily for the young lady, just before the execution of the settlement, the scamp is arrested, and there is an end of the prospective alliance and of the Knighton acquaintance.

A few months' tour on the Continent, the usual alternative in such cases, follows; but the "clever woman" soon perceives that her chances of continuing a leader of fashion, even in Gloucester Place, are small, unless she can contrive to attain the envied position of a married woman. To her surprise, and that of her father, offers are not made in that profusion which her expectations might warrant: in fact, with the exception of Captain Knighton and a Mr. Cornelius Folkstone, no other candidates for her hand appear. *Faute de mieux*, she marries Mr. Folkstone, but he proves to be a mere penniless *chevalier d'industrie* and a gambler: he succeeds, however, in deluding both Morris and his daughter as to his position and prospects. The father has the prudence to tie up his daughter's fortune in *strict* settlement, so that both principal and interest are secure. But Cornelius soon shews the cloven hoof; and on the death of the ex-banker, which occurs suddenly, under somewhat painful circumstances, he proceeds to extract from his wife, by violence, the means requisite to support his profligacies. She firmly refuses. He thereupon detains her a prisoner in a remote corner of her own house, under the custody of a servant he has engaged, who has been a burglar, and whose life is in his power. From this duration Mrs. Folkstone is happily released by the intervention of one of her trustees, a quondam lover, who has married a *protégée* of hers, and is living abroad.

The "clever woman," after this *esclandre*, determines to separate herself permanently from her worthless spouse, who soon after dies. She now aims at a little notoriety in religion, but is not particularly successful in winning the good opinions either of the high or of the low-church party in the particular watering-place where she takes up her abode; "having determined to turn over a new page of life, and see what pre-eminence might be gained by setting off upon a vigorous search after the highest places in heaven, instead of seeking any longer to attain an evanescent, fashionable superiority on earth."

She dies—leaving the whole of her property to the trustee aforesaid, in consideration of their past friendship, and of the important service he had rendered her.

The above outline will convey to our readers as much of this novel as the majority of them will probably care to know. There are a variety of episodes introduced to fill up the three volumes, to which we have not thought it

worth while to allude, as they display neither originality nor ingenuity. To be candid, the "Adventures of a Clever Woman" can be regarded only as a failure—a failure in which no redeeming quality is discernible.

Hide and Seek. By WILKIE COLLINS. Bentley.

MR. COLLINS' aim in this, the latest flight of his quill, is as much above the design of its predecessor, "Basil," as that, in its turn, was above "Antonina." "Hide and Seek" is the work of an artist, a bold and original conception, demanding no inconsiderable skill in matters of detail and filling up. To say that the object in view has been fully developed or perfectly executed, would savour of flattery.

The heroine of "Hide and Seek" is a woman, of course; but a woman of what kind? Ugly? No. Poor? No. Simply, *deaf and dumb*. The hero, a plain, honest, rather good-for-nothing boy, who would have been a great deal better if he had not been nourished quite so much upon "Dewdrops," and "Milk for Babies," in the congealed form of "Bible Texts," in his early childhood, and had been allowed a latch-key during the transition stage of youth, instead of being driven to purloin the large house-key, and do the tip-toe in fashion—Zack has a fund of animalism and fun in him that must out somehow, and it is well for him that he finds a Valentine to give it a safe direction. Madonna—the beatified synonyme for Mary—the orphan, adopted by the artist Valentine and his invalid wife, Savvie, is the creation of the writer, the simple, truthful, poetical *idea* of the work, beautifully conceived, and well, though far from perfectly, executed. We believe the prosaic details of the life of a true model would have offered passages of far deeper and richer poetry than any we find clinging to the fancy portrait of Madonna, beautiful as it is. Nevertheless, Madonna is a heroine worth a hundred belles of the ball-room, or sentimental martyrs, such as swarm in the pages of romance. Zack's character is well drawn; but the phases of his educational experience offer scope for deeper and more philosophical working out than has been devoted to it. We should like to have had a little peep at the inside of Zack's thoughts, as well as at his inconsistencies of action. The lesson is only half given without some such glimpse—that is, to the casual reader—and romances are not written for philosophers *only*. The artist Valentine is a true sketch from life, and, as such, carries with it the force such sketches always do, when selected from type characters. Valentine has

lived, does live, and will live, and Valentine's studio too. The minor faults of Mr. Collins—we say minor, because they will soon disappear under practice—are faults of style and arrangement. He has too many letters; in fact, the third volume is therefore far below the other two in interest; and not all his characters assimilate well. We do not like the scalped backwoodsman in a *tableau vivant* of civilized society. Marksmaff is more apt to excite our natural repugnance than sympathies, and that almost entirely from want of harmony in the setting; but we will allow Mr. Collins to speak for himself, by introducing

MR. THORPE AND HIS SON ZACK.

Rooms have their mysterious peculiarities of physiognomy as well as man. There are plenty of rooms, all of much the same size, all furnished in much the same manner, which, nevertheless, differ completely in expression (if such a term may be allowed) one from the other, reflecting the various characters of their inhabitants by such fine varieties of effect in the furniture-features generally common to all, as are often, like the infinitesimal varieties of eyes, noses, and mouths, too intricately minute to be traceable. Now, the parlour of Mr. Thorpe's house was neat, clean, comfortably and sensibly furnished. It was of the average size. It had the usual sideboard, dining-table, looking-glass, scroll fender, marble chimney-piece with a clock on it, and wire window-blinds to keep people from looking in, characteristic of all respectable London parlours of the middle class. And yet it was an inveterately severe-looking room—a room that seemed as if it had never been convivial, never uproarious, never any thing but sternly comfortable and severely dull; a room that appeared to be as unconscious of acts of mercy, and easy, unreasoning, over-affectionate forgiveness of offenders of any kind—juvenile or otherwise—as if it had been a cell in Newgate, or a private torturing room in the Inquisition. Perhaps Mr. Goodworth felt thus affected by the parlour, especially in November weather, as soon as he entered it—for although he had promised to beg Zack off, although Mr. Thorpe was sitting alone by the table, and accessible to petitions, with a book in his hand—the old gentleman hesitated uneasily for a minute or two, and suffered his daughter to speak first.

"Where is Zack?" asked Mrs. Thorpe, glancing quickly and nervously all round her.

"He is locked up in my dressing-room," answered her husband, without taking his eye from his book.

"Your dressing-room!" echoed Mrs. Thorpe, looking as startled and horrified as if she had received a blow instead of an answer; "in your dressing-room! Good heavens, Zackery, how do you know the child hasn't got to your razors?"

"They are locked up," rejoined Mr. Thorpe, with the mildest reproof in his voice, and the mournfulest self-possession in his manner. "I took care before I left the boy that he should get at nothing which could do him

any injury. He is locked up, and will remain locked up, because—"

"I say, Thorpe, won't you let him off this time?" said Mr. Goodworth, boldly plunging head-foremost, with a petition for mercy, into the conversation.

"If you had allowed me to proceed, Sir," said Mr. Thorpe, who always called his father-in-law 'Sir,' "I should have simply remarked that, after having enlarged to my son (in such terms, you will observe, as I thought best fitted to his comprehension) on the disgrace to his parents and himself of his behaviour this morning, I set him as a task three verses to learn out of the 'Select Bible Texts for Children,' choosing the verses which seemed, if I may trust my own judgment on the point, the sort of verses to impress upon him what his behaviour ought to be for the future in church. He flatly refused to learn what I told him. It was, of course, quite impossible to allow my authority to be set at defiance by my own child, whose disobedient disposition has always, God knows, been a source of constant trouble and anxiety to me; so I locked him up, and locked up he will remain until he has obeyed me. My dear," (turning to his wife, and handing her a key) "I have no objection, if you wish, to your going and trying what you can do towards overcoming the obstinacy of this unhappy child." Mrs. Thorpe took the key, and went up stairs immediately—went up to do what all women have done, from the time of the first mother—to do what Eve did when Cain was wayward in his infancy, and cried at her breast;—in short, went up to coax her child. * * * *

Zack, who was a remarkably quick boy, when he chose to exert himself, got his lesson by heart in so short a time that his mother insisted on hearing him twice over before she could satisfy herself that he was really perfect enough to appear in his father's presence. The second trial decided her doubts, and she took him in triumph down stairs.

Mr. Thorpe was reading intently, Mr. Goodworth was thinking profoundly, the rain was falling inveterately, the fog was thickening dirtily, and the austerity of the severe-looking parlour was hardening apace into its most adamant Sunday grinness, as Master Zack was brought to say his lesson at his father's knees. He got through it perfectly again, but his childish manner, though his third trial, altered from frankness to distrustfulness; and he looked much oftener, while he said his task, at Mr. Goodworth than at his father. When the texts had been repeated, Mr. Thorpe just said to his wife, before resuming his book, "You may tell nurse, my dear, to get Zackery's dinner ready for him, though he does not deserve it for behaving so badly about learning his lesson."

"Please, grandpapa, may I look at the picture-book you bought for me last night after I was in bed?" said Zack, addressing Mr. Goodworth, and evidently feeling that he was entitled to this reward now that he had suffered his punishment.

"Certainly not on Sunday," interposed Mr. Thorpe. "Your grandpapa's book is not a book for Sundays."

Mr. Goodworth started, and seemed about to speak; but, recollecting what he had said to Mr. Thorpe, contented himself with poking the fire. The book in question was a certain romance, entitled "Jack and the Bean-stalk," copiously adorned with illustrations of thrilling interest, tinted in the finest style of water-colour art.

"If you want to look at picture-books, you know what books you may have to-day, and your mamma will get them for you when she comes in again," said Mr. Thorpe.

The works referred to were, an old copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress," containing four small prints of the period of the last century, and a "Life of Moses," illustrated by severe German outlines, in the manner of the modern school. Zack knew well enough what books his father meant, and exhibited his appreciation of them by again beginning to wriggle his shoulders out of his frock.

He had evidently had more than enough already of the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Life of Moses."

Mr. Thorpe said nothing more, and returned to his reading. Mr. Goodworth put his hands in his pockets, yawned disconsolately, and looked with a languidly satirical expression in his eyes, to see what his grandson would do next. If the thought passing through the old gentleman's mind at that moment had been put into words, it would have been exactly expressed in the following sentence; "Oh you miserable little boy! when I was your age, how I should have kicked at all this!"

Zack was not long in finding a new resource. He spied Mr. Goodworth's malacca cane standing in a corner, and instantly getting astride of it, prepared to amuse himself with a little imaginary horse-exercise up and down the room. He had just started at a gentle canter, when his father called out "Zackery!" and brought the boy to a stand-still directly.

"Put back the stick where you took it from," said Mr. Thorpe; "you mustn't do that on Sunday. If you want to move about, you can walk up and down the room."

Zack paused, debating for an instant whether he should disobey or burst out crying. "Put back the stick!" repeated Mr. Thorpe.

Zack remembered the dressing-room, and the "Select Bible Texts for Children," and wisely obeyed. He was by this time completely crushed down into as rigid a state of Sunday discipline as his father could desire. After depositing the stick in the corner, he walked up to Mr. Goodworth, with a comical expression of amazement and disgust in his chubby face, and meekly laid down his head on his grandfather's knee.

"Never say die, Zack," said the kind old gentleman, rising, and taking the boy in his arms. "While nurse is getting your dinner ready let us look out of window, and see if its going to clear up."

Mr. Thorpe raised his head from his book for a moment, but said nothing this time.

"Ah, rain, rain," muttered Mr. Goodworth, staring desperately out at the miserable prospect, while Zack amused himself by rubbing his nose vacantly backwards and forwards against the glass pane, and appeared exceedingly inclined to go to sleep during the operation.

"Rain, rain; nothing but rain and fog in November. Hold up, Zack! Ding-dong, ding-dong; there go the bells for afternoon church. Oh, Lord! I wonder whether it will be fine to-morrow. Think of the pudding, my boy!" whispered the old gentleman, with a benevolent remembrance of what a topic of consolation that thought often afforded him when he was a child himself.

"Yes," said Zack, acknowledging the pudding suggestion, but evidently declining to profit by it. "And please, when I've had my dinner, will somebody put me to bed?"

"Put you to bed!" exclaimed Mr. Goodworth. "Why bless the boy, you used always to be wanting to stop up."

"I want to go to bed, and get up to-morrow and have my picture-book," as the weary and whimpering answer.

"I'll be hanged," soliloquised the old gentleman, "if I don't want to go to bed too, and get up to-morrow and have my *Times* at breakfast. I'm as bad as Zack."

"Grandpapa," continued the child, more wearily than before, "I want to whisper something in your ear."

Mr. Goodworth bent down a little. Zack looked cunningly round towards his father, then putting his mouth close to his grandfather's ear, confidently communicated the conclusion at which he had arrived in these words:

"I say, grandpapa, I hate Sunday."

We will next take a peep into the domestic drawing academy of Mr. Valentine Blyth, who performs the part of a good Samaritan towards poor Zack in his moral Sahara.

THE FAMILY DRAWING ACADEMY.

"Just stop me, Lavinie, if I miss any thing out, in

making sure that I've got all that's wanted for everybody's drawing-lesson," said Valentine, lookingly admiringly at the cast from the 'Laocoon,' and preparing to reckon up the list of his materials correctly, by placing his right forefinger on his left thumb. "First, there's the head that all my students are to draw from—the glorious Lackoon. (This was how he pronounced the classical proper name.) "Secondly—"

"But, Valentine, dear," interposed Mrs. Blyth, her fingers forming the words round Madonna's neck almost as fast as she spoke them, "why did you choose that dreadful dying face for us to copy from? My father thinks that all art which only shocks and horrifies those whom it addresses is art perverted from its right use; and I really can't help agreeing with him when I look at that face, though I know all the time that you must be the best judge. * * *

"I honour your father's principles, my love," said Mr. Blyth, in answer to his wife's objections; "I honour his principles, and admire his practice." (Mrs. Blyth looked gratefully towards the wall on which her father's prints hung, all framed under Valentine's directions, and arranged by Valentine's own hands.) I will even go further, Savvie, and confess I am delighted to hear you say you think the face of the Lackoon horrifying, for I chose it for the model to-night with the express purpose of horrifying Zack."

Madonna's blue eyes opened wide in astonishment as these words were interpreted to her. Mrs. Blyth smiled at the idea of horrifying such a person as Mr. Zackery Thorpe, junior, with a plaster cast.

"Zack is flighty, inattentive, and so ignorant of art, that I doubt even whether he knows I am referring to classical sculpture when I speak to him about the Antique," pursued Valentine. "Now, when such a student as he is begins to draw, I have no hesitation in saying, that unless the Antique crushes him at first sight with a sort of awe-struck submission to art, the Antique won't get him to study from it with the slightest attention for five minutes together. He wants a model to draw from that will keep him quiet by making him shiver in his shoes the moment he looks at it. The Lackoon in the agonies of death I consider to be just the sort of cast to make a beginner's flesh creep: therefore the Lackoon is the very thing we want for Zack."

"Don't you think he will find it too difficult for him to copy from at a first lesson?" asked Mrs. Blyth. "My father used always to say that young engravers—but I suppose drawing from the Antique is a different thing."

"Zack shall find nothing difficult, if he will only stick to my instructions," said Mr. Blyth confidently. "But he will be here directly, before I have got through checking off all the things I've brought from the painting-room. Let me see, where was I when I began? Oh, at the Lackoon. Very good. First, then, plaster cast," said Valentine, beginning once more, and again making a cypher with his left thumb. "Second, two chairs, put at the right points of view. The chair with the front view for Madonna; the chair with the profile view for Zack, because it's the easiest. The three-quarter view, my love, I reserve for you, just as you see it now, because it's the best, and I want yours to be the best drawing. Fourthly—"

"You haven't got to thirdly yet, Valentine, dear," suggested Mrs. Blyth.

"No more I have. Thirdly, of course. Thirdly, the—the what? Do you know I am getting a little confused already, almost as if I couldn't quite make out what I ought to check off next. Curious, isn't it?"

"Have you got the port-crayons?" asked Mrs. Blyth.

"To be sure! Thirdly, the port-crayons, of course. Ah! good gracious! where can I have put the port-crayons?" And Mr. Blyth began to hunt for the lost articles, as usual in the wrong places. Mrs. Blyth made a sign to Madonna, who found them all huddled

together behind the cast. "Thirdly, the port-crayons," reiterated Valentine, kissing her in triumph, as she presented them to him. "The port-crayons, and the black and white chalk, all cut nicely to a point, with a double allowance to Zack, because he's sure to be breaking his points all the evening. Fourthly—now I've got to fourthly, Lavvie, I feel all right. Stop, though. It oughtn't to be the lamps; it ought to be something small, and likely to be forgotten. Fourthly, three drawing-boards—no, they're the biggest things of all. Paper? No, it's stuck on the drawing-boards; the thickest bit for Zack, because he's certain to rub out every line he does for the first half-hour. Fourthly—Lavvie! I've forgotten something important, and I don't in the least know what it is," exclaimed Mr. Blyth, in a lamentable voice, looking all around him in extreme perplexity of dismay.

"Not the muffins you promised Zack for tea, I hope," said Mrs. Blyth, laughing.

"Fourthly, muffins," cried Valentine, briskly. "Not that they are forgotten, by any means; for I've ordered in enough to suffocate every soul in the house; but it's a blessing to have something at last that will do for fourthly, and get on to fifthly. But fifthly, what? There's the difficulty. What can I have forgotten? Do try and think, my dear. It's something that every one wants for drawing."

"Bread crumb, to rub out with," suggested Mrs. Blyth, after a moment's consideration.

"That's it," exclaimed Valentine, extatically, "I've left all the bread crumb down-stairs in the painting-room. No, no, don't trouble Madonna to go after it. She don't know where it is. Tell her to poke the fire instead. I'll be back directly."

And Mr. Blyth skipped out of the room as nimbly as if he had been fifteen instead of fifty.

* * * * *

"Fifthly, the bread crumb," said Mr. Blyth, proceeding, undaunted by previous failures, with his enumeration of all the materials he had collected up-stairs.

"Sixthly, the— Oh, Lord, it's no use going on now. There's Zack."

As he spoke, a loud voice was heard, calling down the kitchen stairs from the hall, adjuring the cook to speak the truth, and say whether muffins had really been ordered for tea. Then followed a long whispering, succeeded by a burst of giggling from the housemaid, who presently ascended to Mrs. Blyth's room alone, and entered, after a brief explosion of suppressed laughter behind the door, holding out at arm's length a pair of those puffy wash-leather dumplings, known to the pugilistic world by the name of boxing-gloves.

"If you please, Sir," said the girl, addressing Valentine, and tittering hysterically at every third word, "Master Zack's down-stairs on the landing, and he says you're to be so kind as to put on these things (he's putting another pair on hisself), and give him the pleasure of your company for a few minutes in the painting-room."

"Come on, Blyth," cried the voice from the stairs; "I told you I should bring the gloves, and teach you to box, last time I was here, you know. Come on! I only want to open your chest by knocking you about a little in the painting-room before we begin to draw."

The servant still held the gloves away from her, at the full stretch of her arm, as if she feared they were yet alive with the pugilistic energies that had been imparted to them by their last wearer. Mrs. Blyth went out laughing. Valentine followed her example. The housemaid began to look bewildered, and begged to know if her master would be so kind as to take "the things" away from her.

"Did you say come up-stairs?" continued the voice outside. "All right. I have no objection, if Mrs. Blyth has not." Here Zack came in with the gloves on, 'squaring' on the most approved prize-fighter's prin-

ciples as he advanced. "Put 'em on, Blyth. These are the pills for that sluggish old liver of yours, that you're always complaining of. What are you laughing about? Left leg forward—right leg easily bent—steady; and keep your eye on me! Don't talk, but put 'em on. I'll teach you the science of counter-hitting at the first lesson; splendid system: Owen Swift invented it, and killed—"

"Hold your tongue!" cried Mr. Blyth, at last recovering breath enough to assert his dignity as master of the new drawing-school. "Take off those things directly. What do you mean, Sir, by coming into my academy, which is devoted to the peaceful arts, in the attitude of a prize-fighter?"

"Don't lose your temper, old fellow," rejoined Zack; "you will never learn to use your fists if you do. Here, Patty, the boxing-lesson's put off till to-morrow. Take the gloves up-stairs into your master's dressing-room, and pop them into the drawer where his clean shirts are, because they must be kept nice and dry. Shake hands, Mrs. Blyth, though I am such a bad boy: it does 'one good, ma'am, to see you laugh like that; you look so much the better for it. And how's Madonna? I'm afraid she's been sitting by the fire, and trying to spoil her pretty complexion. Why what's the matter with her? Poor little darling, her hands are quite cold."

"Come to your lesson, Sir, directly," said Valentine, assuming his most despotic voice, and leading the disorderly student by the collar to his appointed place.

"Hullo!" cried Zack, looking at the cast which was designed to impress him at first sight with the majesty of ancient sculpture. "Hullo, the gentleman in plaster is making a face. I am afraid he isn't quite well. I say, Blyth, I don't want to draw his head. It looks as if it had got a crop of snakes on it instead of a crop of hair."

"Will you hold your tongue, and take up your drawing-board?" cried Mr. Blyth. "Crop of snakes, indeed! Why, you young barbarian, you deserve to be expelled my academy for talking in that way of the glorious Laocoon. Now, then, where's Madonna? Oh, here. No; stop where you are, Zack. I'll shew her her place, and give her the drawing-boards. Wait a minute, Lavvie. Let me prop you up comfortably with the pillows before you begin. There! I never saw a more beautiful effect of light and shade, my dear, than there is on your view of the model. Has everybody got a port-crayon and a bit of bread crumb? Yes; everybody has. Order! order! order!" shouted Valentine, suddenly forgetting his assumed dignity in the exultation of the moment; "Mr. Blyth's drawing academy for the promotion of family art is now open and all ready for general inspection. Hooray!"

"Hooray!" echoed Zack; "hooray for family art! I say, Blyth, which chalk do I begin with? the white or the black? The black—eh? And just look here, what part of what's-his-name's face am I to start with? Ought it to be his eyes, or his nose, or his mouth, or the top of his head, or the bottom of his chin, or what?"

"First sketch in the general form, with a light flowing stroke, and without attention to details," said Mr. Blyth, illustrating these directions by waving his hand gracefully over his own face. "Then measure with the eye, assisted occasionally by the port-crayon, the proportion of the—in short, the parts. Then put dots on the paper: a dot where his eyebrow comes, another dot where the tip of his nose comes; and so forth. Then—then, I'll tell you what, strike it all in boldly. Its impossible to give you better advice than that. Strike it in, Zack—strike it in boldly."

"Here goes at the back of his head to begin with," said Zack, taking one comprehensive and confident look

at the Laocoon, and drawing a huge half circle, with a preliminary flourish of his hand on the paper. "Oh, confound it, I've broken the chalk!"

"Of course you have," retorted Valentine. "Take another bit; the Academy grants supplementary chalks to ignorant students who dig their lines on the paper instead of drawing them. Now break off a bit of bread crumb, and rub out what you have done. 'Buy a penny loaf, and rub it all out,' as Mr. Fuseli once said to me in the schools of the Royal Academy, when I shewed him my first drawing, and was excessively conceited about it."

"I remember," said Mrs. Blyth, "when my father was working at his great plate—which was a dreadfully difficult one—from Mr. Scumble's picture of the 'Fair Gleaner Surprised,' that he used often to say how much harder engraving was than drawing, because you could not rub out a false line on copper, like you could on paper. We all thought he never would get that print done, he used to groan over it so in the front drawing-room, where he was then at work. And the publishers paid him infamously, all in bills, which he had to get discounted; and the people who gave him the money cheated him. My mother said it served him right for being always so imprudent, which I thought very hard on him, and I took his part—so harassed, too, as I was by the tradespeople at that time."

"I can feel for him, my dear," said Valentine, pointing a third piece of chalk for Zack. "The tradespeople have harassed me; not because I could not pay them, certainly; but because I could not add up their bills. Never owe any man enough, Zack, to give him the chance of punishing you for being in his debt with a sum in simple addition. At the time when I had bills (go on with your drawing; you can listen, and draw too), I used of course to think it necessary to check the tradespeople, and see that their total was right. You will hardly believe me, but I don't remember ever making the sum what the shop made it on more than about three occasions. And, what was worse, if I tried a second time, I could not even get it to agree with what I had made it myself the first time. The greengrocer's pence column, I recollect, used to drive me half mad. I was always going to the shops, and insisting that they were wrong, and always turning out to be wrong myself. I dare say I was sometimes cheated; for I used generally to make the sum I had to pay more than the tradespeople made it. Thank heaven! I've no difficulty of that sort to grapple with now. Every thing is paid for the moment it comes in. If the butcher hands a leg of mutton to the cook over the airy railings, the cook hands him back four and nine—or whatever it is—and takes his bill and receipt. I eat my dinners now with the blessed conviction that they won't all disagree with me in an arithmetical point of view at the end of the year. What are you stopping and scratching your head in that way for?"

"It's no use," replied Zack, "I've tried it a dozen times, and I find I can't draw a nose."

Space forbids further extracts, or we might have selected specimens of equal power in pathos as in humour. Of the plot, readers must judge for themselves; it is perhaps the worst part of the book: the uniform design to keep up the interest in the deaf and dumb girl is the great effort displayed, and it is more successful than we should have thought possible in the hands of any living romance writer.

Tom Thornton; or, Last Resources.

3 Vols. Blackwood, Paternoster Row.

TOM THORNTON was an orphan, and a landed proprietor before he was fourteen years old. By his own account he had a warm heart, an enthusiastic imagination, and a temper impatient of restraint. With unlimited resources and ambitious tastes—being of course much flattered, caressed, and befooled—he became a boy voluptuary.

Tom has an uncle and an aunt. Sir Harold, the uncle, is a benevolent country baronet, whose doings throughout these three volumes shew how utterly ignorant the author is of all the relations of rural life in England.

Tom, after receiving much sage advice from his respected relatives, starts for Oxford for his first term. There he meets the son of Sir Jephson Jewel. Young Jewel is in his second term at Christ Church when Thornton goes up to Magdalen. Here we have, of course, the old story of reckless undergraduates and seductive Oxford tradesmen. Sir Harold loved not Mr. Jewel, seeing that the latter was “one who wore satin socks and patent-leather boots of a morning, and never looked you straight in the face.” The young gentlemen were, however, of course sworn friends in twenty-four hours. Jewel introduces his greener friend to Mr. Omnium, that indefatigable prince of caterers who appears in every novel, and, if he really walks in the flesh, ought to have been discomfited many years ago. The tempting bait of three years’ credit was gorged; the day of payment was far off; but it *did* come, and a dismal day it was.

From Oxford, Tom proceeds to London, and to the den of Mr. Theophilus Shark the money-lender. This functionary is sketched in a manner indicating some acquaintance with the habits of the bill-discounting fraternity. Once set agoing in good earnest by Shark on the road to ruin, it was all down hill with Thornton, with no obstacle—no obstruction. Abandoned at length to the tender mercies of Shark—overwhelmed with liabilities—debt on debt, and mortgage on mortgage; after drawing on the finances of Sir Harold and the aunt—after spurning the attachment of Henrietta Hamilton, the wealthy ward of his aunt;—after all this, and more, on the morning of his threatened arrest he fled into strange places, among aliens and outcasts.

By degrees, Thornton becomes familiarized with his furnished lodgings at Boulogne. The fine chairs in old chintz—sofa to correspond—little ricketty round table with marble top just big enough to put your hat on—the antique walnut-tree chiffonier—long narrow chimney-glass, too high for mortal man under six feet seven to see himself in—the couple of white

and gold vases stuffed with wax flowers—and the muslin blinds—might, our author thinks, make the heart to ache of a gentleman who had never seen worse than what the Albany or Brook Street could afford. But even in a Boulogne *appartement* habit wonderfully reconciles us. Thornton was relieved from any pecuniary anxieties in the mean time by the considerate generosity of Henrietta, who pressed a packet into his hand when he fled from the old hall upon being watched and pursued by bailiffs; and men of his turn of mind and training, so long as there is no material deficiency of present supplies, do not take the trials and troubles of life so much to heart as others of a more serious and sanguine mood. The world judges by appearances: so (says Thornton) “I was resolved to put the best face on it—snapped my fingers at care—and sought those means within reach best calculated to induce oblivion of the past, and give zest to the enjoyment of the present.”

At Boulogne our hero finds congenial spirits; but refugees, whether pecuniary or political, are an uncertain set, and soon get tiresome. Boulogne became irksome, although no one there cut a better figure, gave snugger little dinners, and was consequently in higher repute than “honest Tom Thornton.” He abdicated, however, in favour of other aspirants, threw down his sceptre, and set out full of fresh hopes and enthusiasm for Paris. Passing over the preliminary burst of high-flown and exaggerated admiration on his introduction into the society of that city, and some odds and ends respecting diet, climate, and so forth, we come to the most important point of the hero’s career—that great event which broke his uncle’s heart, estranged the friendship of aunt Lucy, and alienated the affection of Henrietta. Tom committed matrimony.

THE FIRST MEETING.

I was wandering one day towards evening in the *Père la Chaise*, in that half-musing half-melancholy tone of mind which a French cemetery always inspires in me, increased, as it happened, by a long serious letter I had received that morning from Henrietta, recalling past days and hopes and joys for ever blasted, and which had thrown a gloom over my thoughts which I could not dispel, and was leaning despondingly on the railings which enclosed a beautiful monument to the memory of a countrywoman, once the idol of every heart and every tongue, and thinking of the vanity and mutability of all worldly things, when I distinctly heard a deep groan uttered, as from the anguish of a wounded heart near me.

Starting, for the moment awe-stricken from the spot where I stood, and turning hastily into the next alley, I saw an old man, evidently, by his appearance, of superior rank, and a young woman, his child, as I supposed, kneeling side by side before a tomb, absorbed in deep and earnest prayer. His hair was snow-white, and fell waving over his shoulders, as with his bare head thrown back, and his eyes fixed on heaven, he held his hands clasped together before his breast, in the intensity of deep de-

votion. His features were eminently handsome; but there was an expression of settled sorrow in them which threw a cloud over their beauty, and touched me with emotion as I gazed on them. His companion was also engaged in prayer, but, from the anxious glances she continually cast towards the old man, it was evident how much he occupied her thoughts, and that she was solicitous, in some way, on his account.

Fearing to appear an intruder on their privacy, after heaving a parting sigh, as the thought crossed me that I had probably looked for the last time on the realization of all my fondest dreams, I was about to retrace my steps, when another groan, still deeper and more spirit-broken, arrested me: the next moment the old man had sunk senseless on the earth.

A slight shriek from his companion brought me in an instant to her side.

"Help, help, in God's name!" she cried, in an agony of terror. "My dear uncle! my poor uncle! he has fainted. Oh, do not leave me!"

"Fear not," said I; "he will be better soon: see, he is recovering."

"Thank God!" ejaculated she, taking his hand between hers, and bending anxiously over him, as he lay supported in my arms. "Yes, he breathes, he breathes—God be praised! These visits are too great a trial."

"The remains of a beloved one repose beneath that tomb," said I; "a dearly-beloved relative—perhaps a lamented friend?"

"Yes, a beloved wife, the mother of his only child, the companion, the comfort of his old age."

As she spoke, he unclosed his eyes, and, seeing himself in the arms of a stranger, made an effort to raise himself.

"Nay, be not afraid, dear uncle," said his niece affectionately, and kissing his cold cheek; "but for the kind assistance of this gentleman, you would not have been now smiling on me. He will assist us to the carriage when you are able to walk: nay, you must rest a moment longer. Ah, now you are quite well again! Let us come then. Monsieur will have the kindness to let you lean on his arm."

"Sir, we cannot sufficiently thank you for your kindness," said the uncle, as we walked to his carriage. "Blanche, my love, I trust you have expressed your acknowledgments to Monsieur, and that he will accept our best thanks."

"I was indeed amply rewarded," replied I, venturing a glance at the beautiful face which now smiled on me with a language more convincing than a thousand words.

"May I know," inquired the uncle, "to whom we are so much indebted? Ah!" said he, taking my card, "I have heard this name before: you are a friend, I think, of my old friend and fellow-comrade, General Poignac: good! I am delighted to have the opportunity to make your acquaintance, Mr. Thornton, and trust, sir, we may often meet."

We had now reached the entrance to the cemetery. Grasping my hand warmly, as he got into his carriage—"Farewell!" said the colonel; "we shall see each other soon again, I trust."

"I hope so," responded Blanche.

Our eyes met.

The consequence of their "eyes meeting" was, of course, that neither of them slept that night; and all that followed was likewise a matter of course. Thornton forgot Henrietta, and even her ample means, on which, by the way, he was living. With his usual precipitancy, he "declared" himself to Blanche at a ball at the Countess of Mansfeldt's—(née Lola Montez); but, while the declaration seems to have been highly agreeable to the young lady,

Thornton did not carry off his prize easily. It appears that the old colonel never suspected any attachment of the sort; and his son, Eugène Duprée (the cousin of Blanche), marked her, with her mother's small jointure of 5000 francs, for his own. These obstacles, however, were set at nought in the customary fashion. Tom Thornton fled with Blanche to Vienna; they were there privately married; and (as he said), "in the delirious enjoyment of present happiness, he had not a thought for the past nor the future." A clue, however, had been found to their flight and retreat: they were followed by Eugène, who, not knowing or admitting their *private* marriage, accosted Thornton on the Prater—"Villain, you shall dearly pay for the dishonour you have dared to bring upon my family. I have found you at last: you shall not escape me twice." In the conflict that immediately and hastily ensued, Eugène fell; and Thornton and his Blanche were again constrained to fly. Whither could they go?

The bounty of his aunt, by this time, had so far discharged Thornton's debts as to permit his return to England; and France being shut against him on account of abduction and suspected murder, to England, by a circuitous route, he determined to go. But his exploits and extravagance in France and Austria travelled fast enough to reach the old hall at home; and his aunt, observing his approach from her window with his supposed mistress—his French *lady*, and furious with rage, ordered the servants to refuse him admittance. Not even Henrietta made her appearance; and next day Tom Thornton quitted England for ever.

After visiting in turn all the most reputed resorts of domiciliation for English exiles in Belgium and Germany—after being forgiven by Eugène, who lived long enough to do him some measure of justice—Thornton at last returned to Boulogne. For some time he and his wife continued to live on the original contents of Henrietta's package (it must have been enormous) and Blanche's little all! These, at last, became exhausted, and poverty stared them in the face. What was to be done now? Remorse dictated to Mr. Thornton a penitential letter to his good aunt; which, after some delay, brought him an answer, frigid though it might be, as good as he deserved—to wit, giving him a quarterly credit at Adams's bank for a thousand francs for one year, to give him time to repent; and if he continued longer than that to be a disgrace to his family, she abandoned him to his fate.

Well: did he repent? Not till it was too late. In his renewed society at Boulogne he unfortunately (and innocently) became mixed up in certain irregular debts and gambling transactions with a couple of sharpers *yclept*

O'Hara and Plumley. The sequel need not be detailed. In due course, Thornton was lodged in the prison of Boulogne, and a great proportion of these volumes consists of a journal kept by him during his imprisonment.

For months, struck down and overwhelmed, he lingered in confinement; and when at length, by the interposition of his relatives in England, he was released, it was as a shattered man, broken, not only in health but in spirit. It is but justice at the same time to observe, that, in all his distresses, he found a good wife in Blanche. This unfortunate pair at last found shelter in an obscure lodging in the Rue d'Ambois; and here poor Blanche died in child-birth. This was the last and most afflicting blow to Thornton. With a sad and broken heart, low and sinking, his only ray of consolation and hope was in alternately lingering near the grave of Blanche, or sitting by the cot of his child, gazing on its face, and anticipating the day when aunt Lucy might be induced to extend her love and protection to it. Tom, however, was not to see that event. His fast declining and dying days were, however, soothed by the friendship of a college companion, John Hartley, who became his chief mourner and executor.

The infant Blanche, consigned to Hartley's care, was presented by him, on his immediate return to England, to aunt Lucy; and whether it was the irresistible force of his appeal, or the beauty and helplessness of the orphan child, or the necessity of the author to get the child off his own hands, certain it is that aunt Lucy's heart was taken by storm; and as she clasped "poor Tom's babe" to her breast, and, with Henrietta, wept over it, it was not difficult to see and understand who would henceforth reign supreme in their affections. Finally, young Blanche Thornton is at this moment supposed to be the affianced partner of young Frank Hartley; and the family estates being represented as ample, and adjoining one another in Devonshire, it is to be hoped that they will be very comfortable, and that their tenants will pay their rents, and not ask for reductions of ten, fifteen, or twenty per cent.

Probably the reader, if he or she be a steady novel reader, has read this plot at least a hundred times. What merit there is in the book consists in the sketches it contains of "fast life." We will give an extract which may enable the reader to judge for himself whether he will cultivate any more extended acquaintance with Tom Thornton.

THE FORTUNATE PRISONER.

"I will tell you a story, and a true one it is, of a poor prisoner, and a very poor and wretched one he was, whose cage was neither gilded nor his plumage gay; yet, though he never sung nor was ever sulky, did he contrive to interest one eye and heart in his behalf, and at last to break through the iron bars of his captivity. It was the custom, you know,

in certain of the metropolitan prisons, for the most destitute of the debtors to solicit alms in a hole in the wall from passers by: it was Ambrose's turn to hold the box. Many a weary hour had he filled that unhappy post, and, but with one exception, had never known a glance of sympathy or pity to be bestowed on him. But he could not be mistaken that there was one who, in addition to dropping her gifts of charity into the box, never failed to regard him with marked interest and commiseration. It was a solace to him to receive the congratulations of his companions for the good fortune he always brought them, but a far greater to reflect upon the invariable look of sympathy and concern which accompanied the gifts of his unknown friend.

"One day it was Ambrose's turn again to take his station in the wall, when the same angelic form that had so often seemed to be hovering, the harbinger of good, near that dismal spot, approached nearer, and lingered longer than she had ever done before, and, having deposited her gift, as usual, in the box, dropped a scrap of paper within the grating, and disappeared. With a throbbing heart did Ambrose, as you may suppose, pick up the paper, and hope once more was awakened in his breast, as he read, almost doubting the evidence of his senses, these words—'Despair not—there is one has the will as well as the power to befriend you!' The more poor Ambrose thought the more he was puzzled to conceive who his unknown friend could be, or what merit of his could have interested one so young, and, no doubt, lovely, in his favour. Long since had his friends, one by one, deserted him, and his conscience told him he had tried their patience to the utmost. Could he be deceived?—was it meant only as a cruel hoax, or to deride his misery? Oh, no, it was impossible! an ungenerous, an unkind thought could not be harboured in a form so lovely, with looks so tender and compassionate, with acts so noble, so disinterested. Ambrose was not mistaken. Who shall account for woman's sympathies? The fair hand that had dropped so often its gifts into the debtors' box, had already signed and delivered the necessary deed, in the shape of a banker's draft payable at sight, for the amount of his debts. In less than three days he was a free, a happy, and a grateful man. Of gentle lineage and with bright prospects, Ambrose ought to have done well in the world: no man could set out in life under better auspices; but extravagance and dissipation soon plunged him into difficulties; the consequences soon followed—loans at ruinous interest, accommodation bills, mortgages, annuities, post obits, &c., till, his patrimony squandered, his friends wearied and disgusted, down he went from bad to worse, till, all else failing, he was fain to take his turn, and solicit alms like a beggar from the passing crowd.

"Still, in spite of all, his errors were rather of the head than heart, and there were some who knew his history, among whom was the lovely stranger, who had taken so deep an interest in his behalf—who believed that he was not without his redeeming points, and that, if restored to society, he might become an ornament to it, and a credit to his name and family. Nature had dealt bountifully with him, but sorrow and privation had sadly defaced the beauty of her work; but enough, it seemed, remained to rivet the attention and renew the admiration of Kate Mitford, as she one day passed the prison accidentally. Since that moment, the image of him, for whom in happier days past her heart, unknown to any but herself, had acknowledged many a tender throb of interest, never left her thoughts; and whether the world, so sapient on all points, chooses to call it love, or caprice, or folly, or infatuation, certain it is that the effect of her repeated visits to the same spot was only to confirm her first impression, that Ambrose was so handsome, so unfortunate, and doubtless so deserving of compassion. These feelings, coupled with the consciousness of ample means at command, grew, of course, stronger the more they were indulged in, and a look of unmistakable admiration and gratitude from Ambrose, on her last visit to the prison,

which, in spite of the disguise she had endeavoured to preserve, had recognised, she thought, his old friend and favourite, determined her not only to dream of his freedom and restoration to the world, but to set about the necessary means to realize such a delightful state of things with all possible despatch. What her other hopes might have been of a more selfish nature must be left to conjecture; suffice it to say, that Ambrose, restored to liberty and happiness, breathed only the language of adoration and

gratitude; and often has Kate been heard to declare, with what truth we can't determine, that even had he been indifferent to her passion for him, and made another his bride, she never should have grudged her contributions to the debtors' box; and Ambrose has blessed his stars a thousand times that exchanged him from an iron into his present golden cage, wherein he hopes, he says, to remain till death a captive."

Nanette and her Lovers. By TALBOT GWYNNE. Smith, Elder, and Co., 65, Cornhill.

THE horrors of the French Revolution were raging far and wide, devastating the fairest provinces of the empire, but the secluded Norman village of St. Eloy had hitherto enjoyed perfect immunity from the visitations of the accursed *sans-culottes*. The autumn of 1793 was not, however, destined to pass away before the savage yells of those demoniacs penetrated even into this peaceful retreat. Nanette Langlois, the heroine of this novel, had long been betrothed to the gay and reckless Antoine Charpentier, the playmate of her childhood. The evening preceding the day fixed for their marriage the two *fiancés* parted with happiness glowing in both their hearts. Yet a few brief hours of darkness sufficed to dispel all their dawning hopes. A fierce and howling band, composed of the vilest dregs of the Parisian populace, arrived, burnt the *chateau* of the Marquis de Vassy, the principal landowner in the vicinity of St. Eloy, and murdered the venerable *curé* on the steps of his own altar.

THE MARTYRED PRIEST.

The church was in utter darkness, except a small space lighted by the feeble burning lamp above his head. He collected his ideas; strengthening himself to meet the violent death he foresaw must be his. Then, rapid as thought, the whole of his life appeared before his mental sight; from his first recollection as a little child, up to the moment then so quickly flying. He could feel each event of past days as though it were present. He started from his short reverie, trying again to collect himself; for the solemn silence of the dark church was broken by the noise of the rattling drums of the republicans, and by the maniacal yelling of "*ça ira*," sung by a thousand roaring voices.

The priest was alone, unprotected, and his foes were at hand. There was nought to excite him; and for an instant human weakness got possession of soul and body. He feared and trembled; his heart beat loudly and heavily; and, covering his eyes with his cold hands, he cowered down and rested his forehead on the altar step.

The *curé's* weakness subdued him but for a short space. He raised his head; threw it back; pressed his hands to his breast; and such thoughts filled his mind, that he felt he could brave the worst tortures his enemies could put upon him.

The republican mob stood before the church door.

They expected to have found it barricaded, and they dealt hard blows upon it accordingly; when to their surprise it gave way at the first assault.

The priest heard them rush laughing, swearing, and blaspheming into the church.

He arose from his knees and stepped up to the rails; there standing firmly and immovably to await his death.

The darkness had disappeared; links, burning branches and sticks, lighted up the building with a red and flickering glare.

The *curé* beheld a vast crowd of horrible faces, unshorn, dirty, covered with smoke—some with blood; frowning, grinning, menacing, defying and brutal; far different from the faces he was wont to behold in that place.

"Ah! ah! there he is!—there's the *calotin*, like a maggot in a shell."

"*A bas la robe noire!*—Confess your sins—confess you're a rascal and a tyrant!"

"Put him in the *boîte aux péchés* and shoot at him."

"Twist his head off."

"Oh! *ça ira, ça ira, ça ira*," &c. &c. &c.

"Allons enfans de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!"

Such like cries and songs filled the church, as the *sans-culottes* rushed to the altar rail.

Two or three of them cleared it a bound, and seized the unresisting priest.

"I am in your hands," he said meekly; "but before you stain your souls by a fresh crime, remember that murder will not go unpunished!"

Angry yells and roars of laughter saluted these words.

Two men with axes stepped from the rest and told the *curé* to kneel.

There was a moment of dead silence in the church: the republicans were preparing to enjoy the expected tragedy.

"My children," cried the priest firmly, and his voice was heard by all, "my children, I bless you with my dying breath! May Heaven send you repentance, and forgive you what you are about to do!"

With these words he knelt down, and leant his head on the rail, as on a block. He heard the roaring voices, the rattling drums; he prayed; and all was over!

The *curé's* head rolled on the pavement of the church; his body fell within the railing.

A sacrilegious hand seized the cross carried in processions, wrenched off the cross parts, and fixed the priest's head on the top of it.

The crowd opened to let the bearer of the bleeding trophy pass.

He rushed forth; and the pure moonbeams streamed on the holy head he bore.

The frantic mob, singing in triumph, marched after him; drums beating and torches flaring in hellish guise; whilst the church was again left to silence and darkness, with the headless body of the righteous man, whose warm blood stained its sacred stones.

On the little square on which the church was built, stood a cart surrounded by some twenty men, as a guard. Several demoniacal-looking women were singing the *Car-magnolle*, and dancing round it; as happy peasants are represented around a maypole.

In the cart sat de Vassy, with pinioned arms and a stout rope about his ancles. His pale face looked death-

like beneath the moon's rays; his hair was untied and dishevelled; the powder half shaken out of it. His expression was firm and calm: the insults, low jokes, the taunts and vile songs of the beings around him, did not seem to reach his ears; much less to make any impression on his soul.

When the mob rushed howling from the church, the Marquis slowly turned his gaze upon them. On beholding the bleeding head of his friend borne aloft, he shut his eyes for an instant, and groaned as though in pain; then became as calm and impassible as though meditating alone, far from danger and death.

"*En avant!*" cried a strong voice, hoarse with shouting and daily drams. "*Vive la république; vive la montagne!*"

The cry was taken up and amplified upon by the rest.

"*Vive la république! vive le sang! vive la guillotine!*"

"Allons enfans de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé."

They began their march; the Marseillaise being sung by them all, at the top of their voices.

First came drummers, male and female; next the long-bearded man in the red cap, carrying the priest's head; and then the cart with their prisoner.

Around and behind this cart swarmed the ferocious crowd.

"Let the *calotin* kiss the *aristocrat!*" shrieked a woman's voice.

At these words the remnant of the cross was lowered, and the dead curé's head brought on a level with the Marquis's face.

"*Embrassez-vous tyrans!*" again shrieked the woman.

"*Pauvre et bon ami!*" exclaimed de Vassy, half-aloud, as he reverently kissed the forehead of the gentle priest.

The trophy was again raised, amidst loud cries.

The seigneur cast down his eyes: his lace frill was scarlet with his friend's blood.

"*C'est le sang précieux d'un martyr!*" he said to himself with a sigh.

Nanette's marriage is for a time postponed, as every church is closed, every priest murdered or in exile, and the pure village maiden recoils with horror from an union by civil contract, even to her beloved Antoine. At last a party of Republican soldiers enter the village in search of volunteers, as they were termed, though the poor fellows were allowed small choice in the matter; and not only Antoine, but also Arsène Potier, who had long secretly loved Nanette, are forced to leave their native village, to bear arms *pour la patrie*. Nanette sees them depart with a heavy heart and tearful eye, but, summoning all her courage, she returns with a sigh to her daily avocations.

The lonely girl and her widowed mother are not, however, allowed to pursue their path in peace: they are persecuted by one M. Daridolle, who finally, as their landlord, ejects them from the humble but cheerful homestead where they had dwelt for years. They have no alternative but to betake themselves to a miserable hovel, while Nanette obtains employment as a common farm servant. Meanwhile, the volunteers reach Paris, and Antoine is not long before he enters with spirit into the gaieties and dissipation of that licentious capital. In vain is it that the sober and generous-minded Arsène seeks, for Nanette's sake, to guide him into

the right path; he only plunges more deeply and recklessly into all the follies and vices that surround him.

Two years pass away. Serjeant Charpentier, accompanied by Arsène, revisits their native village. His great desire is to astonish the weak minds of the *paysans* by his *grand tenu* and his dashing manners. In his heart he no longer cares for Nanette, but he imposes upon her by fine speeches filched from plays and romances, and delivered after the most approved theatrical manner. The two soldiers again return to their regiment—to where far different fates await them.

A RENCONTRE.

Whilst her lover was fighting for France, and disporting himself in conquered lands, Nanette was steadily leading her frugal and industrious life at home.

Harivel found that she was to be trusted in all things above the rest of his servants; wherefore to Nanette was committed the task of riding, once a week, to Rouen market; the farmer's wife, not being over robust, feeling but too glad to have a trustworthy person to take that journey for her.

Nanette was mounted on a strong nag. Her saddle was like the hind part of a pillion; and around it hung dead poultry, as well as fruit, and live poultry in baskets. She was wont to start at early dawn, not returning till evening; never failing to bring back some little gift for her mother, besides spending a few sous on the poor. It was more especially to soldiers begging their way home from the army, that the sous were given; they, in return, recounting to Nanette all they knew about the movements of the troops in Italy: it being on Italy that all the poor Norman country-girl's interest was fixed.

As she was slowly jogging home from market, on a fine evening in the beginning of June, looking, as she went, on the glowing sky of evening; thinking on Antoine; and wondering what kind of country Italy could possibly be; Nanette overtook a tall, bare-footed soldier, limping painfully along, with stooping gait and slow.

His gaiters were torn and covered with dust; a ragged blouse served him instead of a coat; a blue handkerchief was tied about his head; his beard was long; and he carried his calf-skin knapsack on a stick over his shoulder; one of the straps being broken. His short sword was the only soldier-like thing about him.

As Nanette drew near, she searched in her deep pocket; at the bottom of which she found a two-sous piece for the soldier. This she gave with some gentle words of pity; asking at the same time if he were hungry.

"*Mon Dieu, oui,*" was the answer, in a hollow voice.

Nanette again put her hand into the deep pocket, pulling forth a comely *brioche* intended for her mother; but which she now transferred to the limping soldier.

"*Merci,*" he said, without raising his eyes, as he began to devour the *brioche*; keeping up the while with Fripon, Nanette's steed.

"Where do you come from?" inquired Nanette, when the *brioche* had disappeared.

"From Italy."

"Ah! then perhaps you know the '*—ème de ligne,*'" cried Nanette, clasping her hands without being aware that she did so.

"I know it well."

"Did you ever serve with it?"

"Serve with it? I served in it?"

"Ah! then perhaps you know two friends of ours, two young men from our village; soldiers in that regiment?"

"What are their names?"

"Arsène Potier," replied Nanette, clearly and distinctly; then added with a little hesitation, "and Antoine Charpentier."

"I know them very well," returned the soldier, turning away his head; and saying nothing further.

After a pause, Nanette asked timidly if the soldier could give her any news of them.

"Charpentier," he said, "is the soul of his company; never discouraged; as brave as a lion; and *must* be an officer before long. As for the other, he was wounded at Monte Notte——"

"Wounded? oh! poor Arsène—wounded?" cried Nanette, suddenly stopping Fripon. "Was he much hurt?"

"I believe that he lost part of his hand. The regiment soon missed him when the wounded were left behind."

"How cruel to leave poor wounded men!"

"General Bonaparte's movements were so rapid, he could take nothing superfluous with him. There was no baggage but what the men carried on their backs."

"Poor Arsène! He was so good and kind. We were children together. Oh! I hope he will come home safely. I shall pray for him night and morning."

"*Merci, mademoiselle Nanette, merci!*" cried the soldier, in choking tones, taking Nanette's hand; then, turning away, he wept bitterly.

Nanette sprang off her horse.

"Arsène," she cried, going up to the soldier, "is it you? I did not know you. I am so glad you have got home safely: but it is not true you have lost part of your hand, is it?"

Poor Potier only answered by drawing his mutilated hand from his breast; then, quickly replacing it, he said, "I shall never handle a musket again!"

"How you must have suffered, poor Arsène!"

"I did. If the village had been two days' march further, I never should have reached it; so weak and faint am I."

Potier's looks bore witness to the truth of what he said. He was cadaverous in appearance; stooping as though too feeble to support his weight; his sunken eyes were glazed and bloodshot; his long locks added to the wildness of his air.

"My toilette is not much in my favour," he said with a faint smile; "rest and a razor may perhaps improve me."

He then asked after his father and mother; and after politely helping Nanette to remount Fripon, who was *improving the opportunity* by diligently grazing, he took a well-known path across the meadows: a path that led to his home without taking him through the village.

Antoine continues his gay, self-indulgent life, sports his epaulettes *de sous lieutenant*, drinks, gambles, and falls in love with Mdlle. Zoe Langeval, who reciprocates his passion in the warmest and most energetic manner. Poor Nanette is gradually forgotten, his letters grow less and less frequent, and finally altogether cease. Nanette perceives the change, and spiritedly resolves to write and set Capitaine Charpentier free. Her letter receives a cool, chilling reply, not even indited by Antoine, but by a camarade to whom he had jestingly shewn the poor girl's letter—that letter which had cut her to the heart. In time, however, she ceases to ponder, as she had hitherto done, over her worthless lover, and becomes the wife of Arsène Potier the miller. Antoine Charpentier reaches the grade of Colonel, and marries Zoe Langeval. The young lady has a considerable fortune. They take a handsome suite of apartments in Paris, and lead a most unhappy life, embittered by the ill temper of the wife and

the shameless extravagance of the husband. Their utter ruin is speedily accomplished; General Langeval takes his daughter home once more; and the dissolute Antoine is left to the fate he so well deserves.

One night, Nanette—while busied in her domestic duties in her cottage at St. Eloy—is startled by a sharp rap on the window-pane.

A CHANGE.

Nanette looked up, starting at that which she beheld.

Close against the window appeared the face of a beggar-man. The eyes were bloated and glazed; the under-lip was swollen and purple; the upper one being covered by a thick moustache; whilst a dirty beard of some days' growth, in part hid his flabby, violet-coloured face. His hair was long, black, and matted; covered by an old red night-cap.

The beggar, in a trembling and hoarse voice, was entreating Nanette to let him in, and to allow him to warm himself at the blazing fire; as he said he was very cold; with empty stomach, and not a sou in his pocket.

Nanette's heart inclined to open her door to him; to feed and warm him: but the miller was away; she was entirely alone; and the looks of the beggar frightened her, in spite of her great charity.

"I will give you some soup from the window," she said, after reflecting a while.

"Give me a glass of brandy, more rather," returned the beggar; putting a dirty, long-nailed, trembling hand, in at the window, which Nanette had opened.

"Well, you shall have it; but will you not have the warm soup too?"

"Give me the brandy, or I shall die: we'll think about the soup afterwards."

These words of the beggar were accompanied by such a wild, eager look, that Nanette deemed him to be some poor madman, wandering about unknown to his friends.

She gave him a little glass full of brandy, which he tossed off at one gulp; then stretched out his hand, saying:

"A few of those will set me on my legs again, *bonne femme*."

"Do you want more?" asked Nanette in surprise.

"Yes! now then make haste; but give me a larger glass: I hate drinking out of a thimble. Make haste—make haste—don't you see him?"

The man shook in every limb; vowed that the devil was standing with his arm round his waist; began to cry in a maudlin manner, and to beg hard for a good tumbler full of brandy; which, he said, was the only thing to chase the devil away.

Nanette hesitated, being afraid to give him any more.

The beggar became violent, and threatened to knock the door down, if she did not give him the bottle and a large glass.

Nanette glanced towards the door, and perceived that she had fastened it with the strong wooden bolt. She likewise looked at the clock. It was nearly eight; and she knew that the miller would soon be home.

She poured out another small glass of brandy, which she gave to the beggar, saying:

"Take that, and begone. You shall have a *gros sou*, and a bit of bread besides."

The bloated man drank off the spirit; but refused to move, until Nanette should have given him more.

"The devil has been with me all day," he said, as his teeth chattered, "because I had no brandy. He breathed all over the country, and made a fog, that I should not see where to get any. He always follows me about, and makes me cold and miserable, till I drink a bottleful; and then he goes away, and I am a grenadier again—till the next time."

Nanette without another word gave the man a sou, with some bread and cheese; then shut to the window; drawing the little red and white checked curtain.

Anon the beggar began to shake the door, and to swear and howl; waking the children and frightening their mother.

"Give me the bottle, and I will go," cried the man.

No answer being given, he rapped with his stick, and again began to shake the strong door.

Nanette kissed her children, telling them it was only a tipsy man; and that their father would soon return.

"There he is!" cried the eldest boy, "listen!"

The sound of cart-wheels was distinctly heard. The noise ceased, and presently the miller's voice resounded loudly and firmly, as he asked the beggar what he was doing there.

"Baptiste!" called Potier; and a strong, double-jointed being, covered with flour, appeared from the mill. "How could you hear all this noise, and not come to your mistress's help?" asked Potier.

"I thought it was a *lutin*, howling in the fog!" returned Baptiste, looking sheepish.

Mme. Potier stepped forth to tell all that had happened.

The miller looked at the beggar, and then said, "Bring him a good tumbler of brandy, *ma femme*."

"A tumbler *full*!" cried Nanette, in surprise.

"Yes: I know how it is. One sees that sort of thing in the army from time to time. Here, *mon vieux*, drink that!"

The beggar spilt a part of the brandy, as his shaking hand carried the glass to his mouth.

"There; that will do. Now come along with me, and we'll find a warm bed for you. I shall be in to supper directly, Nanette."

The miserable beggar is found dead next morning in the mill.

"*Ma femme*," he said sorrowfully, "prepare to hear something dreadful. The passport of that miserable beggar is made out in the name of Antoine Charpentier, late Colonel in the army of His Majesty *l'Empereur et Roi*; actually *chiffonier* at Paris. I have looked closely at the body, and although his features are swelled through

intemperance, I had no difficulty in knowing them again. Besides, on his forehead, beneath his long hair, is the scar of the wound he received in battle."

Such is a brief outline of Talbot Gwynne's last fiction. The few extracts we have given suffice to shew that it abounds in that vigour which is the chief excellence of this author, and in that vivid colouring which constitutes his greatest charm. He has evidently taken pains to avoid many of the defects we indicated in our critique of a former novel, and we congratulate him upon the result.

Mr. Gwynne, having established a "School for Fattlers" and for "Dreamers," bids fair to found a new school for romance writers. That his works will attain an extensive popularity—and that before very long—we have no doubt: we know of few of the same *genre* that deserve it better. He possesses the rare power of placing before his readers a series of striking pictures, in which every figure is correctly drawn and truthfully coloured. His sketches are always effective, without betraying the mechanism employed by the author to produce them; and the interest evoked at the commencement of his tales is well sustained to the last.

"Nanette" is a story that cannot fail to enliven even the most stolid, while it inculcates a moral of most wholesome tendency:—

"EVERY THING IS FOR THE BEST TO THE RIGHTEOUS; IF NOT IN THIS WORLD, AT LEAST IN THAT WHICH IS TO COME."

Matrimonial Shipwrecks; or, Mere Human Nature. By ANNETTE MARIE MAILLARD. Routledge and Co.

"*Mere Human Nature*" may be what is here set forth, a compound of weakness, error, folly, and vice; but admitting this (which we humbly beg leave to say we should be sorry to do), we would venture to suggest a hint to the authoress as to the propriety or wisdom of such miniature painting. Would artists recommend the contemplation of physical ugliness as a means of attaining beauty in form, feature, or expression? would moral philosophy inculcate the continual upholding the mirror of vice and moral deformity as a means of strengthening or elevating the tone of society? Some such mistaken idea possesses the minds of those writers who deal in these vivid delineations of human frailty. To imagine a lady taking pleasure in such subjects without some high motive, however mistaken, would be to pronounce a harsh judgment. Mrs. Maillard possesses talent above the average class of novel writers: her works are read, and will be read, by many who would not cut the leaves of two-thirds of the circulating-library fictions. It is the more incumbent, therefore, upon a

faithful critic, to advise that a wiser method of accomplishing a good purpose should be studied by so good a writer.

The plot is an ordinary game of cross purposes: we only wish the development of it had involved less sacrifice of purity of thought and high principle. The hero, like all heroes, is of course intended to claim our sympathy and admiration throughout: nevertheless, we are called upon to be present at his deliberate attempt to undermine the virtue of a well-educated and accomplished girl, the daughter of his tutor; we are required to pity him as a victim of the frailty and fondness of this same young lady, when she has become the wife of another, and is suffering persecution at the hands of a jealous husband, who, in his turn, is depicted as paying court to the real heroine, and real object of our hero's affection. A crippled babe is made to play a part in this *unnatural* (we hope) drama. If such scenes interest any particular class of readers, they will find them amply detailed within these two volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Reminiscences of the University, Town, and County of Cambridge, from the year 1780.
By the late HENRY GUNNING, M.A. Christ's College, Senior Esquire Bcdell. 2 Vols.
Bell, Fleet Street.

THIS is not a book which we are called upon to criticise, or to "consider too curiously." We should regard it as the authentic record of an octogenarian, of scenes and events that he himself witnessed, and in many of which he took an active part. While he was even yet committing his memorials to paper, his long and busy life was brought to a close, and upon an intimate friend devolved the task of seeing the volumes through the press.

Yes—Henry Gunning is no more! That venerable form, those well-known features, with which every Cambridge man of the last half century was as well acquainted as he was with St. Mary's steeple, the Senate House steps, or the Holy Poker* itself, has passed away for ever from Granta! So, alas! have departed the majority of those whose names are recorded in these volumes; so too, like these, are the rest fast disappearing.

Perhaps a little condensation would have improved the book. There is much in it that is exceedingly entertaining, but a good deal more that has very little interest at all. Were not the author undoubtedly a veracious witness, it would be scarcely possible to credit many of the stories he gives of university men sixty years ago. Thank Heaven! the drunkenness, profligacy, and habitual grossness, so rife in those days, has utterly passed away, together with a vice, the existence of which appears the most improbable of all. We mean that, in those days, men of the greatest acquirements scrupled not, *as examiners*, for the sake of lucre, to assign the highest honours in the University, not to the most deserving, but to those who had been their *private pupils*! (Preface, p. xx.) This may satisfactorily account for the subsequent ignoble career of so many who attained the rank of high Wranglers, a circumstance which, from its frequency, has always seemed so anomalous.

for the delectation of our readers.

A college tutor (who had a great aversion to the master of his college, Lowther Yates) lecturing on the doctrine of Extreme Necessity, thus illustrated it:—

EXTREME NECESSITY.

He said, "Suppose Lowther Yates and I were struggling in the water for a plank which would not hold two, and that he got possession of it, I should be justified in knocking him off;" and he then added, with great vehemence,

"D—n him—and I *would* do it too, without the slightest hesitation!"

* * * * *
One of his pupils, when construing a passage in Gro-tius, made a mistake, which set us all in a roar of laughter: the passage was this—"Merite suspecta merx est, quæ hæc lege obtruditur, ne inspicî posset." The nature of the blunder will be understood by Seale's remark upon it: "I think, Sir, you have mistaken *merx* for *meretrix*."

In 1785, Dr. Kipling, the then master of Christ's, an exceedingly proud and consequential man, had the following trick played upon him by some of his undergraduates.

FALSE COLOURS.

His principal relaxation was a daily ride to "*the Hills*," which at that time was the most frequented road amongst the members of the University. Returning one day, he picked up an ostrich feather which he saw drop from the hat of a lady, who was proceeding very slowly about fifty yards in advance.

On overtaking her, he presented the feather, accompanied by an expression relative to his good fortune in being able to restore it. The lady thanked him for his kindness, and expressed her annoyance that her servant was not in attendance—said she had just left General Adeane's, and had no doubt but her groom was following her; but she feared he might have been induced to partake too freely of the well-known hospitality of the servants' hall at Babraham. The Doctor begged her not to be uneasy, as he should have much pleasure in attending her until her servant appeared. They had not proceeded far, before they began to meet parties of young men, who were going out for their morning's ride. From the significant glances that were exchanged between these parties and the lady, Dr. Kipling could not fail to discover he had got into bad company. That he might rid himself of his new acquaintance as quickly as possible, he clapped spurs to his horse, which had been selected with the well-known Yorkshire discernment. The lady was also well mounted, and applying her whip briskly, kept up with the Doctor. When they entered the town, many familiar faces were encountered, who stared in utter amazement; and when passing *Mlandaff House* the horses were neck and neck. Fortunately for the Doctor, his stable was in Emmanuel Lane, and his horse turning sharply round the corner, his companion proceeded on her way. The name of this person was Jemima Watson; she lived in expensive lodgings, where she was in the habit of receiving some of the most fashionable men in the University.

At Trinity Hall, when a fellow-commoner had taken his degree, the undergraduates celebrated the event in the following manner:—

A BONFIRE.

After supper, they brought into the centre of the court all the hampers they could find filled with straw, on the top of which they placed his tables, and on these they set the chairs, and the whole were surmounted by his cap, gown, and surplice: they then set fire to the hampers, and with loud shouts danced round the pile till the whole was consumed. No college censure was passed upon the actors in this frantic exhibition, nor was there any investigation into the circumstances.

Speaking of a Welsh attorney who had

* The silver mace of the University has been thus designated from time immemorial.

amassed a large fortune and purchased the borough of Great Marlow, Mr. Gunning says:—

AN INJURED ELECTOR.

It still sends two members to Parliament, and is yet, in spite of the Reform Bill, as corrupt a borough as any in England. A person of whom I subsequently hired a boat *lamented feelingly the injury that had been done to the electors* by the Reform Bill, each of whom, he said, had previously to that, received fifteen pounds for his vote!

Dr. Farmer, Master of Emmanuel, was a celebrated character about this time: he was a staunch Tory, and abominated Dissenters of all kinds. He may be regarded as a favourable specimen of

THE PARSON OF 1785.

He would sometimes make allusion, in a jocular manner, to my well-known political opinions: thus in taking up his pipe, he would balance it on his finger, and when it turned over he would say, "This is a Whig pipe, Master Gunning; it has got a twist the wrong way." For many years before he was elected to the Mastership he had the Curacy of Swavesey, (about nine miles distant,) where he made a point of attending in all weathers. He began the service punctually at the appointed time, and gave a plain practical sermon, strongly enforcing some moral duty. After service he chatted most affably with his congregation, and never failed to send some small present to such of his poor parishioners as had been kept from church through illness. After morning service he repaired to the public-house, where a mutton-chop and potatoes were soon set before him: these were quickly despatched, and immediately after the removal of the cloth, Mr. Dobson (his Churchwarden) and one or two of the principal farmers, made their appearance, to whom he invariably said, "I am going to read prayers, but shall be back by the time you have made the punch." Occasionally another farmer accompanied him from church, when pipes and tobacco were in requisition until six o'clock. *Taffy* was then led to the door, and he conveyed his master to his rooms by half-past seven: here he found his slippers and night-cap, and taking possession of his elbow-chair, he slept till his bed-maker aroused him at nine o'clock, when resuming his wig he started for the *Parlour*, where the Fellows were in the habit of assembling on a Sunday evening.

Bob Foster was a privileged man at Emmanuel; he was a great retailer of news to Farmer, who would occasionally amuse us with what he had heard. One morning, when the barber was performing his accustomed office, he said in reply to Farmer's remark—"Well! what news?" "I saw Tom — yesterday, and he made such a bad remark about you!" "What was it?" asked the Doctor. "Indeed, Sir, I could not tell you; for it was too bad to repeat!" Farmer still urged the point, when the barber (having first obtained a promise that his master would not be angry) replied with *much apparent reluctance*—"Why, Sir, he said you wasn't fit to carry guts to a bear!" "And what did you say?" asked Farmer. The barber replied with much energy and seeming satisfaction—"OH, I SAID, SIR, THAT YOU WAS!"

Richard Watson of Trinity became Bishop of Llandaff in 1782. He built himself a comfortable mansion at Windermere.

MINE HOST OF THE "COCK."

The principal inn at the head of Windermere had been known as the Cock; but the landlord, by way of compliment to his distinguished neighbour, substituted the *Bishop* as the new sign. An innkeeper close by, who had frequently envied mine host of the Cock for his good fortune in securing a considerable preponderance of visitors,

took advantage of the change, and attracted many travellers to his house by putting up the sign of the Cock. The landlord with the new sign was much discomfited at seeing many of his old customers deposited at his rival's establishment; so, by way of remedy, he put up in large red letters, under the portrait of the Bishop, "THIS IS THE OLD COCK!"

Dr. Ogden was one day dining with Lord Hardwicke, the High Steward of the University, who had much church patronage to dispense.

THE WITTY RETORT.

Lord Hardwicke ordered champagne (which was very uncommon in those days) to be handed round. On a glass being taken to his Lordship, he immediately perceived that the butler had drawn a bottle of pale brandy, and he discovered, to his utter astonishment, that the Doctor, who sat on his right, had emptied his glass. His Lordship expressed surprise that he had not noticed the mistake; to which the Doctor replied, "I did not remark it to you, my lord, because I felt it my duty to take whatever you thought proper to offer me, if not with pleasure, at least in silence!"

Dr. Milner, as Vice-Chancellor, gave several sumptuous entertainments to the members of the University.

HOW TO DRINK CLARET.

On one occasion the Vice-Chancellor said to me very abruptly, "You have been looking at me some time; I know what you are thinking of; you think that I eat a confounded deal!" "No, sir," I said; "I am surprised that you eat of such a variety of dishes." "The truth is," said he, "I have a very weak stomach, and when it has digested as much as it can of one kind of food, it will set to work and digest some other." I observed to him "that the weakness of his stomach resembled that of Dr. Topping, a physician at Colchester, who, when a gentleman with whom he was dining expressed some dissatisfaction at his not taking claret, which had been provided expressly for him, answered, 'I have no objection to take a bottle, or a couple, of claret, but I have so weak a stomach, I am obliged to drink a bottle of port first!'"

The Rev. Dr. Collier was remarkable for his—

WONDERFUL APPETITE.

"When I was last in town," said he, "I was going to dine with a friend, and passed through a small court, just as a lad was hanging up a board, on which was this tempting inscription—

"*'A roast pig this instant set upon the table!'*"

"The invitation was irresistible: I ordered a quarter: it was *very delicate* and *very delicious*. I despatched a second and a third portion, but was constrained to leave one quarter behind, as my dinner hour was approaching, and my friend was remarkably punctual."

The clergy of those days, especially in Lincolnshire, took their duties remarkably easily. At some churches, like that to which the following anecdote refers, the service was never performed oftener than once a MONTH!

A TURKEY IN THE PULPIT.

A clergyman who was visiting for a few days in the immediate neighbourhood, and who was a friend of the officiating minister, (residing at a distance,) offered to perform service on the following Sunday. Consent was readily granted. When notice was given to the clerk he appeared confused, and then submissively remarked, the service ought not to have come off until a week later; for, not at all expecting there would be any change from

what they had been so long accustomed to, he had set a turkey in the pulpit as soon as their parson had left, and he had reckoned that by the time he came again, the pulpit would have been at liberty!

The next story refers to

DR. PARR.

Walking one day to dine with a friend some miles from Cambridge, he was overtaken by a heavy fall of rain, and not being able to procure shelter, was completely drenched before he reached his destination. With linen and clothes his friend was able to furnish him, but his handkerchief was obliged to supply the absence of his wig, which was sent to the kitchen to be dried.

After a time the Doctor exclaimed with much animation, and with his accustomed lisp, "How very kind of you, my dear friend, to remember my love for *roothe goothe*!" Had his friend not been aware that no such dish was to be served, he would have fallen into the same mistake as his guest; but on going into the kitchen to ascertain the cause of *so savoury* a smell, he perceived the Doctor's wig smoking at the fire!

Dr. Browne, who had been removed for misconduct from the Mastership of his college, took up his abode at Gorleston, where he had a living, and where he was in constant litigation with his parishioners.

AN OLD LOAF.

Among many claims he made, was the right of removing from the churchyard all gravestones that chanced to be thrown down by cattle, which he kept there himself. When subsequently building a house, these gravestones were used for the pavement of a scullery and also of an oven, out of which it was reported that a huge loaf was drawn "AGED 73"!

We must here conclude, having shewn enough of the character of the work to induce every Cantab to place it on his shelf by the side of the *Facetiæ Cantabrigienses*.

The Two Common-Law Procedure Acts of 1852 and 1854; together with all the Rules of Court on Practice and Pleading; additional forms in Pleading, and copious Notes on Pleading, Practice, and Evidence. Second Edition. By HENRY PEARSON, Esq., of the Middle Temple Barrister-at-Law. Benning and Co., Fleet Street. Pp. 192.

THE first Procedure Act of 1852 introduced a searching reform into the proceedings in an action at law up to the time of trial: the last Act of the legislature has taken up reform, at and after the trial, through the various Courts of Appeal. In addition to which, a large portion of the jurisdiction hitherto exercised by the Court of Chancery has, by this Act, been transferred to the Courts of Common Law. In 1853 all Rules of Practice and Pleading were abolished at one swoop, and 176 new Practice Rules, and 32 new Pleading Rules, were, in lieu thereof, issued by the judges: these, with the above Acts of Parliament, now form a new and complete system of legal procedure. We need scarcely add, that, on the whole, these reforms are of a very beneficial nature, by diminishing expense, and by removing technicalities. We cannot, however, altogether approve of their tendency to increase the irresponsible and hole-and-corner jurisdiction of the judges at chambers—a jurisdiction which is notoriously as capriciously and carelessly exercised, as it is

removed from the old English system of publicity and responsibility. In the above work Mr. Pearson has collected all these Rules and Statutes, and he has subjoined notes to each, of all the modern cases calculated to elucidate their provisions, adding references to the page in Chitty's "Archbold's Practice" where the old law may be found. We must not omit to mention that the whole is prefaced by a very useful collection of precedents of all the usual forms of Pleadings, with copious notes on the law applicable to each subject.

The work is, on the whole, very creditably executed, and will doubtless prove very useful to the practitioners of the Common Law for whom it is intended; indeed, it is much the best and the most complete manual of the recent changes in the law that has fallen in our way. We are glad, also, to find that the Index, upon which depends so much of the *practical utility* of a book, has not been neglected nor curtailed.

"*Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire, hoc sciat alter,*" is as true of books as of men.

Robespierre. A Tragedy. By HENRY BLISS, Q.C.

WHETHER or not the period of the first French Revolution be sufficiently remote to afford a present subject for a high-class drama, is a point that can only be established by the production of a fine Play founded upon its stirring scenes.

There are but few successful Præ-Raphaelites in painting, and they are not great masters,

save in little things. Sentiment and dexterous finish come to their aid, and a new school is formed, suitable to an age without imagination, but largely endowed with vulgar and superficial powers of appreciation, and in its criticisms sadly inclined to follow the morbid dictates of fashion. Præ-Raphaelitism is an absurd term. The painters before Raphael resembled

in few respects their so-called imitators of the present day. But were there such an artist in *words* as the best of these modern painters, he might do much with the subject of the French Revolution, treating it minutely, philosophically, and sentimentally. But it would require a genius, such as we have not now amongst us, to dash it in boldly after the fashion of the olden masters.

Is the difficulty, are the requirements, greater or less, because of the terrible realities enacted little more than half-a-century ago? Is there greater or less scope for the imagination? Let Robespierre be re-produced as he was—the pale, ruthless man, of forbidding aspect, arrayed in that hideous costume, now become almost romantic from the deeds in which it mixed so much. Let Danton rave with terrible reality. Give us again the immortal Corsican—what more do we want? A master-spirit to combine, to connect, to reject, to idealise. The material is ample; but who shall cast the shattered cannon of that mighty war into one sublime figure, and fix it for ever, imperishable, in the niche of History? The time is not yet come. This is but the age of caricature and of burlesque. We doubt much, if it were done, whether it would be recognised.

There is, then, scope enough for the highest triumph of the dramatic art in the history of the French Revolution. It only wants the most perfect taste, imagination, and art, to be brought to the task.

What have we before us? A book of many pages and many words; the work, doubtless, of a scholar, and of an observant man—excellently printed. But what a strange psychological study the effort of this mind! What has induced Mr. Bliss to think that he can write poetry? Why does he write it? Whence this odd delusion of a sane, and sensible, and clever man? The poem is little more than a dull mass of articulate thought. Take any average man, of moderate education, from an utterly prosaic world of his own, be it Doctors' Commons or the woolstack, let him be urged to write a Drama on Robespierre, and one might naturally expect the result we have before us. There are more lines in it than in an ordinary Drama: it has more rhymes than a play of Racine or Corneille: its binding resembles that of most books of modern poetry: yet what is it after all? There is something oppressive in its steady dull intention of being a Play—a Poem. It is not rhapsodical in the best or worst sense. It has no perverted inspiration—no inspiration. It has faults, steady, respectable, inevitable faults, because it is written, as it were, by the mechanism of the rhyming dictionary, because the author has not within him the glow of poetic fire. There

are silent poets, who feel and appreciate poetry, but cannot express it, as there may be painters who have never handled a pencil, or musicians who have never touched an instrument; but here is a voice without melody—prose speaking aloud in rhyme.

But enough of general condemnation: we will now proceed to proofs. We have no wish to write disparagingly of the author as a man, but merely as a poet. We cannot deem him one; therefore there is no disrespect. Let us rather look upon the author of "*Robespierre*" as a martyr, uncomprehended and incomprehensible. Let us follow the clue afforded by the Preface,—a letter to another Barrister, a friend, who has written a Drama,—penped by way of Prologue, and answered by way of Epilogue. We shall recur to this circumstance, so droll in its seriousness, so inimitably serious in its drollery. Here we can understand, appreciate, and admire our author. We are no longer harsh critics, but a ready chorus to the Drama before us. We shall give as beauties what we might have mistaken for blemishes.

Let Robespierre die, self-slain, or at least self-mutilated. "He meant it," whispers "a Voice," not the one in the Drama. We but consummate the sacrifice.

Strange coincidence! The worst of barrel-organs is playing the "*Marseillaise*" under our window. Ushered in by such strains, let the muse of Bliss speak for herself.

First, a line or two from the "*Prelude*" may suffice.

Though commerce pearl thy path, as morning dew,
And mirth, *as sunshine*, with a shout pursue:
O'er all a raven looms! a shadow spreads!
Anon shapes glimmer ghastlier than the *dead's*!

To arms! Drums double; *cannons rend their mouth.*

We have

"Red-caps" and "Hags of snaky teeth,"
and we are told that

Their feet in crimson tread.
A cloud with lightning pregnant wraps their head.
Whence, flash on flash, a clanking cleaver swoops;
The neck-stroke echoes, *and heads roll, as hoops.*

Magnificent bathos that! Here is a mild contradiction:—

Streets darkened; suburbs howled; the bars were bound.
The boulevards grew dumb as burial ground.
A tramp of soldiers throbbed through every stone;
And earth far shuddered at the tumbrel's groan.

In the midst of this opening of the Pantomime, Robespierre, the genius of Evil, "strays through meads,"

And questions conscience; which replies sometimes.

But how dressed, and in what state, is the pea-green man?

Lo! shewn in azure garb, with face deject,
Unconscious steps, and wandering intellect,
He stalks; his lips compressed or muttering fain;

What is muttering fain? Was he hungry, and does the writer mean *faim* anglicised?

The Play opens, discovering Robespierre conversing with a Voice which predicts his death. Conscience, be it known, is a ventriloquist in Plays.

Think of it! dream! The cleaver climbs aloof.
A clink, a clanking swoop, a cut, crash, chasm,
Flush, gnashing, quivering,—and where ends the spasm?

Robespierre answers somewhat incoherently. Stage villains generally do. Mr. Bliss is right in this respect, though perhaps a little too spasmodic.

Here is the spasmodic soliloquy, or at least a part of it.

ROBESPIERRE.

Moloch! Where's Death? Was that the Worm's abyss?

Islam! The Beast! Unquenchable! What's this?

Help! Hear me first! They perished at a blow—

So France would have it—France was happier so—

Smite! Smite.... Where am I? Prostrate here? What dreams!

How foams my mouth! How cold my forehead steams!

How shrill my ever tingling ears resound

The cleaver's clanking! 'Twas a fit—a swoond.

Nay, but that voice, whose curses stunned the air?

No dream—nor phantom—'Twas a foe. Who's there?

The following are selected from separate and complete rejoinders, observations, exclamations, &c. :—

“Coward!”—“Liar!”—“Words thou shalt eat.”—“Down! Tallien!”—“Hear!”—“Terror!”—“Down!”—“Hear, and tremble!”—“France!”—“There again it comes.”—“Who is't?”—“On!”—“Croakers in the marsh increase!”—“Who brawls there?”—“Terror!”

—“Order!”—“Tallien!”—“Peace!”—“Tallien!”

The last nine observations are consecutive: the rest are nearly so.

We need give no more of Robespierre to show that Mr. Bliss has spared no pains nor expense to carry out his original intention.

A concluding word as to the most amusing part of this book. The author writes a strange letter to his friend, Mr. Moile, perpetrator of “Philip the Second,” which we do not chance to have at our fingers' ends. Not very wisely (if he were in earnest), he offers some criticisms on his friend's play, while requesting him, under the bitter pretence of frankness, which trifles with a dreadful truth, to furnish his trunk-maker with the presentation copy of Robespierre. It would seem that Mr. Moile is a “proud young poet,” who having, in his own opinion, achieved fame, stands on the pedestal, and sees his friends, poor fools, rush on to their poetic fate, with a calm smile of approval, or with a sneer of indifference. We cannot give an idea, and shall not attempt it, of the consummate art, not to be acquired save in a Pleader's office, with which Mr. Moile writes a long letter in answer, avoiding any opinion on his friend's poetry. It is most edifying. He cannot, however, avoid a *tu quoque*. That was impossible between poets. Moile recommends Bliss to read a Diatribe of Epicurus. We recommend all lovers of a silent laugh over a delicate jest, rather than mere grinners at broad humour, to read these two letters. As one prefaces and the other concludes the volume, obedience to this injunction will sell “Robespierre.”

Indian Leisure: Petrarch—On the Character of Othello—Agamemnon—The Henriad—Anthology. By Captain ROBERT GUTHRIE MACGREGOR.

We should be extremely sorry, just now especially, to express any thing but decided approval of so innocent a recreation for officers in the army as making translations of the “Odes of Petrarch,” Voltaire's “Henriad,” or Alfieri's “Agamemnon.” Let them also, by all means, dispute and discuss Coleridge's nonsensical speculations about Othello's jealousy. But when these gentlemen not only produce, but also publish, we fear the innocence and the success will not be commensurate. Translations are, at the best of times, but sorry apologies for originals. Of Petrarch, especially, we would say, let those who cannot read him in his own soft-flowing music, leave him unread. It is reversing Mendellsohn's “songs without words”—it is words without song. Captain Macgregor has striven very laboriously

to establish Othello's jealousy, and we are quite willing to concede to him the victory. If Othello was *not* jealous, we can quite echo the question, What was he? Coleridge's special pleading about “moral indignation,” “regret that virtue should so fall,” &c.—his assertion that Othello had no ferocity, no jealousy—we take it, scarce deserved twenty-four pages of letter-press in reply. However, if it whiled away the oppressive hours of “Indian Leisure” thus to fence with foils, we will not quarrel with it as a private recreation. Of the “Henriad,” we must say that it is not very light reading in French, and we distinctly decline to read it in English rhyme.

It is no discredit to Mr. Macgregor that he has been tunable to render the sonnets of Petrarch and the epic of Voltaire into good,

readable, popular English poems. He must have been greater than Petrarch and Voltaire to have done so. We must, however, protest against Petrarch, we do not care about the "Henriad," being so judged. It *must* be a mistake to send forth any thing that could incline one to exclaim, "Thank God, Petrarch did not write in English, if this be a specimen of what he might have done." It is not fair! Here is a specimen: an Italian sonnet, as translated by Mr. Macgregor:—

WOMAN.

When Adam first the all beauteous Eve beheld
His own, Heaven sent, his solitude to cheer,

Great love their *mutual bosoms* instant swelled,
She kind to him, as he to her was dear.
If to hope faith in Woman be not vain,
That fame (?) in Eden sure she then had won;
How could she otherwise than true remain,
To tempt and try her, when she had but *one*?
Fool! *when* was Nature cheated of her due?
Adam was comely, vigorous, and young,
Brave, gentle, quick of wit, in love most true;
Yet liked she better, though a Devil's tongue
The flattery spoke, to listen, than forget
Woman's *first, latest* lesson—to coquet.

If Mr. Macgregor translate any more such sonnets as these, he deserves to have his face scratched.

Miscellaneous Notices.

Minstrelsy of War, by Alfred B. Richards. Blackwood.—We have noticed previous works from the pen of this author with considerable favour: his prose writings we have uniformly commended for their terseness and vigorous eloquence.

With regard to his poetry, we think the fairest course is to give him an opportunity of speaking for himself. The following is the strain in which the volume opens:—

THE MARTIAL AIRS OF ENGLAND.

The martial airs of England
Encircle still the earth,
And roll back to their cradle
Around a planet's girth:
Her morning drum-beat follows
The sun in his career,
Keeps pace with all the hours—
Shall then her children fear?

No! by the swords of Crécy,
Each cloth-yard shaft that flew,
Our weapons may be alter'd,
Our hearts are still as true;
Then cease each canting traitor;
Be Britain's flag unfurl'd
Again to bid, if needed,
Defiance to the world.

Mr. Richards is sometimes a little lugubrious. We have not space for the vision of "Trafalgar," or it might illustrate our remark. Now and then, however, he breaks forth in a different key.

I do not think so basely
Of Britain in her need,
To deem among her millions
No willing hearts would bleed,
For the honour of her women,
The splendour of her name—
To save an hour's disgrace—to guard
A thousand years of fame.

These two lines have in them a great sound of a great meaning, that it will not do to stop to analyze. Two voluminous Addresses to Kossuth—a Lament of Wellington, that may fairly be placed beside any others written in commemoration of the same event—Addresses to Mazzini, Sir C. Napier, to Patriots and Traitors—a Chant for Colt and his revolving Pistols—an Ode to the memory of Sir Robert Sale—Sinope—and some few others upon similar subjects—make up the "Minstrelsy of War." Among the miscellaneous poems that complete the volume, the subjoined extract strikes us as about as fair a specimen of poetic genius as any that we can cull.

A MOTHER'S EYES.

A mother's eyes are magnets of the child,
To draw him up to boyhood: then, like stars,

They are put out by meteoric youth
Dimming the pure calm of their holy ray.
A mother's eyes the grown-up man forgets,
As they had never been: with knitted brow,
The goddess pilot of Ambition's sea,
Steering his bark to islands all unknown
He never reaches. Lo! in dismal wreck
Those isles are covered with the ghosts of ships,
That only drift there through Oblivion's night,
Touching the shore in silence.

In old age,
Remembrance from her portrait lifts the veil,
And then a mother's eyes look forth again,
And through the soul's dark windows gaze, like doves
New lighted from the sky, and fill it thus
With thoughts of innocence and dreams of love,
Until our coffin like our cradle grows—
Then sleep we childlike, hushed in sweet repose.

A mother's eyes may be magnets *acting upon*, but not *of*, a child; but how like stars they should be *put out* by meteors (if stars are ever thus *put out*) and yet but dimmed, we cannot exactly perceive. Neither why a man should totally forget his mother's eyes; nor why, when resuscitated in memory, they should come back as doves; omitting all about the wreck and ghosts of ships, of which we can make nothing, in the obscurity of oblivion's night. Still, with all the deficiency of clothing, there is sentiment, deep and beautiful, in these lines; the thought is about as good, and true, and pure as we can meet with in the volume.

FIGHT ON, BRAVE HEART, FIGHT ON.

Fight onwards to the breach, brave heart!
Where victory o'er Life is won;
To mourn is but the coward's part,
Thou hast the warrior's now begun:
Pour out thy last, best, ruddiest drop,
But 'till thy wild pulsation stop,
Fight on, brave heart, fight on!

The knights of old sought Christ's dear grave,
When joy from earthly home had gone;
For this he dared the wintry wave,
And roam'd o'er burning waste alone:
Make thou a wiser pilgrimage
To thine own grave, in youth or age,
Fight on, brave heart, fight on!

Poetry, as our readers are tolerably well aware, must be of a high order indeed, to find favourable mention in the N.Q.R. We may in this particular be hypercritical, but it is rarely that any poetical effusion appears before us, which in our candid judgment deserves even a moment's consideration. We trust, therefore, if, unlike the majority of our contemporaries, we have not passed so high a panegyric as they have

upon the "Minstrelsy of War," that the author will deem this brief notice of greater worth than the laudation of critics whose standard is not so exalted as our own. It may be satisfactory to him, perhaps, to be assured that if we have alluded to defects in his verses, they yet contain many touching passages, which no living writer has surpassed; and that of all the poetry published during the past two years, the "Minstrelsy of War" is the only volume we should care to place upon our shelves.

Tintern Abbey, a Poem, by F. Bolingbroke Ribbans, F.A.S., Head Master of Sir Thomas Powell's Endowed Grammar School, Carmarthen. London: Hall and Virtue, Paternoster Row, and Binns and Goodwin, Bath.—In our last Number we spoke in terms of more than usual praise of the specimen of typography afforded by "Clandé the Colporteur," published by Messrs. Hall and Virtue: we have now much satisfaction in pointing to another work brought out by the same firm, but emanating from a provincial press. Nothing in the way of printing can be more beautiful than "Tintern Abbey," nor more graceful, and, at the same time, more critically accurate, than the illustrations with which the poem is adorned.

The poem itself, though brief, consisting of only one-and-twenty stanzas, is of far greater merit than many that have appeared before us for judgment during the present year. The spirit in which the author writes is that of the most fervid sincerity and earnestness, and his honest convictions will find a responsive echo in many thousand hearts. His words are addressed to the ruined Abbey, and were suggested by a rumour that it might possibly be given back by its present owner to the Romanists to be restored to its pristine purposes. The poet strongly deprecates such an event; and, still apostrophizing the shattered walls; should they ever reappear as once they stood, he adds—

May those within thee, full of light and love,
Receive the Truth in all its precious power!
May it come o'er them from its fount above
In one refreshing, sanctifying shower!

Thankful for good received, for good enjoyed,
May they be ready to dispense abroad!
And may their minds and bodies be employed
In shewing forth their gratitude to God!

Minor Poems, by James Sykes. Scarborough.—Six-and-twenty pages of poems, printed for private circulation, not all deserving equal praise, though several of them possess considerable merit without much pretension. In more than one we discern the evidence of true poetic feeling, combined with good taste. Had the little *brochure* not reached us as this sheet was actually passing through the press, we should have been disposed to have dilated more fully upon its contents: as it is, we must content ourselves with quoting one stanza, not unworthy of being compared with some part of Shelley's exquisite "Arethusa," which doubtless our author had in his mind when he indited it.

ELEANORA.

Come to me o'er the moonlit sea,
Spirit of Eleanora!
With thy white arms floating bare,
And thy shadowy golden hair,
Come to me, come to me!

Fleet, oh fleet, be thy glancing feet;
Yon pale woof of silver thread
Shall not break beneath their tread.

I weep for thee, weep for thee!

There is thought in what Mr. Sykes has written, and promise that he will hereafter excel what he has yet achieved.

The Sensibility of separate Souls considered, by Caleb Webb. Houlston and Stoneman, 65 Paternoster Row.—The author here gives to the world the result of his lucubrations on the state of the soul during the interval that

must elapse between death and the resurrection. The subject is one on which so many learned volumes have been written, and so many ingenious arguments adduced, all necessarily based upon the vaguest conjecture, that, deeply interesting as it unquestionably is, its consideration has always the disadvantage of an unsatisfactory termination.

Mr. Webb considers that the opinion proposed by some, as to the insensibility of the soul during the above period, "may be sufficiently refuted, on grounds which no Christian can well dispute." Were he, however, to extend his researches, he would find that many very eminent Christians have maintained, and do uphold, opposite views. Those who deem it advisable to attempt with finite powers to peer through the veil which unerring wisdom has interposed between this life and a future state, may ponder with interest over these pages: for our part, we think that the mental powers may be better employed on topics equally serious, but altogether free from the above objections.

A Popular Abridgment of Old-Testament History, for Schools, Families, and general reading, by J. Talboys Wheeler, F.R.G.S.—*A Popular Abridgment of New-Testament History*, by the same Author. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co., 25 Paternoster Row.—Two admirable and most unexceptionable little volumes, containing in a succinct and compendious form all that is essential to be known of biblical history. For ready reference, nothing could have been better devised. The books are both interspersed with small but accurate maps; and the plan adopted in the arrangement throughout, is such, that an individual of the humblest capacity can immediately comprehend it.

These abridgments are not mere extracts strung together: they display both learning and research, and the explanations introduced, where required, are singularly lucid. The books have, moreover, this great advantage, that they are equally adapted for all denominations of students, whether churchmen or sectarians. Mr. Wheeler deserves the highest commendation for the result of his labours. It can hardly be, that, in England, the public will be long in appreciating them as they deserve.

Psychological Inquiries, in a series of Essays intended to illustrate the mutual relations of the Physical Organization of the Mental Faculties. London: Longman. 1854.—The anonymous author of this little volume observes, that the subject of psychology is one, of which we have no means of obtaining a knowledge so definite as would enable a writer to discuss it in the shape of a systematic treatise. We agree with him that some points may be considered as established with tolerable certainty, while upon others difference of opinion may readily exist, even among the most enlightened; and, as regards a far greater number, it must be acknowledged that we have no means of forming any opinion whatever.

The book is divided into half-a-dozen chapters or dialogues, in which the various subjects of dreams—the influences exercised over matter by mind—the relations of the nervous system to the mental faculties—sequence and association of ideas—the mental faculties of animals—the nature and office of instinct—the science of human nature—and a variety of other grave and interesting topics, are reviewed and considered with no little ingenuity. To that large class of the community who know nothing either of psychology or physiology, this small octavo may give a faint smattering of those sciences. To him, however, who is desirous of studying them philosophically, we should recommend in preference the lucubrations of Newton, Locke, Hunter, Hartley, Hook, Kirke, or Wollaston, though we have no wish to speak disparagingly of the performance before us.

Jettsonian Lectures on Insanity, by Forbes Winslow, M.D. D.C.M., late President of the Medical Society of London, &c. John Churchill, New Burlington Street.—

Three lectures, delivered before the President, Council, and Fellows of the "Medical Society of London," by Dr. Winslow, in his capacity of "Lettsomian Professor of Medicine." The important subject to which they refer can of course but be imperfectly handled within the narrow limits of three brief lectures; but the results they afford of long and patient investigations are exceedingly valuable, illustrated as they are, too, by interesting and well-attested facts.

We are glad to find a gentleman of Dr. Winslow's eminence inveighing, as he does so strenuously, against the vulgar supposition that *insanity is necessarily incurable*. The consequences of this widely-disseminated error may be daily seen effecting incalculable evil in the treatment of what, in modern parlance, are termed "nervous patients." Private institutions for their reception are thus, he justly observes, degraded into places of detention, instead of being, as they ought, **HOSPITALS FOR THE CURE OF THE INSANE**. Within the last twenty years a vast amelioration has taken place in the condition and treatment of this large class of afflicted creatures. In every asylum throughout the kingdom severity and coercion are absolutely prohibited, and a large percentage of patients are annually discharged cured, where, not long since, the very attempt to restore a madman to society would have been scouted with derision.

The Opening of the Crystal Palace, by John Ruskin.—There is, as usual with Mr. Ruskin, much that is excellent in his recent pamphlet entitled "The Opening of the Crystal Palace considered, &c;" and we heartily hope it may find its way into the hands of all those who have the inclination and the power to adopt the scheme he proposes at page 20. But our sympathy with by far the greater part of his remarks must not prevent our touching on one point where we essentially differ from him. This is, his determined opposition to *all* "restoration." As far as relates to works solely of *art* we freely acquiesce; with regard also to monuments claiming our respect only from historical associations, we grieve to see any change: the hand of time, indeed, works far too many, and the utmost that man should attempt, must be to arrest these where possible: but surely our churches, though venerable on both these accounts, possess a yet higher claim to our care; and all that can contribute to make them lasting and impressive may rightly be attempted.

Now we contend, that to accomplish this end, more is required than simply "propping with wood or metal the portions likely to give way." And are we too bold, if—not as competitors for superiority with the original architects, but in humble subservience to their plan, and inspired by a like devotion to that which animated them—we reproduce, as far as we can, what has been marred of their glorious works? Their's still be the merit, not ours.

No one can look upon the solid masonry of what remains of mediæval religious buildings, without acknowledging that they were not reared for one generation only. It would be well, truly, if the advice of "binding or cementing into their places the sculptures ready to detach themselves" could have been observed from the beginning; but as the greater part of such edifices now stand, more than this is requisite to attain the object of their founders—the glory of God, and the cultivation of a reverential spirit—which a regular place of worship cannot fail to produce and encourage.

The Synoptical Euclid, by Samuel A. Good. Law, 131, Fleet Street.—This is really an admirable and most unexceptionable arrangement that Mr. Good has adopted. His Euclid ought immediately to supersede every other, at both our Universities and at every school: the benefit to teacher and scholar could not fail to be perceptible in a very short time.

Without varying one word of the text, but simply by a most ingenious mode of printing it, the intelligibility

of Euclid is facilitated in a remarkable degree. Would that we had possessed this little volume in our Cambridge days.

My Haunts, by Edmund H. Yates. Bogue, 86 Fleet Street.—A shilling production, avowedly written—by one "blasé" as to what is called "the world"—to relieve the tedium of a railway journey, or to win a smile from the middle-aged lawyer, curate, or doctor, as he glances over the description of what were once his "haunts." The author, though he does not tell us so *tot verbis*, leaves us to imply that he is a clerk in Her Majesty's Post-office. He gives descriptions of "My Club," which can assuredly be none other than the "Garrick;" and of "My Theatre," which is as certainly "the Adelphi." Who, indeed, could for a moment fail to recognise the individual thus alluded to?—"Burst of applause from the audience as the heroine of my theatre bounds upon the stage. Young Indian girl (she talks like a female denizen of Leicester Square), wild huntress, has 'just shot a herrace of bairds,' which she throws on the floor. 'Ware is my ossband? Hiss chick 'as bin pale letly, hiss thought wandare! Should he play me fawl—se! Oh,—no, no!'"

As the author admits that his object in writing has not been a very exalted one, and as his pages are sufficiently amusing for their intended purpose, we have little doubt that the railway bookstalls will render him a satisfactory account at the end of the year.

THE PARLOUR LIBRARY.—*The Sea Lions*, by J. Fenimore Cooper—*Sybil Lennard*, by Mrs. Grey—*The Dark Lady of Doone*, by W. H. Maxwell—*Mark's Reef*, by J. Fenimore Cooper—*Attila*, by G. P. R. James. London: Thomas Hodgson, Aldine Chambers, 13 Paternoster Row.—Of a truth, great praise is due to Mr. Hodgson for having reproduced in the present portable and convenient form so many volumes of light entertaining reading. That the undertaking has been successful, there can be but little doubt; for we perceive that *Attila* is the hundred and eleventh volume of the series, varying in price from one shilling to eighteen-pence each.

Well do we remember in bygone days having paid at a Brighton library the same sum for two days' perusal of *Mark's Reef*, for which we can now buy the work out and out. Nor can any fault be found, either with the paper or typography: both are as good of their kind as can be desired—far better, indeed, than could be afforded, were not the sale remunerative.

For the cabin of a yacht, or to fill up the emigrant's sea-chest, nothing can be handier or more appropriate than Mr. Hodgson's *Parlour Library*.

The Combustion of Coal, and the Prevention of Smoke, by C. W. Williams, Esq. Weale, High Holborn.—This is an exceedingly valuable treatise, written by a gentleman who has evidently mastered his subject thoroughly, and whose statements and opinions ought consequently to be received with the greatest deference.

His object is, to shew, not how the smoke from coals can be burned, but how coals can be burned so as not to produce smoke. This he clearly and effectually does; and we are now satisfied, if indeed we ever entertained any doubt on the subject, that there is not the slightest reason for the emission of any perceptible vapour from the shaft, either of a stationary engine, or from the funnel of a steamer. Why those who have the control over such matters should for a single day continue a nuisance so prejudicial to health and cleanliness, we are at a loss to imagine.

The instructions Mr. Williams gives are clear, intelligible, and concise: we heartily commend them to general perusal. The matter is treated philosophically, and the book is copiously illustrated with explanatory diagrams.

Practical Observations on Mental and Nervous Disorders, by Alfred Beaumont Maddock, M.D. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1854.—The author informs us that the

existence of the present treatise arose from his having filled the office of physician to a large lunatic asylum, and from his great experience among private patients, whose cases have enabled him to pursue his pathological researches under peculiar advantages.

His principal object is, to demonstrate that the majority of mental and nervous diseases are of a sympathetic or *secondary*, and not, as is generally supposed, of an organic nature; and that they are, consequently, more capable of cure, or, at any rate, of alleviation, than is usually admitted to be the case.

Dr. Maddock dilates upon the importance, to the British public especially, of the consideration of the causes which lead to insanity, or to that large class of nervous disorders so peculiarly prevalent in the British Isles. The following is the classification he adopts:—

1. Affections of the brain and nervous system associated with morbid states of digestion and assimilation.

2. Affections of the brain and nervous system connected with derangement of the circulating and respiratory organs.

3. Sympathies of the brain with the function of locomotion.

4. Sympathies of the brain with the reproductive organs and the function of sense and sensibility.

Each class of malady is copiously illustrated by the history of a variety of cases submitted to the author's treatment, the result of which is the best evidence that can be adduced of the soundness of his views.

Gymnastics, an essential branch of National Education, by Captain Chiosso, Professor of Gymnastics at University College School, London. London: Walton and Maberly, Upper Gower Street.—Captain Chiosso, warmly, and with justice, advocates the practice of gymnastics in the education of the young of every rank, for the purpose of leading them to a systematic use of their physical powers; and he satisfactorily proves, were proof indeed needed, that health through life would thereby be greatly promoted, and longevity more frequently attained, than we find it at present. He would have his pupil begin early, at all events; for he says, "Gymnastics ought to take up the child, as it were, *from the month*." His second division he styles "Educational or Hygiene;" and his third, "Medical or Therapeutic."

He gives us a history of gymnastics from the earliest times; then proceeds to point out the most essential implements and exercises of the modern gymnasium, the rules and precautions to be observed there; and, finally, he dilates upon the evolutive process and results of gymnastics.

We perfectly concur in the soundness of the Captain's theories, and heartily commend his useful and unpretending little book to the attention of our readers. We only wish, in a future edition, that he would expunge a number of fearfully uncouth words he seems fond of using, for they certainly pertain to no existing language.

The Vision of Midsummer-Morning's Dream. By F. Starr. Printed at the Mercury Office, Norwich.—This

is, beyond all question, the most knock-me-down book that ever saw the light, if such a word as "light" can be in any way applied to it. Throughout the 217 duodecimo pages of which it consists, we confess our inability, after exciting to the utmost our critical acumen, to detect any one definite idea. Oh, ye Gods and Goddesses! see what ye can make of this intellectual chaos, for we can make neither head nor tail of it. Mr. Starr appears to be in a state of terrible ferocity against some opponents, but of what their offence may be we cannot form any conception. Again, he defends others with equal fury against charges, the nature of which we are equally baffled in attempting to discover. Neither are we enlightened, but rather more bewildered, if possible, by a set of letters addressed to him, signed "Ecce homo with the L. R." We are favoured with a fac-simile of this queer signature, looking very like a set of spiders in deadly conflict, and, what is far more valuable, an interpretation of it—"Behold the man with the light returning!" We have a sort of perception that the dispute has some hazy connection with a former book of Mr. Starr's, which, our stars be praised, has never come across us, and also that some mysterious religious question, somehow or other, has something to do with it. We venture upon this bold supposition on reading one of the arguments (?) he throws at the heads of his host of enemies:—

"I repeat here what I have before said, a *Christian* requires no sight, or 'sights,' or 'sounds;' the 'Monument' might be moved by invisible hands on to the top of 'Primrose Hill,' it would not disturb him, it might have the effect perhaps of causing him to look more ardently for his 'Lord's coming.' But it does not follow that he who is *not* a Christian, might not be *seriously* disturbed by it."

The italics, inverted commas, punctuation, &c., are strictly as in the original; and we are delighted to infer that Mr. Starr is not a man to be *seriously* disturbed by the phenomenon in question. On arriving at page 193, he says, "I have earnestly endeavoured to execute my mission;" but what that mission can be, unless to muddle the brains of his readers, we are utterly unable to imagine. At page 37 we pitch upon a half solution of the mystery, for there we descry the words, "I was declared mad," and a reference to something that "was shewn me in the dungeon of the Asylum." But the remaining half of the mystery perplexes us still. How did he manage to write his phrensies? and, yet more marvellous, how did he find a publisher? We turn to the title-page, and see it was printed at the Mercury Office. Here is, at all events, something appropriate and consistent, inasmuch as seeking to catch an idea from Mr. Starr, and to pick up a globule of the slippery and fugitive metal above named, are parallel impossibilities.

School Experiences of a Fag. By George Melly. Smith and Elder.—This is too amusing a book to be hastily disposed of here. It came to hand too late to be noticed elsewhere: we must therefore postpone our comments upon it till the next quarter.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

RÉSUMÉ.

AMONG the productions of the Paris Press during the last *trimestre*, we have few valuable or enduring works to notice. As in England, so in France, the prevailing demand is for pocket volumes, and every bookseller's shop and stall is overwhelmed with numbers of the *Bibliothèque des Voyageurs* and the *Bibliothèque du Chemin de fer*: these, like our railway literature, comprise an immensity of trash, together with a variety of reprints of standard works and indifferent translations of the productions of other countries.

In illustrated books the Parisians maintain the superiority they have always manifested over their British rivals. Of this class of work there is always a continual flow, remarkable for the knowledge of character and humour they display, no less than for their infinite variety of subject. Of those to which this summer has given birth, *Les Métamorphoses de Grandville* is perhaps the best. It is replete with wit, originality, and sarcasm of the happiest kind. It has been dramatized at the *Théâtre des Délassements*, and nightly draws crowded houses.

Les Robert Macaire is another humorous collection of amusing woodcuts by Daumier, with appropriate letter-press. This *Album de cent dessins* is to be obtained for the small sum of ten francs.

While mentioning illustrated works, we may call attention also to the "*Musée Cosmopolite*," which gives representations of the costumes of almost every nation on the globe: the drawings are by Compté-Calix, Karl Girardet, E. Morin, Yvon, and others; but these names are sufficient to guarantee the high character of these engravings. Each is to be had separately, at the moderate price of fourpence!

We now come to a work of a very different order but which, though for reasons of another kind, has attained a well-merited popularity, we allude to *Les Causeries de Lundi*, par M. St. Beuve. In this ninth volume of critical and literary portraits, M. St. Beuve lingers with decided partiality among the "*célébrités du grand siècle*." Bourdaloue and Massillon, Madame mère du Regent, le Marquis de Lassay, and that Amazon among the feminine army of classical scholars, Madame Dacier, the bold and daring translator of Homer,

Anacreon, and Horace, all cluster round the era of Louis Quatorze, more or less associated with each other, and inseparably linked together, in the retrospect of the age. Amongst earlier subjects of criticism, the monumental relic of mediæval language and literature, the works of Villehardouin come in for their share of commemorative notice, as also the chronicles of the gay, sparkling, laughter-loving Froissart, general lover of poetry, romance, dancing, minstrelsy, pretty "*jeunnettes*," dogs, birds, and court gaiety—the historian in whose pages "the history of his times is reflected as in a spacious mirror," and whose own individual portrait is handed down in his own words:—

Mais je passois à si grand joie
Ce temps
Que tout me venoit à plaisir
Et le parler, et le tair
Le aller, et l'être coi.

We have the old tale revived of his humorous interview with Henri Crystade at the court of Richard, wherein he plays the part of listener to the romantic story of the conquest of Ireland, and the submission of the four kings; to the details of Crystade's labours and anxieties in the cause of civilization, and efforts to impart a knowledge of "*les convenances*" to the royal pupil savages, preparatory to the ceremony of their knighthood: we have Froissart's quiet rejoinder of perplexed inquiry as to the share in the transaction assigned to the "grace of God."

"The grace of God is good," says he, "when it can be had, and truly it has its value; but one seldom sees earthly lords now augmenting their territory, except by strength and power."

Bourdaloue and Massillon offer us a taste of pulpit oratory, seasoned with the spice of courtiership indispensable to the office of "*l'Orateur de la cour*" in the land of "*oraisons funèbres*," an office a degree more tyrannical in its demands upon the mental and intellectual liberty of its victims than the post of laureate in our own country. Is a great child born (hereditarily great, not physically), a great sermon must chronicle his nativity; at his christening a great oration must be forthcoming; does he marry, the priest must mouth some grand peroration; and last, but not least, does he die, his yet greater "*oraison*"

funèbre" has to be written, said, or sung, and handed down to posterity, an authenticated record of his deeds, his words, his thoughts, his motives, virtues, vices (no, not vices, the "*oraison funèbre*" is an oblation to the departed great). Of such material has "*l'orateur de la cour*" to compound his "*oraisons*," and by such "*largesses*" win for himself a way to the hearts and favour of princes. It was not Massillon nor Bourdaloue whose "*oraison funèbre*"* had six-and-thirty heads, each head devoted to a separate virtue of the departed Queen; but such were the monster oratorical displays that Bourdaloue and Massillon, Bossuet, and every other "*orateur de la cour*" were called upon to rival. There are few, perhaps, to whom some anecdotes of the Racine of the pulpit (Massillon) are not familiar. His sermons have been a private text-book for rhetoricians from the days of the "*grand siècle*" until our own; and it might be a bold invasion of the vested privileges of pulpit orators, even in this our nineteenth century, to bring to light too many of the well-rounded periods from this prolific fountain of eloquence; but, after all, they tell us more of the man than M. St. Beuve's "*oraison funèbre*."

The well-known startling appeal to his audience in the church of St. Eustache, which M. St. Beuve, however, only alludes to, as perhaps too familiar for repetition, is perhaps among the fairest specimens of Massillon's style of eloquence. It has been the key-note for many a professor's lecture in the rhetorician's schoolroom.

"Je suppose, mes frères," dit-il "que c'est votre dernière heure et la fin de l'univers; que Jésus Christ va paraître dans sa gloire au milieu de ce temple pour nous juger.... Croyez-vous qu'il s'y trouvât seulement dix justes?.... Paraissez: où êtes vous? Restes d'Israel, passez à la droite.... O Dieu! où sont vos élus? et que reste-t-il pour votre partage?" "Ces paroles," adds the historian, "produisirent un mouvement soudain tout l'auditoire se leva; transporté et saisi."

The historian's courtly compliment of Louis XIV. to the oratory of Massillon is chronicled anew by M. St. Beuve:—

"*Mon père*, I have heard many great orators with whom I have been satisfied; but every time I hear you I am dissatisfied with myself."

The last display of Massillon's eloquence was in the "*oraison funèbre*" of Madame mère du Regent (the subject of M. St. Beuve's next essay), the fat German lover of *saur kraut*, and successor of the beautiful but unfortunate Henriette as consort of Philip d'Orleans, brother of Louis. "It seemed a satire," says St. Beuve, "to have chosen her for a second wife to a prince so soft and effeminate

as Monsieur, a person who in her tastes more resembled a man, and who always regretted she had not been born a boy; who would laughingly relate how in her youth, feeling her vocation for a *cavalier* so strongly, she always was hoping for a miracle of nature in her favour." "Vous comprenez bien," says Madame de Sevigné, in writing of her "la joie qu'aura Monsieur, d'avoir à se marier en cérémonie, et qu'elle joie encore, d'avoir une femme qui n'entend pas le français."

The inauguration of a monument to l'Abbé Prévost at Hesdin is made the occasion by M. St. Beuve for a third display of his critical talents upon the works of the author of "*Manon Lescaut*," in which, however, we discern but few additions to the original biographical sketch published by him some twenty years ago among his "*Portraits Littéraires*." Another subject chosen is the idol of Montaigne, Etienne de la Boltie, whose name, linked with that of his worshipper, has become almost synonymous with "*l'amitié-passion*" which expressed their mutual regard.

"Si on me presse de dire pourquoi je l'aimais," said Montaigne, "je sens que cela ne peut exprimer qu'en répondant: *Parce que c'était lui; parce que c'était moi*. Nous nous cherchions avant que de nous être vus.... je crois par quelque ordonnance du ciel. Nous nous embrassions par nos noms; et à notre première rencontre qui fut par hasard en une grande fête et compagnie de ville, nous nous trouvâmes si pris, si connus, si obligé entre nous, que rien dès lors ne nous fût si proche que l'un à l'autre."

We might almost call this chapter an essay on friendship and criticism of Montaigne, whose incredulity on the point of Platonic bonds of intellectual attachment between the sexes comes in for a fair share of discussion and condemnation; Rochefoucauld and Madame La Fayette, M. Joubert and Madame De Beaumont, being triumphantly vaunted as opposing arguments to the derogatory theory, winding up with the supporting advocacy of M. Meister.

"Entre hommes et femmes, il y a moins de grandes et moins de petites rivalités qu'entre des personnes du même sexe; il y a par conséquent, beaucoup moins d'occasions de se heurter et de se blesser. L'habitude des soins des égards, des ménagements reciproques est plus facile, plus naturelle: on croirait se manquer à soi-même si l'on était capable de s'en dispenser dans les moments même d'abandon, d'humeur, de refroidissement. Tout ce qu'on fait l'un pour l'autre, porte plus constamment le caractère d'une heureuse inspiration, d'un mouvement involontaire indépendant de toute espèce de calcul ou de réflexion. Vis-à-vis de l'homme qu'on chérit le plus, on ne renonce jamais à sa volonté; vis-à-vis d'une femme, il est souvent permis, il est souvent si doux de n'en point avoir."

The memory of Boltie, cut off in the prime of his years, "dwelt in the mind of Montaigne like an isolated column of an unfinished temple," and the flattering pen of partial

* "*L'Oraison funèbre de la reine Anne de Bretagne, femme de Louis XII.*" Par M. Parvey.

friendship hesitated not to eulogise him as the greatest man of his age; the isolation perhaps tending to the exaggeration of the proportions of the column.

In the notice of Duclos and his "History of Louis XI." we find a note dropped at his house by Voltaire *en passant*, written evidently in a fit of enthusiasm:—

J'en ai déjà lu cent cinquante pages; mais il faut sortir pour souper. Je m'arrête à ces mots: "Le brave Huniade Corvin, surnommé *la terreur des Turcs*, avait été le défenseur de la Hongrie, dont Ladislas n'avait été que le roi."

"Courage! il n'appartient qu'aux philosophes d'écrire l'histoire. En vous remerciant bien tendrement, Monsieur, d'un présent qui m'est bien cher, et qui me le serait quand même vous ne me le seriez pas. Je passe à votre porte pour vous dire combien je vous aime, combien je vous estime, et à quel point je vous suis obligé; et je vous l'écris dans la crainte de ne pas vous trouver. Bon soir Salluste."

The historian of the "*grand siècle*" of Louis Quatorze and of Charles Douze could afford to be generous in his criticism of this presentation copy; none the less so, perhaps, as the two were never upon very intimate terms of friendship. M. St. Beuve amuses us with parallel passages from this same "Life of Louis XI." and the voluminous work upon the same subject by L'Abbé le Grande, in which not only the same general sentiments, but the precise expressions, occur, in reference especially to the character of Charles VII., and the state of France under his reign; but these are tame beside the plagiarisms of Henri Beyle, alias M. Steudthel, the pseudonyme under which Beyle wrote most of his musical criticisms and biographies. Bombet was, however, another "*nom de plume*"

assumed as a disguise by the author of "*Lettres sur Haydn*," which prove to be little more than translations of a work by an Italian, Carpani, slightly transposed and arranged so as to make it difficult to compare the texts. Carpani has twelve letters; Bombet (Beyle) twenty-two, resulting from the cutting in two and entire remodelling of most of the originals. An accidental note, however, occurs in the work, which alludes to the suppression of repetitions, "which occur without number in the *original letters*," and this little hole-and-corner acknowledgment is all that is made to the real author. We must not be too hard upon poor Beyle: such things are not without a parallel in the literature of our own country. The "Life of Mozart" is given as a translation. The fear of ridicule seems to be the motive assigned for the singular fancy of M. Beyle for writing under the variety of assumed names adopted by him. He piqued himself on being an amateur, and he criticised artists, poets, painters, musicians, and historians; pitted Racine against Shakspeare; and drew up two several armies, the "*classique*" and "*romantique*," in battle array against each other—England, Germany, Spain, Italy, the four corps of the army on the left of the stream of public admiration, with the classics ranged on the right.

But Beyle has another character to be criticised than that of critic—"La Chartreuse de Parme," "*Mémoires d'un Touriste*," and his other "*nouvelles*," place him among the romance writers. Here M. Balzac assigns him a first rank: M. St. Beuve disputes the point.

We shall proceed to notice in detail the other French works which merit that distinction.

Mémoires d'Alex. Dumas. 2ième Serie. Vols. VII. and VIII.

M. DUMAS continues to pour forth his Memoirs in an apparently inexhaustible stream. He has now arrived at the year 1832; and as the events described become more recent, so does he elaborate his details, not only as to the events themselves, but with regard to the birth, parentage, education, and career of every one in the remotest degree connected with any thing that happens to him.

For instance, in the seventh volume we have a history of a bal masqué given by M. Dumas to the artist-world of Paris. For this ball, eight of the most celebrated painters of the time offered their services to decorate some unfurnished rooms lent him for the occasion. He interrupts the narrative to give a highly-finished memoir of four of these painters—Alfred and Tony Johannot, Clemenç Boulanger, and Grandville—who died young, and

in the height of their fame and popularity. The account of the preparations, artistic and otherwise, for the ball, is amusing, though rather long. The supper has a chapter to itself; for M. Dumas, who never does any thing in an easy way where a difficult one can be found, chose to be his own purveyor, and with four or five companions set off for the forest of Ferté Vidame to shoot a stock of provisions. The sportsmen, among them, killed nine roe-deer and three hares, of which, says our author, "I shot two hares and five rocs." On returning to Paris, however, it seems to have struck him that there might be a suspicion of monotony in a repast composed exclusively of four-legged animals from the forest of Ferté Vidame, and he therefore entered into negotiations with Chevet to furnish him with a "gigantic fish," and other comestibles,

all to be paid for, not in coin, after the manner of the vulgar, but picturesquely in hares and roe-deer, the victims of his unerring aim.

The ball, of course, "goes off" with immense success. It lasted far into the next day, and ended in a *monstre galop*, at nine o'clock in the morning, from the Rue des Trois Frères, "the head of the said monster reaching the Boulevards, while the last joints of the tail were still undulating in the street." The rest of the volume contains a sketch of a play by Scribe, and an account (out of chronological order) of the examination of several dramatic authors before the Commission appointed to prepare the laws for theatres, and the regulations of dramatic censure. Scribe, Emile Souvestre, Victor Hugo, and Dumas, all differed more or less as to the question of leaving theatres unshackled by restrictions; and the discussion, which is a little lengthy, is not a little dull.

In the eighth volume there is a description of the causes that ultimately led to M. Dumas' fighting a duel with a brother author, M. Gaillardet. We give an abridged version of the affair, which occupies in the original about a hundred and fifty pages.

M. Gaillardet was the author of a piece called "*La Tour de Nesle*," of which he gave the manuscript to Harel, the manager of the "*Porte St. Martin*;" but though the piece had "got some ideas in it," it was not suited to the stage; and after being handed over to Janin, who re-wrote it, improved it, but did not make it the drama that Harel wanted, it was brought to Dumas, who, by the way, was just recovering from a severe attack of cholera. Dumas read it, found that Janin had given up all interest in it, though he had, with M. Gaillardet's consent, been made partner and sharer of the profits, promised to take the play in hand, and, at the same time, to reinstate M. Gaillardet in his position of sole author, desiring himself to keep a strict incognito, reserving, however, the right to publish the piece in his "*Œuvres Complètes*" at a future period. All this being arranged between Dumas and Harel, the former writes a rather grandiose letter to M. Gaillardet, presenting him with the "touches he had had the pleasure of making to the work." To this M. Gaillardet returned an indignant answer, saying he neither desired nor would consent to have any assistant in his drama of the "*Tour de Nesle*." Hereupon great consternation, but the play is put into rehearsal notwithstanding; and after a violent scene between the two authors, an arrangement is made that it is to be played and printed with the name of M. Gaillardet only, but that the name is to be followed by stars, showing that some one else had had a hand in it.

The piece is played, and creates a *furor*: and the name of M. Frederic Gaillardet is proclaimed in the midst of enthusiastic applause.

"I returned home," says Dumas, "without one feeling of regret. The next day several of the friends who knew the share I had in the success of the '*Tour de Nesle*,' came to congratulate me. Among them was Collin."

"Do you know what Harel has done?" said he.

"What he has done?"

"About the play-bill?"

"No."

"Instead of proceeding mathematically from the known to the unknown, he has proceeded from the unknown to the known."

"I don't understand—"

"Why, instead of putting Messrs. Gaillardet and ***, he has put Messrs. *** and Gaillardet."

"The wretch!" cried I; "he is going to drag me into a fresh quarrel with M. Gaillardet; and the worst of it is, that this time M. Gaillardet is right."

Then follows a long account of M. Gaillardet's indignation, which results in a law-suit and a duel. The law-suit is gained by Gaillardet; the duel is as follows:—

An article in the "*Musée des Familles*" spoke of the "*Tour de Nesle*" as M. Gaillardet's best work. Accordingly, Dumas "finds himself insulted," and sends his second, or rather, according to French usages, his seconds, to Gaillardet, and a *rencontre* is fixed for the 17th of October, 1834.

But here is a difficulty—Dumas objects to pistols. Perhaps he is merciful, and fears his "unerring aim." He would like a duel with swords. Give them two crowquills, and let them fight it out. No; Gaillardet has a *penchant* in favour of pistols. He does not, like Dumas, "shudder at the weapon, and think it a brutal one, only fit for a robber," but he insists on his right to substitute it for the sword; and Dumas, "who, however, at that epoch was a remarkably good pistol-shot, accepted the proposition."

Now, when an Englishman is called upon to fight a duel, he generally makes his will the night before, goes to bed, and sets his alarm, that he may be sure to wake in due time in the morning; but this would be taking the thing in a much too matter-of-fact way for M. Dumas. He must needs invite the seconds of M. Gaillardet to see him shoot at a pistol-gallery; where, he says, he shot an inch above, below, to the right and to the left, of the mark with the first four balls, and with the fifth broke the figure that served as a mark in pieces.

The seconds looked at each other! One of my rules was neither to fence nor shoot before any one. I made this exception in their favour.

The rendezvous was for noon at S. Mandé. I went home to take measures with regard to my son and daughter, in case of my death. As to my mother, I left

about twenty letters, dated from different towns in Italy. If I were killed I provided that she should receive them from time to time, so that the truth might be concealed from her.

So, having composed this impromptu edition of "Impressions de Voyages," M. Dumas goes to bed, and notwithstanding his objection to pistols, we are bound to believe that he goes to sleep. Breakfast is ordered at the *Café des Variétés*. He takes some swords with him, in case, as he fondly hopes, the objectionable pistols may be superseded. Here is a truly Dumasian bit.

On the stairs I met Florestan Bonnaire. He had an album in his hand.

"Hallo," said he, "are you going out?"

"Yes."

"Are you in a hurry?"

"Why?"

"Because, if not, I should ask you to go back and write some verses in my album."

"Very well; take the album up stairs, and when I come back I will write a scene for you from 'Christine' or 'Charles VII.'"

"Can't you do it now?"

"No, I really can't."

"Nonsense."

"Upon my word, I can't. I am in a hurry, and cannot afford to be late."

"Where are you going?"

"To fight Gaillardet."

"Bah!"

"Better late than never."

"Oh then, I really must beg of you, my dear friend, to write my verses now."

"And why, may I ask?"

"Because if you are going to be killed, it would be so valuable for my wife to possess the last lines you will have written."

"You are right. I forgot that. I would not for the world deprive Madame Bonnaire of such a chance."

We went up stairs—I wrote a few lines in the album—Bonnaire went away enchanted.

M. Gaillardet, like a wise man, arrived on the ground dressed all in black; but, like a foolish Frenchman, he had put some cotton in his ears! M. Dumas resolved to—*aim at the cotton*.

Bixio the surgeon begged him to kill his adversary if possible, because he had heard that a man, mortally wounded by a bullet, always turned round before falling, and he wanted to know if it was true.

Once more the seconds of M. Dumas en-

deavour to dissuade M. Gaillardet from a duel with "the brutal weapon, the pistol," but he is resolute. Then they propose to toss a five-franc piece, and regulate the choice of arms by lot, but the adverse seconds reject this. Dumas desires that a statement to that effect may be drawn up. It is done, and there is nothing left for it but to fight. M. Dumas again interferes to settle the "conditions of the combat." He is told that he has nothing to do with it; it is the seconds' affair.

At last every preliminary is arranged, and the men are "put up." M. Gaillardet fires at M. Dumas, who walks towards him "a little out of the straight line."

I did not even hear the whistling of the ball.

I turned to my friends, and bowed to them to show no harm was done.

I would have walked on the eight or nine steps I had a right to go forward, but my conscience told me I ought to fire from the place at which I had been fired upon. I therefore raised my pistol, and looked for the piece of cotton in M. Gaillardet's ear.

It could not be seen. M. Dumas fired at hazard. M. Gaillardet threw his head back—and—was not hurt. Another statement is drawn up to the effect that the two authors having fired at one another without any harm being done, the seconds thought they had better not go on, for fear they might hurt each other.

Bixio was disappointed, but in 1848 he was wounded mortally himself: he made three turns and fell. "One *does* turn round," said he, and died.

On reading M. Dumas' account of his hostile rencontre, we come to this conclusion, that it would have been in better taste if he had not shown off his shooting at a mark to his adversary's seconds, before he had proved what he could do against a living adversary; and that though an Englishman may not, for many reasons, be more anxious to fight a duel than was M. Alexandre Dumas, yet that, if obliged to do so, he would perform more and boast less than the witty and agreeable author of the *Memoirs* before us.

Charles Quint, son Abdication, son séjour, et sa mort au Monastère du Yuste. Par M. MIGNET, Membre d'Académie Française.

THE abdication of Charles Quint sent a thrill of wonder and amazement through Christendom. His enemy, Pope Paul, pronounced him as "ayant perdu l'esprit," and "atteint de la même folie que sa mère." Protestants interpreted it into an act of despair, brought on by the misfortunes sequent upon his attempts to re-establish throughout his empire the unity of the

Catholic faith; Catholics found a reason in the impatient ambition of his son Philip, to ascend the imperial throne; but the motive assigned by none of them was found adequate, and for centuries posterity has remained in doubt. In later years the problem had become less interesting, and we have been content with the statements of Sandoval and Robertson, now proved to be,

in many instances, utterly erroneous. Hidden documents of undoubted authenticity have recently been brought to light. The manuscript of Don Tomas Gonzales, contains the result of researches among the political records of Spain, entrusted to his care for arrangement by Ferdinand VII. It was bequeathed by the author to his brother, Don Manuel Gonzales, and purchased of him by the French Government, under the ministry of Guizot, in April 1844. This manuscript has already formed the basis of two modern works. In England its contents have been popularized through the medium of the charming little work by Stirling, "*Cloister life of the Emperor Charles V.*;" and in France a volume has been prepared for the press by M. Pichot, entitled, "*Charles Quint, chronique de sa vie intérieure, et de sa vie politique, de son abdication, et de sa retraite dans le cloître de Yuste.*"

A still more valuable collection of papers upon the same subject has been since added by M. Gichard, record-keeper of the kingdom of Belgium. This consists of a compendium of facts gleaned from MSS. in the vast dépôt of Simancas, where he has been permitted to copy. The first volume of this rich collection contains 237 documents, whereof the earliest is a letter from Laredo, September 29th, 1556, the day after the landing of Charles in Spain, and the latest, a letter from Quixada addressed, to Philip, 13th December 1558,—little less than four months after his death. Among other valuable contents of this volume are entire letters from the Emperor, from Quixada the governor of his household, from Gastelio his secretary, and Mathys his physician; of which letters Gonzales had oftentimes given only a general synopsis or extracts.

This new material M. Mignet has made the basis of his work. His object has been to prove, from these authentic sources, that the idea of abdication had been present to the mind of the Emperor long before its execution; that it was a step carefully considered, deliberately arranged, and oftentimes deferred; that it had been a cherished desire of his heart when at the summit of his glory, even prior to the death of the Empress, to whom he was devotedly attached; that it was accomplished when in the full possession of all his mental faculties; that, contrary to the accepted belief suggested by Robertson and Sandoval, he continued in his retirement to maintain the state suitable to a monarch—to take not only a deep interest, but an active part in the affairs of the empire; that he guided his son by his counsels, and kept up an active interchange of communion with the ruling powers of other nations; that "*malgré son extrême devotion, le chrétien fervent ne cessa point d'y être un*

politique resolu;" that his abdication never was regretted; that the chagrin and disappointment felt by him at the undignified result of the struggle between Pope Paul IV. and his son Philip, was the final cause of the illness that terminated his life; and that its close was "*comme elle s'étoit passé, simplement, avec une noble piété et une grandeur naturelle.*" It is a detailed description of his life in the monastery, an analysis of his character, and a general history of the times, as regarded from the quiet seclusion of a cloister by the "profoundest mind and greatest politician of the age."

Among the papers and letters now first published are many of very considerable interest. It would, however, be impossible to follow consecutively even the leading events chronicled in this voluminous narrative: it is only here and there that we can extract fragments of the proofs adduced on the various points M. Mignet has undertaken to establish. Those who have read Stirling's "*Cloister Life*" are already familiar with a considerable portion of the details concerning the convent at Yuste.

Luis Mendez Quixada, seigneur de Villagarcia, who had risen gradually in the service of Charles from a page to the dignity of governor of the household, was placed at the head of the band of followers who accompanied him to Yuste numbering in all 150, one-third of whom were designed to continue with him as companions in his retirement. He held the post of honour nearest to the person of the Emperor; became the head of the little colony at Yuste; and, in his united character of a strict household governor and an old soldier, preserved amongst them at the same time the etiquette of a court and the strict discipline of an army. Charles tarried three months on his road at Xarandilla, during which time Quixada was entrusted with the commission to prepare the monks at Yuste for the reception of the Emperor; a house, or rather palace, had been already built, in obedience to a secret order transmitted through Philip, in a letter dated 30th June 1553 (three years before his abdication): the letter, preserved in his own handwriting, contains an order "*de faire batir sur le flanc du monastère de Yuste, une habitation suffisante pour y vivre avec le suite de serviteurs le plus indispensables à une personne dans une condition particulière.*"

Quixada was in despair on first seeing the spot chosen for his royal master's residence—

"I tell you," he says, "writing to Vasquez, November 20th, that more rain falls here in an hour than at Valladolid in a whole day. It is a damp situation; there is always fog in the atmosphere, and snow upon the mountains. The people of the village say the monastery is even more damp; but even if it is only as much so, his Majesty will suffer. There seems very

little cultivated land, and fewer orange and citron groves than they pretended." After visiting the convent, Quixada makes a doleful picture of it, and adds that he does not think that the Emperor will settle there when he has seen it. "The situation," says he, "will not suit his Majesty, who needs cold in summer, and warmth in winter. Damp and cold are both evils most prejudicial to his health." When they represented this to the Emperor, he replied calmly, "That he had always seen, in all parts of Spain, that in winter it was cold and rainy"—p. 167.

At Xarandilla, as at other resting-places on the road, Charles entertained visitors, and deliberated upon divers family and state questions. In a conversation here with the old tutor of his son Philip, le Père Francisco de Borja, "You remember," said Charles to Father Francis, "what I confided to you in 1542, at Monçon, when I announced to you my intention, which is now fulfilled." "I remember well, Sire." "I have confided it only to you and one other." "I feel all the honour of this confidence, which I have hitherto preserved as sacred; but I hope that now your Majesty will accord me permission to speak of it." "You can, now that the thing is done." "Your majesty will remember, also, that at the same period I mentioned the change of life towards which I felt disposed." "You are right; I remember it well." "We have both kept our word, and fulfilled our resolutions."*

Amongst other affairs of state that occupied his attention at Xarandilla was a mediation between Eleanore, wife of Francis I., and her daughter, the infanta Donna Maria of Portugal: they had been separated since the marriage of the mother to Francis, and she was anxious to effect a meeting in Spain. The Infanta, naturally reluctant to enter a country of which she had at one time the expectation of becoming queen by marriage with Philip, had refused; and Charles was appealed to by Eleanore to exercise his influence with Jean III. of Portugal and his sister the Infanta. Lorenzo Perez de Savora was forthwith despatched to Xarandilla, and in his interview with the Emperor again allusion is made to the fact of the *long-cherished* scheme of abdication.

Having arrived at Xarandilla, Jan. 14,† 1557, Lorenzo Perez presented himself the next day, the 15th, before the Emperor, who received him graciously, and desired that he should not speak kneeling, or with his head uncovered. The ambassador of John III., in obedience to the orders of his royal master, left nothing unsaid to prove that the Infanta did not wish to leave Portugal without being married, and begged that he would negotiate a marriage between her and the widowed king

* This conversation, which is taken from Bibadeneira's, "Vida del Padre Francisco de Borja," is also quoted by Stirling.

† Stirling, upon the authority of "Merceres' Chronica," places this interview Jan. 6, but gives no particulars of what transpired. M. Mignet takes it from an unpublished despatch of Lorenzo Perez, dated Jan. 16, 1557.

of the Romans, or the archduke Ferdinand, his son, who loved the two dowager Queens of France and Hungary. The penetration of Charles had no difficulty in reading the motives of delay on the part of John. Rejecting the idea of the marriage of the Infanta with his brother Ferdinand, on account of his advanced age and numerous children, he admitted that his two nephews, the Archduke Ferdinand, or the Duke Philibert Emmanuel de Savoie, could either of them very well marry the Infanta; but although he was not opposed to the marriage of his niece, he was pressing for her to come, claiming the right to enforce it in virtue of the peremptory clause in reference to this point which had been inserted in the marriage contract of Eleanore and Emmanuel the Great.

In this interview Charles spoke in perfect confidence to Lorenzo Perez of his new life—of the opinions he held of it—of the repose he enjoyed—of the motives that had induced him to try it—and of his regret at not having earlier obeyed his inclination.

The first thought of abdication had fixed itself in his mind on his return from the expedition to Tunis, but he was not then able to accomplish it, on account of the youth of his son. "But," added he, with deep sorrow and bitterness, "I ought to have retired to a monastery after having terminated the war in Germany. In doing so I should have had the advantage of not weakening my reputation, whereas now it has suffered from the events which have followed."

Upon the authority of Strada, it has been said that the Emperor regretted his abdication; that in a conversation between the Cardinal Granvelle and King Philip, when the former, alluding to the fact of it being the anniversary of his father's abdication, Philip replied, "It is also the anniversary of the day when he repented of it." M. Mignet places beside this the details of the mission of Ruy Gomez from Philip to his father, to entreat him to resume the crown, and relieve him of the embarrassments occasioned by the war in Italy and the Low Countries, the failure of this mission, as far as concerned the abandonment of his self-chosen retreat, but its success so far as his expressed readiness, by any word or deed short of that, to aid his son in his difficulties.

The fables that have gained credence concerning the mock funeral obsequies, in which Charles is represented to have taken part, chanting his own requiem in company with the monks, laying himself in his coffin, and other like absurdities, are disproved from statements much more authentic than that well got up and highly varnished tale of an anonymous monk, upon which they rested. Quixada attended him up to the last moment of his life, and survived to mourn deeply his own personal loss by his death. The assertions contained in his letters are confirmed by another monk of Yuste, whose written testimony has been preserved among the Belgian records.

In treating this much-disputed point, M. Mignet, has adhered more closely to the text of Gonzales than Stirling, who has preferred to adopt the modified version of the story given by Siguença, whereas Gonzales

condemns the whole narrative as an idle invention. The total absence of all allusion to the subject in the correspondence now brought to light tends to confirm the discredit cast upon the tale, unless the suggestion of Stirling, that it was a matter of too little importance to be noted by any of his attendant officers, be deemed a sufficient counterpoise to this negative evidence. Whether or not the superstition of the zealous Catholic amounted to such a pitch of blind enthusiasm as to induce this desire on his own part, or whether the sanction of the Church could be given to such an extraordinary transfer of its rites and ceremonies, the efficacy of which alone could rest in their proper application to the dead, seems an extremely doubtful matter, to say the least. A Protestant, like Stirling, viewing both services alike as meaningless superstitions, is perhaps scarcely so impartial a judge as one who can appreciate the full force of the distinction, as M. Mignet evidently does when he writes thus :—

"How can the ceremony itself be admitted? The Catholic Church reserves it for the dead: it cannot apply to the living. Thus misapplied, it would justly lose its efficacy, and become a sort of profanation. The Church prays for those who cannot pray for themselves. They offer on their behalf the sacrifice of the mass, in which henceforth they are unable to take part. This pious and solemn act of accompaniment to the passage of the soul from mortality to immortality has neither grandeur or merit unless real. The Church had been most blameable to have granted to the whim of a living person that which is consecrated to the spiritual benefit of the dead. Charles, besides, well knew that it was a higher privilege to pray for himself than to be prayed for by others—to partake himself of the Eucharist than simply to be associated with its commemoration in this act of the Church. He had done this but a fortnight before, and would yet again. The rest of the ceremony is but a supplement, the supreme and infallible prayer of the Church for those who, having left this world, cannot themselves any longer repent of evil, do good actions, perfect their own souls, nor change or affect their own final doom."

Against this may be cited the example of Cardinal Erard de la Marck, Bishop of Liege, and Charles's ambassador to the Diet during his election to the imperial throne. For many years this prelate is said to have annually rehearsed his obsequies, and followed his own coffin to the stately tomb which he had reared in the cathedral at Liege.* On the tomb were

* Am. de le Houssaye, "Memoires Historiques."

the words ERARDUS A MARKA, MORTEM HABENS PRÆ OCULIS VIVENS POSUIT.

From the letters of Quixada the true account of the death-bed of Charles has been obtained by M. Mignet, and will form our closing extract.

About two o'clock in the morning, Wednesday, Sept. 21, the Emperor felt that his strength was exhausted—that, in fact, he was dying. Feeling his own pulse, he moved his head as if to say, "All is over." He then asked the monks to repeat the litanies and prayers for the dying, and Quixada to light the consecrated tapers. He took from the archbishop the crucifix which had been used by the Empress in her dying moments, carried it to his lips, and pressed it twice to his breast. Then, having the consecrated taper in his right hand, supported by Quixada, and pointing with his left towards the crucifix which the archbishop had taken back, and now held before him, he said, "*C'est le moment.*" Shortly afterwards he pronounced the name of Jesus, and expired, after heaving two or three sighs. "Thus terminated (wrote Quixada in his grief and enthusiasm) the greatest man that has been, or ever will be."

Charles had been nurtured in poverty, in comparative obscurity, and by the hands of strangers. In the lonely solitudes of the great palace at Brussels he had been trained in lessons of economy, and forcibly compelled to practise self-denial. At fifteen, the burthens of State affairs were laid heavily upon his shoulders by his tutor, de Chièvres, as discipline for his mind; and in these restraints, combining with the influence of the mingled blood of Arragon, Castile, Austria, and Burgundy, that flowed in his veins, lay the elements of his future greatness and weakness. The policy and craft of Ferdinand the Catholic, the nobility of Isabella of Castile, the melancholy of Joanna, the chivalry and enterprise of Charles the Bold, the taste for the arts and sciences of Maximilian, had each their representative in the composition of his mind: the severity of his education in some degree may account for the sensualities which developed themselves in him when free from control; and the early cares of State that were imposed upon his youth may go far to explain the longing for quiet that took possession of his mind, even when at the very zenith of his power.

These points, however, M. Mignet does not dwell upon in the work, which is devoted to the later years of his life, and is undoubtedly the most complete epitome of that interesting period of history, and the best solution of a curious historical problem that we possess.

Philippe Cospeau: sa Vie et ses Œuvres. Par C. L. LIVET. Alvarés fils. Rue de la Lune 24a.

"SOME achieve greatness, and some have Greatness thrust upon them." Philippe Cospeau, despite all the efforts of his biographer, must take his place in the second class. He

delivered the funeral oration over the dead body of the great Henri IV.; but when this is said, all is said. For if to be possessed of good natural parts, to make the most of a careful

education, to fill a Professor's chair at the University, to obtain, first a moderate Bishopric, then a rich one, as much by favour of the Minister of the day, as by his own merits,—if such be materials to warrant a special biography, the literary community would quickly be overwhelmed by productions of this kind. That M. Livet is conscious of a dearth of matter appears from his occupying about an eighth of his little brochure with an elaborate dissertation on the question whether the final letter of his hero's name should be an *n* or a *u*,—a difficulty which he investigates with a degree of energy and acumen to be compared only to that which distinguished the memorable controversy of the homo-ousion and homoiou-sion, where one half the world was in arms against the other upon the insertion or omission of an *i*. Again, fully another eighth is devoted to extracts from the funeral oration, which is given *in extenso* as an Appendix. The administration of his two sees, Nantes and Lisieux, present no very remarkable feature. He owed his appointment to the former to the self-denying friendship of one Philippe Thibaud, who, having been nominated to the Bishopric, declined the honourable post, and obtained it for Cospeau, by exerting his influence for the purpose with Marie de Medicis. The only notable incident that occurred during his tenure of this see was the attack upon Nantes by the Huguenots under the Prince de Soubise. The city was reduced to great distress, when Henry, at the head of his ever-victorious troops, marched to its relief, compelled the Prince to seek safety in flight, and took seven hundred prisoners, who were condemned, some to death, and some to the galleys. Cospeau is represented as persuading them to abjure the Calvinistic heresy; after which he procured their pardon. The King, in his order for their release, speaks of them as *volontairement convertis*; but the justice of this description may fairly be doubted, seeing that death or the galleys were the alternative. Shortly after this we find him engaged in the good work of endeavouring to bring back the convents, many of which were in a state of sad disorder, to the austerity required by their original institution. In alliance with the Père Joseph, a zealous reformer of their abuses, he earnestly represented to the nuns the sins to which they exposed themselves by their luxury of living and dress, by their readiness to welcome visitors, and their eagerness in receiving and making presents. In the prosecution of his purpose, he paid frequent visits himself to the convents, where, if we rightly understand the hint of a contemporary writer, the fair inmates did their best to convert the Bishop to their *façon d'agir*. But, happily,

Il n'avait pas seulement la pudeur pour soi-même mais encore il la communiquait aux personnes qui l'approchaient; et il a souvent changé les flammes de Babylone en celles de Jerusalem, l'amour profane en un amour sacré!

The gay Marquise de Rambouillet, in whose house he frequently resided, having been the tutor of her son, and a great favourite with the Marquis, resolved, on some occasion of frolic, to put his reputation in this respect to the test. In the middle of the grounds of the chateau there was a circle of rocks, surrounded by a grove of trees, which formed a very pleasant place of promenade. Thither the Marquise one day invited him to accompany her. He of course assented, and they proceeded to take a stroll through the umbrageous grove. On approaching the rocks near enough to catch a glimpse of them through the foliage, the good Bishop fancied he descried a considerable number of the fair sex, habited "en nymphes." The Marchioness at first affected not to perceive this phenomenon; but, on advancing further, there could be no question as to the fact. There stood Madame de Rambouillet, with all the ladies of the household, truly and unmistakably in the costume of nymphs, scattered here and there, or gathered in groups, on the rocks, in most graceful and fascinating attitudes, presenting a spectacle rarely witnessed by mortal of any rank or quality, to say nothing of a Bishop. The chronicler, Tallemant, who relates this piquant incident, concludes by quaintly informing us that

Le bonhomme en fut si charmé, que depuis, il ne voyait jamais la Marquise sans lui parler des rochers de Rambouillet.

Philippe Cospeau was in high favour with Richelieu, who promoted him from the see of Nantes to that of Lisieux. In gratitude for this he was ever ready to promote the Cardinal's policy, and to manifest a wish to serve him in every other way. We have a curious example in the Cardinal's own Memoirs, where he relates that Cospeau proposed to him to effect the conversion of the Marshal de Turenne, and give him, Richelieu, the credit of it! The favourite of Richelieu and of Anne of Austria could not fail to be installed in the good graces of Louis XIII. Courtly smiles had their attractions even for Cospeau, and during eight years he basked in them, apparently wholly oblivious of his diocese. His biographer attempts to palliate this dereliction of duty, by supposing that the absence of the Bishop was supplied by the active correspondence he carried on; and that he thus administered the affairs of his Bishopric as effectually as if he had personally superintended them. Unluckily, no trace whatever exists of any such correspondence; and Monsieur Livet, therefore, coolly classes it among the numerous other documents "dont

la negligence des contemporains ou l'incendie révolutionnaire nous laisse à regretter la perte."

On the death of the King and of Richelieu, his position at Court became insecure. As M. Livet slyly remarks—"La Reine l'aimait, mais moins et autrement qu'elle n'aimait le Cardinal Mazarin!" This latter, in an affected zeal for the discipline of the Church, but, in truth, jealous of Cospeau's influence, issued an ordinance, a few months after the king's death, peremptorily requiring all absentee Bishops to repair at once to their respective dioceses. Cospeau saw plainly enough that this general order was levelled specially against him. But there was no alternative; submit he must. Madame le Matteville, in her *Memoirs*, gives the following account of his parting interview with the Queen, which he probably sought in the faint hope of obtaining a reprieve:—

"He paid a visit to the Queen one morning to take leave of her. She was engaged at her toilet, and not knowing what to say in the embarrassment produced by the presence of the *bonhomme*, she merely expressed a hope that he would remember her in his prayers. As for him, he uttered not a word, doubtlessly wishing her to understand, that though he obeyed the order, he was far from satisfied with it. I was present, and felt much commiseration for the Queen and for him whom she drove away so gently. The Queen some little time afterwards said, in my hearing, to the Marquise de Maignelay, a friend of the Bishop, that she had been compelled by many considerations to dismiss him; but she swore by the God she had just received (for she had just come back from the Holy Communion) that she had done so with the greatest pain, and regretted his loss as much as if he had been her natural father."

No sooner had he returned to his diocese, than he put rigidly in force an order he had issued the year before for the residence of the clergy in their parishes; probably to quiet his conscience, after a fashion, for his own laches in this particular. He survived his arrival at Lisieux only three years, during which time he sedulously devoted himself to the duties of his high and responsible office.

It remains only to refer briefly to the oration he delivered on the occasion of the funeral of Henry IV. Containing, as it does, many passages of fervent eloquence and pathos, its general tone is greatly overcharged. Not only does he make King Henry above all the heroes of antiquity in martial prowess, but, connecting it with the blessings he subsequently conferred upon France by maintaining peace within and without, he does not hesitate to compare him with our Lord, who, after having by his irresistible power hurled the rebel angels to perdition, laid aside his warlike glory, and came down from heaven to establish peace upon earth. He sums up thus:—

A fin donc que l'image se rapportasse à son idée, la figure à son prototype, le Roi au roi des rois (!) la Sapience éternelle a voulu que si notre Prince par la con-

fession de ses ennemis même, s'était rendu admirable en guerre, il ne le fut pas moins en paix.

The renunciation by the great Henry of the faith in which he was bred, and which he professed during the major part of his life, is the subject of unbounded admiration and eulogy by the orator, and carries him into the worst of his extravagancies. When France was distracted by two religions more opposite (as he says) than light and darkness,—than Jesus Christ and Satan,—Henry brought all the power of his kingdom to bear upon those with whom, as his co-religionists, he had hitherto been allied. The siege and capture of Amiens was the final and fatal blow he dealt against his quondam brethren. The most furious hatreds (exclaims our orator), the most cruel evils that war ever inflicted, were at once appeased by the clemency and admirable government of the victor: all ill-will, all injuries, were wholly forgotten, and universal love and affection changed the names of King, subjects, and fellow-citizens, into those of father, children, and brothers. Then comes the climax of setting the creature above the Creator. The Deity, by his almighty power, reduced the jarring elements of nature to subjection, and united them in one harmonious whole. "But thou (suddenly addressing the dead) hast controlled, instead of the air and the waters, the rage and madness of men; thou hast calmed, instead of floods and tempests, the most furious passions of our souls." "Seasons, (continues the orator) "ages, the ever-moving elements, which, undergoing continual changes, remain firm and constant under the influence of an incomprehensible Providence, have caused all philosophers, and all angels too, to adore the wonders of his greatness. But what is the fickleness of seasons, the disturbances of ages, the warring of elements, in comparison with the inconstancy of hearts, the violence of passions, the impetuosity and fury of the anger and hatreds of so many princes and people, appeased and brought under subjection to the divine laws by the instrumentality of this great King!"

Again:—

Having sucked in error with his nurse's milk, and passed the greater portion of his life amidst the darkness of Calvinism, he so completely shook it off, that not the smallest appearance of it remained with him. But in what rank shall we place his having carried the Holy Mass, by the mere authority of his name to the gates of Constantinople, and planted in the centre of Mahomedanism a college of those Fathers who bear by good title, and preach holily, the name of Jesus? Does not this extraordinary power possessed by the simple word of a prince draw us to the contemplation of the All-powerful, who, himself the Word, created all things by his word?

But even these extravagancies are outdone in the passage wherein he describes the tortures inflicted on Ravillac:—

contemplating which with the greatest attention, he addressed his companion with a bewildered air—"Ah, my friend, there indeed is a slipper that captivates my imagination. What a darling (*mignon*) foot that must be for which it was made! I take too much pleasure in looking at it: let us be off quickly, for there is danger in staying." The printer of Auxerre getting scent of Master Rétif's doings, gave him his *congé*, and away he went, "*pleuré de tous les grisettes de la ville*," to try his luck in Paris. There he was fortunate enough to obtain employment in the Royal printing establishment, at two and a-half francs a day. He bethought him of augmenting this modicum by taxing his literary powers; but, on further reflection, determined "to live" first, and then to write. "*Or, vivre pour lui, c'était aimer.*" With this view he betook himself to the "caves" of the Palais Royal, the resort of military roysterers, ladies of the coulisses, "nymphs de comptoir," (*Anglicè*, shop-girls), *et id genus omne*. His love-list here, made up of fair ones of all descriptions, including "*un chapelet entier de religieuses*," soon ran up to so unmanageable a number, that, to render them all honour due, he prepared a love-calendar, assigning to each of his fair saints her particular day. Having thus happily disposed of three hundred and sixty-five, he found a surplus of sixty odd, still on his hands unprovided for. He was, for a time, somewhat puzzled, "*Quelles niches supplémentaires offrir à ces pécheresses?*" At length a happy thought struck him, and he solved the difficulty by adding another Lais to each Sunday, and distributing the remaining half-dozen among as many festival-days. One fine morning, being probably satiated with the follies in which he had so long indulged, he took it into his head to marry, "*n'ayant rien de mieux à faire*," says Mons. Monselet. His first wife was an English adventuress, Henriette Kircher (we should be glad to know where he stumbled upon an Englishwoman with this name), who left him after a few months "*dévalisant le domicile conjugal pour aller mourir sur un grabat de Piccadilly.*" His next essay was with one Agnes Lebegue, with whom he was in a state of continual warfare, to indemnify himself for which he followed his former "bonnes fortunes," and buried the cares of his home "now with Rosette, then with Appoline," and with all the "petites lève-nez" of the millinery shops.

Among his literary productions at this time was one with the subject of which he had made himself thoroughly acquainted, and which he may truly be said to have written *con amore*. This notable volume was entitled, "*Le Pénographe*," professing to set forth, with a view to their prevention, "*les malheurs*

qu'occasionne le publicisme des femmes," and announced as the ideas "*d'un honnête-homme*" on a project for the *reglement* of that description of ladies with whom he had made himself so intimate. In elaborately proclaiming all the secrets of the system, he may fairly be accused of basely turning king's-evidence; despite which, this *exposé* had a greater vogue than any of his previous publications; and an edition is said to have been printed in London, "*chez Jean Nourse, Libraire, dans le Strand, 1769.*" His biographer describes it as "*un plan de législation de Cythera; un code à l'usage des Phrynés de Paris.*" Another work of somewhat similar character, "*Les Contemporaines, ou, Aventures des plus jolis femmes de l'âge présent*," gained for him, we are told, no less a sum than 60,000*fr.* He was all the rage for a time. "*Sans grammaire et sans orthographe, il balança la vogue des savants et des beaux esprits. Ce fut un spectacle unique.*" What a Triton among the minnows was this book-load of bad spelling and bad grammar is evident from the style in which Mons. Monselet introduces it to our notice. "*Je tous encore de côté, pour alléger notre bagage, une vingtaine de volumes qu'on retrouvera au catalogue et réservons notre examen pour les fameuses contemporaines.*" We are not informed of the mode in which he divested himself of his 60,000*fr.*, and became reduced to abject distress; but we find him, at the age of forty-three (perhaps hoping to reinstate himself by sailing on another tack), writing "*Le Quadragénaire ou l'âge de renoncer aux passions*;" though his biographer confesses that he was far from carrying into practice the principles here propounded, but, on the contrary, never pursued his habitual course "*avec plus de fougue juvénile.*" He did not, so far as appears, take any part in the Revolution, probably from being prematurely worn out. In 1794 he made a last but ineffectual effort to retrieve himself, by publishing a series of volumes, after the manner of Rousseau's "Confessions," entitled "Monsieur Nicholas," wherein he details the most minute particulars of his life, and thinks it important the world should not be left in ignorance of any one indigestion by which he was ever afflicted. "*Ma première indigestion*," he says, "*date de Courgis, pour avoir soupe d'une cuisse de lièvre; la deuxième*," &c. &c. His teeth, he further informs us, grew black while he was "*en pension*" with the Abbé Thomas! Then his coughs, colds, and fevers are drawn out in long array; always ailing, more or less, from his youth. This publication dragged its slow length along for three years, being frequently stopped for want of means. On one of the latest of these occasions he cuts short the book with,

"Readers, I now deliver to you what I have thus far written, that I may continue to exist yet a few days longer, '*comme l'Anglais condamné vend son corps!*'" Whence did he glean this queer picce of information? But

pity overcomes every other feeling when we read the words he adds, "*A quoi tient ma vie? Je manque de chemises.*" Such was the end of Rétif de la Bretonne.

La Duchesse de Saint-Julien. Récit historique par le docteur F. D. GUERRAZZI, traduit de l'Italien par CH. L. LIVET. Paris. Alvarès fils, Éditeur, Rue de la Lune, 24.

THE narrative before us, professes not to be a romance, but an episode in the history of modern Italy. The incidents, whether true or fictitious, are certainly striking; and though the tale involves both guilt and horror, the lesson it inculcates will not have been taught in vain, if it should haply arrest one sinner in his downward path.

The scene opens at Florence, on the 1st November 1637. Ferdinand II., of glorious memory, being then upon the throne of Tuscany.

The Duke and Duchess of Saint-Julien, recently wedded, reside in the magnificent villa Salviati, surrounded by all the luxuries and appliances that unbounded wealth can supply.

Both are young and well favoured; the Duchess, indeed, is represented to have been singularly beautiful, and to have loved her spouse with the most ardent devotion. Unhappily there dwells, not far from the ducal palace, an aged man, one Justin Canacci, a retired Florentine merchant, who, in the cold evening of his life, espoused a beautiful girl, named Catherine, whose bright blue eyes and golden hair captivate the Duke. They furtively carry on an intrigue, which the Duchess discovers. Whereupon she thus soliloquizes.

THE PORTRAIT.

— Mais quel charme a donc cette Catherine pour m'arracher le cœur de mon mari! Fille du peuple, elle ne peut comprendre la noblesse des sentiments On la dit élevée dans la fange et il en doit être ainsi! — Mais peut-être on me trompe Oui, oui, ce qui près d'elle charme le Duc, ce sont les impures voluptés, l'abandon sans pudeur, les gestes provocateurs, l'infamie habituelle de ces femmes-là. — Ah! pourquoi la beauté qui devrait former l'héritage exclusif des anges, a-t-elle été donnée en partage à ces infâmes créatures! — Mais est-elle donc si belle? — Voyons! La marquise Cécilia m'en a procuré un portrait: pauvre amie! — Combien de reconnaissance je lui dois! Voyons!

Elle approche à la hâte du balcon, pour avoir plus de lumière, une table sur laquelle est un miroir. Elle s'assied, dispose son voile et ses cheveux, adoucit ses regards et s'étudie à ramener sur ses lèvres la sérénité du sourire. Puis elle tire de son sein une miniature d'un art exquis, et la regarde avec une expression que la parole humaine est impuissante à rendre.

Ce portrait représentait une jeune femme embellie par une opulente chevelure blonde, par la douceur de ses yeux d'un suave azur; son front blanc est si pur que l'ange même de l'innocence pourrait la bénir dans un baiser. Le visage entier respirait un tel charme de pudeur, qu'on se sentait plus près de l'adorer que de l'aimer, comme il arrive quand on regarde avec un vif sentiment de l'art les tableaux de Raphaël.

La terreur avait troublé l'âme de la pauvre duchesse, et avec l'âme, le visage. Elle se sentait défaite et n'osait se regarder de nouveau dans le miroir; mais son destin le voulait, et elle se regarda.

Cette autre était si fraîche, quand elle-même déjà allait se faner!

— Mais moi aussi j'ai été fraîche comme une fleur, quand, vierge, enflammée d'amour, je m'abandonnai dans tes bras! Quel autre que toi m'a desséché les joues par l'ardeur de ses baisers! si mon regard est devenu languissant, ô mon époux, n'est-ce pas parce que je t'ai reproduit dans mon sein et t'ai donné le bonheur d'avoir un fils? Le cœur d'une femme, d'une épouse dans la main d'un mari, c'est le papillon sous les doigts d'un enfant méchant qui lui arrache tantôt une aile, tantôt l'autre, et puis le déchire et le foule aux pieds en riant.

During one of their stolen interviews, the guilty pair are surprised by old Canacci, who, struggling with violent emotion, thus accosts his trembling wife.

THE BITTER REPROACH.

— Catherine, pourquoi as-tu souillé mes cheveux blancs? Pourquoi tant te hâter? Si tu avais attendu un peu, tu serais restée innocente, et je mourrais en paix. — Maintenant je descends au tombeau, désespéré, mais sans haine contre toi. Prends mon testament: je te laisse maîtresse de toi, de tous mes biens. Puisse Dieu te pardonner comme je te pardonne, de toutes les forces de mon cœur! — Et toi, que je n'ai connu que par le désespoir que tu verses à cette dernière heure sur mon âme; toi que j'ai vu à la lueur de la foudre, si tu l'aimes toujours d'amour, si tu me la rends heureuse, va, je quitte la terre en te pardonnant aussi.

As he utters these last words his feet fail him: he falls at the feet of Catherine and expires. He leaves a worthless son, Baccio, the offspring of a former marriage; a drunkard, spendthrift, and a gambler; who, having speedily dissipated his patrimony, becomes, in the hands of the enraged Duchess, a ready instrument to wreak her revenge on the unfortunate Catherine.

For this purpose, the Duchess selects an evening when she is aware that her husband is at the house of her rival; but in her carriage, masked, and at a little distance, awaits his departure. With Baccio and another attendant, Margoutte, she then makes her way to the sleeping-room of Catherine.

A WIFE'S VENGEANCE.

La personne au masque de velours noir s'approcha de Catherine avec un regard de faucon; elle la contempla, fixe et immobile; puis elle tira tout à coup un large poignard; elle l'eût frappée si Margoutte ne l'eût retenue en disant:

— Non, donnons-lui le temps de se réconcilier avec

Dieu. — Posant une main sur l'épaule de Catherine, il l'a secoua légèrement, et continua : Faites votre paix avec Dieu, les moments de votre vie sont comptés.

Catherine se leva, se frottant les yeux, les ouvrant, les fermant avec une étonnante rapidité : était-ce une hallucination ? Mais Jérôme, avec une voix dont le calme effrayait, reprit :

— Avez-vous compris ? Il vous reste cinq minutes à vivre.

— Finissons-en ! — s'écriait le masque noir en se démenant pour se délivrer des mains de Margoutte. Finissons-en. — A l'enfer !

— Non ; donnons-lui le temps de réciter son acte de contrition. Laissez-lui une chance d'aller en Paradis, Votre Seigneurie sera sûre de ne pas la rencontrer dans l'autre monde.

— Mais, et pourquoi voulez-vous me tuer, seigneurs, je ne vous connais pas.

— Nous te connaissons.

— Seigneurs, si vous voulez ma fortune, mes bijoux, tout ce qui est dans la maison, prenez-le ; je ne m'en plaindrai pas, je n'en dirai rien à la justice, je vous le jure par la mort de notre rédempteur.

— Nous ne sommes pas de voleurs. Rappelez-vous que deux des cinq minutes sont passées.

— Mais pourquoi vous plonger les mains dans le sang d'une pauvre femme qui ne vous connaît pas, que vous ne connaissez pas ? N'avez-vous pas une mère ? une femme ? un fils ? Ne croyez-vous pas en Dieu ?

— Pensez à régler vos comptes avec lui ; pour nous, c'est notre affaire ; et surtout rappelez-vous que trois des cinq minutes sont déjà passées.

— Mais je ne suis pas préparée. Mais je ne puis mourir ! Je ne suis pas malade ! Je me sens pleine de vie j'ai besoin de vivre.

— Il faut mourir !

— Mourir ? C'est un mot, mourir ; mais vous n'imaginez pas, vous, la douleur, l'effroi d'une semblable mort ? Quand la vie est consumée, que toutes les illusions qui la font belle sont tombées, qu'on est réconcilié avec Dieu, soutenu par un prêtre saint, dévoré par la maladie, on accepte la mort comme une nécessité. Mais je suis au printemps de ma vie ; j'ai à peine trempé mes lèvres dans l'existence. Les fleurs de ma guirlande sont toutes fraîches ; — je crois en Dieu, je crois au bonheur, je crois à l'amour ; j'aime et je suis aimée, — et vous voulez me tuer ! je suis heureuse, entendez-vous ? — heureuse. et vous voulez me tuer ! En quoi vous ai-je offensés ?

— En quoi tu m'as offensée ? cria la personne au masque de velours en l'arrachant avec fureur de son visage. Je suis Véronique Cybo, femme du duc de Saint Julien. Et maintenant, peux-tu demander si tu m'as offensée ? Baisse les yeux, impudente, et ne me regarde pas en face. J'étais la mère des pauvres ; j'aimais à secourir les malheureuses jeunes filles, pour les sauver du déshonneur ; — maintenant je chasse le mendiant avec une malédiction ; je me complais dans la honte des autres ; je triomphe dans les douleurs désespérées, et je les irrite autant que je peux : — A qui la faute ? A toi ?

Autrefois, calmes étaient mes pensées, tranquille mon sommeil ; maintenant, sur mon oreiller je trouve l'insomnie et le crime ; des fantômes de sang agitent mon cerveau troublé ; et à qui la faute, sinon à toi ? J'avais un amant, et je ne l'ai plus ; un époux chéri, et je ne l'ai plus ; par toi, j'ai tout perdu dans ce monde ; par toi, je perdrai le salut de mon âme ; pour toi, j'ai frappé jusqu'au sang l'enfant que pendant neuf mois j'ai porté dans mon sein, que pendant dix-huit mois j'ai nourri de mon lait, mon fils unique, mon fils bien-aimé, — et tu me demandes si tu m'as offensée ? et parce que tu es heureuse. tout mon malheur., tu veux vivre ? — tu mourras, ma heureuse, et par mes mains, et à l'instant !

A la vue de cette forcenée, le froid du couteau passa dans l'âme de Catherine. Son visage prit la couleur de la

mort, et, comprenant par instinct que toute supplication serait inutile, elle se prosterna, embrassant avec désespoir les genoux de Jérôme, et s'écriant :

— Sauve-moi ! au nom du sang de Jésus crucifié ! — Sauve-moi ! même aux condamnés à mort pour d'horribles crimes, aux parricides et autres qui font frémir, on laisse le temps de vivre. quand. quand. — et ici, avec ses deux mains elle couvrait son visage rouge comme le feu. Quand elles sont enceintes. Et moi aussi. de lui. j'ai une créature. ici. dans mon sein. et je ne le savais pas marié à une autre femme. pitié ! pardon ! ma faute enfin, c'est de l'amour !

Elle pleurait, la malheureuse, et embrassait les genoux de Margoutte d'une manière si touchante, que Margoutte lui-même sentit pour la première fois son estomac — je n'ose dire son cœur — ému. Il s'approcha de l'oreille de la duchesse et murmura.

— Comme elle est grosse.

— Raison de plus ; elle mourra !

— Vite, sauvons-nous ! cria en se précipitant dans la chambre un homme enveloppé d'un manteau.

— Le guet approche : je l'ai rencontré ici sur la place des Anges, et j'accours à toutes jambes pour vous en avertir.

— Le guet ! répéta Margoutte, et en se tournant vers le nouveau venu, il lâcha le bras de la duchesse.

La duchesse, se trouvant la main libre, baissa les yeux et vit le beau sein blanc et palpitant de Catherine à genoux. — De tout le poids de sa personne, aveugle de fureur, elle porte un coup qui atteint Catherine à la gorge, pénètre dans le corps et lui coupe la voix pour toujours.

Elle se releva comme un ressort ; elle étendit les mains, la malheureuse ; elle essaya de parler ; sa bouche n'avait plus de voix, mais des sanglots, et à chaque sanglot, des flots de sang s'échappaient avec bruit de sa gorge déchirée.

Margoutte, à cet affreux spectacle, eut de la pitié à sa manière ; il tira un poignard et dit :

— Maintenant il vaut mieux l'achever !

Et il lui perça le cœur.

The following day, the first of the year 1638, a grand gala is preparing at Court, presents as usual are exchanged ; the Duke receives from his Duchess a chest, filled apparently with the finest linen and the costliest lace, beneath which, however, he finds, to his horror—the head of his murdered mistress !

From that hour he refuses to see, or to be reconciled to, his wife—his nature is altogether changed : he wanders for two years all over Europe, and then, haggard, broken-hearted, and emaciated, returns to his palace to die.

The Duchess survives him more than half a century, during the whole of which time she passes her days in acts of penitence and contrition.

Le peuple la regarda comme une sainte, et cette opinion se confirma chaque jour d'avantage quand on vit tout brisé le pavé de mahre où, depuis cinquante-quatre ans, elle venait s'agenouiller pour pleurer son crime ; le bruit de sa pénitence se répandit, et l'on put voir un douloureux cilice qu'on retira de ses flancs seulement le jour de sa mort.

The story is powerfully and effectively told : the different scenes, as our readers will have perceived from the above specimens, are sketched with a masterly hand, and commendation is due alike to the author and his translator, the purity of whose language reminds us forcibly of Balzac himself.

Mémoires de Bilboquet, recueillis par un Bourgeois de Paris. Tome III. Paris: Libraire Nouvelle, Boulevard des Italiens, 15.

THIS, the third volume, completes the witty "Memoirs of Bilboquet," by far the pleasantest and most amusing satire that has been perpetrated for some time. As we have already said, to enjoy thoroughly the humour of this travestie the reader ought to be familiar with the original "Memoirs of Véron," now also completed.

To no one writer does the merit attach of having produced the work before us. It is a joint production of the contributors to the "*Charivari*," though the original idea emanated, and the whole has been edited by, Edmond Texier, the *rédacteur en chef* of the above paper.

The humour pervading every page of the first and second volumes does not in the least flag in the third; and after having perused it, we can well understand and participate in the intense admiration Bilboquet elicited from the Parisians. The wit of the narrative consists, of course, in the extravagant way in which all the incidents of Véron's career, his vanity and self-adulation, are paraphrased and burlesqued.

Since the days of Macaire, never, perhaps, has there appeared on the soil of France so thorough a charlatan, so unmitigated a scamp, so clever and barefaced a swindler, as Bilboquet. There is nothing of a speculative character that he does not attempt, no project too vast, no scheme too chimerical for him. Regardless of consequences to others, so long as he can see a prospect of advantage for himself, he flies at every game; assumes any name or disguise that he thinks fit; almost invariably succeeds for a time; and, when he finds the tide setting against him, disappears, to rise again in another and a distant quarter.

We select one of his numerous swindles. He has determined upon founding a gambling establishment at a watering-place, after the style of one of the numerous haunts of dissipation of that kind in Germany.

He selects a wild spot on the borders of the Black Forest, to be called "*Les eaux de Martingaf*," where he gives directions for the construction of a Kursaal, with all the concomitants of hotels, lodging-houses, baths, &c., of the most elegant and sumptuous character.

"Faites-moi," says he, "des maisons en acajou, en émail, en porcelaine, en biscuit, en ce que vous voudrez. Seulement qu'elles soient toutes doublées en satin ou en velours bleu-de-ciel."

Having decided on the spot, and given these orders, the next step is to discover the mineral water!

After sinking wells, and boring in all directions, he is unable to discover any spring what-

ever. This difficulty, which would have disconcerted an ordinary mortal, is made nothing of by him. He has a tank dug, and agrees with a number of water-carriers to fill it every night from a spring two leagues off.

J'institue ainsi les eaux de Martingaf. Je puis y mettre tout ce que je voudrai, du sel, du poivre, de la cannelle, du girofle, etc.

Then comes out a flaming prospectus, headed with a woodcut of a castle, on the front of which appears in large letters

LES EAUX DE MARTINGAF.

L'efficacité de ces eaux pour toutes sortes de maladies, monomanies, malaises intérieurs et extérieurs, vient d'être universellement constatée par toutes les académies de l'Europe, facultés, pharmacies, illustrations médicales des quatre parties du monde.

Les eaux médicinales connues jusqu'à ce jour ont la funeste habitude d'exhaler toutes sortes de parfums assez désagréables en société. L'industrie de M. Domange pourrait, à juste titre, attaquer les susdits parfums en contrefaçon.

C'est l'hydrogène sulfureux, c'est l'ammoniaque, le chlore, l'œuf pourri, la vieille chandelle, une foule d'horreurs que les médecins attachés aux établissements d'eaux thermales conseillent aux gens délabrés de s'ingurgiter pour recouvrer la fleur, le coloris, toutes les roses du printemps de la santé.

Les eaux de Martingaf ont, au contraire, la prétention de n'offrir à l'odorat et au goût que des principes on ne peut plus agréables.

Il est bien temps d'en finir, je pense, avec ces vieilles infections répugnantes et sulfureuses dont on inonde depuis trop longtemps les estomacs de la bonne compagnie.

Composition des Eaux de Martingaf.

Essence de truffes	545
Coulis d'écrevisses	322
Sauce Robert	138
Sauce aux crevettes	219
Bouillon de faisan	413

Ces eaux conviennent surtout aux jeunes littérateurs étioles par le sonnet et l'hémistiche, qui ont consacré la plus belle partie de leur jeunesse à courir après des éditeurs.

Elles conviennent également aux pianistes allemands et troubadours qui ont failli recevoir le knout pour avoir fait trop de victimes dans la haute société russe;

Aussi aux ténors italiens, qui portent des corsets et se mettent, à la ville, du blanc de céruse sur le visage pour faire semblant d'être consommés par les bonnes fortunes;

Plus aux financiers, aux coulissiers expulsés de la Bourse, qui ont attrapé des rhumes de cerveau en faisant leurs affaires à la belle étoile;

Plus aux vieilles femmes nerveuses, dont la tête a fini par déménager à force de vouloir parler la belle et noble langue inventée par M. de Balzac.

Les cures opérées par les eaux de Martingaf sont déjà si nombreuses, qu'il faudrait plusieurs millions de rames de papier pour les énumérer.

Vous ne voyez pas autour de nos sources de ces fantômes inclinés sur eux-mêmes, de ces physionomies blêmes et chétives comme on en rencontre dans les établissements ordinaires.

Tous nos malades rient, chantent à tue-tête, improvisent des ponts-neufs, entonnent des refrains grivois. Jamais chez nous de croque-mort, ni d'employé des pompes funèbres.

Voilà pour la partie sérieuse et pratique des eaux de Martingaf.—Reste maintenant le côté pittoresque, la physionomie des lieux, les sites, les promenades, qu'il faut bien nous garder de négliger.

Un pays d'eaux qui ne serait pas posé dans la publicité comme un corbeille de fleurs, la vallée de Tempé, un printemps perpétuel, le bocage des bocages, l'oasis des oasis, serait bien assuré d'avance de n'avoir aucune notoriété, aucune existence existence.

Fleurissez donc, forêts d'orangers ; ouvrez-vous, touffes de roses ; buissons de tubéreuses, encensez au loin l'atmosphère des plus douces exhalaisons, des plus délicieux aromes, plus suaves cent fois, plus pénétrants que tous ceux qui s'échappent des prospectus de la Société hygiénique.

Mais ici, je le déclare hautement, il me fait absolument de la couleur, du style, le concours actif et sérieux de la littérature contemporaine.—A moi les chroniqueurs et les poètes !

Je demande donc que les hommes de plume et de pensée mettent à la mode les eaux de Martingaf ; qu'ils chantent leurs vertus et leurs délices sur tous les tons, sur toutes les fibres de leurs colonnes.

Il me faut à la fois de l'idylle et du dithyrambe, un mélange de trompette et de chalumeau.

Qu'on dise partout, dans toute la presse, que pour rêver, pour aimer, pour effeuiller les roses de l'existence, il n'y a au monde que les eaux de Martingaf, les sinuosités ombreuses, les parasols enchantés, les hamacs verts de Martingaf.

Entendez-vous d'ici la chute de nos ruisseaux et le murmure de nos grands arbres qui imitent le son de l'or frétilant sur le tapis vert ?

Et les rossignols, amis des tailleurs et des croupiers, qui vous font entendre, au milieu du feuillage, ces accents si doux de : *Noir, impair et passe ;—Rien ne va plus ;—Votre jeu, messieurs.* . .

Les bestiaux, en rentrant à l'étable, lancent un regard du côté de la maison de jeu, et ont l'air de vouloir appeler : *Monsieur de la chambre.*

* * * * *

Tous les jours, nouvelles formules, nouveaux coups de trompette.

Grandes chasses de Martingaf !

C'est décidément de le 1^{er} Novembre prochain que vont s'ouvrir les solennelles et magnifiques chasses de Martingaf, qui remuent d'avance tout ce que la Russie, la France, l'Allemagne, l'Ecosse, la Belgique et la Grèce comptent de hardis centaures, de brillants casse-cous.

L'Europe tout entière va monter à cheval !

Des meutes innombrables de caniches parfaitement élevés, parfaitement littéraires, seront mis à la disposition de messieurs les touristes, qui pourront chasser à loisir sous les auspices de ces intéressants animaux, qui ont figuré, pour la plupart, sur plusieurs théâtres de drame et ont même le titre de collaborateurs.

Tous les matins, au lever de l'aurore, grandes fanfares dans la forêt, musique le soir au Casino, musique dans la plaine, musique dans les montagnes, musique au salon, dans la salle à manger, dans les greniers, les corridors, les cabinets les plus intimes ; musique partout.

Du reste, dans les chasses de Martingaf, vous n'avez à

essayer aucune des fatigues ni des vicissitudes, qui accompagnent ordinairement ce genre d'exercice.

L'administration du Casino a pris d'avance toutes les mesures pour que le gibier eût tous les égards possibles pour messieurs les étrangers qui lui font l'honneur de le poursuivre.

Ainsi, les perdrix viennent vous apporter, dans leur bec, les feuilles du chou qui leur est destiné, les alouettes se suicident et se dirigent instinctivement du côté de la rôtissoire.

Les lièvres vous offrent eux-mêmes leur râble et les chevreuils leurs côtelottes.

Après les chasses, on annonce le trajet.

De Paris à Martingaf, trajet en six heures, cinq heures ou quatre heures ; on prend trois lignes de chemin de fer, deux diligences, quatre pataches, trois carrioles, deux coucous, et on est arrivé.

Alors, vous avez la jouissance d'un vaste cabinet de lecture bien chauffé, bien éclairé.

On y trouve toutes les nouveautés, les productions les plus élégantes et les plus gracieuses de la littérature contemporaine : le *Catéchisme poissard*, le *Manuel du vrai boxeur français*, les ouvrages de M. Louis Veuillot, etc.

Une fois installé à Martingaf, vous nagez littéralement dans l'abondance et des plaisirs que Mahomet lui-même n'a pas rêvés.

Tous les jours, vous avez, pour quarante sous par tête, un dîner à vingt-cinq services où vous pouvez inviter qui bon vous semble, tout votre arrondissement si vous êtes dans le civil, tout votre bataillon si vous êtes dans le militaire.

Il faut vraiment renoncer à décrire la magnificence du dîner de Martingaf ; c'est d'un délirant, d'un copieux, le plus heureux amalgame de l'abondance germanique avec la délicatesse de la cuisine française !

Les jolies femmes, les beautés fascinantes, abondent nécessairement aux eaux de Martingaf. C'est bien autre chose que dans les anciens salons de Frascati !

A peine avez-vous eu le temps d'ouvrir votre portemanteau que déjà deux ou trois princesses étrangères courent après vous.

Tous les jours, sous votre serviette, vous trouvez une nouvelle lettre d'amour avec des mèches de cheveux.

La vie est si facile et si belle dans ce pays enchanteur, qu'il est, à proprement parler, le pied-à-terre de toutes les voluptés modernes !

Would that we had space to transcribe the whole of this capital satire on the art of puffing. Our readers will, of course, recognize the particular Spa here designated, more particularly since its self-laudatory advertisements appearing periodically about this season are couched in language scarcely less high flown and absurd.

No one sufficiently acquainted with the language to understand the allusions and the general style in which they are written, will repent the purchase of these three volumes.

Les Perce-Neige. Nouvelles du Nord. Traduites par X. MARMIER. Paris: Garnier Frères,

Part 1. RUSSIE.—Le Tourbillon de Neige—Le Coup de Pistolet—L'Anniversaire—Utballa—Dschellaledin.

Part 2. SUISSE.—La Femme du Pêcheur—Une Simple Histoire de Village—Le Pasteur Adjoint.

Part 3. AMÉRIQUE DU NORD.—L'Aurore de Pourpre—Une tache à la Joue.

OUR readers will see that this volume is somewhat in the style of a *pot-pourri*, and has this advantage—that if the first story should not give satisfaction, the second or the third may compensate, and it has therefore a chance of meeting the caprices of every taste.

The series, however, possesses a strong family likeness in one respect—that is, they are all drawn up with a melancholy conclusion. They are evidently intended to be characteristic of the different countries in which the scenes are laid, and perhaps do not altogether fail in this point of view.

Of those which claim Russia as their native soil, perhaps "L'Anniversaire" is that which most correctly depicts the genius of the Russian character.

It describes the career of a serf, who, possessing innate intelligence and great natural talent, contrives to educate and elevate himself in the social scale, till he makes friends with a young man of good family, and, being received into the first society, ventures to fall in love with a young lady of rank and fortune, when his eyes are soon opened to his real position. The young lady, be it observed, is not less smitten with her admirer, and the scene of the revelation tells the tale.

"Les jours s'écoulaient. Je ne puis énumérer toutes mes turbulentes pensées et mes agitations. Je me hâtais de vivre, sachant qu'il n'y avait pas pour moi d'avenir. Depuis longtemps nous savions tous deux que nous nous aimions, mais nous ne nous le disions pas, car nous avions tous deux le pressentiment de la fatale douleur attachée à notre premier aven. C'était le but que je n'osais atteindre, car, après, c'était le néant. Ma seule joie était de prolonger indéfiniment ce rêve en écartant de mon esprit l'idée terrible du réveil. Mais comment s'arrêter dans les bornes de la raison? Comment peut-on se dire: Tu n'iras pas plus loin? Quelquefois un rapide rayon éclairait le secret de nos émotions, insensiblement nous nous rapprochions de l'heure décisive.

Un soir j'étais seul avec elle dans le salon. Sa grand'mère faisait une patience dans une autre chambre. Alexandrine avait pleuré, et, avant que je lui eusse demandé pourquoi ses yeux étaient encore humides, elle me dit: "Il faut que je quitte ma grand'mère, il faut que nous nous séparions."

Je ne me rappelle pas ce que je lui répondis; je me rappelle seulement qu'en ce moment sa main était dans les miennes, que je la couvrais de baisers et l'arrosais de mes larmes, et que tout à coup Alexandrine me jura de n'aimer jamais que moi et de n'avoir d'autre époux que moi.

La tête en feu, bouleversé, éperdu: "Quel serment, lui dis-je, venez-vous de prononcer? Hélas! vous n'êtes pas faite pour moi; devant vous est une autre route; à vous les joies de ce monde, à moi les dons de Dieu. Mais moi vous ne savez pas qui je suis."

Elle me renouvela, en sanglotant, ses protestations, et chacune de ses paroles était l'expression du plus pur, du plus généreux amour. Oh! quelle était belle en ce

moment, et quel orgueil je me sentais dans l'âme! Devant moi s'ouvrait une nouvelle vie, une autre sphère. Pour la première fois, j'étais affranchi du désespoir, et la voix de la raison ne torturait plus mon âme. Je repris la parole hardiment avec une orgueilleuse espérance et une mâle confiance, et je lui dis: "Savez-vous qui vous avez devant vous? Savez-vous à qui vous venez de promettre une éternelle fidélité? Je suis un serf."

A peine avais-je prononcé ces mots, que j'en fus épouvanté: je venais de formuler mon arrêt.

Alexandrine pâlit et s'affaissa sur mon bras. Pauvre créature fragile! un mot l'avait terrassée. Vous le dirai-je? je regardai sans pitié ses paupières fermées et sa figure blême. J'éprouvais un profond mépris pour une telle faiblesse. Je lui avais fait un aveu nécessaire, mais je n'en étais pas moins le même, et cet aveu avait suffi pour effacer les roses de ses joues, le doux éclat de sa jeunesse. Son saisissement m'offensait.

The Swedish tales have more moral in them, and are simply and touchingly narrated; but there is no great originality about them, and we are surprised that an author enjoying the reputation of M. Marmier should have thought them worth translating.

Of the two American narrations which conclude the volume, the first is a tale of the vengeance of a young Chippeway Indian on his brother, who had fallen in love with the same lady as himself, a young Ojibbeway princess of rare beauty, and had besides succeeded in marrying and carrying off his prize whilst his brother was absent on a probationary expedition, the success of which was to be rewarded with her hand.

The second is one of those absurd fictions in which all the impossibilities of laboratories, retorts, filters, &c., are brought into play. The hero is a second Cagliostro, and the heroine quite an Andrée de Tavernay; so that in fact it reads like a chapter of the well-known "Mémoires d'un Médecin."

His wife, Georgina, is the most exquisitely beautiful being in creation (of course), but she is one point short of perfection. A miss, however, being as good as a mile, her admiring, but yet unsatisfied husband, Aylmer, who has spent all his life in chemical and astrological experiments, resolves to invent a remedy for the removal of the only blemish which can be discerned in the otherwise faultless Georgina.

Georgina avait au milieu de la joue gauche une tache singulière imprimée dans la texture de son visage. Dans l'état ordinaire de sa saine mais délicate complexion, cette tache se dessinait comme un grain de pourpre sur la blanche surface dont elle était entourée. Si elle rougissait, la marque cramoisie s'effaçait, se fondait graduellement dans l'incarnat qui colorait ses joues. Mais, si quelque émotion subite la faisait pâlir, la tache reparaisait comme une goutte de sang sur la

neige. Les galants disaient qu'une fée qui assistait à la naissance de Georgina lui avait, en lui posant le doigt sur la joue, imprimé ce signe de son passage.

Mais d'autres personnes, et surtout les femmes, au lieu d'admettre cette poétique fiction, regardaient cette tache comme un affreux trait de laidetude, et Aylmer ne tarda pas à l'envisager à ce même point de vue. Si sa femme eût été moins belle, si l'envie eût pu l'attaquer sur quelque autre point, peut-être se serait-il plu à regarder cette jolie petite marque purpurine, qui dans ses diverses nuances et sa mobilité semblait suivre tous les battements de cœur de la jeune femme. Mais, comme cette femme était douée d'une beauté si rare, l'unique défaut physique qu'il remarqua en elle, lui fut de plus en plus désagréable à observer. Son imagination naturellement mélancolique et sombre aggrava peu à peu cette impression, et la tache fatale lui causa plus de tristesse que jamais les grâces charmantes de Georgina ne lui avaient donné de joie. Bientôt la pénible sensation qui l'avait un jour furtivement surpris domina toutes les autres, et devint pour lui une sorte d'idée fixe. Dès le matin, la première chose qui le frappait, c'était ce signe d'imperfection. Le soir, quand il restait assis en face de sa femme, il ne pouvait détourner ses regards de cette joue gauche, où il croyait voir un affreux stigmata. Georgina, sachant le fond de sa pensée, éprouvait près de lui une douloureuse anxiété. Il suffisait qu'il la regardât d'une certaine façon pour que son visage se couvrit aussitôt d'une mortelle pâleur, et alors la maudite tache éclatait comme un rubis sur un marbre blanc.

At length he proposes to his young wife to allow him to dissipate by some mysterious process, of the success of which he feels quite confident, the offending blot. After some struggles with her better sense, she yields the point; and having been subjected to a vast deal of preparation, and a variety of introductory stages, the last test is to be applied.

—Eh bien ! soit, répliqua la jeune femme. Je me soumetts. Je prendrai le remède que vous me présenterez avec le même sentiment qui me porterait à prendre une dose de poison, si votre main me l'offrait.

—Ma noble femme, dit Aylmer vivement ému, c'est à présent que je reconnais toute l'élévation de votre nature. Rien ne vous sera caché. Apprenez donc que cette tache, en apparence superficielle, est profondément liée à toute votre organisation. J'ai employé des spécifiques assez puissants pour opérer une modification en vous, pas assez pour changer votre système physique. Il me reste encore un essai à faire. Si j'échoue, nous sommes perdus.

—Pourquoi ne pas m'apprendre quel est cet essai ?

—Parce qu'il y a là du danger.

—Du danger ! Je ne redoute qu'un danger, celui de conserver cet affreux stigmata. Enlevez-le, coûte que coûte ; enlevez-le, ou je deviendrai folle !

—Oui, c'est vrai, dit Aylmer d'une voix triste. Mais retournez à votre boudoir. Bientôt l'épreuve sera finie.

Il la reconduisit vers son appartement et prit congé d'elle avec une tendresse solennelle, qui exprimait bien plus que ses paroles l'état de son esprit. Quand Georgina se retrouva seule, elle se mit à rêver au caractère de son mari, et il lui apparut sous un meilleur point de vue que quelques heures auparavant. Son cœur s'exaltait à l'idée de ce noble amour qui ne pouvait accepter en elle la moindre imperfection, qui ne pouvait se contenter d'une nature moins accomplie que celle qu'il avait imaginée. Alors elle éprouva un ardent désir de pouvoir satisfaire, ne fût-ce qu'un instant, cette idéale conception.

L'arrivée de son mari l'arracha à ses méditations. Il portait un verre de cristal rempli d'une liqueur incolore comme l'eau, mais brillante. Il était pâle, mais il semblait que cette pâleur fût plutôt l'effet d'une trop forte tension d'esprit que de la crainte ou du doute.

—La distillation de cette liqueur a été parfaite, dit-il à Georgina. A moins que ma science ne soit une erreur, je suis sûr de mon œuvre.

—Ah ! murmura Georgina, qu'importe ce qu'il faut faire pour enlever cette tache qui me désespère ? Qu'importe la vie ?

—Pourquoi cette sombre pensée ? dit Aylmer. Cette boisson ne peut manquer son effet. Tenez, je vais vous en donner la preuve.

A ces mots, il répandit quelques gouttes du mystérieux liquide sur un géranium desséché. En un instant la plante se raviva, et ses bourgeons reverdirent.

—Je n'avais, reprit Georgina, nul besoin de cette démonstration. J'ai confiance en votre parole. Donnez-moi le verre.

—Bois donc ! ô admirable créature, s'écria le philosophe avec enthousiasme. Il n'y a dans ton esprit aucun signe d'imperfection. Bientôt il n'y en aura aucun dans ta nature physique.

Elle avala d'un trait la boisson ; et lui remettant le verre entre les mains :

—C'est une liqueur agréable, dit-elle avec un doux sourire, une liqueur qui renferme une indicible saveur, et qu'on croirait puisée à une source céleste. Elle a apaisé la soif fiévreuse que j'éprouvais depuis quelques jours. Maintenant, mon ami, laissez-moi m'endormir. Mes sens s'assoupissent sur mon esprit, comme les feuilles sur le cœur d'une rose au coucher du soleil.

A peine avait-elle prononcé d'une voix affaiblie ces dernières paroles, qu'elle tomba dans un profond sommeil. Aylmer s'assit près d'elle, observant sa figure avec l'émotion d'un homme dont l'existence entière dépendait du succès de cette expérience. Mais, dans cette émotion même, le philosophe pensait encore à sa science. Il étudiait minutieusement chaque symptôme de cette crise décisive. Une légère rougeur glissant sur le visage de la jeune femme, une irrégularité passagère dans sa respiration, un mouvement de ses cils, un tressaillement furtif dans ses membres, étaient autant de signes distinctifs qu'il notait l'un après l'autre dans son livre.

A chaque instant aussi, il reportait ses regards sur la tache qui était depuis quelque temps l'objet continuel de ses préoccupations. D'abord, elle était apparue plus rouge que jamais sur la pâle figure de Georgina. Peu à peu sa teinte de pourpre s'adoucit, se décolora, puis disparut comme les rayons de l'arc-en-ciel qui se perdent dans les nuages.

—Sur ma foi, murmura Aylmer dans une sorte de ravissement, on ne la voit plus. Victoire ! Victoire ! A peine puis-je encore discerner à la place qu'elle occupait une légère teinte rose, qui disparaîtra complètement quand Georgina sera moins pâle.

Au même moment, il entendit l'espèce de grognement par lequel Aminadab exprimait sa satisfaction.

—Ah ! s'écria-t-il, dans une joie qui ressemblait à un délire, ah ! grosse masse de terre, tu m'as bien servi. L'esprit et la matière, le ciel et la terre, tout a concouru au succès de mon œuvre ! Ris, mon vieil Aminadab, tu as le droit de rire.

Ces exclamations réveillèrent Georgina. Elle ouvrit les yeux, et se regarda dans un miroir que son heureux mari lui présentait. Un doux sourire passa sur ses lèvres quand elle vit que sa tache n'était plus qu'un point presque imperceptible, puis elle porta ses regards sur Aylmer avec un trouble et une anxiété dont il ne pouvait se rendre compte.

—Mon pauvre Aylmer ! murmura-t-elle.

—Pauvre ! dit-il ; non, je suis l'homme le plus riche, le plus privilégié, le plus joyeux. Chère Georgina, mon entreprise a réussi. Vous êtes parfaite.

—Mon pauvre Aylmer ! répéta-t-elle avec une ineffable tendresse ; vous avez eu un sublime amour, et vous avez noblement agi. Ne vous repentez pas d'avoir rejeté une incomplète créature.

En ce moment, la dernière teinte de l'empreinte fatale disparut sur sa joue, et ses lèvres exhalèrent le dernier soupir.

Les Petits Paris. Par les Auteurs des Mémoires de Bilboquet. Paris : Libraire, D'Alphonse Taride, Galerie de L'Odéon. 1854.

EDMOND TEXIER, and his band of witty collaborators, have, within the last few weeks, brought out no less than fifty little volumes under the above general title, at the moderate sum of half a franc each. In each is given the physiology of a particular class, scarcely to be met with under the same phases in any city but Paris.

Thus we have *Paris-Grisette* — *Paris-Flaneur* — *Paris-Etudiant* — *Paris-Rapin* — *Paris-Journaliste* — *Paris-Bohème* — *Paris-Lorette*, &c., all shrewdly and cleverly sketched from the life, by men of rare observation and consummate powers of description. The perusal of this packet of *brochures* would give a stranger to Paris a greater insight into the private life of its inhabitants than half-a-dozen years' residence at Meurice's, the Brighton, or the Rivoli Hotel, or any of the half-dozen other haunts where the travelling cockney loveth to resort.

We must, however, premise, that unless the reader be thoroughly conversant with modern French—(and no language has undergone greater changes in the last dozen years)—unless he be perfectly *au fait* to the numerous idiomatic phrases, cant terms, and quaint allusions so freely made use of by the writers of the day, and by none more liberally than the contributors to the *Charivari*—he had far better betake himself to some other occupation. His *Dictionnaire de l'Académie* will be of no more use to him here, than it would help him in translating the Talmud.

We select a few passages from the *Paris-Bohème*. The term *Bohème*, we may observe, includes all that large class of petty *littérateurs*, unknown artists, briefless advocates, scampish students, and others of like character, who have only their wits to depend upon, to meet the exigencies of the day. One of this numerous class found himself once at an hotel at Naples, living upon the proceeds of a wardrobe scanty enough in the first instance.

His host, who had been watching with uneasiness “les évolutions de cette garde-robe fugitive,” generously offered to lend the “Bohème” 100 francs to take him home. The offer was declined unless the hotel-keeper would accept in return, of his portrait, and of those of his family, from the artist's pencil. The bargain was struck, the work speedily executed, and the painter departs on board a steamer.

AN ADVENTURE.

A bord, notre bohème se rencontre sur le pont avec une belle jeune femme à laquelle il ose à peine parler tout d'abord, tante elle lui semble une grande dame et une noble créature!

Cependant, il s'enhardit peu à peu, et, pour se faire bien venir de cette fière beauté, il laisse vaguement soupçonner qu'il est un gentilhomme voyageant pour son instruction, et qu'il a oublié son gouverneur dans le cratère du Vésuve.

Tout va bien, et l'on arrive à Marseille.

Mais ô contre-temps ! les douaniers manifestent l'intention de visiter les bagages.

Notre bohème veut fuir, on le retient ; on le force de donner la clef de sa malle, on l'ouvre. . .

Elle contient trois pavés !

Pétrification générale !

La malle de la belle voyageuse est également ouverte.

O bonheur ! elle ne renferme que des oranges.

La grande dame n'est elle-même qu'une bohémienne, double méprise, tromperie charmante !

Ils partent ensemble pour Paris, et ils y vivent heureux

. . . pendant une éternité de quinze jours.

Our next quotation represents the great Balzac as a Bohème in straitened circumstances.

BALZAC IN TROUBLE.

Le bohème n'est pas toujours une étoile dépourvue d'argent et de ressources, il y a des gens qui sont bohèmes avec une position et même avec des rentes inscrites sur le grand livre.

Balzac était bohème par caractère.

Personne ne payait mieux ses dettes que lui, quand l'argent lui arrivait ; mais personne aussi n'avait des dettes plus singulières.

Un ami le rencontre à Ville-d'Avray, et veut l'emmener déjeuner au restaurant de la Grille.

— Je suis brouillé avec l'établissement, répond Balzac.

— Pourquoi cela ?

— Parce que je lui dois en ce moment pour huit cents francs de côtelettes.

But so clever a writer could not but be fertile in expedients. Here is one :—

BALZAC TRIUMPHANT.

A l'époque où il demeurait rue de Chaillot (il y a de cela une vingtaine d'années), deux jeunes gens allèrent voir Balzac dans la soirée ; l'auteur de la *Comédie humaine* avait quelquefois des caprices de femme de trente ans. Ce jour-là, il avait eu la fantaisie de faire orner son salon d'un meuble de satin blanc. Un immense lustre en style Pompadour pendait au plafond. Le grand homme fit admirer à ses visiteurs ce boudoir coquet et d'un goût extravagant, en leur recommandant bien de ne pas trop s'asseoir sur les fauteuils et les sofas.

— Qui diable me payera ce satin blanc ? se disait Balzac à lui-même.

— Un satin superbe en effet, répondaient les visiteurs.

— Qui le payera ? qui le payera ? s'écriait toujours Balzac.

— Mais, interrompit l'un des deux amis, il nous est difficile de juger de la splendeur de votre salon, si vous nous le montrez à la lueur d'une simple bougie. Allumons le lustre, et voyons l'effet que produit votre satin à l'éclat des lumières.

— Adopté, répond Balzac.

Et voilà quarante bougies allumées. Balzac murmurait toujours entre ses dents :

— Qui diable payera mon satin ?

En ce moment on frappe à la porte.

— C'est, dit le domestique, M. X—, éditeur, qui voudrait parler à monsieur.

— Un éditeur ; s'écrie Balzac, et quarante bougies qui flambent ; mon satin est payé. Faites entrer le payeur. Quant à vous, ajouta-t-il en se tournant vers les deux

la lettre fut partie, qu'avec cela j'aurai mon argent ou plutôt l'argent de X.

— Avec ce billet, ma chère amie, vous n'aurez pas un sou, ou je ne connais pas le cœur humain.

— Alors pourquoi me l'avoir fait écrire ?

— Parce qu'il était nécessaire qu'un premier billet précédât celui que je vais vous dicter.

— Quoi ! écrire encore ?

— Deux mots seulement.

“ Cher ami, regardez ma lettre comme non avenue, au moment même où je venais de vous écrire l'argent attendu n'arrivait ; me voilà donc richissime : n'allez pas oublier cependant que je vous attends à dîner, le faisau est magnifique.”

La seconde lettre partit comme la première.

— Maintenant, dit le bohème, voici ce qu'il va arriver. X. fera semblant de n'avoir pas reçu votre second billet, et il se montrera d'autant plus généreux qu'il sera persuadé que vous avez moins besoin d'argent. Adieu, et faites le reste.

Tout s'exécuta comme notre bohème l'avait prévu. X. offrit galement les trois mille francs avec la conviction qu'on ne les accepterait pas ; mais à sa grande stupéfaction on les empocha sans même le remercier.

Pour comble de malheur, il n'y avait pas même de faisau comme fiche de consolation.

Ce fut le bohème qui le mangea le soir en compagnie de mademoiselle Alphonsine, dans un cabinet de la Maison d'Or !

Another celebrated Bohème, who dwelt in a wretched garret in the Rue de Provence, always appeared upon the “bitumen of the Boulevards” in irreproachable attire. He hit upon a clever expedient to make people believe that he kept

A TIGER.

Il avait chez lui un costume complet de groom. Bottes à retroussis, culottes jaunes, redingote à boutons armoriés et chapeau à galon d'or,

Quand il faisait la cour à une de ces dames, il lui disait :

— Permettez-moi de vous envoyer un bouquet par mon nègre.

Puis il rentrait dans son grenier, prenait la bouteille

à cirage, se noircissait la figure et les mains, endossait sa livrée et se rendait, ainsi accoutré chez la femme à qui le bouquet avait été promis.

— Voici, lui disait-il, des fleurs que M. C——, mon maître, envoie à madame.

Un jour il avait consacré sa dernière pièce de cinq francs à l'achat d'un bouquet. La femme à qui il le présentait, toujours en qualité de nègre de M. C——, fut si ravie de la beauté des fleurs, qu'elle lui donna un louis de pourboire.

C—— avait donc été forcé de gagner quinze francs sur sa galanterie.

One more anecdote, and we have done with the Bohème.

THE DEAD SHOT.

Parmi ces bohèmes de second ordre il en est un qui a beaucoup fait parler de lui dans ces dernières années.

Il était gentilhomme et s'appelait le marquis de P——.

Il tirait l'épée comme Saint-Georges et traçait à trente pas sur une plaque de fonte, son nom avec les balles d'un pistolet.

Un jour les jeunes gens d'une ville de garnison ayant eu le dessous dans des duels avec des officiers, notre marquis quitta Paris, tombe dans le chef-lieu et se rend tout droit au café militaire.

Des chapeaux à cornes gisaient sur les tables et les tabourets.

Le marquis s'empare du premier qui lui tombe sous la main, ouvre la porte du poêle et jette le chapeau dans le feu.

Grande rumeur parmi les dragons.

On va se battre et une heure après l'infortuné propriétaire du chapeau, avait reçu dans la poitrine un coup mortel.

Le marquis de P—— avait quelquefois, comme G—— dont j'ai parlé tout à l'heure, trente mille francs dans son portefeuille le matin. Le soir il ne savait pas où dîner.

A la suite d'un martingale heureuse il avait commandé à son tailleur cent pantalons.

Un pareil homme devait aller loin, et, quand il fut ce qu'on appelle *brûlé* à Paris, il alla en Californie.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the *Petits Paris* have met, in their native city, with a triumphant reception.

I. *Faut-il une Pologne?* Paris : H. Le Brun, Rue de Lille 3. 1854.

II. *Solutions de la question d'Orient.* Par EMILE DE GIRARDIN. Third Edition. Paris : Libraire Nouvelle, Boulevard des Italiens. 1854.

THE first of these works consists of a selection of chapters, on the Eastern question in its connection with that of Poland, from an unpublished work in the Bibliothèque Imperiale at Paris, by Maurice Mochnacki, a refugee from the fall of Warsaw, who commenced it in 1832, but died before completing it. It is a work of much ability ; and it has a very remarkable and curious application to the present state of our expedition to the Crimea. The object is, to prove that, unless Poland is restored, together with its ancient provinces on the Black Sea, it will be hopeless to think of retaining Sevastopol itself against Russia, after its conquest.

In the second work, Emile de Girardin, the author, deals, in his accustomed style of clear and *tranchant* exposure, with every one of the

“ solutions,” real or pretended, which are now before the public, on the question of the Czar and the Sultan. The conclusion to which he comes, is in perfect consonance with that of Lamartine and Ubicini, viz. that Turkey has all the resources of a great power ; that to develop them she needs but to be civilized ; that no foreign or Christian power has the means of civilizing her, or even the right to attempt that task ; and that Turkey herself is now seriously engaged in it, has the means of prosecuting it in perfect consistence with her own law, the Koran, and is doing so with great and signal success. “ This,” says M. de Girardin in conclusion, “ is to simplify, by elevating, the Eastern question, and to resolve, by simplifying it.”

GERMAN LITERATURE.

RETROSPECT.

THE literary productions of Germany for the last half-year, have been few and far between; and even they are meagre in quality, and devoid of interest. The last Leipzig Catalogue shews a dearth of books unusual even at this torpid season, the dulness of which, here in England, invariably extends its sluggish influence to our German neighbours, who are wont to abstain from mental and physical exertion during the summer months, and to betake themselves to what they consider relaxation.

Over that branch of literature usually included under the denomination of "belles lettres" a cloud seems to have descended ever since Professors Gervinus and Vischer pronounced their opinions upon the modern poetry of Germany. Besides, the events of 1848 and 1849 have materially changed the taste and feelings of the nation. It is no longer the age of poetry and fancy, or of shallow reasonings, but of stubborn argument and stalwart facts—facts that must be grappled with by strong intellects and hardy disputants, and not by those whose only weapons are the feeble shafts of sophistry.

Another reason may be assigned for the decadence of the German book-trade. The dealings of publishers, as well as their confidence, have been considerably shaken by the Eastern complications; and their natures, at the best of times cautious, now seem especially averse to enterprise. They are, in fact, beset with fears and anxieties for the fate of that beloved "light literature" in which many a German (*hausfrau*) housewife indulges, to the detriment of her husband's and children's domestic happiness. It consists, indeed, for the most part, of the weakest and most spiritless fiction. Thus there is a sort of stand-still in the German book-market; and only a few of the larger and richer firms will venture at all into the field. We have made a few selections from the slender supply their shelves have furnished.

The first we propose to notice is a book of travels in Corsica, by Ferdinand Gregorovius. 2 Vols. Stuttgart and Tübingen. Cotta'scher,

Verlag, 1854. A part of this work appeared in the "Beilage of the Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung." It was most favourably received by the German public, and we readily admit that it fully merited the attention it received.

The Author visited the island in the year 1852, allured to its shores by the many romantic stories he had heard of its inhabitants, its mountains, its deep, dark dells, and murmuring streams, having no other reason than that of satisfying his curiosity and love of nature. While there, however, he became so impressed with the lovely scenery, the peculiarity of the inhabitants, and its remarkable history, that he resolved to write the book now before us.

He says—"I found a wonderful affinity between the people and their mountains; and I perceived a feeling rising within me, similar to that awakened by the study of the biography of a remarkably organized man."

There is so much interesting matter in this book, so many charming descriptions and pleasant narratives, that we are almost at a loss which to select. The following extract however, we have rendered as nearly as possible in the author's own words.

NAPOLÉON.

Nature has not bestowed all her favours on the surface of this little island: on the contrary, from her very heart she has brought forth heroes and patriots,—men, who were great by their patriotic zeal and undaunted courage, long before she gave birth to the noblest of all—Napoleon Bonaparte. This glorious event, destined to convulse the world, gave to Corsica a master and a conqueror, and enabled her to take ample revenge upon France, who had subjected, and upon Europe who had abandoned her. A struggle of more than a thousand years had, almost without interruption, been raging on this rocky island—this iron-hearted nation—ere she created for herself an engine whereby she could hurl down retribution upon her tyrants.

Again, in speaking of the island and Napoleon, he says—

He, too, was an island in the ocean of history—a political Faust. He, too, cast down from their pedestals the political deities of the world. But his greatness lies not in his battles, but in his revolutionary nature.

While staying at Ajaccio, our traveller visited the house in which Napoleon was born, and gives the following account of

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF BONAPARTE.

St. Charles Street leads to a small open space, a sort of square. In this square stands an antiquated house of a yellowish grey colour, with a flat roof. A balcony and six windows are in front, and the door, which looks older than the house, is much worn, and so firmly shut, as if no mortal man should ever enter it again. The stranger knocks, but no voice answers. All is silent. A death-like stillness reigns in and about the place. Not a human creature is to be seen. All seem dead or put to flight by the awful shadow of Napoleon. I stood there some time. At length an old man appeared at the window of a house not far distant, and called out to me, that if I would come again in the course of two hours he would have the key and let me in.

The house is spacious and clean, but almost every article of furniture is gone, and only the tapestry on the walls remains to tell that it was once the abode of the living. The floors are paved with red tiles, and some of those are damaged. I entered a small room, the walls of which were hung with blue tapestry: there were two windows and a fire-place in it, the grate being encompassed with yellow marble. On the marble were some mythological reliefs. In this room, on the 13th August, 1769, Napoleon Bonaparte was born. There are some other apartments shewn to the visitors—the drawing-room, the chamber of Letitia, the small room in which Napoleon slept, and that in which he used to study. There are also two cases containing his school-books. The emptiness, the darkness, and ungenial atmosphere, gave the whole an appearance of being haunted. It is not a palace, it is true, nevertheless, a residence of a noble and esteemed family: this strikes you at once when compared to the village cabin in which Pasquale Paoli was born.

The author's sentiments are here touchingly and eloquently expressed. He says—

During the time of the beautiful Letitia, this house glittered and resounded with joyous hospitality, but now it resembles a grave-vault; and in vain the eye searches for an object indicative of the history of its former inhabitants. But, no, there is nothing to say this was the cradle of kings and princes: the lone walls cannot speak.

Herr Gregorovius, at great length, gives a very amusing account of Baron von Neuhoff, a Westphalian, who one day ambitiously resolved to become King of Corsica, and King of Corsica he really became. The history of this man has, in many respects, unusual interest for us, as it resembles that of the present Emperor of France.

Baron Von Neuhoff was a student of Cologne, where he lodged in the house of a German professor, with whose daughter he fell violently in love. The Baron was very poor, and almost entirely dependent upon the bounty of his relations; he was consequently jealous of the approach of any man, to the object of his passion, who was more favoured by fortune than himself. He one day became enraged against a man whom he suspected to be a rival: he drew his sword, and plunged it into the unfortunate man's breast. For this act he was obliged to fly his country, and he escaped to France. In France he became a page to the Duchess of Orleans, and soon after he got a commission in the French army. Afterwards he entered the Spanish service. Fortune seemed to favour the Baron: he got to be a great favourite of Alberone; married a lady of the court of Queen Elizabeth, who was a relation of the Duke of Ormond (and, like the present Empress of the French, of Spanish and Irish origin. This lady he afterwards deserted (the Genoese say he carried her jewels away with him). In the year 1786, when the Corsicans were sorely oppressed by the Geno-

ese, and their country became one vast battle-field, and the attention of Europe was directed to the fierce struggle; the bold Westphalian too, turned his glance in that direction, and said, "I will be King of Corsica." Accordingly, he set to work, made himself acquainted with the leader of the popular movement there, and in flattering words promised the people fame and freedom, and, what they wanted most—aid from foreign powers. All this and more he promised, if they would make him their chief. He succeeded: the Corsicans believed him, and off the Baron set for the Island of Corsica, taking with him 10 pieces of cannon, 4000 muskets, 4000 pairs of shoes, 700 sacks of wheat, a large quantity of ammunition, and no small amount of money. His suite consisted of 16 Italian gentlemen, 2 French officers, and 3 horses. His dress was magnificent. He wore a long scarlet robe of Moorish silk, Spanish pantaloons, and yellow boots; his Spanish hat was overshadowed by an immense plume, which waved gracefully in the wind. Round his waist he wore a belt of yellow silk, in which were thrust two richly inlaid pistols. At his side hung a sword, and in his right hand he held a sceptre. In this guise he first trod the soil of Corsica, and thus he was led from the vessel to the town of Cervione with the respectful homage due to a king. He did not, however, long enjoy his regal dignity, for when the Corsicans found the time passing away, and foreign aid as far off as ever, they grew discontented, and suspected the honesty of their would-be king. The Baron, too, began to think "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and resolved to bid adieu to the Corsicans. Accordingly, he one day packed up his chattels, and left the island.

After this, he visited Amsterdam, where he was arrested at the instigation of a merchant of that place, and thrown into the debtors' prison. By indefatigable efforts, however, he succeeded in delivering himself from this imprisonment, and he returned to Corsica; but finding there was not a shadow of hope for him there, he turned his back upon the island again, and for ever. He now directed his steps to England. Here he made the acquaintance of an infamous character, and shared largely in his financial speculations: nevertheless, he became terribly embarrassed, and became again the inmate of a gaol, from which he was only rescued by a subscription raised by the minister Walpole. He died in London, and was buried at Westminster.

The author publishes many letters written by Napoleon in his youth to his parents; and his accounts of the barbarous customs of the "Vendetta" and of the Corsican banditti, are most vivid and interesting, and are told with remarkable spirit.

Russia und England. Von BRUNO BAUER. 1854. London: Williams and Norgate.

BRUNO BAUER is one of the extreme left of the Hegelian school; consequently we find it quite impossible to reconcile with his professed principles the ardent defence of the Czar which pervades every line of this book.

The author is an enthusiastic admirer of Russia, her policy, and institutions. According to his account, the English statesmen have committed nothing but blunders and atrocities in the Eastern affair, and Russia alone has maintained a consistent and dignified position throughout. He moreover considers England, having over-reached herself, has placed herself

in a position of peculiar embarrassment. Free-trade, he adds, has ruined England, and out of her very ruins Russia is building castles for herself. He speaks of Russia as of a great historical power, vigorous and flourishing, while he regards England and France as old and decrepid, and mere shadows of realities!

We wonder how it is possible, in an age so enlightened as this, for any one to entertain such absurd and childish notions. The book possesses but one striking peculiarity—ultra-idiotic extravagance; but that pervades every page.

Austria und England. Stuttgart und Tübingen. 1854.

Who or what the author of this book may be, we know not. He announces himself as an Austrian. We are inclined to think he is one of the *corps diplomatique* at Vienna. It appears from the matter contained in the book, that the author's chief object in writing is to impress on the minds of his countrymen the urgent necessity of forming a firm and lasting alliance with England, which he assures them is more important than the international relations of France, Russia, or Prussia. The author continues:—"The position in which England and Austria stand to each other in every great political question is of the utmost consequence, the two nations being the real representatives of Europe."

It is simply the geographical position of England that makes the Austrian advocate this alliance, and not any love for England or the English; on the contrary, he remembers all the feuds and animosities that existed of old between the two countries, with all the bitterness of a deadly foe.

The author certainly does not intend to flatter the English into an alliance, for he tells them plainly that England has no policy but the policy of interest; that she has ever acted egotistically, even when receiving the largest subsidies from Austria;* that she has been faithless and ungrateful, even when there was not a shadow of reason for being so.

There can be no doubt that the author would be glad enough to witness the interests of Austria and England united; but we much doubt the power of his persuasion to advance the union, though many of his arguments are skilfully, and even forcibly written.

Die drei Aeltesten Bearbeitungen von Goethe's "Ephigenia." Cottascher Verlag. 1854.

ONCE more Herr Duntzer, the indefatigable commentator on Goethe, is before the public.

* We should much like to know the period, as well as the amount, of these said subsidies.

This time he inflicts upon us a long and prosy analysis of Goethe's "Ephigenia;" into the merits of which he believes that he has succeeded in getting a perfect insight. We cannot, however, accompany the author to this new land of promise, but must refer the reader to the book itself. It certainly possesses merit, inasmuch as it introduces us into the workshop of genius, and shews us the gradual development of that beautiful poem, "Ephigenia."

Geschichte der Deutschen Hofs seit der Reformation (History of the German Court, since the Reformation). Von DR. VEHSE. Hamburg: Hoffmann und Campe. 1853-54.

THIS curious, and in many respects important collection of royal biographies, has reached its thirty-third volume, the sixth of a series devoted to the Kings of Saxony and their Electoral predecessors. The Coburg and other branches of that house are separately treated. Prussia is completed; so are Austria and Bavaria; so is Baden; so, above all, are Hanover and Brunswick, and England is connected with these two Courts. Hereafter, perhaps, we shall be able to afford our readers some amusement at the expense of a few of the Courts we have mentioned; for we cannot deny that the volumes which relate to them have not only much political but also much scandalous interest in the way of anecdote and "secret history." The sovereigns of Germany have taken the alarm, and Dr. Vehse's volumes are already excluded from every part of Germany, except the Hanse Towns, which have no princes at all, and Prussia and Saxe Coburg Gotha, where those actually reigning are wise enough to appreciate the safety and advantage of the freedom of the press.

Bürgerliche Gesellschaft Cottascher Verlag, 1854.

THE author of this work is no less a person than Herr Riche, the great authority in Germany on all social questions.

He wrote a book called "Land und Leute," of which the volume now before us forms the second part, and for which he was raised to the honourable dignity of "Staatswissenschaftal;" (in other words, "solver of social problems").

The Germans are very proud of Herr Riche, and flatter themselves they have in him a rival to Macaulay. In some respects the comparison is not inappropriate, particularly in their critical essays.

The German problem-solver endeavours in his present work to prove that society consists, in the first place, of two classes, which he terms natural and unnatural: these he subdivides into the aristocracy, the middle classes,

and the peasantry; and the military and government *employés* form the fourth class. This fourth class, Herr Riche contends, is the result of Popery and of social corruption, and consequently the putrid membrane of the community.

But we will give the author's own words, by which the reader will be able to judge for himself as to the spirit of the book.

Every age contains some great truth, some general maxim by which it creates for itself a world suited to its requirement. The present age struggles to emancipate society from the despotism of the state. One convincing proof of this struggle is, the indifference with which France, and the Continent in general, regarded the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon. It was the revolutionary tendency of the age that crowned that *coup d'état* with success, and not any political sagacity or deeply-considered scheme on the part of Napoleon. It was a game at hazard. Nevertheless, the proclamation of 2d December was a masterly stroke and a clever deception. In order to subdue the fermentation in Paris, he held out to the people the bait of universal suffrage, the chief element of fermentation, and with the most resolute, the most despairing, and most desperate classes, he restrained the rest, securing by this means a peaceful seat on the throne of France. While they were razing half Paris to the ground, they were erecting for him an invisible castle.

Again, the author adduces, as a sign of the increasing influence of social questions, the fact, that in proffering bread and wages to the labouring classes, he induced them to flock in thousands to Paris.

Herr Riche has confidence in the present state of things, believing it to be pregnant with consequences which shall bring about a better and a happier future.

We are far from agreeing with the author in all his political opinions, and turn from them with pleasure to his amusing sketches of domestic life, which are most skilfully and pleasantly distributed throughout the book.

Griechische Mythologie. Von HOFRATH LDW. PRELLER, in Weimar. 2 Bände.—1 Band, Die Götter. 2 Band, Die Heroen. (Grecian Mythology; by the Councillor L. PRELLER, of Weimar, in 2 Vols.—Vol. I. The Gods. Vol. II. The Heroes). Leipsic: Weidmann. 1854.

This is one of a series of learned but popular manuals (*handbücher*) now in the course of publication at Leipsic, having for their aim the promotion of a more "lively appreciation" (*lebendigere verständniss*) of classical antiquity. The work before us appeared in July last; and is the first of the series. It is a careful and honest compilation of all that learned men have handed down or written on the subject of which it treats, from the days of the Scholiasts downwards, and as such we confidently recommend it.

Römische Geschichte. Von THEODOR MOMMSEN; Erster Band, bis zur Schlacht von Pydna. (Roman History. By T. MOMMSEN; Vol. I., down to the Battle of Pydna). Leipsic: Weidmann. 1854.

THE last-mentioned work has been speedily succeeded by another of the series; and it is here before us. The modesty of the author makes it necessary for us to supply our readers with such information respecting him as they care to know; and such as authors generally enable them to know without going further than the title-page. Theodor Mommsen, a Holsteiner by birth, is one of the most learned of German antiquaries, historians, and jurists. Unlike the great body of his class, he has no special attachments of school, epoch, or territory. For him the laws, languages, and annals of the Medes and Persians, the Celts and Teutons, the Jews, the Switzers, the English, or the Yankees, have very much the same amount of interest; and he has zeal and charity enough to undertake the task of exploring and illustrating them all, one by one, as he is here doing with those of the Romans. But his leisure does not serve; and the duties of his Chair of History and Law at the University of Breslau are increasing. Nevertheless, he continues to be a most industrious contributor of papers to the various learned societies of which he is a member, and, from time to time, to give the public a more substantial proof of the steadiness with which he pursues his favourite studies, in the shape of a volume like the present. It is the first of three: the second is announced for 1855; and the third and last, concluding with the downfall (*zusammenstürzen*) of the Roman Empire, will appear in 1856.

The manner in which this first volume is executed gives good promise for those to come. It consists of three Books; in each of which the learning of the period—often abstruse enough—is so happily combined and blended with the narrative, as to command the earnest attention of even practised classicists to the latter, and, at the same time, to present the former in a very attractive light for even the least profound readers of history. Professor Mommsen, unlike "learned historians" in general, is not for ever tantalising his readers with breaks in his narrative, in order to let in some separate division of history, headed "Religion of the Ancients," "Laws," "Manners and Customs," and so forth. With him, all is properly history which belongs to history, and it is treated accordingly, and in its proper place; that is to say, in the order of the narrative, and in illustration of it. In this manner the First Book is made to give a full and interesting account of the condition of Rome and Italy down to the expulsion of the Tarquins; the second brings it down to the

defeat of Pyrrhus, and the consolidation of Italy under the power of the Commonwealth; and the third, which concludes the volume, ends with the battle of Pydna, and the extinction of Greek and Macedonian independence.

When this highly able and interesting work is finished, we hope to be able to give our readers a more detailed account of it.

Die Schweiz in Römische zeit. (Switzerland in the Roman Time.) Von THEODOR MOMMSEN. Zurich: Meyer and Zeller. 1854.

THIS is another important contribution to antiquarian and historical literature from the pen of the same learned writer as the work last noticed. Roman authorities on the military and civil condition of their Helvetian, Rhetian, Raurician, Lemanic, or Pœninian subjects, are few and meagre; still scantier are the notices which Greek and Roman writers of earlier date have deigned to bestow upon the state of affairs within those valleys before Cæsar's conquest; and the local traditions alike of the aboriginal Etruscans and of their successors, the Celts, if any of them survived the domination of Rome, were for ever swept away by the torrent of Alemannic and Burgundian invasion, which destroyed the empire itself. But the patient diligence of the antiquary has done much to supply the void; and in the "inscriptions," which in modern times it has been the business of the academies and societies of Europe to redeem from oblivion, a very large contribution to even this obscure portion of history has been, it seems, silently accumulating, and it has, at length, found a competent exponent. The comparative condition of the several parts of Switzerland, with respect to the "Romanisation" (or "civilisation" of the Roman model)—their population—their languages—their trade and commerce—their means of communication—their coinage, or circulating medium—their products—their watering-places ("Aquæ," or Baden-in-Aarau)—their liability to foreign conscription—the part allotted them in their own local administration—their fiscal burdens—and, of course, the military organisation by which their imperial masters maintained peace within their fastnesses,—on these subjects, so interesting to the statistician, the jurist, and even to the general reader, Professor Mommsen has contrived to throw much light, in the shape, too, of a most charming narrative. It is published by the "Zürcherischen Gesellschaft für vaterländische alterthümer" (Zurich Local Antiquarian Society), among their Transactions for the present year; where some very well-executed engravings of coins and monumental inscriptions are inserted, by way of illustration, in the Appendix.

Der Polygraphische Apparat oder die Verschiedenen der K. K. Hof und Staatsdruckerei zu Wien. Von ALOIS AUER. Wien, 1854.

WE alluded briefly in a former Number* to the discovery of the mechanical process, described in the work now before us, by which certain objects can be engraved and printed without the intervention of any artistic aid.

Notwithstanding the stupendous advantages which the inventor seems to anticipate from the discovery, it has, in this country, excited little attention; indeed, we are not aware of its having as yet been more fully noticed in any publication than in the NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW. This may arise, perhaps, from the limited nature of the purposes to which it is applicable.

"Three important epochs in connection with printing," says M. Auer, "are eminently conducive to the civilization of mankind; they are, the invention of writing, that of printing from moveable types, and the present discovery of taking impressions upon paper from natural objects." We subjoin, from his own description, a brief account of the process.

If the original be a plant, a flower, an insect, or a tissue, in short, any lifeless object that will not be injured by pressure, it is placed evenly between a copper and a leaden-plate, and then passed through two rollers tightly screwed together.

The pressure thus applied yields on the lead plate a precise fac-simile of the original, be it what it may; and stereotypes can be taken in gutta-percha or type-metal from the impression thus obtained.

Counsèllor Hardinger exhibited, at a meeting of naturalists at Wiesbaden, specimens of plates worked in the above way, at which several individuals, eminently qualified to form an opinion on the subject, expressed themselves in the highest terms of commendation.

Professor Leydolt, by way of experiment, transmitted to the Imperial Printing-office a collection of leaves of various kinds. So perfectly accurate in all the minutest details were the impressions obtained from them, that it was at first supposed they were the real leaves cemented to the paper! Several of these leaves (of course printed on both sides, in ink accurately corresponding in colour to that of the original) were neatly cut out, and shewn to distinguished botanists, who were unable, even with the aid of a glass, to discover that they were imitations!

* N. Q. R. p. 167.

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PROPOSAL FOR ESTABLISHING
AN
AUTHORS' PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

RECENT revelations have made patent to the world what every individual Author has long since practically felt, namely, that the bulk of the wages of literature is absorbed by a particular class of tradesmen.

That the occupation of a Publisher is a highly lucrative and prosperous branch of commerce must be evident to every one who sees how Publishers live, what capital they accumulate, and how richly they retire.

Let us compete with them.

"Impossible" is the ready and careless answer.

Let us examine the "*Impossibility*."

It is *impossible* that a Committee of Authors can ever agree upon, or can ever even impartially consider, the merits of a work submitted to them. Perhaps this is so, although it may be remarked that, in practice, no Publisher ever does speculate upon a doubtful book without getting several opinions upon it from Authors.

But again, it is *impossible* that Authors ever can raise or manage the capital necessary for such an undertaking.

And thirdly it is *impossible* that any Association of Authors could ever act together for any business purpose.

These are the three elements of the great "Impossibility." They shall be discussed in order.

First. There is no need that any Committee of Authors should ever consider, or even see, a manuscript intended for publication by a Publishing Association: all that would be in any way necessary would be, that the manuscript be submitted to some officer of the Association responsible that no *illegal* work went forth from their publishing shop.

Second. The Capital actually requisite for the object proposed would be ridiculously small. The publishing houses do indeed accumulate large capitals, but very few commence with very heavy purses. The fact is, that, in nineteen cases out of twenty, a Publisher has netted all his returns before he has paid his Printer's and Stationer's bill. The Printers and the Paper-makers are the real capitalists.

Third. Authors can act upon a Committee, audit accounts, and see that a routine is properly observed, quite as well as other men. Rival tastes and literary jealousies have nothing to do with arithmetic.

It is proposed, in the first place, to do no more than this,—to open a Publishing Office, where every Author may print and publish his own work at the smallest possible cost, that is to say, at about one-half the cost he would have to pay to one of the present Publishers. It should be

the business of the Secretary and Clerks of the Association to be thoroughly conversant with all the details of Printing and Publishing; and it should be their duty to exercise an impartial zeal in the publication of every work. The Author may make his own arrangement with a Printer upon terms of credit, or he may use the estimates obtained by the Association. In any case he would receive the whole of the profits of his work, deducting only the small quota necessary for the expenses of the establishment. As to the objection, that Authors are unwilling or unable to incur the risk of publication, that is readily answered. No book *ever* is published (unless at the Author's risk) that does not pay the *necessary* expenses. The Publishers are too wary to throw away their own money. But an enormous profit is always paid to the Publisher before the Author is allowed to receive a farthing of the proceeds of his work. If two-thirds of the Authors who now publish at their own expense, and pay enormously, were to join the Association, they would save at least thirty per cent. upon their outlay, convert a loss into a gain, and render this Association a most flourishing and formidable rival to the speculating houses. Directly this happens, another field of action will be open to the Association. Capitalists will be only too glad to speculate upon the production of works which promise a large success, and the Association will act as arbitrator between the parties. The Association will be what a good auditor of the accounts of the present Publishers would be: it will take care that the arts of the trader are not exercised to deprive the literary labourer of his proper reward.

Something of this sort is wanted. It is time that a class of men who do nothing for literature should cease to be the tyrants of literature; and the enterprise is so easy, that it will be the fault of Authors alone, if this degrading vassalage of intellect to the counter, any longer continues.

The circumstances of the present day are especially favourable. Time was, when the trade would have stood by the Publishers, and would have supported them as a portion of one great monopoly. All this is gone by. The interests of Publisher and Bookseller are no longer identical. The Booksellers obtain their books, not from the Publishers, but from wholesale agents. They care nothing at all for the great houses, and rarely have any business transactions with them. The settlement of the great question of free trade in books, has cut asunder the tie that bound all the Booksellers to Paternoster Row. Nothing more is required fairly to start this enterprise, than the determination of a sufficient number of Authors to publish with the Association, and upon this plan.

A Committee is in the course of formation, and will shortly be announced. Meanwhile, communications upon the subject are invited to be addressed to WILLIAM P. BYRNE, Esq., 16 Montagu Street, Portman Square, who has kindly consented to act, temporarily, as Honorary Secretary.

THE LONDON PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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THIS Company has been formed for the purpose of taking over and developing the extensive and lucrative printing and publishing business at present carried on by Mr. John Tallis, under the firm of John Tallis and Company, at 97 and 100, St. John Street, and 1 and 2, Bluecoat Buildings, Christ's Hospital, London; 75, New Bridge Street, Strangeways, Manchester; 49, Stafford Street, Liverpool; 14, Newhall Street, Birmingham; 38, Wilson Street, Bristol; 17, Cobourg Street, Leeds; 31, Paris Street, Exeter; 14, Morley Street, Plymouth; 33, Magdalen Street, Norwich; 13, Park Street, Worcester; 8, Orchard Terrace, Southampton; and at 3, Roxburgh Street, Edinburgh; 55, North Hanover Street, Glasgow; 208, George Street, Aberdeen; 40, Fleet Street, Dublin; 56, Nelson Street, Belfast; also at 55, Dey Street, New York; 126, Hanover Street, Boston; 50, Walnut Street, Philadelphia; 22½, South Charles Street, Baltimore; 99, Third Street, Cincinnati; 82, State Street, Rochester; Notre Dame Street, Montreal; King Street, Toronto; Barrington Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia; and Germain Street, St. John's, New Brunswick; with agencies in other towns of England, Scotland, Ireland, and America.

The business consists chiefly in the publication of a high class of books, got up in the best style, with beautiful illustrations, and in the sale of them, partly to trade customers, but chiefly direct to the public by means of the Firm's Branch Establishments, as above enumerated.

Upwards of 200 persons are at present employed at the factory at St. John Street in the various trades of Composing, Stereotyping, Letterpress Printing by Steam Power, Engraving, Steel and Copper-plate Printing, and Bookbinding, by which means the Firm have been enabled to produce their books at a cost much below that of the ordinary publisher, while their extensive connexions in England, Scotland, Ireland, and America, ensure an enormous sale. Not less than 300 persons are employed by the Firm in the Branch Establishments.

The business has been extending itself year by year, until every corner of the London Factory has become so inconveniently crowded, either with workpeople or stock, that a large extension of room is indispensable. The Firm are already in possession of numerous valuable works, all of which are stereotyped, and the sale of which could be pushed to an immense extent at home, in the colonies, and in

America, wherever the English language is spoken. The same machinery, which has proved so successful hitherto, might, with increased capital, be employed for producing on a similar scale of magnitude, and distributing at home and abroad, with a large profit to the manufacturer, and with incalculable benefit to mankind, works even of a class superior to any which the Firm have hitherto undertaken.

Under these circumstances, it has been arranged that the concern should be taken over by a Joint Stock Company, with a capital sufficient to admit of any such extension of business as can be immediately contemplated, and with a power to increase the capital eventually, if it should be found desirable to do so some years hence. Mr. John Tallis, by whose energy the business has been formed, will continue to conduct it as Managing Director, at a remuneration of Five per Cent. upon the net profit; Mr. E. T. Brain, the present superintendent of the business, and who would be well qualified to conduct it in case of Mr. Tallis's death, will be associated with Mr. Tallis in the management.

One object which Mr. Tallis and the Directors have in view in the formation of the Company is to move the factory out of London to some healthy and convenient spot in the country, where sufficient land will be bought to allow ample room not only for any possible future extension of business, but also for cottages and gardens for the workpeople. It is proposed in substance to imitate the educational and recreational arrangements which have been introduced with much success and much benefit to all concerned at the factory of Price's Patent Candle Company, at Vauxhall; and it is intended that the appropriation to such purposes of a liberal proportion of the net profits of the business should be made a part of the constitution of the Company.

The concern will be made over to the Company as it stood on the 1st of October, 1853, viz. a few days before the formation of this Company was first entertained. The Company will receive all the property of every kind which was invested in the concern on the 1st of October, 1853, to a very large value, consisting in great part of manufactured stock, for which there is a certain sale at a large profit. The liabilities taken over by the Company will be only the current trade accounts of a reasonable amount, and which might be paid as they fall due out of the incoming receipts, without any addition to the capital.

It is intended that in future the business should be carried on by the Company as much as possible for ready money, not only as an economical mode of trading, but in order to afford a practical security to the proprietors against liability beyond their shares. With the same view it will be provided by the Deed of Settlement that the Directors shall not have power to accept bills of exchange or to make promissory notes.

The purchase-money of the concern, everything included, will be £25,000 cash, to be paid by easy instalments during the first twelve months, with interest at Five per Cent., from the 1st of October, 1853; and 8000 shares paid up immediately in full, and representing therefore a nominal capital of £40,000 (as from the 1st of October, 1853), but subject to a preference dividend of Eight per Cent. in favour of the shares of the new Proprietors. This preference will continue until the concern has yielded a dividend equal to Eight per Cent. upon all the shares, Mr. Tallis's included, for four consecutive years, after which, the value of the undertaking being fully established, the two classes of shares will represent upon an equal footing the respective amounts paid up upon them. The Directors see no reason to doubt that the concern would well afford a regular dividend of Ten per Cent. from the commencement, but they propose, as a more prudent arrangement, to give any thing which it may be thought fit to divide beyond Eight per Cent. in the shape of bonuses.

By his contract with the Company Mr. Tallis will agree to look to the Funds of the Company, and not to the Proprietors, for the fulfilment of the terms agreed upon. There will therefore be a strictly legal limitation of liability as regards the only part of the undertaking from which any risk of liability could have arisen.

Applications for shares may be made to the Secretary, at the Company's Offices, Bluecoat Buildings, Christ's Hospital, London; or to Messrs. James Wilson and Sons, 80, Old Broad Street, or Henry Christie, Esq., 2, Copthall Chambers, London, the Company's brokers.

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GENTLEMEN,—Being desirous of becoming a Subscriber to the above Undertaking, I request you will allot to me — shares of £5 each therein, the whole of which, or any less number that may be allotted to me, I hereby agree to accept, and on demand to pay the required deposit of £1 per share; and I also agree to execute the Deed of Settlement of the Company, to be prepared by the Directors, when called upon to do so by Circular sent by post to my address as at foot; or in the event of my failure to do so for one month afterwards, I agree that the Shares allotted to me, with the deposits paid thereon, shall be forfeited to the use of the Company.

I am, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

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This Periodical, which was established in 1840, has recently been entirely remodelled; and no expense has been spared to render it by far the most complete, as it is the oldest, publication of the kind in this country. Greater care than ever is now bestowed on the selection of the matter; and numerous original communications, by thoroughly practical men, have been obtained. Woodcuts have been added, and larger type and better paper have been provided.

The Editors have also obtained the co-operation of the Gentlemen whose names are given above, who have devoted especial attention to the departments of science prefixed to their names.

In carrying out the new plan, very considerable additional labour and expense have been incurred. For these, however, the conductors have been in some measure compensated by a great additional sale. In fact, during the three months which have elapsed since the alteration was made, nearly three times as many copies have been sold, and there is every prospect of a still greater increase.

The following is a List of the Contents of the Four Numbers of the New Series already published:—

NO. I.—OCTOBER, 1853.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

On some Modifications of the Electricity of a jet of Steam. By Reuben Phillips.
The Law of Volumes extended to Liquids.
The Potato Disease.
Cholera in 1853.

TRANSLATIONS AND ABSTRACTS.

Researches on Chemical Affinity. By Rudolph Bunsen.
Researches on the Products of the decomposition of Rocks under the influence of Thermal Sulphurous Waters. By M. Jules Bouis.
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On the Theory of Amides. By Adolph Wurtz.
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Demonstration of the Capabilities of the Fire Annihilator.
On the Guanos of Commerce. By M. Girardin.
New Process of obtaining Positive Proofs of all dimensions, and with all the delicacy of which negative proofs are susceptible. By M. J. J. Heilmann.
The Torbanehill Mineral Case. Summary of the Chemical evidence.
On the Ammunition Bread supplied to the European forces. By M. Poggiale.
Bibliography.
Notes and Queries.
Proceedings of the British Association.

On the combinations of Glycerine with the acids, and on the Synthesis of the proximate principles of the Fats of Animals. By M. Berthelot.
Contributions to the History of the Fatty Bodies. By M. Lefort.
On the Composition of Essence of Thyme. By M. A. Lallemand.
On Esculine. By M. M. Rochleder and Schwartz.
Chemical Composition of Bran. By M. Poggiale.
On a Method of Volumetrical Analysis of very general applicability. By R. Bunsen.
On the Guanos of Commerce. By M. Girardin (concluded).
Chemical Examination of the Pulmonary Tubercles, of the Pulmonary matter, and of the lymphatic ganglions of the bronchus of a Bull which died of peripneumonia. By M. J. L. Jassaigne.
On some causes of failure in Photographic operations and on the precautions necessary for avoiding them. By M. Bertsch.
Observations on Charcoal, and the differences of temperature of the Luminous Poles of induction. By M. Despretz.
On the Toxicology of Bichromate of Potassa. By M. Jaillard.
Notes and Queries.
The Irish Amelioration Society.
Quarterly Meteorological Table.
The Torbanehill Mineral Case.
Proceedings of Societies.

NO. II.—NOVEMBER.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

On Atmospheric Electricity. By Reuben Phillips.
On the Action of Bromine on the oils of the Series C² H⁴. By C. G. Williams.
The Potato Disease.
Cholera in 1853.
Translations and Abstracts.
Researches on Chemical Affinity. By R. Bunsen (concluded).
On the Chemical Combinations of Copper and Tin, and their Mixtures, constituting the Non-Chemical Alloys of those two Metals. By M. Rieffel.
Mineralogical Notices.

NO. III.—DECEMBER.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

On Mildew. By Professor F. Crace-Calvert.
On Ferri Potassio Tartras. By J. Denham Smith.
Table of Specific Gravities. By T. J. Herapath.
On the use of Benzole in the preparation of the Alkaloids. By John Williams.

TRANSLATIONS AND ABSTRACTS.

On Alloys, considered in relation to their chemical composition. By M. A. Leroi.
Mineralogical Notices.
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 On the comparative poisonous powers of Arsenious and Arsenic Acids. By M. Schroff.
 Analysis of the Water of the River Tyne, at Newcastle. By Dr. R. D. Thomson.
 Bibliography.
 Notes and Queries.
 Irish Amelioration Society.
 Pulvis Ferri.

NO. IV.—JANUARY, 1854.

On the Poisonous Qualities of Chromium. By William Herapath.
 On the Electro-deposition of Metals. By J. B. Hockin.
 Table of Specific Gravities. By T. J. Herapath.
 Observations on the prevention and destruction of the Grape Vine Mildew. By T. J. Herapath.

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 Bibliography.
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Published January 1st, 1854, Price One Shilling, No. I of Vol. III. of

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CONTAINING the List of Winning Yachts of 1853, with remarks on the amount won, &c.—Tregon-hocke's First Voyage on board of a Man of War—Practical Fisherman—Au Revoir—Channel Cruisers—Experience in Boat Sailing—Occupation of Old Kinsale—Notices of the Clubs—Editor's Locker—Log Book—Laurie's Patents—Marine Clock—Tide Table for the Month, and other useful information. Embellished with an Engraving of the "GORLITZA" SCHOONER, belonging to Prince Labanoff de Rortoff, Commodore of the Imperial Yacht Club of St. Petersburg.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

SEASON 1854.

The Directors beg leave most respectfully to inform the Nobility, Gentry, Subscribers, and the Public, that the SEASON will COMMENCE on Thursday, March 30, being a Subscription Night, in lieu of Tuesday, March 28.

The Directors have the honour to present the Prospectus of the Eighth Season of the Royal Italian Opera, and trust it will be considered by their Subscribers to be an evidence of their continued efforts to carry out the original design of this great lyrical establishment.

The prospects of the forthcoming season are of unusual interest, and the Directors feel assured that the Subscribers and the Public will share with themselves the feelings of gratification at the arrangements which they have succeeded in making. It will be seen that that great artist, Madame Viardot, after an absence of three years, will return once more to shed lustre on the representations of the theatre. Madlle. Sophie Cruvelli, whose eminent talents are already so highly esteemed in this country, will appear, for the first time, at the Royal Italian Opera. Signor Lablache will also, for the first time, lend his powerful aid in supporting the efforts of the Directors, and will enable them to produce many of the most popular works with a most attractive cast of characters. In addition Madlle. Marai, a young artist of great promise, who has already made very successful débûts, both at St Petersburg and Vienna, will appear for the first time in England; also Signor Susini, for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera.

Madlle. Bosio, who during the past winter has acquired fresh laurels in the French capital, continues her engagement. Those unrivalled artists, Signor Mario, Signor Ronconi, and Signor Tamberlik, together with Signori Tagliafico, Polonini, Luchesi, Stigelli, &c., who have so long assisted to maintain the reputation of Covent Garden, have been re-engaged, while the Directors still have the advantage of the invaluable services of Signor Costa.

The above assemblage of the most eminent artistes in Europe will render the caste of characters in the operas *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, *I Puritani*, *Fidelio*, and *Il Matrimonio Segreto* quite unprecedented.

The forthcoming season, however, brings with it one subject of regret, viz. the retirement from the lyric stage of a lady who for many years has been one of its brightest ornaments.

Towards the end of July Madame Giulia Grisi will make her last appearance before an English audience.

It has probably never before fallen to the lot of any candidate for public favour to sustain for twenty-one successive seasons the highest and most arduous characters of the lyric drama, and most certainly never with such unanimous commendations as have been unceasingly bestowed on Madame Grisi.

The Directors are convinced that not only will the Subscribers of the Royal Italian Opera, as well as the musical amateurs of the metropolis, participate in their sentiments on this occasion, but they feel sure that the retirement of Madame Grisi will cause one general feeling of deep regret in the minds of all those who take any interest in the musical affairs of this country.

It is the wish of Madame Grisi, during this her last engagement, to repeat those impersonations in which it has been her good fortune to obtain her greatest successes, and it will accordingly be the care of the Directors to contribute every possible éclat to these performances, relying with the greatest confidence that the Subscribers, the Patrons of the Opera, and the Public, will on these occasions still extend to their long-favoured artiste the cheering influence of their countenance and support.

The repertoire of the Royal Italian Opera now comprises forty-two Opéras, the whole being complete with costumes, scenery, and decorations.

During the season, of the following Operas, three will positively be produced:—*La Vestale*, Spontini (as lately performed at the Académie Royale, at Paris, the principal part by Madlle. Sophie Cruvelli); *Le Domino Noir*, Auber; *Don Sebastian*, Donizetti; *Matilda di Shabran*, Rossini; *Don Pasquale*, Donizetti; *Oberon*, Weber.

The engagements for the present season are:—

Soprani.—Madame Grisi (being most positively her last engagement in England), Madame Viardot (her first appearance these three years), Madlle. Marai (from the Imperial Theatres of St. Petersburg and Vienna, her first appearance in England), Madlle. Albini, Madlle. Angelina Bosio, and Madlle. Sophie Cruvelli (her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera).

Contralto.—Madlle. Nantier Didiée.

Seconde Donne.—Madlle. Cotti and Madlle. Bellini.

Tenori.—Signor Mario, Signor Stigelli, Signor Soldi, Signor Luigi Mei, Signor Luchesi, and Signor Tamberlik.

Bassi Baritone.—Signor Ronconi and Signor Fortini (his first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera).

Bassi Profondi.—Signor Lablache (his first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera), Signor Tagliafico, Signor Gregorio, Signor Polonini, Mons. Zelger, and Signor Susini (his first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera.)

The Orchestra and Chorus will be on the same scale of efficiency as heretofore.

Director of the Music, Composer, and Conductor.—Mr. Costa.

The Military Band will be under the superintendence of Mr. Godfrey.

Maestro al Piano.—Signor Panizza. Chorus Master.—Mr. Smithson. Prompter.—Signor Monterasi. Poet.—Signor Maggioni.

Engagements for the Ballet.—Madlle. Battalini, Madlle. Astori, Madlle. Eliza Nehr (their first appearance in England), Madlle. Santi, Madlle. Esper, and Madlle. Plunkett.

Maitre de Ballet.—Mons. Desplaces. Leader of the Ballet.—Mr. Alfred Mellon. Director of the Mise-en-Scène.—Mr. A. Harris. Scenic Artist.—Mr. William Beverley. Costumière.—Madame Marzio. Decorator.—Mr. Prescott. Machinist.—Mr. Allen.

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Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, March, 1854.

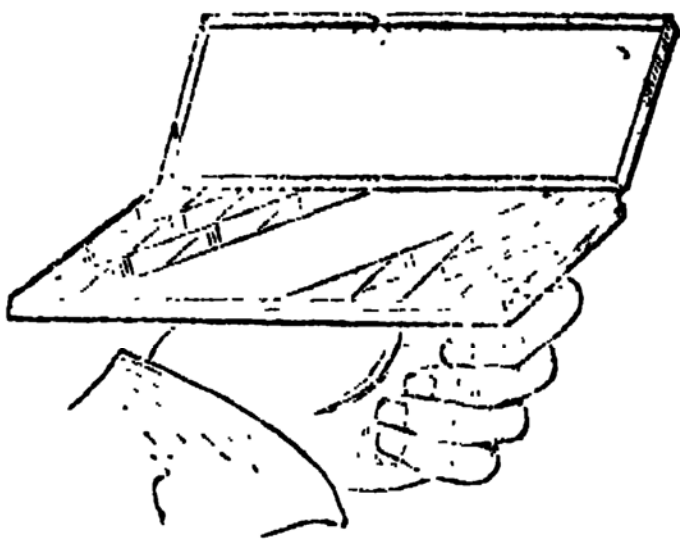
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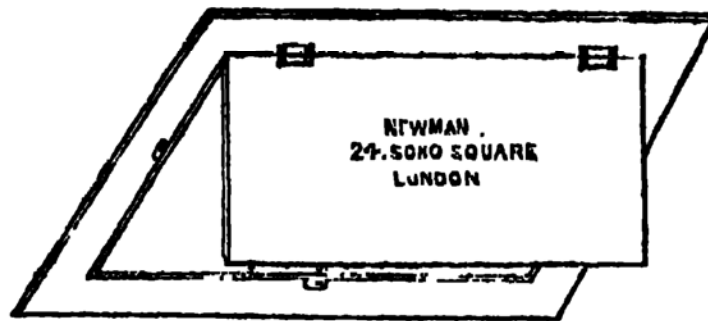
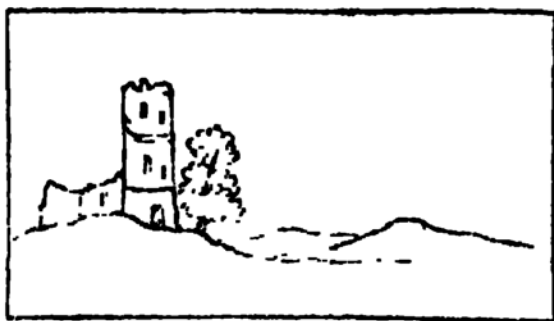
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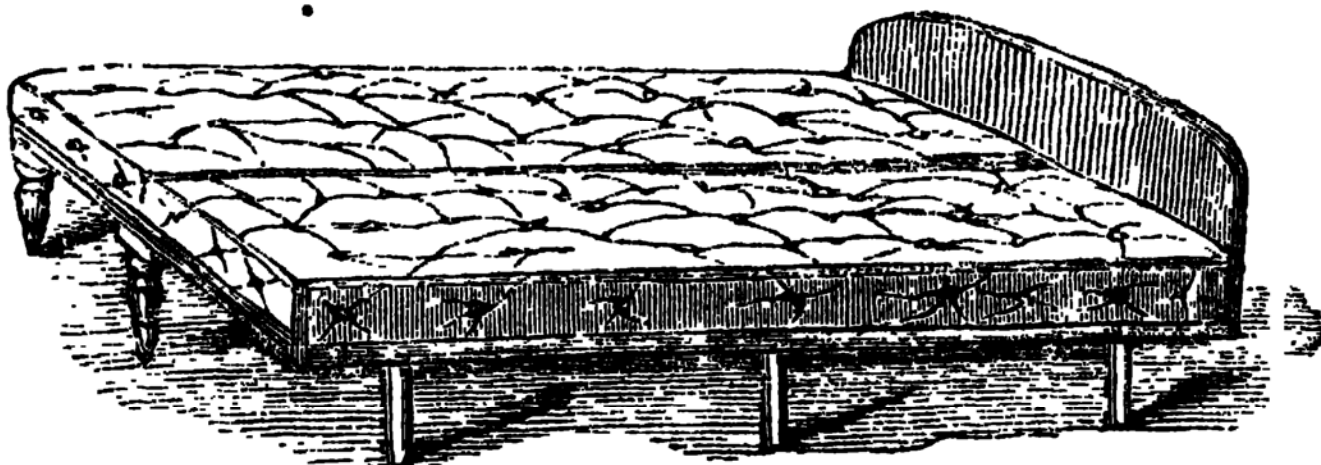
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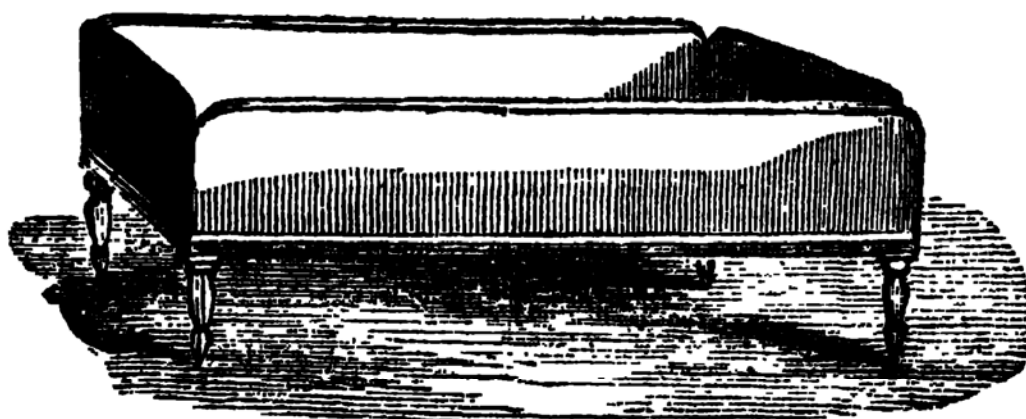


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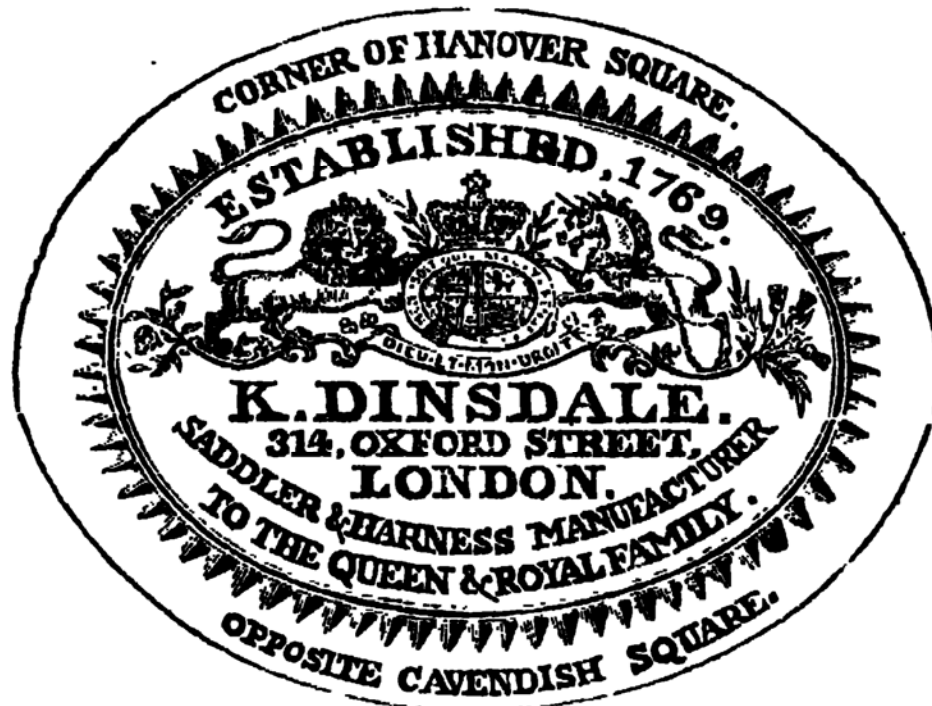
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"SINGULAR HARNESS.—On Saturday the 3d instant, Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness Prince Albert honoured Mr. Dinsdale, of 314, Oxford Street, by an interview, to inspect the very beautiful harness for four horses, which had been made according to the express command of Her Majesty, and were graciously pleased to express their perfect admiration of the same, their novelty and beauty surpassing precedent. The material is furnished by the tail-feathers of the peacock, wrought into the most elegant devices, which combine singular elegance with durability."—*Times*, July 10.

"GREAT NOVELTY IN HARNESS.—We were yesterday admitted to a private view of a magnificent set of harness, for two carriage-horses and two out-riders, made by the express command of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, at Mr. KAY DINSDALE'S, Saddler and Harness Manufacturer, 314, Oxford Street. Of the artistic merit of the work it is impossible to speak too highly, and to Mr. Dinsdale great credit is due. This gentleman has the merit of having given an impetus to this peculiar mode of decorative art, which was scarcely known until within the last few years. We have witnessed with admiration and delight the work of South-American Indians in small basket-work, and in other forms, and we had imagined that the working in 'quills' was almost exclusively confined to such latitudes. But it appears that in reference to the beautiful example of quill-work, as exemplified in the marvellous specimens placed before us, that the art is not confined to southern latitudes. The artists engaged to work out the elaborate designs which beautify the various parts of the harness are Tyrolese; and assuredly their artistic taste and their singular knowledge of the art of working the peacock's quills is marvellous. The set of harness which we viewed is the private harness for Her Majesty, and is intended to be used only when His Royal Highness Prince Albert drives through Windsor Park, attended by two out-riders. To Mr. Kay Dinsdale the greatest credit is due, for having matured a very beautiful artistic work. But the peculiar and singular charm of this splendid work of art—for such it may well be termed—is, that the materials used to decorate the harness for Her Majesty are the tail-feathers of the most beautiful peacocks, wrought in most elegant devices. The blinkers are surrounded by the rose, shamrock, and thistle, and in the centre the royal motto in garter, surmounted by the crown, with 'V.R.' in centre, the pads and most prominent parts to correspond, and the traces and breechings are a beautiful scroll of England's rose, with rose-leaves; in fact, every part is diversified with elegant patterns; and the general effect is so truly elegant as to have all the appearance of frosted silver, possessing all the charms of novelty and decorative effect, combined with the additional advantage of cleanliness and durability. A more beautiful work of the kind we cannot imagine. To the artistic taste of Mr. Dinsdale we gladly pay our tribute of respect."—*From Morning Herald of Sept. 1852*

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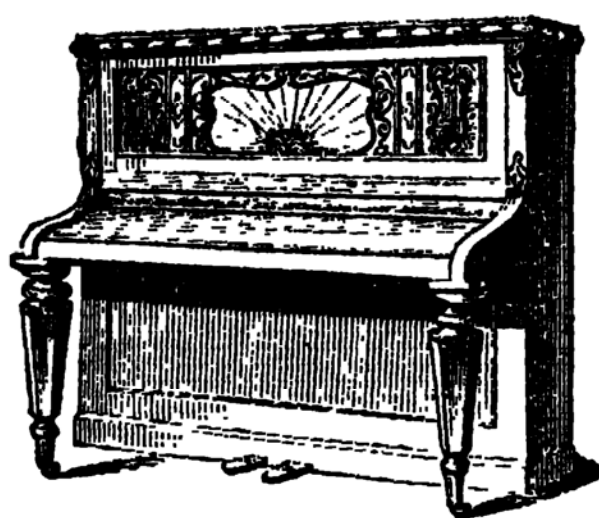
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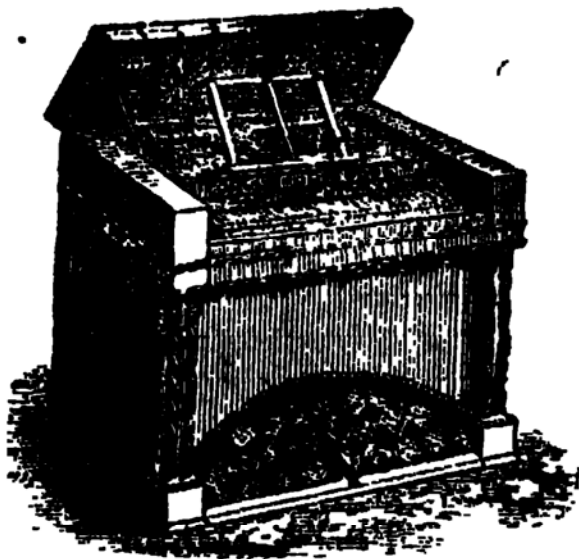
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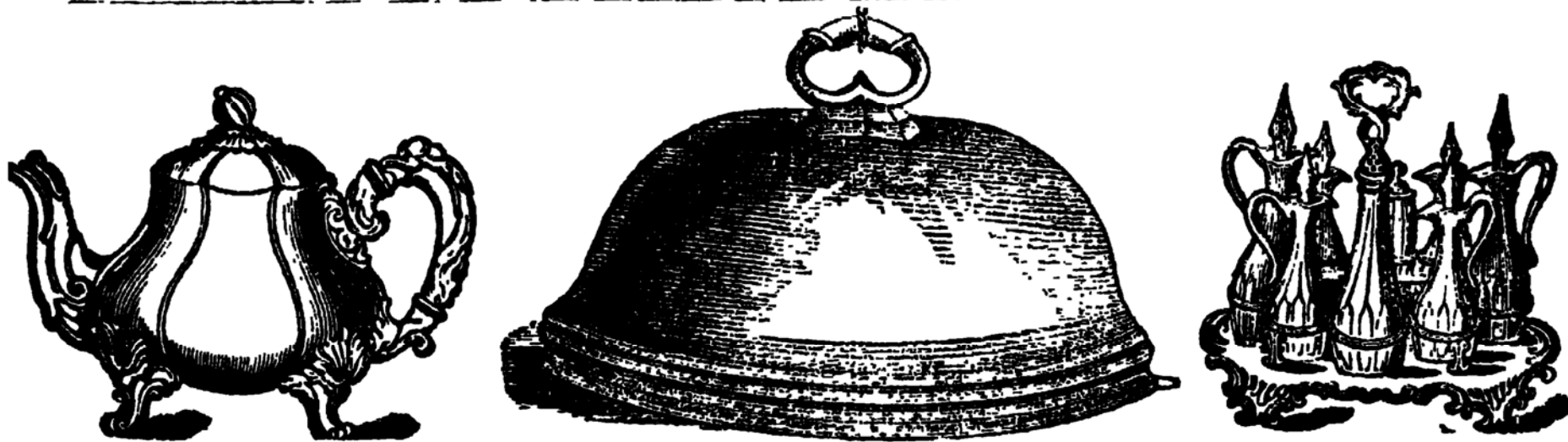
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ESTABLISHED 1818.

NEW QUARTERLY
REVIEW.



No. X.

THE NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW.

RETROSPECT OF THE LITERATURE OF THE QUARTER

THE flowers of literature are own sisters to the azalias; shorter lived, perhaps; not so capable of enduring sharp, nipping chills; but still companions of the early spring. Kew Gardens and Paternoster Row grow rich in petals about the same time. This year the literary flower-show is tremendous. The "Publishers' Circular," that faithful catalogue, enumerates no less than 1636 specimens—fragrant, inodorous, and mephitic—ephemerals, annuals, and (very rare) perennials—of every class and of every order.

It is useless, however, to look irresolutely upon our task, and to stand dallying with a metaphor. It is a hard arithmetical fact, that, between the 1st of January and the third week in March, sixteen hundred and thirty-six volumes, more or less innocent and hopeful, or more or less impudent and truculent, have struggled into the world, and throng for judgment. We must throw out the no-mention-requiring trash, and select, classify, examine, and label the remainder. So to work.

History has been lazy of late. She has not taken her usual care *ὡς μὴ τὰ γενόμενα ἐξ ἀνθρώπων τῷ χρόνῳ ἐξίτηλα γένηται*. Perhaps she does not now think the danger so great as it was. She has been content with very little efforts upon very little subjects, such as light excursions about Hungary and Russia and Turkey, and a not very interesting communication touching old Spanish doings in a province of Mexico. The stately muse has evidently inter-

mitted her serious occupations, and is amusing herself with her berlin wool and crotchet needles. Let us respect her moments of feminine leisure, and pass on.

Stay; there is a sort of history, which, although written by a Frenchman, comes out first in an English dress, and which, by its subject, at least belongs to British history. M. Guizot must detain us for a moment.

M. Guizot has written, and Mr. Scobel has translated, a "Life of Oliver Cromwell"—a continuation of M. Guizot's already published work upon the English Revolution. It seems that this well-known book, published long since by Mr. Bogue in a three-and-sixpenny volume, is now to be followed by six octavos. The period from the accession of Charles I. in 1625 is, we are told, naturally divided into four periods. The first of these comprehends the reign of Charles the First, his conflict with the Long Parliament, his defeat, and death. The second contains the history of the Commonwealth under the Long Parliament and Cromwell. The third is marked by the Restoration of the Monarchy under the brief Protectorate of Richard Cromwell. The fourth comprises the reigns of Charles II. and James II., and the final fall of the royal race of Stuart.

Each of these four periods is to form the subject of a special work by M. Guizot. The first has already appeared; the second is now before us; the other two are in progress.

Thus M. Guizot enters into competition, on subjects of English history, and on their own special ground, with Charles Fox, Sir James Mackintosh, Thomas Carlyle, and Mr. Macaulay, to say nothing of Hume and Brodie. It is with but faint curiosity we open a work by such a man, upon such a subject, and he does not startle our apathy into interest. It is not a very original thought that Cromwell "was guided in his government by the superior instinct and practical good sense of a man destined by the hand of God to govern." He does not very materially increase our knowledge of the sovereign leader who raised England from a third-rate to a first-rate power, when he tells us that Cromwell was "a revolutionary despot, whose bold and prudent genius commands our admiration, although he attacked and destroyed, first legal order, and then liberty, in his native land,"—which means, in other words, that he struck down an odious tyranny, and then suppressed an equally tyrannical anarchy. He does not much elucidate his subject, when he adds, in all the simulated profundity of Gallic verbiage—"The great men whom God chooses as the instruments of his great designs are full of contradiction and of mystery: in them are mingled and combined, in undiscoverable proportions, capabilities and failings, virtues and vices, enlightenment and error, grandeur and weakness; and after having filled the age in which they lived with the splendour of their actions and the magnitude of their destiny, they remain personally obscure in the midst of their glory, alternately cursed and worshipped by the world which does not know them."

If this be the relative positions of Oliver Cromwell and M. Guizot, it is evident that M. Guizot ought to have very little to say upon a man whose qualities were thus mingled "in undiscoverable proportions."

In the hundred and thirty pages of appendix to the first volume there are some letters from Louis XIV. to Cromwell, which have a feeble interest as curiosities of royal correspondence; and in the hundred and ninety pages of appendix to the second volume there are some communications from the French and Spanish ambassadors to the court of the Tuilleries which may afford an occasional hint to the historian; but, generally speaking, we think the English reader may safely neglect these volumes.

When M. Guizot published his "History of the English Revolution," and Mr. Bogue published a translation of it by Mr. Hazlitt, a large portion of the public thought the opinions of a French statesman worth reading at the expense of three and sixpence. Whether, while Villemain's Life can be obtained for a waste-

paper price, and while Carlyle's Life is still to be got, any considerable number of people will give twenty-eight shilling to know what M. Guizot, the exile, thinks of our Cromwell, must be very doubtful. We in England have not forgotten M. Guizot's conduct in the negotiation preceding the Spanish marriages, and the result of our recollection is very much to lessen our estimate of the importance of any thing that M. Guizot either says or writes. The "modification of untruth" went far beyond any thing that could be justified, or even excused, by his character as a public minister.

Farini's History of the Rome of our day is now completed in its English dress. Of the history, and of the translation, so well achieved by Mr. Gladstone and his fair deputy, there was much to say; and we had hoped to say it in this Number. Mr. De Quincey, in the preface to his "Autobiographic Sketches," complains bitterly of editors:—"They won't wait an hour for you in a magazine or review; they won't wait for truth; you may as well reason with the sea, or a railway train, as, in such a case, with an editor; and as it makes no difference whether that sea which you desire to argue with is the Mediterranean or the Baltic, so, with that editor and his deafness, it matters not a straw whether he belong to a northern or a southern journal." Alas, Mr. De Quincey, think you that this fell editor who so hunts you has no hounds at his own heels? The printer is hunting the editor, the publisher is hunting the printer, the bookseller is hunting the publisher, and the public hunts the bookseller. The inevitable day of publication becomes a law of (second) nature: it wears while Mr. De Quincey is arguing with it; and, while he yet is arguing, unconvinced it dies. Can the acute reader now guess why, with three parts of a review of Farini in type, we come forth dumb upon the history of Modern Rome?

The old streams of Memoirs run on towards their accomplishment; but no new fountains are opened.

Moore has a frame to himself, and Lord John Russell and Croker are duly depicted fighting over his body.

The second volume of Lord Holland's "Memoirs of the Whig Party" differs very materially from that which preceded it. More grave in its style, and dealing with more important topics, it becomes very interesting as a revelation of the secret councils of the Whigs, and instructive as the experience of a cabinet minister not superficially acquainted with the practical workings of our English constitution.

In former Numbers of the NEW QUARTERLY we have had such frequent occasion to discuss the history of the great aristocratic party to

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A GIANT lived, and still lives, in a fairy tale, who grew to his gigantic proportions during a long slumber. He was seen on the bank of a river by the affrighted people of the neighbourhood, wondering at the reflection of his own image, stretching his huge sinews, admiring his own burly limbs, and dancing a sort of wild war-dance in his own honour. Honest John Bull is just in the position of our gigantic friend. A short time since, who slept so soundly as peaceful John? who so weak, who so defenceless, in his own dream, as poor John? He was at the mercy of every friend or foe; all his arsenals existed only by favour of the indifference of his neighbours, and his guards were prepared to march out of London directly it should be telegraphed that any body of foreign troops had manifested an intention to march in. Suddenly, however, while John is dreaming that he is shorn in the hands of the Philistines, he receives a kick that wakes him up. Why, it is an indignant Titan that wakes. He piles fleet upon fleet, and army upon army, before he has well opened his eyes. He stretches forth one arm and grasps the dominion of the Black Sea; the other, and closes up the Baltic; he raises his voice, and thirty thousand little giants go forth to do his behest upon his enemies—colossal men-at-arms, before whose might the barbarian hordes of the north are but as stubble before the scythe. All this is done with scarce an effort—at a cost of about five per cent. upon his annual income; less than he disburses upon his ordinary amusements of occupying a fresh Indian jungle, or trying a new experiment in finance, or squabbling about capital and wages. Having thus given vent to his indignation, the impetuous old gentleman, being a little relieved, looks

around him and finds that the bulk of his resources is scarcely touched. He has ships enough still left. He is forming a channel fleet that will render his white cliffs as unapproachable as the north pole; and even then he will have placed in commission only one hundred out of the five hundred and seventy floating batteries that make up the total of his strength. * As to tars, he has but to speak one magic word, and all the salt-water dare-devils of the Anglo-Saxon race will swarm up the sides of his ships, and man them as quickly as they can float out of dock. It is a spell more potent than the ukase of a thousand despots—it is nothing but to say, "The best wages going, men!" and the thing is done. And why not say that word? What is money to John when his honour or his indignation is touched? John is the emperor of the whole earth, and the monarch of every sea. There is not a little islet in the round globe that does not pay him tribute; not a savant or a savage, not a French marshal, or a Yankee nigger, who does not willingly and ungrudgingly pay him a portion of his yearly earnings. John Bull does, by the certain power of self-interest, what the bungling old Romans did by material force—he compels all the nations of the earth to come up to London—"to be taxed."

John looks complacently upon the evidences of his power, and wonders that the demonstration could be made so cheaply. It was well worth five millions instead of four, even as a commercial speculation. It makes him so comfortable in himself, and gives so convincing a proof of his stability to the world.

It is a consolation to know that this fit of bellicose ardour has been excited by no greed for new territory. It is simply the indignation

of a comfortable housekeeper, who, while counting his silver spoons, hears that a robbery has been committed next door but one. It is the same sort of feeling with that which makes a police rate palatable. John Bull is become a member of the great Peace Society of nations. The armaments he prepares are but his contingent to the police of the globe. If John Bright, that most reverend, most splenetic, and most spiteful of all war-wagers against plural pronouns—if John Bright and his drab-coated followers could cease for a moment in their endeavours to make the rolling of their tub heard amid the note of preparation, they would surely see that the nation is only carrying out their arbitration scheme upon a scale they never dreamt of. Even an arbitration must have its issue in an arbitrator's award; and even an arbitrator's award must somehow or other be *enforced*. What was the Congress of Vienna but an arbitration? and what are the fleets and armies of England and France but the tipstaffs and bailiffs who enforce obedience to the award?

If, on the other hand, Mr. D'Israeli could forget that it is the business of Her Majesty's opposition to discover or invent causes of criminality against Her Majesty's Government; if Earl Grey could forget that he holds no place; and Lord Clanricarde could imagine that he is still Post-master General; these unsatisfied legislators might be in a condition to reflect that it is more statesmanlike, not to say more just, to exhaust all the resources of diplomacy before recourse is had to arms; and that it is more expedient to delay entering into a war until strengthened by every available alliance.

Some people seem inclined to undertake a Russian war with the same-light hearted spirit in which they would start to see the Darby. They forget who are our allies and who our enemies.

France, Austria, Prussia, Turkey, and some of the northern powers, are, or are expected to be, with us. Of these, the Emperor of the French is the most decided, and, as ministers assert, is the most trusted. No doubt it is their duty to profess publicly all confidence in the faith and honour of so powerful an ally. But it is equally their duty privately to remember that Louis Napoleon is not remarkable for his unselfishness, nor very rigidly bound by his engagements. His antecedents are become history, and Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston are not such innocents as to be beguiled by the protestations of a man who has not always paid strict attention to his oaths. Louis Napoleon has invented a scheme of conquest as original as that of his uncle, and far less costly. Rome was invested and carried

by a French army in a strictly friendly spirit; and Rome is still garrisoned by Louis Napoleon. Suppose a similar chain of circumstances were to plant a French garrison in Constantinople—were to locate a French army in Alexandria, and another in the passes of the Lebanon; is it not just possible that we should have more difficulty in getting the French out than we shall have in keeping the Russians from coming in?

Austria, again, is to be more or less an ally. Austria, who hates every Englishman with a bitter personal hatred; Austria, whom every Englishman abhors; Austria, who sabres our countrymen, detests our Government, shocks all our classic sentiment in Italy, and outrages our human feelings in Hungary and Poland—Austria is to be our good friend, if not our companion in arms. Oh, how popular had this war been if Austria had been ranged on the other side! With what joy should we have seen the word given to Poland, to Hungary, but, above all, to poor Italy, who still writhes and curses under the heel of the barbarian. But Austria, true to her truckling and cowardly policy, will side with us and love our enemies, and make us help her to destroy our friends.

The Turks are a very honourable race of warriors and fanatics; tolerant upon compulsion, and equally tolerant and contemptuous of Roman Catholics, Greek separatists, and Protestants. But they are a race of conquerors, dominating conquered and oppressed nationalities. The rights of mankind are certainly opposed to them.

We may preach as wisely and as plausibly as we can about our good intentions, and we may propose to ourselves all sorts of designs having the well-being of the populations who struggle under the thralldom of our good allies; but we are not the less leagued with the tyrants of Europe; we are not the less members of a holy alliance against liberty. Lord John Russell has, indeed, in an unreported speech, and with an energy that did him honour, declared that British troops should be employed on no such errand. But how little does this fact avail, while the name, the prestige, the influence of England are all ranged in opposition to any attempt to disturb the *status quo*?

With these allies we are about to fight Russia, the least vulnerable nation of the world. But suppose Russia should come to the conclusion that it would be more to her interest to be surrounded by weak republics than by strong monarchies; suppose she should discover that the partition of Poland was a blunder, and should restore that kingdom to its place in Europe. See how wide the frontier line of enmity would spread, how rapidly the area of our friendship would contract. If the

Russ should be bold enough to adopt such policy, it will be no question of taking Sebastopol from the land side, of beating the Cossacks on the Danube, of defeating the barbarians who are perhaps now advancing up the channel of the Oxus, or even of battering Cronstadt and shelling St. Petersburg. We should have heaps of old thrones and crowns thrust upon us, and we should be bound to bear these precious relics back to the capitals whence they had been thrust. We should have to subjugate Italy, to conquer Germany, to force back Hungary to her slavery, to re-partition Poland, to reduce Macedonia, to over-run Asia Minor, perhaps to destroy a republic in France, and still, to fight the Russians!

We have had princes for our allies: we may find that we have the nations for our enemies.

These may be distant and improbable eventualities: they certainly are not impossible contingencies.

We pretend to no power of prophecy, and ask not from our readers a confidence in our speculations which we do not ourselves possess. We put our suggestions forward, not as things certain or likely to happen, but as things that *may* happen; and we use them only to shew that the war upon which we are entering is not a mere holiday pastime which we may lay aside when it wearies us, and wherein success is certain, but may become the struggle of half a century, wherein England may come not to have the right upon her side. We wish also to point out that there are questions connected with the present crisis that demand the careful attention of the best-instructed minds among us. Now, let us look upon the literature that reflects the public mind, and see how these questions have been discussed, and how far they have been resolved.

The authors are very numerous, but their information is very scant. Not one in four of the works whose title-pages lead us to expect information as to the merits of the question on which we are now going to war contain one word upon the subject. Every man or woman who has ever been at Constantinople or St. Petersburg thinks it his duty to write a book, to tell us what he saw there perhaps years ago. Every publisher who has any copies of an old book upon Russia or Turkey thinks it a good time to reproduce it with a new title-page or with a new introduction and a few notes. Mr. Urquhart is, we believe, the only man who has pretended to treat the whole question in a comprehensive manner; and Mr. Urquhart is unfortunately not a safe guide for sane men. The Turks see that, practically, he has done them all the harm he possibly could, having done his utmost to prevent their obtaining a loan, by persuading the capitalists of Europe

that it was contrary to the Korán to borrow money, and that therefore the debt would be repudiated; and now, by protesting to all that will listen to him, that the only way to save the Turks from destruction is to withdraw the fleets and armies, and to leave them to their fate. Many of the Turks conscientiously believe that Mr. Urquhart is a secret agent of Russia. We do not believe any thing of the sort. We hold him to be like Mr. Smith O'Brien, and many others—a gentleman of strict honour upon all general questions, but decidedly insane upon this particular subject. We cannot, however, quarrel with the suspicion of the Turks; for however indignant we may feel at the idea of such a thought being entertained of any English gentleman, we must admit that, if a secret Russian agent wished to do good service to his paymaster, he would endeavour to persuade the European capitalists not to lend the Turks money, and England and France not to assist them with forces. Mr. Urquhart must be put aside altogether: if we have alluded to him now and before, it is not with any wish to give him pain, but simply to prevent his infecting ill-informed people with his own crazy fancies upon this most important subject.

The other books will not lead us back to the subject of the cause of the present war, or help us in our speculations as to the political events which its course may evolve. At best they will but help us to some conjectures as to the probable results of a Russian campaign on the Turkish side of the Danube.

Mr. Curzon's little volume upon Armenia is a narrative of the author's adventures while engaged as a commissioner in settling the border line between the empires of Russia and Persia. It was written, as he candidly informs us, in a few days, and amid other occupations; and is intended chiefly for the members of any expedition which the chances of war may occasion to be sent into these countries. Mr. Curzon's view of the Eastern question is only a regret that the Emperor of Russia, by his want of principle, has brought the Christian religion into disrepute. "What an unfortunate mistake has been made," he says, "in not waiting for a real and just occasion for pressing forward the ranks of the Cross against the Crescent! Then, who would not have joined the righteous cause? who would not have given his wealth, his assistance, or his life, in the defence of his faith against the enemies of his religion?"

A traveller who talks in this inaccurate and vague manner about the defence of his faith, can hardly know much of the difficulties that oppose any unity of action among the various and hostile sects of Christians under the Turkish rule. We must be content to take from Mr. Curzon his observations rather than his reflections.

The Black Sea has been often described, but a fresh description will not be uninteresting at this moment.

THE BLACK SEA.

Fena Kara Dagnig—The Bad Black Sea. This is the character that stormy lake has acquired in the estimation of its neighbours at Constantinople. Of 1000 Turkish vessels which skim over its waters every year, 500 are said to be wrecked as a matter of course. The wind sometimes will blow from all the four quarters of heaven within two hours' time, agitating the waters like a boiling cauldron. Dense fogs obscure the air during the winter, by the assistance of which the Turkish vessels continually mistake the entrance of a valley called the False Bogaz for the entrance of the Bosphorus, and are wrecked there perpetually. I have seen dead bodies floating about in that part of the sea, where I first became acquainted with the fact, that the corpse of a woman floats upon its back, while that of a man floats upon its face.

Here is a description of a Turkish officer. We will contrast it with another of an Austrian.

THE TURK.

Kiamell Pasha, who was shooting at a mark with a pistol, is the most wonderful shot I ever heard of: he always fired at a distance of 250 paces, or yards. Any one who will take the trouble to step this distance in a field or park will see how far it is to shoot with a rifle, and how entirely out of all calculations in pistol practice. I went into the Pasha's tent. He received me, as usual, with great kindness; and, after pipes and coffee, I begged him to go on with his shooting. The way he set about it was this: he sat on one of the low, square, rush-bottomed stools which are always found in Turkish coffee-houses, but which must have been brought from Constantinople probably by the Pasha, as those kind of stools are not usually met with in every room. He did not rest his elbow on his knee, but pressed it steadily against his side, took a deliberate but not very slow aim, and sent the ball through a brown pottery vase filled with water, about fifteen inches high, which stood on the other side of the valley, on a level with the tent, and full 250 yards off.

I think the Pasha broke two while I sat with him, and made a hole which let the water out of another.

THE AUSTRIAN.

In the year 1838 I left Constantinople on my way to Vienna. I went to Varna, and from thence proceeded up the Danube in a miserable steamer, on board of which was a personage of high distinction belonging to a neighbouring nation, whose manners and habits afforded me great amusement. He was courteous and gentleman-like in a remarkable degree; but his domestic ways differed from those of our countrymen. He had a numerous suite of servants, three or four of whom seemed to be a sort of gentlemen; these attended him every night when he went to bed, in the standing bed-place of the crazy steamer. First, they wound up six or seven gold watches, and the great man took off his boots, his coat, and I don't know how many gold chains; then each night he was invested by his attendants with a different fur pelisse, which looked valuable and fusty to my human eyes. Each morning the same gentlemen spread out all the watches, took off the fur pelisse, and insinuated their lord into a fashionable and somewhat tight coat, not the one worn yesterday; but on no occasion did I perceive any thing in the nature of an ablution, or any proof that such an article as a clean shirt formed a part of the great man's travelling wardrobe.

The following facts are not now unknown, but they are stated more succinctly here than in some of the other books before us.

THE INVASION OF 1828.

When the Russians invaded Turkey in 1828, they lost 50,000 men by sickness alone: by want of the necessaries of life, and neglect in the commissariat department, 50,000 Russians died on the plains of Turkey, not one man of whom was killed in battle, for their advance was not resisted by the Turks.

In the next year (1829) the Russians lost 60,000 men between the Pruth and the city of Adrianople. Some of these, however, were legitimately slain in battle. When they arrived at Adrianople the troops were in so wretched a condition from sickness and want of food, that not 7000 men were able to bear arms. How many thousands of horses and mules perished in these two years is not known. The Turkish Government was entirely ignorant of this deplorable state of affairs at Adrianople till some time afterwards, when the intelligence came too late. If the Turks had known what was going on, not one single Russian would have seen his native land again: even as it was, out of 120,000 men, not 6000 ever re-crossed the Russian frontier alive.

In a former Number we gave a general sketch of the progress of Russian aggression upon Turkey, but the following table marks the details more exactly than we were then able to do.

RUSSIAN ACQUISITIONS FROM TURKEY.

Country to the north of the Crimea	-	-	-	1774
The Crimea	-	-	-	1783
Country round Odessa	-	-	-	1792
Country between the Sea of Azof and the Caspian, at the same period as the Crimea	-	-	-	1783
Bessarabia	-	-	-	1812

RUSSIAN ACQUISITIONS FROM PERSIA.

Mingrelia, on the Black Sea	-	-	-	1802
Immeritia, the same year	-	-	-	1802
Akalzik	-	-	-	1829
Georgia	-	-	-	1814
Ganja	-	-	-	1803
Karabagh	-	-	-	1805
Erwan, Mount Ararat, and Etchmazin	-	-	-	1828
Shoki-	-	-	-	1805
Shiroan	-	-	-	1806
Talish, on the Caspian	-	-	-	1812

We have said that Mr. Curzon's reflections are not very valuable, neither are they very new. We produce two of them, not as authorities, but for the sake of the facts mixed up in them, and to shew how little his facts can be relied upon.

INFIDELITY AND MOHAMMEDANISM AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Some of the reforms of Sultan Mahmoud, by treating lightly many of the ancient prejudices of the Osmanlis, have shaken the throne under his feet. The progress of infidelity, which has begun at Constantinople, is the greatest temporal danger to the power of the Turkish empire. The Turk implicitly believes the tenets of his religion: he keeps its precepts and obeys its laws; he is proud of his faith, and prays in public when the hour of prayer arrives. How different, alas! is the manner in which the divine laws of Christianity are kept! The Christian seems ashamed of his religion: as for obeying the doctrines of the Gospel, they have no perceptible effect upon the mass of the people, among whom drunkenness, dishonesty, and immorality prevail almost unchecked, except by the fear of punishment in this world; while in Turkey not one-tenth part of the crime exists which is annually committed in Christendom.

HOW SEBASTAPOL MAY BE TAKEN.

If England and France had shewn a determined front,

and informed the Czar that, being bound by treaty to preserve the integrity of the Turkish empire, they should consider the passage of the Pruth by one Russian armed man as a violation of that treaty, and a declaration of war, and that they should act accordingly without delay, in all probability no war would have commenced, no blood would have been shed, no ruinous expenses would have been incurred. War having commenced, heavy and exhausting sums of money have been drawn from the treasury of the Sultan. When the ice set in upon the Baltic, what was to prevent the allied fleets from taking possession of the stores of corn, and occupying or destroying the city of Odessa? Sebastopol, impregnable by sea, is not—or was not two years ago, and, I believe, at this day is not—defensible on the land side. The Bay of Streleskaia offers a convenient landing-place about three miles in the rear of the fortifications of the arsenal, where a Turkish army might be brought in two days from Constantinople to try its fortunes with the Russian force; or if that was not judged expedient, Sebastopol could have been blockaded till some advantageous terms were gained for our ally.

Of "The Knout and the Russians" nothing need be said, except that we believe it is a translation from the French, and that it is an "Uncle-Tom" sort of book, full of horrors which may or may not be apochryphal, but which have not much to do with the war. "The Czar Nicholas, his Court and People," is not a very dissimilar book. "The Despot of Eastern Europe" is a three-volume romance, with a *titre de circonstance*. There are dozens of little trumpery books which it would be of no profit to mention, all telling us what every one knows already, or what no one ever knew at all.

The History of Von Hammer we need not mention. We might as well notice Hume's "History of England" as *à propos* of the subject in hand. If any gentleman happen to be about to write another cheap book on Turkey for some enterprising publisher, we recommend it to him as a mine of very reliable materials. If he use it discreetly, it will be hard to discover that he was not born in a harem.

Mr. Warrington Smyth's "Year with the Turks" is a little volume of pleasant travels, but has nothing to do with the war, except that it contains a very useful map of the Turkish empire, coloured so as to illustrate the distribution of the different races of the population.*

* It may interest the shopkeepers of the Palais Royale and Regent Street, however, to read the following little anecdote, which we find in Mr. Smyth's book, although we fear it will excite in them great contempt for the Turks as "men of business."

Only one little trait of Turkish honesty I may introduce, as it happened to fall under my own observation. A friend of mine wandering through the bazars, wished to buy an embroidered handkerchief of a Turkish shopkeeper. He asked the price: "Seventy-five piastres." "No," said he, aware that it is usual among all the traders, whatever their creed, to ask at first more than the value, "that is too much; I will give you seventy;" and as the dealer seemed to nod assent, he counted out the money.

Of Mr. O'Brien the advertisements inform us that he was present at the battle of Oltenitza. The book itself tells us little more. If the reader should consult it for any details of the operations upon the Danube he will be sadly disappointed. He had very much better betake himself to a file of the *Times*. We never met with so unsatisfactory a book, professing to have been written by an eye-witness. When he pretends to describe matters which we should feel an interest in becoming acquainted with, his descriptions are such as might have been written without much personal investigation. Thus, in speaking of the Russian generals, he says—"Prince Gortschakoffe is more than sixty years of age, but he is firm and erect, and has all the appearance of a veteran soldier." Of all the others we only read—"None of the generals under his orders seem less than fifty years old, and all have the same stern, war-worn look."

The Cossacks, however, have been minutely described a hundred times since 1812. Mr. O'Brien can draw a Cossack at full length.

THE COSSACK.

The lance which the Cossack carries is not longer than the English one, and has no flag: besides this, his other weapons are a heavy carbine slung at his back, a pistol stuck in his belt, and a long sword. His uniform is a blue frock-coat, buttoned up to the throat, and wide trousers of the same colour. He wears a high conical-shaped chako of black oil-skin, without a peak, which is kept on his head by a strap fastened under the chin. The Cossack's horse is generally a wiry animal, of about fourteen and a half hands high. His bridle is a plain snaffle, without side bars; and his saddle is of a very rude construction. When the Cossack trots or gallops he leans forward in his saddle, with the upper part of his body quite straight; an attitude, one would suppose, the least suited for comfort; but he nevertheless sits his horse with extraordinary closeness.

The two most prominent books are the "Travels in Turkey, and Cruise in the Black Sea," by Captain Slade, now an admiral in the Turkish fleet, and known as Muchaver Pacha, and Colonel Chesney's "Russian Campaigns."

Neither of these books, however, are of very recent interest. Captain Slade's Travels are a new edition of an old work, revised, we presume, in England. The editor says this book was written and published "at a time when Turkey lay prostrate at the feet of Russia. The Crescent had indeed paled before the Cross. The Danube had been bridged, Varna had been betrayed, the Balkans were passed,

But his surprise was great when the bearded Osmanli, gravely pushing back to him twenty piastres, observed, "this is more than the just price: it is always the custom here to bargain over a thing down to its fair value; and as fifty piastres is my proper price, those twenty belong to you." Verily, not a few among our professing Christians might take a lesson from the believer in the Korán!

and a humiliating peace had been dictated and accepted under the walls of Adrianople." The history of adventure is all anterior to 1831, and although very interesting as a book of travels, it gives much more information upon the subject of the Rev. Mr. Wolff's prophecy of the Millennium being certain to happen in 1847, than of the war that is commenced in 1854.

To Colonel Chesney's work the same preface might be written as that we have just quoted.

Colonel Chesney went over to serve in the Turkish army, and he found the war at an end. He, however, surveyed the scene of the operations, and, in this work, narrates the events of a campaign in which he took no part. In a strategic point of view this work is very valuable. It is rather redundant of truisms, and not always very logical in its sequences. But as the work of an intelligent soldier, we are inclined to accept his conclusions as premises, and not to care about his reasons. One very great drawback to the work is, that there is no great likelihood that the Russians will march upon Constantinople this war. It is not without interest, however, that we read the Colonel's elaborate description of the country that intervenes between the Danube and Constantinople; and we shall venture, with some condensation, to place it before our readers.

THE PASSAGE OF THE DANUBE.

With some difficulty, the Danube may be passed a little above Widdin, and again at Oltenitza, or rather Turtokai, below that fortress; also at the island near Silistria, and again at Hirsova: which, in descending thus far, is the first suitable place for the passage of an army. Saturnovo and Tuldeha, in the Delta, are, however, preferable points; particularly the latter, at which a bar with only fourteen feet water would facilitate the construction of a bridge: although in this part of the Delta, as well as higher up the main stream, the right bank usually gives to the defenders the advantage of higher and more difficult ground, to assist in disputing the passage.

In addition to the ordinary difficulties in crossing when the river is not frozen, even where there is no kind of resistance, may be added the strongholds on the banks of the Danube. These deserve a brief description; the more so that the defence of a fortress by the Turks may, in one sense, be said only to begin with them where it usually ends in more scientific warfare; namely, after a breach has been effected in the body of the place.

The Colonel then describes Adakalá, Widdin, Kalafat—of which he only says, "On the left bank, opposite to Widdin, is the *tête de pont* of Kalafat, a revetted work of but very moderate strength until the recently-added entrenchments"—Lom, Oriava, Yeni-kalá, Eski-kalá, Sistchof, Rustchuk, Silistria, Hirsova, Brailow, Matschin, and Fuldsha. We will now suppose the Danube to have been crossed.

THE SECOND LINE OF DEFENCE.

In the comparatively level portion of this country which intervenes between the Danube and the Balkan, at about sixty miles from, and nearly parallel to, the Danube,

is the second line of defence. Of this, Schumla may be considered the centre, with Pravadi and Varna at its right or eastern, and Tirnova, the ancient capital of Bulgaria, at its other extremity.

Tirnova, the most western *place d'armes*, is situated about fifty miles from the Danube, at nearly an equal distance from Nicopoli, Sistchof, and Rustchuk, all on that river. The town is singularly placed in a basaltic mountain basin of 800 feet, or even occasionally 1000 feet in depth. The houses are built on a plateau, as well as on both sides of a precipitous tongue of land, which runs into and nearly bisects the basin in question.

Near the southern extremity of this projection, but connected with it by means of a bridge, there is an otherwise isolated and more elevated portion of rock, on which stands the citadel, a work originally constructed by the Genoese. Tirnova, therefore, with the rapid river Jantra flowing round it, may, even with reference to the power of modern warfare, be considered a very defensible position.

At the opposite or eastern extremity of the line are the port and fortress of Varna. The town occupies a spreading valley at the head of Lake Devna, and has the shape of a truncated pyramid, the base of which is towards the interior, with its apex on the Euxine. The third side faces the north, and the fourth is washed partly by the anchorage, and partly by the river Devna. The places contain about 25,000 inhabitants, but although better fortified than most of the Turkish towns, it cannot, in a scientific point of view, be considered strong. Towards the sea, as well as towards the river Devna, are high loop-holed walls imperfectly flanked; ten flat bastions connected by long curtains, and surrounded by a ditch with a cunette, form the rest the enceinte. The scarp and counterscarp are revetted, and the former has a parapet faced with wicker-work hurdles to retain the earth. In the interior, a Byzantine castle with high square turrets at the angles, serves at once as a citadel and magazine. Since the siege of 1828, a hornwork and some lines have been erected by the Turks, to occupy the commanding ground on the western side of the fortifications; but it is doubtful whether the means of defence have been much strengthened in consequence.

THE BALKAN.

The ancient Hæmus runs from west to east; that is, from the shores of the Adriatic to those of the Black Sea; with, however, an unequal degree of elevation, which varies from 5000 feet at the pass of Gabrova to a little more than 3000 feet at that of the Kamtchik, about ten miles south of Schumla. The mountains are chiefly conical, and generally clothed with oak and beech trees of a large size; the valleys are very bold and rocky, and usually covered with evergreens. The abutments of the southern side, which are higher than those on the northern, have the effect of lessening to the eye the great height of the range itself; from which they also differ in character, being of limestone, with precipitous sides, terminating in walls of rock from ten to two hundred feet in height. Numerous streams and thick underwood abound in the northern slopes, and, owing to these impediments, the plateaux above these outlying hills cannot be reached without much difficulty.

The principal range of the Balkan, exclusive of its abutments, is twenty-one miles across at its greatest width, and about fifteen from side to side at its narrowest points, including the windings.

The Turkish historian, Von Hammer, states that there are only eight defiles by which the Balkan can be crossed; that from Chamaderé to Chenga, on the Nadirderbend, being the most eastern. General Jochmus, however, mentions five other passes, including mere pathways, between Nadirderbend and the sea at Cape Eminéh.

These passes are described at some length,

and with technical details. We shall again trust the Colonel's conclusions.

THE PASSAGE OF THE BALKAN.

It is not, however, so much the physical impediments presented by rugged valleys and lofty mountains, as the accessories connected with these difficulties in a country like Turkey—such as the want of practicable roads, and the deficiency of supplies consequent on a thinly scattered population—which present the greatest obstacles. Under these circumstances, and with ordinary precautions on the part of the Turks, it is difficult to imagine how the barrier of the Balkan could be forced; unless, indeed, the invaders should be in a position to bring forward, and (what is far more difficult) to support, an overwhelming force in this part of the country.

FROM THE BALKAN TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

There is but little to obstruct an enemy between the southern slopes of the Balkan and that formidable position, about twenty miles from the capital, so celebrated in history,—where, owing to the nature of the ground, Attila was stayed in his march to conquer the eastern empire; and where, at a later period, the Huns were signally defeated by Belisarius.

This natural barrier is formed by a chain of steep hills, which, running almost continuously from the inlet of Kara Bournu on the Euxine to the sea of Marmora, separates, as it were, Constantinople and the extremity of the Peninsula from the rest of European Turkey. The northern side of these hills is washed almost throughout their whole length by the Kará-su, which in certain places forms a difficult marsh, and ultimately a lake, flowing into the sea below Buyuk Chekmedgé, or the great drawbridge. In addition to the latter, which is about 500 paces long, there are three other bridges leading to the capital; one from Midia, passing along the shores of the Black Sea to the mouth of the Bosphorus; a second, crossing the marsh between Tsjalatalatje and Tasjalik; and the third, at Kastanakoi. By constructing *têtes-de-pont* at these passages, and scarping some of the hills, as well as strengthening other weak points, these defences might become a second Torres Vedras, and one of the strongest positions in Europe.

Even in its present state, if defended by an organized force, assisted by an armed population, it would prove a serious if not an insuperable impediment; since an enemy must either endeavour to turn it by landing, at great risk, close to the Bosphorus, or attempt to carry it by an attack in front; which in all probability would be attended with serious loss, independently of that still to be experienced in attacking another position six miles from thence.

This position consists of a somewhat similar range of hills, running also nearly parallel to those just described, almost from sea to sea. But not being altogether continuous, it is scarcely so defensible towards the eastern as it is at the western side; where an enemy would have to cross six different streams in approaching the lake formed by them in front of the hills, both above and below Kuchuk-Chekmedgé, or the lesser drawbridge. It is scarcely necessary to remark that, as the left of this position, as well as that more in advance, are particularly strong, their defenders would be enabled to mass their troops towards the centre and right of the space to be defended.

After mastering successively these two very defensible lines, the heights of Ramid Chiflik, just outside Constantinople, would be the last means of endeavouring to cover its dilapidated walls, which have been totally neglected since the conquest of the city in 1453.

The exposure which has been the consequence of this neglect might, however, be easily remedied. By the ordinary repairs of the towers, walls, counterscarp, &c., with the addition of a line of martello towers, or a stronger description of works, constructed at certain intervals parallel to the contour, so as to prevent an enemy from

bombarding the place until they are mastered, Constantinople could be rendered capable of a more protracted defence. In its present state, however, there is not any thing to impede an enemy, beyond desultory resistance from house to house, until a terrible conflagration, which must be the result of the bombardment of wooden structures, should end the struggle in the capital.

All these points of defence have been well attended to since the Colonel went over the ground. But the line of retreat is far more likely to be the theatre of war than the line of advance thus traced by our author.

Colonel Chesney's observations upon the best means of assisting Turkey in this contest are not much elaborated. Here they are.

OFFENSIVE OPERATIONS AGAINST RUSSIA.

The English and French fleets have at length entered the Euxine, to give, as it is understood, material support to the Sultan. If, therefore, hostilities should commence, the combined fleets, or even only one of them, will be quite sufficient to clear the waters of the Black Sea of every Russian vessel that floats; causing her ships to remain inactive in the ports of Taganrog, Sebastopol, and Odessa.

Some idea of the injury which would thus be occasioned to Russian commerce may be formed by a statement of the trade of one of these ports.

The total amount of the foreign trade of Odessa last year was 34,605,076 silver roubles: viz. exports, 24,777,717 silver roubles; imports, 9,827,359 silver roubles. The principal production of the country is corn, and wheat was exported to the amount of 14,060,031 roubles; rye, 1,884,179 roubles; barley, 212,059 roubles; maize, 1,594,324 roubles; flour and meal, 150,808 roubles. Among the other items are,—linseed, 1,644,302 roubles; wool, 4,268,144 roubles; tallow, 439,732 roubles; cordage, 126,002 roubles.

A simple blockade would have the effect of placing the trade of this and other Russian ports in abeyance, without resorting to any hostile attack on Sebastopol, or elsewhere.

It is the author's belief that Sebastopol would be safe against the action of the combined fleets. No doubt the hitherto unequalled efficiency of a steam fleet, with its present armament, would effect all that can be accomplished by skill and bravery; but the result of attacking a well-defended fortress with a fleet remains as yet a problem for the future.

It is not, however, to be expected that the defenders of Sebastopol would be equally tardy in opening a fire of shells and hot shot on their assailants, and testing, with these terrific missiles, the relative strength of stone against "wooden walls." But we are here treading on difficult ground. Therefore, while expressing a hope that the attack of Sebastopol, if it should take place, will be with an adequate force by land, rather than by a *coup-de-main* attack by sea, let us give due weight to the remarkable words of the late Duke of Wellington, when speaking of our success against Acre.

The recent chequered success of the desultory warfare of the Turks in Asia leads to the inference that but little is required to turn the scale in their favour. A comparatively small European force landed in the Crimea would produce a rising of the people of that country in favour of their ancient masters, the Turks; and trifling assistance to the Caucasians, especially in arms and military stores, would suffice to expel the Russians, who, as it is, can scarcely hold their trans-Caucasian provinces.

The difficulty would scarcely be greater of giving support to Turkey by a force operating on the western side of the Euxine. The principal passages of the Danube are of themselves sufficiently difficult, and

could be easily protected by a steam flotilla and gun-boats; while a comparatively small force acting in the rear of the enemy, under the protection of the fleet, must (considering the difficulty attending supplies and transport) render the advance of an invading army utterly impracticable. For the passage of a large body of troops, with artillery and provisions, across the Balkan, would be no easy task of itself, if no opposition whatever were to be offered to their march. Nor would the facility of defending the passes be much changed by the addition of the Austrian forces to those of Russia; for it is still as true now as it was in 1739, with regard to a campaign in Turkey, "that a large army would be starved, and a small one destroyed."

We can recommend none of these works, except a few pages in Captain Slade's book, and the volume of Colonel Chesney, as likely to give the reader any inkling of the coming events of the war. Upon the resources of the belligerent powers there are much better and more reliable works than those that have been thus thrust upon the public, with nothing to recommend them but new covers and uncut pages. We noticed in our last Number (N. Q. R., Vol. III. p. 4.), but more shortly than it deserved, owing to its reaching us at a very late moment, a little volume called "The Ottoman Empire and its Resources."* We have since looked it through more carefully, and can heartily recommend it as containing more useful and practical information than a hundred volumes of mere books of travel. For Russia, we recommend Mr. Oliphant's book, also mentioned last quarter. M. Demidoff's † luxurious volume, rich in statistics, but questionable

* By E. H. Mitchelson. London: Simpkin and Co.

because published *by authority* of the Czar. Tegoborski's "Études sur les forces productives de la Russie," of which a notice appeared in our first volume (p. 83); and M. Cyprien Robert's excellent work, "Le Monde Slave," also noticed in the same Number of the N. Q. R. Perhaps the most important book upon Russia is that of the Marquis de Custine, ‡ whereof a translation, in three volumes, was published ten years since, and a cheaper abridgment is, we observe, now advertised.

From these works the reader may obtain all the information upon Russia which is to be gotten. If any one is so sanguine as to dream of an invasion, we should recommend a course of reading in Count Ségur's "History of the Campaign of 1812."

There is no work, however, which professes to probe the questions we proposed in the observations with which we commenced this article.

There is a great task for a man of large views, and of the necessary learning, experience, and industry. We should be proud if our remarks tended in any way to suggest the preparation of such a work, and happy to introduce it to our public.

† "Travels in Southern Russia and the Crimea through Hungary, Wallachia, and Moldavia, during the year 1837," by M. Anatole de Demidoff. Mitchell. London, 1853.

‡ "The Empire of the Czar; or, Observations on the Social, Political, and Religious State and Prospects of Russia," by the Marquis de Custine. Translated from the French. 3 Vols. Longman. 1843.

NOTE TO "A FEW MORE WORDS ON INDIA" IN NO. VIII.

The Bombay Corruptions Blue Books (new series) have at length appeared; but the season for noticing them is past, and yet to come. We have reason to believe that Mr. Roebuck, M.P., will recall the lost occasion very shortly, and that his hand will deal the blow of justice upon the robbers of Surat. The Court of Directors, in the mean time, are playing their cards badly. They forget that Mr. Luard has done his worst against them, and that the matter is out of his hands, and in Mr. Roebuck's. They inform Mr. Luard that if he volunteers any more accusations he shall be again removed from his office; a menace which implies the promise of his immediate reinstatement in that office, upon the conditions announced by us (Vol. III. p. 478). We have the best authority for saying that Mr. Luard, conscious that he has now nothing more to do, and that the British public are fully possessed of the case of his accusation, has been wise enough to accept the proffered restoration to office, but silently, and without retracting one syllable. The Bombay and London Journals appear to be entirely ignorant of these circumstances, so important to a due appreciation of the sense which the Directors have of their painful position towards the Surat criminals, in which their own connivance has placed them. Yet the letter of the Court was received at Bombay, and notified to Mr. Luard on the 2d of February, as we learn from our Tannah correspondent, who writes twelve days later.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

(SECOND ARTICLE.)

Advice to Authors, inexperienced Writers, and Possessors of Manuscripts, on the efficient publication of Books; with select specimens of printing. London: Saunders and Otley.

WE are very much surprised at the noise created by the simple, dull, and business-like article we published in our last Number upon this subject. It was full of figures and balance-sheets; it had nothing to attract general notice; and it was rather intended as a sort of confidential communication to our brethren of the pen. Yet, if we had set fire to Amen Corner, or fired a train under Stationers' Hall, a greater outcry could not have been raised against us. One eminent publisher "recognises our anecdotes;" another writes a sentence of ostracism against the authors who were supposed to have informed us; a third complains that it is a breach of literary etiquette to expose the secrets of trade; a fourth finds out that we committed an error in one of our calculations by putting the trade price of a book rather too high; but all agree that the whole article shews the gross inconvenience of allowing any literary periodical to exist that is not under the parental control of the publishing body. We are very sorry that any one should be angry with us, but we must try to live through it.*

* On the other hand, we have heaps of authors' letters, whereof we have chosen three to represent the rest. Of course, we give precedence to the lady.

To the Editor of the New Quarterly Review.

SIR,—It is an immense service that you have rendered to that which is frequently called "the literary world," by exposing in a very clear manner the machinery by which the profits of authors are made to pay heavy toll; so heavy, indeed, that nothing short of the most brilliant name and popularity can ensure them making any thing like a satisfactory "book" of their publishing accounts.

One point, however, you here, I think, omitted, I touch upon; namely, the unwarrantable *time* which is expended in the inspection of the manuscript before giving any definitive answer to the anxious author. Where the name of the author is well known, this of course does not occur: his name is guarantee enough for the risk; but if the name is a new one, the manuscript is thrown aside, and perhaps forgotten, till the unhappy author, in despair, inquires about it, when it is either rejected, or (which is still more galling) he is told that it has not yet been fully gone into. And perhaps it is an ephemeral production, the point of which lies entirely in its appearing just at the right moment when the subject it treats of is a popular subject, and likely, therefore, to ensure it a sale.

If you, Sir, or your correspondent, will "speak yet once again" upon this topic, you will oblige very many, and not least

Your's, very respectfully,
VIOLA.

The next communication is without date or signature.

"THE article on the frauds perpetrated by speculating publishers upon authors is able and practical. But two sources of profit, secretly grasped by the publishers from

The half profit system has been sufficiently dealt with. It is now an author's own fault if

all authors, happen to be overlooked. These are worth mention in any future onslaught. I will describe the smallest first.

"It is usually said that a ream of paper produces 500 copies of one sheet, and publishers render an account almost always for a *round* number. But the literal state of the case is otherwise. There is in every "working" of a book a varying number of "surplus copies," dependent, partly on the success of the press or machine, and partly on the number of sheets in a ream. On an impression of 2000, there is often 50 or 60 surplus copies. The way they occur is this: every ream pays duty at the paper-mill for a *round weight* of material, not a broken number of ounces. In order to make up the weight assessed by the Excise officer, a few sheets are added to each ream to equalise the inevitable accidents of manufacture. Each ream contains usually from 510 to 520 sheets. The last I examined contained 516 sheets. Then a lucky or careful pressman, and a good machine, will succeed in producing good copies of a large proportion of these sheets. The "wastes" are few. But a printer would get into sad disgrace with the publisher if his wastes were numerous, and the surplus copies few. The printer strains every nerve to produce as many copies as possible, for they *cost nothing*. The presswork is paid for per ream, *not* per sheet. These surplus copies are seldom or never accounted for to the author. Experienced persons, who stipulate beforehand for an account of them, sometimes succeed with some houses in getting an account of them; but the rule is otherwise. Now fifty or sixty copies, which cost nothing except the binding, constitute an amount of profit which any person can calculate for himself.

"A more grievous loss remains to be told. Everybody knows that a book is sold at three prices: first, the subscription price to parties who take large or small numbers on the first day of issue; second, the ordinary trade price to the chance-trade customer who sends for copies at a later period; third, the retail-price to the public. In accounting to the author, however, every book is reckoned at the subscription-price, and at no other. There is always a difference of one shilling in the pound between the ordinary trade-price for single copies and the subscription-price. The number of copies sold at the subscription of a perfectly new book are often not one-tenth of the whole sale; but taking the case of a successful author and a known book, the proportion would be found to vary widely from this. To mention a particular case where the book sold 3000, the subscription happened to be 1500, and it follows that 1500 more were sold either retail or at the ordinary trade-price. Saying nothing about the retail, this was 1500 shillings—exactly 75*l.*—privately fobbed by the publisher, who rendered his account to the author as if the whole impression had been sold at subscription price. This is the practice of most publishers. Agents as they are for the author, they sell half the impression at a higher price than is known to their principal, and actually pocket the difference."

The third is not so practical.

Feb. 14, 1854.

SIR,—Having once been victimised, though happily only on a small scale, by the commission-system of publica-

he engages in a speculation of this kind. We propose, however, now to analyze the systems developed in the candid and seductive little work we have placed at the head of this article.

Reading Messrs. Saunders and Otley's trade pamphlet made us think better of our kind, and sent us back at once into the golden age. It recalled the fading reminiscences of our earliest spelling-book, which, if we can still remember rightly, had a frontispiece, with an ingenuous boy, whose plump cheeks gave evidence of unrestricted pudding, sitting with slate and pencil in hand, while Minerva, goddess of wisdom, bent, in helmet and breast-plate, over him, and poured sweet instruction into his open mind.

Let the happy bullet-headed youth of our frontispiece represent the young author: Minerva, goddess of wisdom, must be a sort of concreted abstract of our paternal publishers.

A fashionable dentist, entreating a great lady with a bad tooth-ache "just to sit down in that chair and let him look into her mouth for one moment," could not be more suave, bland, candid, and disinterested, than are our pattern publishers. They have little gentle remonstrances

tion, I took great interest in your exposure of the injustice of the publishers. I am at present engaged upon a work which I have already had in hand for a year, and which will occupy me probably about two years more: my interest, therefore, in the matter is eminently personal.

The question I venture to trouble you with, relates to the scheme of an Authors' Publishing Association. Do you know any reason why this should not be immediately carried into execution? The only books that would be thence issued would, I suppose, be such as were printed at the author's expense, and sold on commission by the Association, which ought to be nothing more than an agent. In such a case the establishment of the Association would not involve much risk of capital; and as it might begin modestly at first, a few shareholders would set it on foot at once. If successful, there is no doubt that it would become quite as powerful as the publishers; and, in fact, would be well qualified to compete with them in the market. The fundamental principle of the Association ought to be liberal; that is, that all shades of political and other opinions should be admitted to its benefits, provided that such opinion were courteously and decently expressed, excluding only such publications as, in the opinion of the Council of the Association, were libellous or immoral: in all cases the author should be responsible, and, in fact, the Association would make him so, by the position it would take as a mere mercantile agent.

I have heard opinions expressed favourable to the establishment of the Association, accompanied by surprise that it has not been done sooner. In the mean time, if you do not object to inform me privately as to the names of those publishers whom you think capable of doing their duty honestly as agents, I should be obliged. I say in the mean time, but there is, I fear, a wide interval between February 1854 and the date of the establishment of the "Authors' Publishing Association."

I remain, with gratitude for the information afforded by your courageous article,

SIR,

Your obedient Servant,

to offer—as every honest instructor must—but their requirements are not difficult. We are happy, however, to find that they amount to no more than this, that the good youth should write a plain hand, and, *that he should be able to draw a cheque*. What can be easier passports to fame? About the latter they say as little as can be judiciously avoided: upon the former they are eloquent and diffuse. Examples to follow, and examples to shun, are put before the ingenuous neophyte. He is stimulated by the name of Southey, who could write a long article so closely that it passed under two franks, and so clearly, that no proof-sheet required his revision. He is warned by the fate of that careless bad man, "who writes in so strange and crabbed a fashion, that only two, or at most three compositors in the largest printing establishment in England can read his manuscript." The moral is brought out prominently at last. If you write a very bad hand, and make alterations as you revise, you will have to pay for it frightfully; but if you send in good copy, the corrections will not amount to more than five per cent.

To the author thus instructed in the whole mystery of authorship, one thing more is necessary; that necessity is *a publisher*. Let us listen to experience and be wise.

THE USE OF A PUBLISHER.

In some cases it might be advisable to submit the manuscript to a publisher for the last touches and corrections; as the respectable men of this class always possess the means of getting the manuscript carefully revised, or, if necessary, materially corrected and put into better order, by experienced literary men; and, besides, a bookseller's own suggestions are always well worthy of attention. An author, treating directly, and only for one single volume, or work, with a printer and stationer, can scarcely expect to treat so advantageously as the regular bookseller, who has frequent dealings, and large or considerable operations with the same parties.

We believe the difference in the expense the author would thus incur, would, in most cases, more than counterbalance the commission he would have to pay to the publishing agent or bookseller, who, besides relieving him of this merely commercial trouble, can render important assistance to the work itself, when produced, in various ways, and save him much trouble and even expense in the preparatory stages, or in passing it through the press, advertising it in a proper manner, and in making it known to the TRADE—as the book-selling-craft is called *par excellence*. If desirable, arrangements may be made for having the proof-sheets corrected and revised by an experienced hand, in a careful and accurate manner, without any trouble to the author, who, on account of distance, or want of time, or a diffidence as to his want of experience, or of an accurately correct typographical eye, may require such aid.

Nothing that we have said is to be interpreted unfavourably to printers or stationers—two of the most respectable classes of English tradesmen; but it is not only the rule in all trades whatsoever, but it is obviously just and fair in itself, that *the regular customer, who has annually a large or considerable account, should possess certain advantages over a casual customer, entering upon a single, and perhaps inconsiderable transaction*. There arises, in

a manner, *the allowable difference that exists between wholesale and retail prices.*

The TRADE has its weak points and its strong prejudices. One of its strongest prejudices seems to be against new names or anonymous authors; and if the name of the publishing bookseller should happen to be as little known as the name of the author, there is but slight chance that any of the "Fathers of the Row," or any bookseller between Conduit Street and the extremities of Cornhill, will subscribe for a single copy, or so much as look at the book.

A London publishing agent or bookseller may also be of use to a young author, in placing copies of his work in quarters where it is likely to be reviewed, or otherwise noticed. Without exercising, or attempting to exercise, any undue influence over the press, or the periodical publications of the day, *the bookseller may at least, by his acquaintance with the curious and complicated machinery of the metropolitan press, draw attention to any new production,* and may know, pretty correctly, the work or works most likely to notice any given book or particular class of productions. To give one copy to every established review, magazine, literary journal, or newspaper, makes up a very serious tax—a tax which is often paid by the uninitiated; and, let the merits of the production thus claiming notice be what they may, it is quite certain to remain unnoticed by the majority of these reviewing or other periodical publications, and copies, *pro tanto*, may be considered as thrown away.

This subject is so important to Messrs. Saunders and Otley, and also to our present object, that they twice insist upon it, and we again extract.

When a manuscript is prepared for the press, or as soon as the author has made up his mind to publication, his best course will be to apply to some respectable publisher, who will make all the necessary arrangements for printing, paper, advertising, &c., the latter being a very essential measure, which can be effectively managed only by one who has had experience in the business.

The distribution of copies among the leading critical journals is not the least important feature in publishing. An established publisher generally possesses means of drawing attention, and of eliciting, at least, a *Notice* of a new work, which an unknown house may seek in vain to obtain. Copies should be judiciously sent, and only to such journals as are likely to recognise the subject of the work.

The name of a respectable publisher at the foot of the title-page has its influence with the public, and more so with the Trade: it tends to remove any prejudice from the minds of the booksellers, who have greater confidence in the quality of any work issuing from a well-known and established house.

After venturing to offer the above remarks, by way of guidance, to young and inexperienced writers, Messrs. Saunders and Otley beg to state, that having published, in conjunction with their former partner, Mr. Colburn, some of the most popular productions of many distinguished writers, and occupying the same extensive business premises, they have determined to devote their establishment in future chiefly to *Publishing for Authors, Possessors of Manuscripts, Parties printing for private circulation*, and others, who may desire to bring out their productions under the most advantageous circumstances.

With well-established and popular writers, Messrs. Saunders and Otley would propose to undertake the whole risk and management of publication on the usual commission, making preliminary advances when required, and to pay over to authors the whole of the profits as they may arise, by which means they will retain the control and copyright of their works without sharing proceeds, which in many instances have proved very considerable, with the publisher.

With authors who have yet to acquire a reputation,

Messrs. Saunders and Otley undertake the entire management of publication on their engaging to defray the expenses of the first edition, securing to the writer *the whole proceeds of the sale*, and affording to him *all the advantages of their establishment*, it being understood that the control and copyright of the first and all subsequent editions remain with the author.

The annexed SPECIMENS will shew the mode of printing usually adopted in different compositions, and have been selected as the most appropriate and best adapted to each subject. Those who may be desirous of ascertaining the expense of bringing out their works in any of these forms, will be pleased to state the Number of the Specimen Page preferred, and the extent of the Manuscript, when the information required will be furnished.

Hence it follows, that it is necessary to have an experienced publisher, or the Fathers of the Row will not subscribe, and the Reviews will not notice.

We will, for the sake of argument, concede this; although we think better of the Reviews, and beg to remark that it is not of one farthing's importance to a good work whether "the Trade" subscribe or not; for if the public want the book, they will get it, through the trade if they can, but if not, through the Post-office. No bookseller has the least interest now in throwing impediments in the way of any book, whoever may have published it. The feeling of the booksellers is, that the publishers have thrown them over, and that they would not be sorry to see the Publishers turned to the right about, and the whole business in the hands of the publishers and the large London agents. For our part, we cannot see why an author should not send his printed copies direct to the wholesale booksellers, distributing them among the houses in such proportions as they may think likely to be required, paying a warehouse-rent for them while on hand, and receiving the money for the amount sold at the same periods as the publishers now do.

However, we concede for the argument's sake that the author must have a publisher. The next position is, that the publisher must "make all the necessary arrangements for printing, paper, advertising, &c.—the latter" (meaning we suppose "the last") "being a very essential measure, which can be effectively managed only by one who has had experience in the business."

What we have already quoted about the difference between wholesale and retail prices of printing and paper, makes it quite manifest that it is immensely to the author's interest that the publisher who has all the means at his command of making a good bargain with the printer and paper-maker, should do this part of the business. We can so far corroborate Messrs. Saunders and Otley's statement, because we have been told over and over again by printers that the publishers screw them down to the lowest possible estimates; but that it would be ruin for a printer who is dependent upon pub-

lishers to print for an author at the same price as he is obliged to print for a publisher. This, we presume, is what is hinted at in the pamphlet, when it speaks of "the allowable difference that exists between wholesale and retail prices."

Here then, also, we are quite with Messrs. Saunders and Otley, and as, of course, they have similar advantages with the paper-maker and the advertising people, we cannot too much admire the disinterested character of their way of doing business.

Only one difficulty strikes us. How is it that Messrs. Saunders and Otley are, as we believe them to be, prosperous tradesmen? How is it that they were not ruined long ago? They must have immense private funds to disburse in this unsordid and profitless pursuit of publishing; or are they supplied from some bounteous and secret sources? They take manuscripts, print them with all their resources of economical wholesale-price printing contracts, advertise them, work them "with all the resources of their establishment;" and yet, after the author has repaid them the bare expenses, they give him the "whole proceeds of the sale!" Where is their profit? How do they pay the expenses of their establishment? We cannot understand it. We begin to think that we ought to humble ourselves in the dust of Conduit Street, and do penance at the doors of all the great publishing-houses for the wicked thoughts we have entertained of such a self-denying class of men.

If this be all straight and above board, the sanguine and energetic authors who, since our last article appeared, have sworn that they will neither eat nor drink till they have established an Authors' Publishing Association, will certainly die of hunger and thirst. Nothing can compete against this. When they have got the lowest estimates that good type and good work will allow, they will still have no advantage over Messrs. Saunders and Otley. They will give paper and advertisements at cost price, but so do Messrs. Saunders and Otley. But they certainly must charge *something* for the cost of their establishment: but Messrs. Saunders and Otley charge nothing!

But beyond the difficulty that oppresses us to account for the fact that Messrs. Saunders and Otley should be so anxious to publish books upon such very disadvantageous terms to themselves, another little point strikes us. Messrs. Saunders and Otley have given twelve specimens of forms wherein a work may be printed. The historian is invited to adopt the page of Mr. Macaulay, and to appear in handsome demy 8vo.; or that of Mr. Bulwer, in his "Athens, its Rise and Fall," where the page is a little smaller, but a side chapter-heading makes it look rather more complete. The biographer and divine are referred to *fac-*

similes of the "Life of the Duke of Kent," by the Rev. E. Neale, and Archbishop Sumner's "Apostolic Preaching." If compression be required, Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queen's of England" offers a pattern page. Layard's "Nineveh" is proposed, in its demy 8vo. edition, as a capital precedent for a book of travels. For novels, the Caxtons afford a good specimen of the post 8vo., although it is a fuller page than our novelists generally use. The drama finds a demy 8vo. example in the "Lady of Lyons." Poetry shews in demy 8vo. in Sir Robert Grant's Poems, in post 8vo. in Monckton Milnes', and in small 8vo. in Sir F. H. Doyle's. Duodecimo volumes for tales, educational and juvenile works, are represented by a page of "Amy Herbert."

These are very useful specimens of printing; and we recommend all authors, by all means—and quickly, for no one knows what may happen—to get this pamphlet which contains them. We are very sorry that we cannot spare twelve pages to reproduce them: we shall, however, do so hereafter, if the copies of the pamphlet should happen to become rare.

Now the point that strikes us as very curious, in so explanatory a pamphlet as that of Messrs. Saunders and Otley, is this:—To these specimens *no estimates are attached*—"the information required will be furnished on application to," &c. &c. But why not furnish it at once, Messrs. Saunders and Otley? We will correct your undoubtedly accidental oversight, and will submit estimates for each of your specimen pages. Here they are—

SPECIMEN PAGE, No. 1. Poetry. Post 8vo. Size of Monckton Milnes' Poems—200 pages; 500 copies. Printing 16 sheets, at 1*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*—27*l.* 12*s.* Add 10 per cent for corrections; say 3*l.* Paper, 16 reams, at 19*s.* (500 printed)—15*l.* 4*s.* Total cost of production, 45*l.* 16*s.*

SPECIMEN PAGE, No. 2. Poetry. Small 8vo. Size of Doyle's Poems—200 pages; 500 copies. Printing 16 sheets, at 1*l.* 8*s.*—22*l.* 8*s.* Corrections, 3*l.* Paper, 16 reams, at 19*s.*—15*l.* 4*s.* Total cost of production, 40*l.* 12*s.*

SPECIMEN PAGE, No. 3. Poetry. Demy 8vo. Size of Grant's Poems.—200 pages; 500 copies. Printing 16 sheets, at 1*l.* 7*s.*—21*l.* 12*s.* Corrections, 3*l.* Paper, 16 reams, at 19*s.*—15*l.* 4*s.* Total cost of production, 39*l.* 16*s.*

SPECIMEN PAGE, No. 4. Drama. Demy 8vo. Size of Bulwer's Lady of Lyons.—200 pages; 500 copies. Printing 16 sheets, at 2*l.*—32*l.* Corrections, 3*l.* Paper, 16 reams, at 19*s.*—15*l.* 4*s.* Total cost of production, 50*l.* 4*s.*

SPECIMEN PAGE, No. 5. History. Demy 8vo. Size, of Macaulay's History of England.—500 pages; 500 copies. Printing 39 sheets, at 1*l.* 13*s.*—64*l.* 7*s.* Corrections, 10 per cent., 6*l.* 10*s.* Paper, 39 reams, at 19*s.*—37*l.* 1*s.* Cost of production, 107*l.* 18*s.*

SPECIMEN PAGE, No. 6. The same estimate.

SPECIMEN PAGE, No. 7. The same estimate.

SPECIMEN PAGE, No. 8. Will vary only in being 2*s.* a sheet less for the composition.

SPECIMEN PAGE, No. 9. Biography. Post 8vo.; close page. Size of Miss Strickland's Queens of England.—400 pages; 500 copies. Printing 30 sheets, at 1*l.* 15*s.*—45*l.* Corrections, 10 per cent., 4*l.* 10*s.* Paper, 30 reams, at 19*s.*—29*l.* 1*s.* Total cost of production, 78*l.* 11*s.*

SPECIMEN PAGE, No. 10. Travels. The price for composition being given at 1*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*, the reader can now work out the total cost from the preceding examples.

SPECIMEN PAGE, No. 11. Novels. Post 8vo. Size of the Caxtons.—300 pages; 500 copies. Printing 24 sheets, at 1*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*—39*l.* Corrections, 4*l.* Paper, 24 reams, at 19*s.*—22*l.* 16*s.* Total cost of production, 65*l.* 16*s.*

SPECIMEN PAGE, No. 12. Duodecimo. Size of Amy Herbert.—300 pages; 500 copies. Printing 13 sheets (of 24 pages), at 2*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*—26*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* Corrections, 3*l.* Paper, 13 reams, at 19*s.*—12*l.* 1*s.* Total cost of production, 52*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.*

Now, we have no doubt that Messrs. Saunders and Otley, by virtue of the facilities they boast of, and are so good as to use for the benefit of authors, could and do get a very considerable reduction from these prices. But this is what we, who are not publishers, should be obliged to pay. Messrs. Saunders and Otley, at the end of their pamphlet, set forth a list of "Popular publications AND works published for authors"—a distinction which may perhaps not be without its practical meaning. If some of the latter class would compare the wholesale prices paid and charged by Messrs. Saunders and Otley with the retail prices which we should be obliged to pay as authors, and which we have set forth above, we should be very curious to know how much

they saved per sheet through the agency of Messrs. Saunders and Otley. After all the endeavours we have made to enable authors to understand these matters, none of them surely will grudge us any information which may make us sharers in the "allowable difference that exists between wholesale and retail prices."

We hope that the new Publishing Association will be able to get their work done much below the prices we have named. If they pay or charge more they will be dealing in bad faith with the scribbling public. We could get a sheet or a thousand volumes taken at these prices to-morrow.

The authors who have published at their own risk, and who have accompanied us thus far in our inquiry, will probably untie their old bills, and compare them. They will then ruminate with an enlightened mind upon the propriety of leaving to the publisher "all the arrangements of printing, paper, advertising," &c.

We have a word or two, however, to say upon the last-named subject.

Advertising, as Messrs. Saunders and Otley prudently inform those whom they invite to take advantage of their beneficent plan of publication, is a very expensive affair. They have known a publishing house pay 3000*l.* to one paper in twelve months; they have known 200*l.* spent on advertising a single work of no great importance or intrinsic merit of any kind.

Now this is a matter on which we have often pitied conscientious publishers. In the first place, when they are choosing the channels of their advertisements, it must cause them much doubt and hesitation before they insert, at full scale prices, a page advertisement in a magazine or review which may happen to be their own property. Of course, they feel convinced, that unless the book be advertised in that particular review it will never be heard of by the public; and therefore they stifle their own feelings, and send the order. But still it must be very unpleasant to them.

That, however, is by no means the worst part of their difficulty. It is a habit of the trade—one which it would be difficult altogether to lay aside—to mix up several books in one advertisement; but we will illustrate what we mean by an example. We will suppose the following advertisement goes out, and that 4*l.* or 5*l.* is the sum paid for it:—

MESSRS. CURL, OSBORNE, AND LINTOT HAVE JUST PUBLISHED THE FOLLOWING NEW AND INTERESTING WORKS.

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No library can be complete without this all-important work.—*Little Pellington Gazette*.

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This is the most important work ever issued from the press.—*The Admirer*.

We have read these volumes through at a sitting. There is nothing dull in them. The reader need not be deterred by fears of dry details, either historical, geographical, or ethnological. They read like a romance.—*The Literary Gazer*.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Thrilling interest and intense talent.—*Middlesex Magazine*.

The author was thrice wounded while sketching the battles depicted in these volumes.—*The Pict.*

We congratulate the public upon the energy displayed by our traveller and their publishers. Three weeks only have elapsed since the battle of the Pruth was fought, and we have before us a history of that battle, which may vie with Napier's descriptions of the battles of the Peninsula; and which is adorned with pictorial representations that are at least equal to the battle scenes of Lorenzo Comendich.—*The Voice of Minerva*.

Who can the author be? All the world is asking. It is rumoured that he is a general officer who fought at the head of his regiment in every one of these battles.—*The Grub Street Gossip*. |

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No. VII. THE CAUSES OF PUELIC DISCONTENTS. A Letter to the Secretary to the Treasury. By Nondum Locatus, Esq. 1s. sewed.

CURL, OSBORNE, and LINTOT, Stationers' Square.

It will be observed that this page contains seven advertisements, two of the books advertised being the property and speculation of Messrs. Curl, Osborne, and Lintot; and the other five being the absolute and uncontrolled property of their respective authors. The question now arises, how is the 5*l.* paid for this advertisement to be divided among these seven? It must be very unpleasant to Messrs. Curl, Osborne, and Lintot to have to do it. It cannot be done with perfect arithmetical exactness; and Messrs. Curl, Osborne, and Lintot feel that, in reality, their decision upon the matter is without appeal. Of course *Ἀθλῖος* may look through all the papers, and make memoranda of the advertisements of his Broken Heart Strings; and so may Lady Laura. All five of these literary parents and proprietors may also, if they please, go all through the publishers' books, and compare advertisements and charges. But Messrs. Curl, Osborne, and Lintot are painfully convinced that this can never be brought to happen. Lady Laura has publicly declared, on hot-pressed paper—

Golden fetters never bound me;
Rank and riches I defy;
Take them all, but leave around me
Love, and gentle poesy.

It would be cruel to propose to her to turn over newspaper files and examine ledgers. As to Fitz-Fade, he would probably be fierce if such a task were proposed to him. *Ἀθλῖος* is avowedly incapable of adding two and two together. Locatus might do it; but, impudent as he is, he would hardly have impudence enough for *that*. It is a sad necessity, therefore, that Messrs. Curl, Osborne, and Lintot must, as men of business, take upon themselves to settle the matter. When an unpleasant responsibility of this sort is thrust upon a man, the shortest and best course is to adopt a general principle, and adhere to it. They will possibly, therefore, think it right to make a general average—divide the 5*l.* by seven, debit each book with 14*s.* 3½*d.*, and so dismiss the matter. If Messrs. Curl, Osborne, and Lintot were not a strictly conscientious firm, a still shorter process would be to debit the whole amount of the advertisement to each of the seven books. We have *heard* of *that* process. It certainly has, as a general principle, the great merits of simplicity and facility of application; but the results in totals might sometimes be startling; and we believe it is not usually adopted.

We are arguing the positions taken up by the authors of this pamphlet entirely upon general principles and with no reference to the course of business of any particular house. Messrs. Curl, Osborne, and Lintot, have long

since singly made up accounts wherein no tricks of trade could be played.

If we might venture a suggestion, after a review of these difficulties in a casuistic point of view, we should be inclined to say that the inconveniences to a publisher, in arranging his printing matters and his advertisement department, are so great, that it would save him some wear and tear of conscience to throw all the burden upon the author. To the author we should most decidedly say, write and print and advertise your book, and let your publisher publish it. You have no right to place the publisher in a position where his interest and his conscience must conflict. You have no right to expose that honest man to temptation. Not that you suspect for a moment that he would succumb. Double invoices from the paper merchant, and twenty per cent. discounts, and two years credit from the printer, do not enter into your fears; but still it is better to do your own business yourself. You do not suspect your valet, or your housekeeper, or your intimate friends; but you keep the keys of your trinket-drawer, your writing-desk, and your wine-cellar, nor does any body feel offended.

Messrs. Saunders and Otley think that no author can do this. We will cite an instance from our correspondence. The writer does not mark his letter for publication, or we would give it entire. We may mention, however, the facts, and the name of the work.

Some of our readers may perhaps remember, that a little time since we noticed the appearance of a book called the "Memoirs of a Stomach, by 'a Minister of the Interior.'" We were struck by the curious medley of wholesome advice, grotesque miseries, and (rather mild) sentiment contained in the *brochure*; and we recommended it. Our notice induced the author to send us two earlier works, both of which were published in "the regular way" by "eminent publishers." He tells us that they fell still-born from the press. A few small reviews gave them some words of praise; and there was an end to their existence. With the "Stomach" he pursued a different plan. He printed it and advertised it himself, and sent the copies to a respectable but not an eminent house, to be published. The consequence was, that he sold four large editions, and established for his little work such a name, that Routledge bought the right of reprinting it as a railway book. We have looked into his two earlier works, and can say that one of them is in every way superior to his later and more successful achievement. Nor do we doubt that the public would have been of our opinion, had the book been properly brought to their notice. The author has a reputation now which will ensure him at least the attention of the public

for his next work. But he owes this quite as much to the energy with which he superintended the publication of his book, as he does to his merits as a writer.

No young author should be above these details: they are necessary to give him a fair chance. Publishers will not, of course, print an unknown author's works at their risk; and when the risk is not theirs, they are too much in the habit of thinking failure quite a matter of course. There is very little publishing energy shewn in such cases. We have many complaints of this nature before us, but we prefer to instance what we mean by an anecdote told us by Mr. F——, the enterprising American publisher. The sharp, active, ubiquitous American rushed into our sanctum not long since to give us some information we had asked of him touching new American books. He was in a fit of most indignant disgust at English dilitariness, English apathy, and especially at English *gentility*. "You English," he said, "are above your business. I have "been this morning to ——'s, and have "been kept waiting half-an-hour, although my "business was to buy his books. I went thence "to ——'s, where they kept me waiting "not quite so long; but when one of the "partners did come to me, after I had told "him my business, he turned round to a shop- "man, with half a lisp and a drawl, and said, " "Mr. So-and-so, do we publish the book Mr. " "F—— wants?" Your old country, Sir, is get- "ting gouty, and you are all so genteel, that "everybody thinks he must cut himself out to "the pattern of the shadow of some lord. I "should like to see the Boston bookseller "who would have to ask his shopman what "books he published." We cannot record the exact language of our energetic friend's indignation, but we know we laughed heartily, and asked whether we were at liberty to repeat the anecdote. "Repeat it! I wish you would. "Repeat it to the a'mighty universe," he answered, and vanished.

Upon the whole, it will be seen that we dissent from some of the propositions contained in Messrs. Saunders and Otley's pamphlet; and although we fully appreciate their benevolent intentions towards young authors, we think it would be advisable that these latter should keep always remembering the old advice, "*Aide toi, le ciel t'aidira.*"

There were several other topics suggested by this pamphlet, some of which were too delicate for us to dilate much upon, such as the power of Messrs. Saunders and Otley to procure notices, and their choice of journals for presentation copies. For others we have no space this quarter, but hope to find another opportunity.

CLOSELY connected with the subject of the above article is a matter which we certainly should not have voluntarily introduced to the subscribers of the "New Quarterly," for it is too personal to ourselves to interest them much. But as Messrs. Hurst and Blackett wish it, we will state the facts of a discussion we have lately had with them.

In No. IX. we inserted a notice of a work published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, under the title of "Narrative of a Journey round the World," by F. Gerstücker.* The book had all the outward pretensions of an original book, and was heralded by advertisements claiming an absolute copyright in it.*

Being very well acquainted with Mr. Gerstücker's letters, which were very popular in Germany, we referred the book to a competent person for examination with the German edition, and with the letters that had appeared in two German newspapers. The analysis (which we now have before us, and which is very much at Messrs. Hurst and Blackett's service) shewed that the work now published in English was a very curtailed version of that published in Germany, but having an addition in the shape of some chapters on Australia and Java, which were not in the German edition, but which had appeared in perhaps rather a more detailed form in the German newspapers.

The fact is, that, with the exception of some printers' divisions, some occasional revisions, and some frequent condensations, both the German and the English volumes were in substance reprints of the newspaper articles.

Now, we wish that every man should have a property all over the world in the produce of his brain, as he has in that of his hands. But it unfortunately so happens that this is not so; and that every one has just the same right to re-hash or to translate Mr. Gerstücker's contributions to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* and the *Auslander*, as he, Mr. Gerstücker himself, has. Messrs. Hurst and Blackett's claim of copyright, therefore, was only *colourably* true. It could only apply to the particular translation or adaptation.

Upon this state of facts a short notice was written. It, we must say not unnaturally,

* "Gerstücker's Voyage round the World: the Narrative of a Five Years' Voyage round the World, from 1847 to 1852, by F. Gerstücker. In 3 Vols. Price 31s. 6d., will be published during the present week by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett (successors to H. Colburn) 13 Great Marlborough Street. Orders received by all booksellers.

N.B. The copyright of this book is the exclusive property of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett."—*The Times*, March 17, 1853.

excited the ire of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, and a very hostile correspondence ensued.* For some time the matter threatened to take the form of declarations and pleas of justification,

* This Correspondence was as follows :—

5 WHITEHALL,

26 January, 1854.

Gentlemen—We have been consulted by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett on the article in No. IX of the "New Quarterly Review," headed "A Narrative of a Journey round the World. By F. Gerstäcker. Three Vols. London: Hurst and Blackett."

That article is both false and libellous, and likely to be very prejudicial to them; and we have therefore advised them to require of you to retrieve, as far as you can, the injury you may have inflicted by the publication, by an immediate and unqualified contradiction to be inserted at your expense in all the morning and evening papers, also in the weekly papers, and in your next Number of the "New Quarterly," and in such form as we shall approve.

We are, gents, yours very obedient,

RYMER, A. MURRAY, AND RYMER.

II.

The editor of the "New Quarterly Review" presents his compliments to Messrs. Rymer, Murray, and Rymer. He has received the letter addressed by them to the publishers of the "New Quarterly Review," and dated the 28th instant.

In that communication Messrs. Rymer, Murray, and Rymer are pleased to assert that an article in No. IX. of the "New Quarterly" is false and libellous, and they call upon the publishers to insert an immediate and unqualified contradiction of it in all the morning and evening papers.

The statements thus characterized are—that "Herr Gerstäcker's Narrative of a Voyage round the World" is not really and truly an original work, but a translation from the German; and that the book, as published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, affords no intimation to the English purchaser that the narrative has ever previously appeared in a foreign language.

If these statements are false the editor will not for a moment inquire whether or not they are libellous. If the conductors of the "New Quarterly Review" have fallen into an error, no false sentiment of pride or dignity would prevent their immediate correction of that error, nor would it prevent their apologising for it in the manner most effectual to remedy any wrong it might have worked.

On the other hand, the conductors of this Review are by no means inclined to disregard their duty to the public, nor to shrink from the consequences of stating what they believe to be the truth, however inconvenient that truth may happen to be to the great body of speculators in literature, or to any particular members of that body.

The editor of the "New Quarterly Review" believes that the facts, as they regard these three volumes, are as follows :—

Between the spring of the year 1851 and the spring of 1853 certain letters, containing in substance the contents of the three volumes now published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett appeared, in the German language, and bearing the signature of Herr Gerstäcker, in two newspapers, having, as the editor believes, the largest circulation of all German newspapers, namely the *Allgemeine Zeitung* and the *Ausländer*.

Subsequently, advertisements appeared in the English newspapers, asserting, what the editor of the "New Quarterly Review" confidently believes to be an utterly unfounded proposition, that these travels were the copyright of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, and that

and then to explode in the loud-sounding platitudes and stock common-places of *nisi prius* eloquence. It happened, however, that the solicitors were much more cool-headed and

no Englishman had a right to translate them.

When the publication had been substantially completed in the German newspapers, a collected edition was published in Germany, and is now to be obtained, for fifteen shillings, of every foreign bookseller in London.

Contemporaneously with this German edition Messrs. Hurst and Blackett published, at the price of 31s. 6d., an English translation of this work, which is the work noticed in the "New Quarterly Review." The title-page contains no notice that the narrative is a translation.

The editor believes that the letters, as they appeared in the German newspapers, are substantially the work now put forth as original. He further believes that those letters may be translated and published by any English publisher, and that *no copyright whatever* can, by our law, prevent any number of such translations.

If these facts be so, the editor of the "New Quarterly Review" (avoiding the use of any such strong expressions as the Messrs. Rymer have been instructed to employ) would point out to the Messrs. Rymer, that it is quite impossible that he can accede to their demand. It is difficult to consider that the facts can be materially varied, because the editor now has the newspapers and the German edition before him; but if he should be in any particular mistaken, he will be happy to set the public right as to the detail wherein he may have unconsciously misled them. At any rate the columns of the "New Quarterly Review" are open to Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, and any communication upon the subject which they may send shall be inserted.

15 Old Bond Street,

30th January 1854.

III.

5 WHITEHALL,

3d February 1854.

Gentlemen—We have to acknowledge the receipt of a letter, purporting to have been written by "the editor of the 'New Quarterly Review,'" in answer to our letter to you of the 28th ultimo. Now, as we had no intention of addressing "The editor," but had advised our clients to look to you as the publishers for reparation of the injury complained of, we must be permitted to call your immediate attention to our letter, and to request of you to favour us with an early reply.

We are, gents,

Yours very obedient,

RYMER, MURRAY, AND RYMER.

IV.

15 OLD BOND STREET,

6th February 1854.

Gentlemen—We have to acknowledge your letter of the 3d instant.

The communication referred to by you as purporting to have reached you from the editor of the "New Quarterly Review," was sent with our sanction, and we adopt it as our own.

If your clients conceive that they have any cause of action against us, Mr. Steele, of No. 1, Lincoln's Inn Fields, will receive any process you may be instructed to issue.

We remain, gentlemen,

Your most obedient servants,

(Signed) HOOKHAM AND SONS.

To Messrs. Rymer, Murray,
and Rymer.

peaceably disposed than were the belligerent parties; and after some mutual explanations, it was agreed that it should be left to the conductors of the "New Quarterly" to make such a statement as they should think the circumstances required.

So we are upon honour to state the case impartially.

That being so, we fear we must admit that we are not proud of our article. However justifiable in law—which we are told requires that a man shall make himself aware of all the facts before he makes a claim to any exclusive right—it certainly was not in good taste. It assuredly was not in accordance of the tone of this Review; which, although bold in stating general facts, and attacking general systems, carefully abstains from any thing like individual imputations. The fact is, that the

notice being very short, and of no great apparent importance, passed into type without editorial supervision.

On the other hand, the publishers, having received from Mr. Gerstäcker a manuscript of the work written by himself, and in English, and being ignorant of its substantial identity with the articles in the German newspapers, must be acquitted of any intentional deception in claiming a copyright in the book for which they had paid.

We believe the facts amount to no more than this. We hope we have stated their result fairly. If not, we have at least furnished every reader with the means of judging of the matter himself. He has only to turn back to the article, and compare it with what is now before him.

MOORE AND CROKER.

I. *Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore*. Vols. V. and VI. Longmans. 1854.

II. *Correspondence between the Right Hon. J. W. Croker and the Right Hon. Lord John Russell; with a Postscript by Mr. Croker*. Murray. 1854.

THE two first-named volumes comprehend about seven years of the poet's journal, and bring him on to his forty-fifth year. The character of the *Diary* varies in no perceptible degree. It is still a collection of table-talk, a record of polite tittle-tattle, a budget of society anecdotes—wonderfully entertaining, but such as might have been written by any little vain dapper man, who was a good deal in the Holland-House set, and who could sing and chatter. It is still Tom Moore in a dress coat and shining pumps. If there was another Tom Moore—one who could feel as he sang, and who, in his garden or his study, was himself stirred by the brave thoughts he threw into so melodious verse—that Tom Moore is not the hero of this book. The moments of composition are blanks in the diary. "Worked all day at my Egyptian story" is all that is recorded of a fit of divine inflation, which has resulted in an immortal poem; while a dinner at Bowood, or a ball, or a play, or a stage-coach journey, is jotted down with amusing minuteness. Well, well, it is better so. Mental autobiographies are dangerous things. So long as we keep in mind that there *was* another Tom Moore who does not appear in this book, and who kept even the fine ladies and gentlemen of the Whig coterie out of his confidence, so long we may read the history of the vanities and triumphs of the lionlet of evening parties and be amused. But let not the powers of Duncedom rejoice and be glad. Moore has only admitted them to see him drink his cup of pleasure. He had another cup, whereof he drank alone. The hard reading, the hard thinking, the swelling emotion, the high imaginings, the impulsive throbs, the strivings after fame, and the patient labour wherewith all the elements of genius were fused, and cast, and polished—all this is kept back from Duncedom. Good, curious dunces, your shillings are wanted. You may behold in return the little wordly weaknesses of a great man, and it may comfort you to know that they were kindred to your own. But you are admitted only to the outer court: *Odi profanum* is written upon the inner gate. The man of the world is open to your criticism; but the poet, when he retires to muse, shuts fast his door in your faces, nor opens it again until he has put on his white neckcloth and polished pumps, and has made himself even as one of you.

Let us take this *Diary* for what it is; not an autobiography of a poet, but a description of society. The sensitiveness of genius shrinks from the intimate gaze of an unsympathizing

multitude: it can welcome a crowd of augurs, but dies under the gaze of an aruspex. Yet people run about saying what a disgusting little tuft-hunter this Moore was, and what a shame it was in Lord John Russell to allow him so to shew himself up; utterly forgetting that this is not Tom Moore the poet of whom they are reading, but Tom Moore the spoilt pet of society.

Viewing this work in this particular light, it is remarkable how little it contains to justify the great reputation that many of the men who figure in its pages have obtained as wits and conversationists. The sallies recorded are not always original, and are seldom very striking. Taken as a whole, the conversations of Luttrell, Sydney Smith, Rogers, Walter Scott, Leslie, Bowles, Jeffrey, and the other members of that brilliant society wherein Moore lived, seems scarcely more *petillant* than that of a knot of intimates at any good London club.

Take Luttrell for example.

Oct. 10th, 1826. Just as I was settling to business Luttrell arrived. Talked of the dull audience I had the other night at Bowood: told him I was fool enough to fancy at first that Mrs. F. was crying, but that I found she was only putting up her hands to settle her spectacles. "Ay (he said), you thought it was *nocte pluit totâ*, instead of which it was *redeunt spectacula*."

Again—

Feb. 25th, 1827. Pointed out Marquis de Salvo to him in the street, and mentioned his once having asked me "to allow him three hours' conversation with me some morning." "He is certainly not *salvo pudore*," said Luttrell.

Lord John Russell remarks—

Luttrell's jokes were chiefly puns. For instance, when Mr. Croker had charged the public with war salary on account of Algiers, and thereby excited much indignation, it happened that some one at dinner talked of the name of Croker Mountains given to land supposed to be seen in one of the voyages to the North Pole. "Does any thing grow on them?" said some one. "Nothing," I believe, but a little wild celery" (salary), said Luttrell.

Luttrell sometimes tried more elaborate jokes.

May 1st, 1831. Luttrell has put his pun on the two parties into verse, as follows—

"To the same sounds our parties two •
The sense by each applied owe;
The Whig exclaims Reform-I-do,
The Tory 'Reformido.'

There is no one of these *jeux d'esprit* that would not be received with very unequivocal disapprobation in the smoking-room of the Oxford and Cambridge, the Reform, or the Travellers', or even in the library of the Athenæum; yet Luttrell was undoubtedly a very intellectual and a most amusing companion. The charm of his conversation was not in the bad puns he made, but in the

general tone of his talk. It was always *up* to a certain point, full of little sparkles, studded with apt illustrations, none of them very rare or exceedingly clever, but all of them mixed and moulded with a never-tripping taste, and thrown forth in the confidence of great intimacy. Moore speaks sportively of "those *hard* whose fancy owes all its illumination to the grape, like that painted porcelain, so curious and so rare, whose images are only visible when liquor is poured into it." Wine may perhaps quicken the fancy of the poet, but nothing but great intimacy can unfetter the fancy of the conversationist. We speak, of course, of conversationists who have that delicacy of mental organization which endows a man with high talent, and inflicts upon him great sensitiveness. There *are* people who can harangue a strange dinner-table: they are not conversationists, however, but bores—hard, heavy, long-winded, rhinoceros-hided bores—the barrel-organs and hurdy-gurdies of society. An individual of this class is destitute of tact, and wants it not; for his object being simply to hear himself talk, he pours forth unrelentingly all he can remember upon what he last read, or heard, or saw, and cares nothing that every man and woman in the room is longing for a supply of wool to thrust in their ears, or meditating an excuse for throwing him out of window. We must not jump to the conclusion that Luttrell was a much over-estimated man, because the sallies recorded of him are not very remarkable. Good conversation, like good cookery, depends more upon a sustained tone than upon startling effects.

Sydney Smith's conversation ~~is thus~~ characterized by Lord John Russell.

With Sydney Smith I long lived intimately. His great delight was to produce a succession of ludicrous images: these followed each other with a rapidity that scarcely left time to laugh; he himself laughing louder and with more enjoyment than any one. This electric contact of mirth came and went with the occasion; it cannot be repeated or reproduced. Any thing would give occasion to it. For instance, having seen in the newspapers that Sir Aeneas Mackintosh was come to town, he drew such a ludicrous caricature of Sir Aeneas and Lady Dido, for the amusement of their namesake, that Sir James Mackintosh rolled on the floor in fits of laughter, and Sydney Smith, striding across him, exclaimed, "Ruat Justitia!" His powers of fun were at the same time united with the strongest and most practical common sense. So that while he laughed away seriousness at one minute, he destroyed in the next some rooted prejudice which had braved for a thousand years the battle of reason, and the breeze of ridicule. The letters of Peter Plymley bear the greatest likeness to his conversation; the description of Mr. Isaac Hawkins Brown dancing at the court of Naples in a volcano coat with lava buttons, and the comparison of Mr. Canning to a large blue-bottle fly with its parasites, most resemble the pictures he raised up in social conversation. It may be averred for certain, that in this style he has never been equalled, and I do not suppose he will ever be surpassed.

But even Sydney Smith does not profit by

the specimens given by Moore in his Diary. Let us instance.

March 29th, 1832. Found Sydney Smith holding forth to a laughing circle on the subject of tithes and the *Tripartite* division: "I am sorry to tell you," said he, "that the great historian Hallam has declared himself in favour of the *Tripartite*, and contends that it was so in the reign of King Fiddlefred: but we of the Church (continued Sydney, slapping his breast mock heroically) say, a fig for King Fiddlefred: we will keep our tithes to ourselves."

Again—

June 14th, 1831. S. Smith amusing before dinner; his magnanimity (as he called it) in avowing that he had never before heard of Lamartine (of whom Miss Berry and I were speaking). "Was it another name for the famous blacking man?" "Yes." "Oh, then, he's Martin here, La-Martino in France, and Martin Luther in Germany." He never minds what nonsense he talks, which is one of the great reasons of his saying so much that is comical.

May 27, 1826. Smith full of comicality and fancy; kept us all in roars of laughter. In talking of the stories about dram-drinkers catching fire, pursued the idea in every possible shape. The inconvenience of a man coming too near the candle when he was speaking, "Sir, your observation has caught fire." Then imagined a parson breaking into a blaze in the pulpit; the engines called to put him out; no water to be had, the man at the waterworks being an Unitarian or an Atheist. Said of some one, "He has no command over his understanding; it is always getting between his legs and tripping him up." Left Rogers's with Smith, to go and assist him in choosing a grand pianoforte: found him (as I have often done before) change at once from the gay, uproarious way, into as solemn, grave, and austere a person as any bench of judges or bishops could supply; this I rather think his natural character. Called with him at Newton's to see my picture: said, in his gravest manner, to Newton, "Couldn't you contrive to throw into his face somewhat of a stronger expression of hostility to the Church establishment?"

There are many *mots* of Talleyrand, but most of them have grown into notoriety since Moore journalized.

April 2d, 1833. Walking with G—— D——, he mentioned having met Talleyrand yesterday, and his saying of some woman that I—— was praising as having *beaucoup d'esprit*, "*Oui, beaucoup d'esprit, beaucoup; elle ne s'en sert jamais.*" Mentioned a thing Talleyrand had said to him in speaking of the Americans, which he (G——) professed not to be able to understand, nor do I quite comprehend it either: "*Comme toutes les nouvelles nations, ils manquent de sensibilité,* meaning physical sensibility. Talleyrand's notion must, I think, have been, that civilization and luxury act, through the mind, upon the body, and render men *physically* more sensitive both to pleasure and pain; and there may be some truth in this. Talked over some of Talleyrand's *mots*; his replying to —— (I forget who, some notorious reprobate*), who had said to T., "*Je n'ai fait qu'une seule méchanceté dans ma vie;*" "*Et celle-là,*" answered Talleyrand, "*quand finira-t-elle?*" His sitting by M.'s bed when the latter was in great agony, and thought to be dying. "*Je sens les tourmens de l'enfer,*" said M.; "*Déjà?*" asked Talleyrand. Of the same nature was another, on some occasion when M., very ill, had fallen on the floor, and was grasping violently at it with his hands: "*Il veut absolument descendre,*" said T.

* Said to be Rivarol.—Ed.

We might pursue this subject, but we fear our gatherings would afford little amusement. The last two volumes are decidedly inferior to their predecessors in the pungency of their jokes.

Even the anecdotes told are not always very striking: here are two of Lord Ellenborough:—

Jan. 25, 1826. Story of Lord Ellenborough's saying, when Lord — yawned during his own speech, "Come, come, the fellow *does* shew some symptoms of taste, but this is encroaching on our province." Lord Ellenborough being once met going out of the House of Lords while Lord — was speaking, "What, are you going?" said the person to him. "Why, yes," answered Lord E., "I am accountable to God Almighty for the use of my time."

We submit that there are much better stories of Lord Ellenborough still extant, and not yet printed. We have heard one much more characteristic of the rude law lord:—

Lord Ellenborough, at a large dinner party at the Chancellor's, was seated next to the Countess Lieven, a lady in that age of considerable fashion, but of very lean proportions, and much remarked upon for displaying to an unnecessary degree a neck not lovely to look upon. By some accident the Chief Justice remained unserved, his fair neighbour meanwhile being busy. The host, seeing at last the plight of the hungry and discontented judge, recommended to him some particular dish. "I wish I could get some," growled Ellenborough, casting a savage glance at the angular bust bending over the table at his side, "for I have had nothing before me this quarter of an hour but a raw blade bone."

This anecdote of the Empress Catherine is better than the average.

Oct. 9th, 1832. At one of her private parties, when she was as usual walking about from card-table to card-table, looking at the players, she suddenly rang the bell for her page, but he did not come: she looked agitated and impatient, and rang again, but still no page appeared. At length she left the room, and did not again return; and conjecture was of course busy as to what might be the fate of the inattentive page. Shortly after, however, some one having occasion to go into the ante-chamber of the pages, found a party of them at cards, and the Empress seated playing along with them. The fact was, she had found that the page she rung for was so interested in the game he was engaged in, that he could not leave it to attend to her summons; and accordingly she had quietly taken his hand for him, to play it out, while he went on the errand.

"The defect of Moore's journal," says Lord John Russell in his preface to the sixth volume, "is, that while he is at great pains to put in writing the stories and the jokes he hears, he seldom records a serious discussion, or notices the instructive portion of the conversation in which he bore a part." No one can read these six volumes without thoroughly agreeing with this observation; and we are not sorry to find that two more are to complete the work. Lord

John has, in our opinion, been very unfairly abused for the manner in which he has performed the task imposed upon him by his friend. The very same people who strongly condemn Moore for allowing the destruction of Byron's Diary, are vehement in condemnation of Lord John for not destroying Moore's. What would these same people have said, if Lord John Russell had informed the world that he had looked over the papers, and, being of opinion they would not add to the poet's reputation, he had put them all into the fire? As to condensing it into a book which should give an impression of the poet's character different from that afforded by the Diary as it stood, that would have been quite impracticable, and, if practicable scarcely honest.

Among the complaints which the volumes have called forth, the most amusing has been that of Mr. John Wilson Croker. When the third and fourth volumes appeared we quoted (*NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW*, Vol II. p. 321) Moore's entry about a gentleman whom he met in Paris, whose vanity was greater, and cleverness less, than he expected; who was a quick skirmisher in reviews—a sort of servant-of-all-work for his employers—but who had not the slightest claim to the higher order of talent; and we pointed out that the portrait could only be meant for Mr. Croker.

That gentleman was of the same opinion, and he revenged himself, *more suo* (we disclaim meaning any pun) by an article in the "*Quarterly*." In this article Mr. Croker loads the memory of his friend with every expression of contempt; distorts the circumstances of the duel so as to exhibit him as a vapouring coward ("*Quarterly Review*," Vol. LXXXV. p. 254); dwells with malignant pleasure upon the pecuniary embarrassment occasioned by the defalcation of the Bermuda deputy; accuses Moore of dishonesty in this matter (p. 289); records his little extravagances—such as taking his wife to dine at a restaurateur's, and to a play in the evening—as spending money which was not his own; exults that "he never had a penny in his pocket, and seems to have existed by kite-flying, anticipations, and petty shifts, hardly reconcilable with integrity, or at least delicacy;" sneers at him for "*jobbing*" (the italics are Mr. Croker's) his songs to Power for 500*l.* a-year; calls him a libeller of deliberate malignity (pp. 292—298); and generally makes him out to be a braggart, a spendthrift, and a swindler, a poet without imagination or creative power, a lick-spittle, and a libeller.

Of course there are some jesuitical disclaimers here and there, but such is the purport of the whole article.

This is pretty well for one surviving friend

to say of another, and all in revenge for a paragraph, written, be it remembered, before they became intimate, jotted down in a diary as the first impression derived from a first interview, and mitigated by a subsequent entry. All this, however, might be passed by with contempt, as the natural malignity of a low nature. Of course Mr. Croker, who took such care of himself as to secure a war salary under the circumstances alluded to by Lord John Russell; who, as prime flunkey of the Tory party, never knew what it was to want money; who is at this moment in the receipt of 1500*l.* a-year from the public purse—how earned let the recently-published correspondence of Sir Huxton Lowe say—who was the bosom friend and chosen executor of the late Marquis of Hertford—as Old-Bailey trials tell;—of course this man-of-all-work to the Regent and the Marquis *must* have an infinite contempt for a man who had not always plenty of money at his command. It is in the nature of things that such a man would toady the great poet when living, and abuse him when dead. But there *are* things which should be sacred even from the claws of a harpy. Against the enamel of Moore's fame the little malignant outshootings of Mr. Croker's tongue will be as harmless as the efforts of the denizens of the reptile-house in the Regent's Park to sting through the plate-glass that forms their prison. They will amuse the crowd for a week, and be straightway forgotten. But this would not satisfy this pensioner's great revenge. Moore was in the grave. He had left no son or daughter with whom this Corsican quarrel might be continued; but, happy thought—Moore had left a widow! Better still; there were circumstances connected with the marriage which had rendered it distasteful to Moore's family. Mr. Croker industriously collates the proofs that Mrs. Moore had been upon the stage. Beyond this, in that direction, he could not go, for the lady's character was as pure as if she had been immured among the daughters of an eastern despot. But this Croker knew or could guess that the widow of Moore would cherish the remembrance of her husband's fondness as the solace of her widowhood, and the one bright thought of her declining years. Aged and sick and lone, tried in hard suffering, and heart-seared by many sorrows, her single gleam of happiness must come reflected from the past. In the presence of such misfortune, before so innocent and unoffending a victim a man would sympathise, and even a fiend would spare. Mr. Croker is above such weakness: he sets himself assiduously to prove, first that Mrs. Moore's husband's expressions of fondness for her were all feigned; and secondly, that he *was ashamed of*

her in mixed society. To whom can these things matter except to Mrs. Moore? But if she should believe them—let any woman's heart answer—how miserable must they make her?

We must justify this statement by an extract from the article.

We must observe that these ultra-uxorious expressions occur with peculiar emphasis just before and just after some *escapade* from home; they are the honey with which he sweetens the edges of his absences. It is evident that Mrs. Moore saw the Journal (iv. 16); and we now have no doubt that many of these flattering phrases were peace-offerings to his *Ariadne*. The instances are too numerous and too regularly recurring to be accidental.

We shall select a few here, just to direct our readers' attention to this ingenious device.

"1818, April 24th.—*Arrived at my cottage—always glad to return to it, and the dear girl that makes it so happy for me.*"—ii. 151.

"1818, Nov. 18.—Walked with my *dear Bessy* . . . my *darling girl!* 21st.—Told L. Lansdowne *I was going to town.*"—ii. 218.

"1819, Aug. 23d.—Employed in *preparing for my departure.* My *darling Bessy* bears all so sweetly, though she would give her eyes to go with me; but, please Heaven, we shall not be long separate."—ii. 353.

July 21st.—Making preparations for my departure. *Bessy much saddened and out of sorts at my leaving her for so long a time—but still most thoughtfully and sweetly preparing every thing comfortable for me.*"—97.

"1825, Oct. 17th.—*Bessy would not hear of my staying at home. Insisted that, if I did not go to France, I must go either to Scotland or Ireland to amuse myself a little. Dear, generous girl! there never was any thing like her warm-heartedness and devotion.*"

Other instances will occur in future extracts.

We have no doubt that Moore calculated that these tender expressions would not merely soothe the lady's feelings at the moment, but would also tell very much in his own favour—as a *model* husband—when his *Memoirs* should come to be published; but they are accompanied, as we shall now shew, by many circumstances which make a strong and unamiable contrast with the exuberant and passionate expressions of his devotion to the tutelary angel at home.

The reviewer even goes so far as to collect (p. 259) in a tabular form the dates when Moore dined out without his wife, making the coarsely-familiar observation of "No Bessy" against every such date. Mr. Croker admits that he has done this because he fears that "the contrast between his professions and his practice may escape a cursory reader."

One other extract, and we shall have stated enough of this article to enable the reader to understand the correspondence which follows—

It is remarkable, in all this *tourbillon* at Paris as well as in his English life, both in town and country, that "Bessy's" share in all external gaieties was infrequent—and, it seems, reluctant. Illness is frequently given as an excuse for her absence from these gaieties; but, even when she appears to be well enough, we can trace little or no change in these arrangements. There can be no doubt that the foolish and unaccountable mystery in which he chose to envelop his marriage continued to hang about her. The ladies of the highest rank and character who were the best acquainted with all the circumstances of the case—Lady Donegal, Lady Lansdowne, Lady Loudon—all received her with unreserved attention, and even cordiality; yet it is evident that Moore was in a constant

fidget about her reception in mixed society, while she herself seems to have been unwilling to step beyond her own narrow circle both of intimates and amusements. Her conduct throughout appears to have been perfect; but this difference of tastes, or at least of practice, in their social tendencies must, we suppose, have contributed to the very singular phenomenon that—notwithstanding Moore's constant and enthusiastic eulogiums on his domestic paradise—he seems to have given to either wife or home no more of his time and company than he could possibly help.

We shall not condescend to collect the proofs that all this is as false as it is malicious. That Moore loved his wife with a tender affection, and was proud of the regard and respect she obtained from all who ever met her, none who knew them can for a moment doubt. That she was worthy of his love even Mr. Croker jesuitically admits. We are shewing up the assailant, we are not presuming to defend his victim.

After reading this article Lord John, in the sixth volume, came upon a passage wherein Moore relates that Mr. Barnes, at that time the editor of the *Times*, begged him, in his squibs for the *Times* “to spare Croker,” and that Moore rejoined that this was an unnecessary caution, as Croker and he were old allies.*

To this passage Lord John appended the following note:—

To Moore it was unnecessary to address a request to spare a friend: if the request had been addressed to the other party, asking him to spare Moore, what would have been the result? Probably while Moore was alive, and able to wield his pen, it might have been successful: had

* That Moore was not always “spared” by his friends and allies is evident from several articles in the *Reviews* of his time, whereof he thus pleasantly complains—

THOUGHTS ON EDITORS.

Editur et edit.

No, editors don't care a button

What false and faithless things they do;
They'll let you come and cut their mutton,
And then they'll have a cut at you.

With Barnes I oft my dinner took,
Nay, met ev'n Horace Twiss to please him;
Yet Mister Barnes traduced my book,
For which may his own devils seize him!

With Doctor Bowring I drank tea,
Nor of his cakes consumed a particle;
And yet th' ungrateful LL.D.
Let fly at me next week an article.

John Wilson gave me suppers hot,
With bards of fame like Hogg and Packwood,
A dose of black strap then I got,
And after, a still worse of “Blackwood.”

Alas, and must I close the list
With thee, my Lockhart, of the “Quarterly,”
So kind, with bumper in thy fist,—
With pen, so very gruff and tartarly.

Now in thy parlour feasting me,
Now scribbling at me from thy garret,—
Till 'twixt the two in doubt I be
Which sourest is, thy wit or claret.

We have seen in the case of Jeffrey and Scott, that very good friends may express very disagreeable opinions as to each other's literary productions.

Moore been dead, it would have served only to give an additional zest to the pleasure of safe malignity.

Hereupon Mr. Croker rushes unmasked into print, and the following correspondence is the result:—

(No. 1.—Copy.)

“West Molesey, Surrey, Jan. 26.

“My Lord,—It was only last night that I read in the 268th page of the 6th vol. of ‘Moore's Memoirs,’ under the date of the 7th of April 1833, the following passage:—

“‘Barnes’ (then editor of the *Times*) ‘boggod me, in any thing I might now write for him, to spare Croker; which I told him was an unnecessary caution, as Croker and I were old allies.’

“To this text your Lordship has appended the following note:—

“‘To Moore it was unnecessary to address a request to spare a friend. If the request had been addressed to the other party, asking him to spare Moore, what would have been the result? Probably, while Moore was alive, and able to wield his pen, it might have been successful. Had Moore been dead, it would have served only to give additional zest to the pleasure of safe malignity.’

“I do not feel myself called upon to examine the conjectural estimate that your Lordship makes of the ‘zest and pleasure’ of ‘safe malignity.’ It has been, no doubt, formed on the best *data* a man can have for his opinions—the feelings of your own mind. ‘Those best can paint them who have felt them most;’ and when it is recollected that the person to whom you have thus hypothetically attributed the results of your own personal experience is in his 74th year, and in a probably advanced stage of a mortal disease, it will be, I think, generally admitted that your Lordship is well entitled to lecture us on both the theory and practice of ‘safe malignity.’

“Your Lordship's opinion of me, or mine of you, is a matter on which I should not have thought it worth while to have said a word; but you have embodied with your personal impertinence to me a gross misrepresentation of a fact which I wish to set right.

“You say ‘that it was unnecessary to address a request to Moore to spare a friend.’ Now, it appears that through the whole of your six volumes my name is never mentioned by Moore but in the most friendly terms, from as early as the 11th of June 1799, when he writes to his mother, ‘Croker is a friend whom I have resolved to cultivate,’ down to the 7th of April 1833, under which date occurs the passage which you have selected as a peg on which to hang your own ‘safe malignity.’

“There is no appearance that this good feeling was interrupted, at least not on my part. It appears further, from twenty intermediate passages, that when Moore got into his Bermuda troubles, he had frequent recourse to my private advice and official influence to help him, which I cordially and to the best of my ability did, as his Diary frequently and thankfully acknowledges, and as his letters to me more fully shew. Yet, in the midst of this continuous and friendly intercourse, it appears from the published Diary, Vol. III. p. 156, under the date of the 14th of October 1820, that, with no other cue than having happened to meet me in the street, and quite *à propos de bottes*, he registers, and your Lordship has published, a character of me as offensive, and apparently as malignant, as if I had been a bitter enemy whom he felt happy at knowing so little about. That, however, did not, it appears, prevent his accepting my invitation to dinner that day, and again two days after; and again and again, whenever circumstances brought us together.

“In that passage your Lordship thought fit to leave the name in blank, but, with a spiteful slyness, which I believe is a main feature of your character, you give in the next page but one an unmistakeable designation of the person meant. So that those who might not recog-

nise me under the injurious character given in the first passage, could have no doubt, from the incidental circumstances of the second, which identified me.

"Why you thus juggled away in your third volume the name which you have so gratuitously produced in your sixth I care not to inquire: all I need say about it is, that, comparing the assertion in the note of your sixth volume, that 'Moore would not have attacked a friend,' with the gross attack on me published in your third, I am forced to conclude, either that you do not know what you have published, or that you have in that note advanced a falsehood which you must have known to be one.

"I am, my Lord, your Lordship's humble servant,
"J. W. CROKER.

"To the Right Hon. Lord J. Russell."

(N. 2.—Copy.)

"Chesham-place, Jan. 27, 1854.

"Sir,—The note to which you refer in your letter of yesterday's date was written on the supposition that you are the author of an article on Moore in the 'Quarterly Review.'"

"I cannot think that the passage you mention in Moore's Diary, Vol. III. p. 156, affords any justification of that article. The case is this:—

"Mr. Moore dies, leaving his widow nearly unprovided for, but entrusting to my care some manuscript volumes, which he thought might furnish the means for her subsistence and comfort.

"Seeing her broken health and shattered spirits, I judged it necessary for her comfort that she should remain in her cottage, and continue in her accustomed way of life.

"I endeavoured, in publishing the Diary, to omit passages offensive to individuals. I omitted some regarding you, which, though not bitter or malicious, might, I thought, give you pain. There was one in which he said he found you less clever and more vain than he expected, or had supposed. This I allowed to stand.

"As one of the public men of the day you are accustomed to write most severely of others. To escape all criticism on yourself seems an immunity hardly to be expected.

"But were you justified in embittering the last years of the widow of Moore, sneering at his domestic affections, and loading his memory with reproach, on account of the few depreciatory phrases to which you refer?

"Mrs. Moore, when she was told that you were the author of the article in the 'Quarterly,' would not believe it. She was deeply wounded when she was assured it was so. She had considered you as the friend of her husband.

"In reply to a long and bitter attack, I wrote the note to which you refer. I have no further explanation to offer.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
"J. RUSSELL.

"The Right Hon. J. W. Croker."

(No. 3.—Copy.)

"West Molesey, Surrey, Jan. 28.

"My Lord,—Your Lordship's letter is not only no answer to mine, but it makes your case much worse than I had supposed it to be.

"You evade the point I put to you by starting two other topics extraneous to the real subject, and, I think, unfounded in fact.

"First, you assume that I, who am supposed 'to write most severely of others, have claimed immunity from all criticism on myself.' I have not been guilty of any such absurdity. I believe that few men have had, during a long life more incessant proofs that I have no such convenient privilege. Such an idea I never uttered nor entertained. It would be not merely arrogance, but imbecility; and I trust this correspondence will convince your Lordship that I am not yet in my dotage.

"Your Lordship's second mistake is, that I allege the 'offensive' mention of me in Vol. III. p. 156, as a 'justification' of my article in the 'Quarterly Review' of your Lordship's publication. That article needs, in my opinion, no justification, at least to no one who has read your volumes; but however that may be, I should certainly never have thought of one so flimsy and so mean. The passage itself was so trivial and so like what I had often been controversially told, that it excited in me no other feeling than a slight surprise at its appearance under a date when I thought Moore and I were on the most cordial terms; and I so little resented it, that my friends know that I endeavoured to excuse it as a hasty and accidental ebullition of temper, for which I suggested that there might be a motive not unamiable in itself, though unjust as to me; and I only produced it in my former letter, not as any complaint against Moore, but as a contradiction of your Lordship's assertion of Moore's undeviating kindness to his friends, and especially towards me. It was a fact, not a plea.

"This, and not the two imaginary topics you have now raised, is the real point of the case, and this only it was that 'forced me to conclude, either that you did not know what you had published, or that you had advanced a falsehood, knowing it to be one.'

"Your Lordship has not only not extricated yourself from that dilemma, but you have, as I set out by saying, made your case infinitely worse; for you now admit that the passage which I had referred to as contradicting your assertion was not the only one, there having been 'some others' so much more 'offensive,' that you thought proper to omit them. What, my Lord, you have ventured to contrast, what you indicate as my malignant ingratitude towards Moore, with his undeviating and kindly feelings towards me; while it turns out that you had before your eyes several instances of mentions of me still more offensive than the one which you had produced, and, after producing it, conveniently, or at least opportunely, forgotten.

"There is another very serious consideration arising out of this surprising confession, which is, that for the purpose, I suppose, of attributing to yourself the *gloriette* of a generous delicacy towards me, as well as others, you sacrifice not only your argument, but the character of your poor friend, by revealing, what I never suspected, that during the many years in which he was living on apparently the most friendly terms with me, and asking, and receiving, and acknowledging such good offices, both consultative and practical, as my poor judgment and interest were able to afford him, he was making entries in his Diary concerning me so 'offensive,' that even the political and partisan zeal of Lord John Russell shrank from reproducing them.

"I must be allowed to say, under such strange circumstances, that I reject your Lordship's indulgence with contempt, and despise the menace, if it be meant for one, that you have such weapons in your sleeve: I not only dare you, but I condescend to entreat you to publish all about me that you have suppressed. Let me know the full extent of your crooked indulgence and of Moore's undeviating friendship. Let us have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, whilst I am still living to avail myself of it. Let it not be said that 'poor dear Moore told such things of Croker that even Lord John Russell would not publish them.' I feel pretty confident that there will not be found any entry of Moore's derogatory of me against which I shall not be able to produce his own contemporaneous evidence of a contrary tendency.

"Your Lordship's letter introduces another subject, on which I am reluctant to say a word, and shall say no more than your Lordship forces from me,—I mean, the pain that these discussions must give to an amiable lady, for whom I feel, without knowing her, and have always expressed, as much respect and sympathy as your Lord-

ship professes, and more than you have shewn in the indiscreet and heedless way in which you have so inextricably mixed up her name in almost every page of the discordant farrago that you have compiled from your friend's papers.

"The discretion allowed to an editor is never better employed than in keeping domestic life separate from what you yourself describe as the 'idle gossip and calumnies of the day,'—the squabbles of authorship, and the hot conflict of political parties. Your Lordship has not thought fit to do so, and of this gross and unfeeling neglect of your own editorial duty you now seek to throw the blame on those who venture to observe it, and to prove that Moore's ostentatious display of his domestic tastes was just as hollow as his professions of friendship or his parade of patriotism; and you will not even allow your interesting victim to escape from this by-battle which you have provoked with me, although one should have thought that she had as little to do with it as your Lordship's wife or mine; for you introduce her to tell me that, 'when she heard that I was the author of the article in the 'Quarterly Review' she would not believe it; she thought I was the friend of her husband.'

"This crowns your Lordship's inconsistency, to use the gentlest terms. I admit that Mrs Moore had for thirty years good reason to believe me to be her husband's friend; but if she was aware of all those 'offensive passages,' which you now admit to exist in the Diary, could she have supposed that he was mine?

"Your Lordship will naturally expect that I shall give publicity to this correspondence. If your Lordship has any thing to add to it, I request that I may receive it here by noon on Monday.

"I am, my Lord, your Lordship's humble servant,
"J. W. CROKER."

The postscript contains nothing of any importance. A few letters shewing that Moore sometimes used Croker's franks, and once asked him to propose his health; a declaration that Croker subscribed for two copies of "Anacreon," and proof that he was asked by Moore to do a very dirty job indeed for him—all exactly coinciding or quite compatible with the opinions stated in the diary.

It would be hypercriticism, in dealing with such a person as Mr. Croker, to remark, upon the concluding paragraph of the letter above quoted, that although the writer invites Lord John to

send his rejoinder "by noon on Monday," in order that it might be made public with the other letters, the correspondence appeared in the *Times* of Monday morning. This only proves the sort of cleverness of the individual.* We may also pass over as unimportant the miserable *tu quoque* with which the first letter opens, and the feeble insolence which forms the whole warp and woof of the material. These prove no more than we knew before—what Macaulay has abundantly shewn of Croker the editor, and what Moore discovered of Croker the man—namely, that he is less clever and more vain than people who had only heard the Tory tadpoles talk about him had supposed. The facts, however, are not to be got rid of. Poor Moore, when he was only acquainted with Croker, and before he grew intimate with him, made a very innocent entry in his diary, expressive of the impressions received from his first convivial intercourse with him. Croker takes the revenge of a savage by desolating the heart of his dead friend's widow. Lord John Russell gives a little, very little, vent to the indignation and disgust which every gentleman must feel who knew the circumstances and had read the article. With this remark we quit the subject: for to gentlemen of whatever nation, and to women of whatever rank, there can be no further need of comment.

* In his "Postscript," he says, "Copies of the foregoing were sent to town on the 29th, with the intention that they should appear in the *Times* of Tuesday the 31st, but by some accident of which I was not aware, they appeared on Monday the 30th." The gentleman seems to forget that the correspondence was preceded by a letter to the *Editor of the Times*, and that this letter was dated the 28th! With characteristic cunning, Croker made use of, what we shall always believe to have been, his own artifice, to entrap Lord John into a further correspondence; drew from the much pestered statesman a good humoured letter, and then turned and snarled and spat at him.

MODERN COMFORTS.

- I. *Yearbook of Facts in Science and Art.* Bogue, Fleet Street.
 II. *Curiosities of Industry and the applied Sciences.* By GEORGE DODD. Routledge, Fleet Street.
 III. *Novelties, Inventions, and Curiosities in Arts and Manufactures.* Routledge.
 IV. *How to furnish a House.* Groombridge, Paternoster Row.
 V. *Handbook of Chemistry.* By F. A. ABEL, F.C.S. Churchill, Princes Street, Soho.

"*MULTA ferunt anni venientes commoda secum*" was an observation uttered nearly two thousand years ago; and if true then, with how much greater force may not the remark be made now, when, in whatever direction we turn, we have convincing evidence of the improvements that have been made, and are daily making, in all that conduces to the necessities as well as the amenities of life. If, indeed, we do but consider the multifarious objects that surround us, of recent introduction or invention, that have become indispensable to the artificial state in which we live, we cannot repress our astonishment, that, during so many previous centuries, the simple discoveries on which they are based, should not have been earlier made, or that society could have so long tolerated their non-existence.

It is hardly necessary to revert to those dim and distant periods of our history, when the monarchs of England were fain to dwell in narrow and gloomy cells, quarried, as it were, out of the grim walls of their flinty castles, where, during the dismal hours of winter, the only light that penetrated from heaven into their cheerless presence-chamber, had to struggle through a casement in which oiled linen ill-performed the duty of glass, and where a daily modicum of rushes strewn over the oaken floor formed but a sorry substitute for the brilliant tissues of the modern looms of Tournay or of the faubourg St. Marcel. Nor were even these miserable reeds renewed as often as good taste or cleanliness would have suggested. Crushed, matted, and sullied by the traffic of successive weeks, and intermingled with the accumulated refuse from the table, it was only at distant intervals that they were removed, being, meanwhile, ordinarily concealed by a fresh layer, thinly scattered over them. "The dogs and cats had free access to the eating rooms, and fragments of meat and bones were thrown to them, which they devoured amongst the rushes, leaving what they could not eat to rot there, with the drainings of beer vessels and all manner of unmentionable abominations."

In those remote days, such was the chief furniture of the penetralia of a palace, that it would now be spurned with contempt by the vilest convict, who has enjoyed the advantage of a twelvemonth's sojourn in a model prison.

The mansions of the better class of the gentry at that period would not be looked upon as tenable by the rudest of modern farmers.

An interesting volume might be compiled on the history and gradual improvements of domestic dwellings. Nothing would afford a better illustration of national manners and of the social progress of the community. It is difficult to discover the laws by which other fashions have been created or modified, but every change either in the character, form, or internal arrangements of human habitations has unquestionably been suggested by some especial desire for the security, the comfort, or the state of its occupants, and affords the best indication we can possess of the development of the ingenuity, skill, and manual dexterity of ancient artisans, mechanics, and architects. Such a work has yet to be written, and, in these days of copious illustration, would offer a wide field for the display of artistic talent.

In England, the oldest buildings to which the antiquary can point, are round, massive towers, strongly constructed of masonry, the walls at the basement of prodigious thickness, gradually diminishing to the upper stories, which are provided with windows of reasonable dimensions, while those below are little more than embrasures for defensive purposes. They resemble, in some respects, the towers of refuge contiguous to many old mansions in the border counties.

By degrees the chieftains or barons who occupied these castles added to the comforts of their rude abodes. The tower or keep was reserved solely for the emergencies of war: more agreeable dwelling-rooms were constructed in proximity thereto; till, at the latter end of the thirteenth century, we find numerous habitable towers connected by galleries, adapted for the occupation of retainers and attendants.

These were succeeded by the castellated houses of a still later date, of which Haddon Hall, Knowle, and Hurstmonceux, are familiar instances. Their provisions for defence could have availed little against military operations, though in an irregular or tumultuous affray they possessed sufficient strength to guarantee the security of their inmates.

During the reign of the seventh Henry, the mansions of the nobility and of the wealthier gentry were almost uniformly built round a

quadrangular court, but with scarcely any of the warlike features of the castellated houses. The principal apartments on either side of the entrance arch constituted one side of the square, while the stabling, servants' offices, and farm buildings were to be found in the other three.

From the time of Edward III. until a much more recent period, manor-houses and parsonages were mainly built of timber, the intervals between the massive oaken beams being filled either with horizontal weather-boarding or with flints imbedded in almost imperishable cement, while in farm-houses clay, or mortar alone was thus employed. Very frequent examples of these timber houses are to be met with in the metropolis and in old provincial towns.

It was not until the reign of Henry VI. that the art of brick building, which had fallen into desuetude since the Roman invasion, began to be revived; and although scarcely any brick mansions of the fifteenth century are now in existence, Clare Hall, and Queen's College, Cambridge, sufficiently attest the durability of the material as then manufactured. Nor did the dwellings of our ancestors atone by their capacity for their general want of comfort and convenience. The ground plot was usually bisected by an entrance passage, on the right of which was the hall, with a parlour beyond, and on the left the kitchen and other domestic offices,* over these were one or two chambers, and above them occasionally a couple of attics.

Although chimneys are to be found in a few castellated edifices dating further back than the fourteenth century, neither they nor glass windows were to be generally seen in ordinary houses until towards the latter half of the reign of Edward III.; and in the time of Henry VIII. glass windows were confined to the better class of residences. Indeed, two hundred years afterwards, glazed sashes were regarded as moveable chattels; and when the Earl of Northumberland quitted Alnwick castle temporarily, the window-sashes were all removed from their frames, and put aside with care until his return.†

The internal accommodations of the dwellings, even of the nobility, in the fifteenth century, would excite the unqualified derision of a modern upholsterer. A gentleman's house was deemed well appointed indeed, if it could boast of four bedsteads, such even as they then were. The walls, exhibiting no attempt at decoration, were rarely plastered, much seldomer panelled; though in some houses of pretension, about

the time of Henry VII., they were concealed by hangings or tapestries. Neither pictures nor books formed any portion of the furniture of that dreary epoch. Plate was seldom seen, except at the tables of the wealthier citizens or foreign merchants.

John Port, servant to Henry VIII., who died in the fifteenth year of that king's reign, appears to have been a person of some consideration, and probably a trader.‡ His house comprised a hall, parlour, kitchen, buttery, three bed-chambers, as many garrets, a napery or linnen-room, besides a shop, probably detached. He owned five bedsteads. His plate was valued at 94*l.*; his jewels at 23*l.*; and the cost of his funeral was 73*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

An inventory, dated 1572, is still extant of the furniture of Skipton Castle, the magnificent seat of the Earls of Cumberland. In this palatial abode, one of the most splendid in the north of England, there were but eight beds; nor was there a chair, a carpet, or a mirror in one of the sleeping-chambers.§ Strutt has given a catalogue of the furniture of a Mr. Fermor, and also that of Sir Adrian Foscawe, in 1539. Mr. Fermor was a merchant, and probably was well-to-do in the world. His parlour was wainscoted, and was provided with table and chairs. He had two best beds, and one servants' bed, with mattresses on the floor for the inferior domestics. The best chambers had curtains and shutters. His plate, however, consisted of only sixteen spoons, a few goblets and ale tankards. Sir Adrian Foscawe's opulence was greater: he was a knight of the shire, had an entire service of plate, and his parlour was furnished with hangings.

Æneas Sylvius,|| writing about 1450, in allusion to the monarchs of Scotland, observes: "Cuperent tam egregiè Scotorum reges quàm mediocres Nurembergæ cives habitare."

English cottages at this time consisted of but a single room, with a mud-floor, and without any division into stories. Till 1560, chimneys were unknown in these humble dwellings; and in the farm-houses of Cheshire no flue nor escape for the smoke was used till 1656, except an aperture in the centre of the roof. The fire was in the middle of the floor, supported by a hob of clay, and the oxen and horses were housed under the same thatch.¶

Yet, though the edifices of this period were, internally, so devoid of all that is considered essential to modern existence, civil architec-

* Dr. Whitaker's History of Whalley.

† Northumberland Household Book, preface p. 16.

‡ Nicholl's Illustrations, p. 119.

§ Dr. Whitaker's History of Craven.

|| Æn. Sylv. apud Schmidt. Histoire des Allemands, tom. v. p. 510.

¶ Harrison's Account of England prefixed to Hollingshed's Chronicles.

ture, in its higher departments, was the boast of this and of the preceding centuries. Public buildings of all kinds, but more especially those of a religious character, were constructed with great skill, and, unlike the miserable structures of our day, with an eye to massiveness and durability. It is indeed impossible to form any computation of the enormous amount of capital expended on churches and monasteries between the conquest and the reformation. The idea it naturally conveys of the wealth of those times renders it difficult to credit the extreme frugality and simplicity of the gentry of that age. Under Henry VI. they were as yet ignorant of foreign luxuries; they consumed little wine; they rarely kept men-servants, except for husbandry; their saddle-horses, when they possessed any, were of little value; they rarely travelled beyond the limits of their county, and their hospitality must have been necessarily restricted, if, as we are assured, 20*l.* was reckoned a competent income for a gentleman! A knight, with a rent-roll of 150*l.*, was accounted extremely rich*: indeed, such a revenue then, might be deemed equivalent to one of 4000*l.* now.

In 1514, we are told that 10*l.* per annum was an extravagant allowance for a student at either University; and in 1476, judging from an entry in the churchwarden's accounts of St. Margaret, Westminster, 3*s.* 8*d.* was considered a liberal fee to a counsel for his opinion, with fourpence superadded for his dinner! We have not space to note, even briefly, the gradual advancement during the three succeeding centuries, nor to describe, even cursorily, the changes that have from time to time insensibly led to the introduction and adoption of those social refinements that minister so largely at present to the comfort and happiness of all classes.

Having briefly adverted to the interior arrangements of the mansion of a private gentleman four or five hundred years ago, let us contrast them for a moment with some of the appointments of a similar dwelling in the middle of the nineteenth century.

We will select one, in the construction of which no expense has been spared, and consequently displaying conspicuously every modern comfort and improvement. "It is a compendium of the products of the world, and of the genius and enterprise of man; myriads of our own countrymen have been employed in constructing and furnishing it; a hundred thousand persons probably have each done something in the various processes by which the result has been effected, and each derived some profit from the employment. The raw mate-

rials have been fetched from all parts of our own land, and from the forests and mines of regions the most distant. The daily supplies required for the household, and the dress and ornaments of their persons, contribute to the activity and profit of multitudes at home, and exercise a beneficial influence upon the remotest corners of the world: and let us remember that the habitual enjoyment of these things grows by degrees into an absolute necessity, creating for them a continued demand and permanent market."

The basement, then, sustained by strong subterranean arches, and resembling a primitive crypt, supports massive walls of masonry, double throughout their whole extent†, to ensure the perfect absence of external damp, and to economize, at the same time, the consumption of fuel within. The windows, also double, each enclosing a viridarium of its own, are formed of sashes without cross-bars, and glazed with the clearest plate, close hermetically, and yet rise or fall at the lightest touch. The entrance-hall, passages, staircases, and offices are effectually warmed by a concealed system of water-pipes, ingeniously heated by the fireplaces of the various rooms, and are thus kept, without any additional expense, in the severest winter, at an uniform and healthful temperature.‡ In a small building, some hundred yards or so distant, is a retort and gasometer§ that supplies a pure, cheap, and brilliant light wherever it may be needed, of uniform intensity, needing neither care nor attention, and engendering in its consumption neither soot, nor grease, nor dust.

We may here take occasion to observe that great misapprehension exists relative to this invaluable fluid. An opinion is widely prevalent that gas is unfitted for the illumination of private dwellings, owing to the heat and noxious gases it evolves: nothing can be more erro-

† The residence of the late Duke of Queensberry at Richmond is an instance of a house thus built, having passages and galleries throughout, between the outer and the inner walls.

‡ At Osmaston Manor, near Derby, may be seen a magnificent mansion, the construction of which cost 53,000*l.* It presents the remarkable phenomenon, in this climate, of a house entirely without chimnies, the smoke being conducted downwards by flues to a large horizontal flue, by which it is conveyed to a shaft, about 150 feet high, at some distance, where a furnace effectually draws off the whole of the smoke. A tower in one wing of the building is so contrived as to supply a constant flow of fresh air, and this is warmed by a system of hot water tubes, and conveyed to every part of the dwelling.

§ Such an apparatus affords, at a distance from towns, or in the absence of gas-works, an economic mode of manufacturing gas by a very simple process, either from coal, oil, resin, or the refuse grease of the kitchen. At many cloth manufactories in France the waste soap-suds are thus made to light the building in which they have been previously used for detergent purposes.

* Macpherson's Annals, p. 424, from Math. Paris.

neous. The heat, it is true, is in proportion to the light given off; and if, as has been found to be the case, a four-inch pipe will supply burners sufficient to outvie the blaze of 2000 mould candles (each candle consuming 175 grains of tallow per minute), the quantity of caloric and of carbonic acid given off, will be found to be in each case pretty nearly identical. In like manner, if you burn only as much gas as will equal the light of a pair of wax candles, the atmosphere of the apartment will be no further deteriorated than if you adopted the more aristocratic "flaming minister." Nothing can be more unphilosophical than to maintain the contrary theory, provided, of course, that the gas be supplied in a properly purified state. Moreover, the Argand, or shadowless gas-burner*, if encircled by a pale blue glass, yields a perfectly homogeneous white light, as pure almost as that of day, enabling artists to pursue their labours as satisfactorily during the "black hours of night," or the cheerless mornings of an English November, as during the unclouded blaze of a southern summer's day. Gas, moreover, when once laid on, is always at our service; may be instantaneously lighted or extinguished; will burn for days or months without snuffing, and without a wick; and is so completely susceptible of control, that no other kind of light can bear comparison with it in these respects, any more than on the score of economy.† The expense of artificial light is in the following order—coal-gas being by far the cheapest, then vegetable-oil, sperm-oil, tallow, stearine, wax.

There are various qualities of gas, the finest and brightest, but by far the most costly, being that from olive-oil, which yields nearly 80 per cent. of carbon. Next comes the gas from resin, a pound of which will yield twenty cubic

* This is decidedly the best form of gas-burner that can be adopted.

† Should any of our readers be desirous of increasing very materially the splendour of the illuminations of their dwellings with but insignificant addition to the present expense, we may suggest, that, by passing the gas as supplied from the gasometer through a vessel containing naphtha, the brilliancy of the light subsequently afforded will amply repay them for the trouble of the experiment.

The advantage, in a sanitary point of view, of well purified coal gas over all other materials for artificial illumination is incontestably established by the following table, shewing the precise quantity of carbonic acid generated by 10 hours combustion of different lights:—

	Cubic feet.
Tallow	10·1
Wax	8·3
Spermaceti	8·3
Sperm oil	6·4
Common London gas	5
Manchester gas	4
London cannel gas	3
Hydro-carbon gas	2·6

feet; whereas one ton of the best coal will give 9000 feet of gas (worth in London 4s. per 1000 cubic feet), besides pitch, tar, and coke. The inhabitants of London consume two thousand eight hundred million cubic feet; and nightly, in winter, about fourteen million of feet are burnt.‡

It is surprising that a prejudice, in reality unfounded, should so long have prevented the adoption of gas in all dwellings, for lighting, heating, and culinary purposes, when really no tangible objection can be alleged against it when under proper management. We do not of course pretend to deny that its consumption causes the evolution of some noxious products; but we unhesitatingly affirm that they are nearly all generated in precisely similar quantities, when the same amount of light is obtained from other sources. Moreover, by a most simple arrangement, they may be carried at once into the outer air, without the possibility of admixture with the atmosphere of the room.

Of course our model mansion has all the advantages of a first-rate London club in the extent and completeness of its culinary laboratory, where, by the aid of the subtle agent to which we have been alluding, all the refined operations of the *cuisine* are performed with a degree of simplicity and ease that no other generator of caloric can pretend to rival. As regards cleanliness and economy, the use of gas for fuel deserves special attention. It yields a clear, bright fire, always ready for use at a moment's notice, giving forth at will, either a pale lambent flame of modified temperature, or a torrid blaze that would roast an ox. No cinders, dust, nor *débris* of any kind offend the eye, however long stoves thus treated may have been in use. The only point requiring particular care in their construction is, that the gas should, before ignition, be diluted with atmospheric air. This is readily accomplished by interposing a diaphragm of wire gauze between the apertures whence the fluid issues and the flame, thereby ensuring the perfect consumption of the carbon, and preventing its deposition on the cooking vessels exposed to its action.

Soyer, whose authority, on this point at least, we are fully prepared to admit, observes: "You obtain the same heat as from charcoal, the moment it is lit: it is a fire that never

‡ Not many years since some of the most "eminent engineers" of the day stated gravely before a Parliamentary Committee, that any gasometer of greater diameter than 35 feet would be in the highest degree dangerous! A few months ago one was manufactured at Smethwick 165 feet in diameter. One was lately erected at Philadelphia 140 feet in diameter and 74 feet high, and one now constructing there, will be 160 feet in diameter and 90 feet in height.

requires making up, is free from carbonic acid,* which is so pernicious in small kitchens, and it creates neither dust nor smell. Moreover, no (superfluous?) heat whatever is created in the smallest kitchens by the use of gas stoves."†

From the kitchen to the dining-hall an invisible tunnel, warmed by steam, conveys upon a noiseless railway each course, in due order, and at the precise moment it is required. To steam, as an agent at the disposal of the *chef*, it is almost unnecessary to allude, since its use is so general, from the abode of royalty to the rustic boiling-house, where roots of so many denominations are prepared for the trough of the stalled ox or of the swine, that scarcely a cottage is now deemed complete without its boiler and steam apparatus.

Strange that the same agent should be employed to impel a line-of-battle ship athwart the Atlantic, to transport an army with unrivalled velocity across a continent, or to prepare potatoes for the dinner of a labourer. "Here," as the author of "The Silent Revolution" aptly observes, "it is employed upon massive blocks of iron, which it rolls out, cuts up, and moulds as the potter does the clay; and here it is spinning threads so fine that they almost elude the sight, and weaving them into airy textures that look like wreaths of morning mist. Unaffected by place, time, or climate, incapable of fatigue, untouched by passions or infirmities, there stands the universal servant of man, ready to relieve him from all drudgery, and to supplement his limited ability in carrying out the intentions of his will. It matters not, how difficult or various the services required, nor where they are to be performed. In the depths of the earth, or on the mountain top; in the open field, or in the crowded city; in the frozen north, or the burning tropics; whether they require the most gigantic strength, or the nicest care, this wondrous agent is suited to them all. It enables man, who is slow and weak compared with other terrestrial creatures, to pass from place to place with the speed of the eagle, carrying burdens in his flight that would crush the strong

* Our chemical readers will of course smile at this assertion. However, by dilution with air the evolution of this unavoidable product of ordinary combustion is reduced to a minimum.

† Some experiments were lately tried at the Royal Naval School, Greenwich, to test the relative merits and economy of cooking by gas and by coal. Thirty-six legs of mutton, weighing in the aggregate 288 lb., were roasted by gas for 1s. 2d. Twenty-three joints, weighing 184 lb., were roasted at an expense of 10½d.; the actual loss in weight being only 8½ lb. Twenty-three joints, weighing 184 lb., were cooked in the usual way in one of Romford's stoves. The loss on these was found to be 34 lb., and the fuel consumed comprised 102 lb. of coke and 30 lb. of coal; shewing a total saving of twelve shillings in favour of gas.

elephant to dust. 'By its means the force and dexterity of a million fingers are subjected to the control of one mind, and imbued with its intelligence. Under the transforming touch of this marvel-working power, the rudest substances assume forms of beauty and utility. The dark shapeless ore divides itself into multitudinous forms subservient to human purposes: it sparkles in the gorgeous service of the palace; it ministers to the humble comforts of the cottage; it gives instruments to the philosopher, and tools to the artisan; it furnishes man with means and appliances for executing his largest designs and securing his conquest of the whole earth. The frail vesture of the cotton seed, that once rotted unnoticed where it fell, becomes clothing for nations, and when it has answered all possible purposes, and been reduced to the state of filthy worn-out rags which the very beggar on the highway casts off with disgust, even these are taken up, and, by a magical process, transmuted into fair pages which are impressed with imperishable thoughts, multiplied with a rapidity like that of thought itself, and distributed throughout the world." But what has ever before conduced to the comfort and independence of man in so great a degree as the vapour of water? What comforts that we now enjoy have not either been wholly created, or, to say the least, enhanced, by this mystic and incomprehensible power? Contrast the travelling, three centuries since, or even at the commencement of the last century, with what we now have at our disposal. Just one hundred and fifty years ago, Prince George, the consort of Queen Anne, proceeded from Portsmouth, on a visit to the Duke of Somerset at Petworth. The Prince and his suite started at 6 A.M., though the distance to be traversed was under thirty miles. For fourteen dreary hours were the unfortunate travellers incarcerated in their lumbering coach, alighting only, as the narrator naïvely observes, when it was overturned or had stuck fast in the muddy sloughs. A troop of active peasants were engaged to attend and to support the clumsy vehicle in the more difficult places. Yet with all the aid and appliances that Royalty could command, the Prince was six hours in performing the last nine miles of his dismal journey.

Fifty years later, matters had not mended much. The stage coach of that period, drawn by six or eight horses, according to the exigencies of the route, was generally a week in reaching Chester from London, distant barely 180 miles. We effected the transit yesterday in a little less than six hours! Who can deny, then, that the diminution of time expended in travel is a virtual prolongation of

human life, or that the "express train" is one of the greatest of "Modern Comforts?"

"Railroad travelling," says Sydney Smith, is a delightful improvement of human life. Man is become a bird; he can fly longer and swifter than a Solan goose. The mamma rushes sixty miles in two hours to the aching finger of her conjugating and declining grammar-boy. The early Scotchman scratches himself in the morning mists of the north, and has his porridge in Piccadilly before the setting sun. Every thing is near, every thing is immediate—time, distance, and delay are abolished." The same witty writer, observing that it is a matter of considerable moment at what period a man is born, proceeds to bring before the notice of his readers eighteen changes that had taken place in England since his birth. "Gas was unknown: I groped about the streets of London in all but the utter darkness of a twinkling oil lamp, under the protection of watchmen in their grand climacteric, and exposed to every species of depredation and insult.

"I have been nine hours in sailing from Dover to Calais. It took me nine hours to go from Taunton to Bath before the invention of railroads; and I now go in six hours from Taunton to London! In going from Taunton to Bath I suffered between ten thousand and twelve thousand severe contusions, before stone-breaking Macadam was born.

"I paid fifteen pounds in a single year for the repair of carriage-springs on the pavement of London; and I now glide without noise or fracture over wooden pavements.

"I can walk, by the assistance of the police, from one end of London to the other, without molestation; or, if tired, get into a cheap and active cab, instead of those cottages on wheels, which the hackney-coaches were, at the beginning of my life.

"I had no umbrella! They were little used and very dear. There were no waterproof hats, and *my* hat has often been reduced by rains into its primitive pulp.

"I could not keep my smallclothes in their proper place, for braces were unknown. If I had the gout, there was no colchicum. If bilious, there was no calomel. If attacked by ague, there was no quinine. There were filthy coffee-houses instead of elegant clubs. Game could not be bought. Quarrels about uncommuted tithes were endless. The corruption of Parliament before Reform, infamous. (Perhaps there is still room for improvement in this quarter.—ED. N. Q. R.) The poor laws were gradually sapping the vitals of the country; and whatever miseries I suffered, I had no Post to whisk my complaints for a single penny to the remotest corners of the empire; and yet, in

spite of all these privations, I lived on quietly, and am now ashamed that I was not more discontented, and utterly amazed that all these changes and inventions did not occur two centuries ago!"

But what would Sydney Smith have said had his life been protracted until now? How would he not have dilated on those mirific inventions which have given us the "sunbeam for a pencil and the lightning for a messenger!" With what zest would he have expatiated on the various appliances that science has contributed to our daily comfort, even within the few years that have elapsed since he ceased to enliven us with his unparalleled wit, and to charm us by his playful sarcasm.

Many pages might be devoted to a detailed description of the varied uses to which substances long deemed insignificant have been recently applied. Important, indeed, was the discovery by which the character and properties of so common a material even as caoutchouc were materially changed by simple immersion in molten sulphur. It is then no longer affected by changes of temperature, its elasticity is materially enhanced: vulcanized Indian-rubber indeed, as it is then termed, possesses exclusively the property of receiving the impress of any form forcibly applied to it, and of returning again to its pristine shape when the pressure is removed. Caoutchouc again, dissolved in chloroform, forms a beautiful transparent cement, durable, and not susceptible to the action either of heat or of moisture*: caoutchouc or gutta-percha, or both combined, mixed with equal weights of sulphur, and exposed for four hours to a temperature of 270° Fahrenheit, produce a substance analogous in its appearance and uses to horn, or bone, or jet.

Of gutta-percha, paper has been formed, which is said to be superior to any other tissue of the kind for lithographic or copper-plate printing.†

* This cement may be thus made:—Dissolve 15 grains of caoutchouc in 2 ounces of chloroform, then add half an ounce of mastic: let the whole (well corked) macerate for eight days. Where great elasticity is required, more caoutchouc may be added.

† A rare catalogue we should present, if all the useful applications of gutta-percha were duly set forth. We should have to speak of breast-coating for water-wheels, of galvanic batteries, of shuttle-beds for looms, of packing for steam engines and pumps, of cricket balls, of felt-edging for paper-making, of curtain rings whose merit is noiselessness, of window-blind cord and sash lines, of clothes' lines (recommended to the laundress as defying all attacks of weather), of bosses for flax-spinning frames, of whips and staves for policemen, of flax-holders for heckling machines, of skates, of fencing-sticks, of washers for the axles of wheels, of plugs or solid masses used in buildings, of buffers for railway carriages, of powder canisters, of sheet-covering for damp walls, of linings for ladies' bonnets, of jar covers, of sponge bags, of foot baths,

Within the last few months researches and discoveries, having most important tendencies as regards the social condition of man, have been made, not only in this but in the opposite hemisphere.

Ericsson's caloric ship, its original engines having proved insufficient, is being fitted with others, on a still more stupendous scale, to be impelled by heated air. It is not, perhaps, fair to prejudge a matter of this magnitude until an experiment has been tried; but we must admit that we should experience little surprise did the principle involved fail to realize the sanguine anticipations of its projector.

Greater results may be expected from the Titanic steamer now building by Mr. Brunel and Mr. Scott Russell, of such stupendous dimensions, that she will span the interval between the crests of two of the longest Atlantic waves. In length she will be 680 feet, in breadth 83, and in depth 58 feet. Her engines will be impelled by a power greater than that of 2600 horses. Her bottom and deck will be double and tubular, so that she will form a complete beam, and moreover will be internally divided into ten water-tight compartments. She will be provided with paddles as well as with a screw, the two sets of propellers being worked by independent engines; and she will, when completed, present the greatest and most complete triumph of human ingenuity and daring, that has ever astounded the world.

On railways, improvements are yearly making in the power and stability of the locomotives. One has lately been finished, whose exclusive province it will be daily to fly with the express train in two hours from London to Birmingham. Its boilers are capacious enough to yield the power of 700 horses, and there can be little doubt that it will perform its assigned task with ease.

Much progress has been made during the past year in manufacturing machinery, and many important processes have been adopted in the arts by which human labour has been lessened and the cost of production more than proportionably diminished.

Perhaps, however, we cannot, in this brief and hasty retrospect, point to any scientific adaptation of mechanical principles to the di-

minution of manual labour more signal, from the marvellous precision observable in all its operations, than the beautiful mechanism by which Colt's celebrated revolvers are formed and finished. In the manufactory he has established at Pimlico, he has introduced many engines and machines for working upon metal—inventions or adaptations of his own—many of which are utterly unknown to English engineers! When we see the singular care there bestowed in the selection of materials, the successive processes by which every part of these extraordinary arms is finished and subsequently tested, we no longer feel surprise at their incontestible superiority.

Another native of Hartford (Connecticut), Mr. Talbot, has come forward as the inventor of an apparatus for boring through mountains, no matter what the soil, nor how hard the rock of which they are composed. The machine weighs about eighty tons, is worked by an engine of sixty horse power, and is said to act very satisfactorily.

But the time is not, we believe, far distant, when operations will be commenced that will throw alike into the shade the attempts of Xerxes or the exploits of Hannibal. The Chevalier Maus has, after careful and deliberate survey, actually planned a tunnel through the Alps! His line skirts the southern side of Mount Cenis, following the valley of the Dorx, and passing near the towns of Susa, Oulx, Bardoneche, &c., thence *by a tunnel* to Modena in Savoy, reducing what is now a tedious journey of eight hours to one of eighty or ninety minutes. He, too, has contrived an excavating machine of enormous power, and yet of great simplicity. It has been tested on a scale sufficiently large to prove its perfect applicability to its destined purpose.

Scarcely inferior in point of skill and of engineering daring to the trans-Alpine tunnel, is the bridge projected to span the Niagara falls. A bridge of 800 feet span, 20 feet wide, suspended aloft in the air by 15,000 miles of wire, and athwart which long trains, with their locomotives, their bales of merchandize and passengers, will dart in security over an abyss sufficient to appal the bravest!

A report has been made in favour of the practicability of a similar structure near Quebec, over the St. Lawrence. This bridge will be 3400 feet in length, supported by two massive tapering towers of masonry, each 330 feet high, based on the bed of the stream, and standing 1610 feet apart. The roadway will be 32 feet wide in the clear from parapet to parapet.

The railway connecting New York city with Buffalo passes over a bridge 800 feet long, constructed chiefly of timber: the tressles or

of funnels, of goldsmiths' bowls, of bobbins for spinning machines, of covers for rollers, of book covers, of moulds for electrotypes, of coffin linings, of sounding boards, of portmanteaus, of beds for paper-cutting machines, of fine and coarse thread, of envelope boxes, of powder flasks, of portfolios, of a stopping for hollow teeth—a tolerable list, this, which shews how multiplied are the applications for which this singular vegetable product is available.

piers on which it is reared^d, rise in air to the height of 190 feet, and have at a little distance the appearance of a mere slender scaffolding; but they are in fact calculated to support a weight of 1000 tons in addition to their own!

Even Vulcan himself would, we opine, have been amazed, had he heard that a time would come, even in a degenerate age, when hammers, fashioned and directed by human skill, should be employed to knead masses of glowing iron, such as even a Cyclopean army could hardly have ventured to move.

Yet, no longer ago than last year, a hammer of this kind was erected at Glasgow whose weight exceeds 6 tons! the machinery employed in supporting it, weighing some 50 tons more. The anvil on which, every 5 seconds, it incessantly strikes, is a solid mass of iron—53 tons in one block—supported on a bed composed of 400 tons of hewn masonry, and that again resting on a forest of piles, each driven 20 feet into the earth.

On the ocean, the screw-propeller is gradually but effectually displacing the old unsightly and incommodious paddle, and our steamers, hideous as they hitherto have been, are now beginning to exhibit some traces of symmetry and beauty. Strange, at such a time—when the paddle-wheel system has been as completely superseded by the screw, as the flint lock by the percussion—that the antiquated wisacres who preside over the destinies of the Admiralty should have actually directed the construction of a new yacht for Her Majesty, to be impelled in the manner universally reprobated by all who are competent to form a judgment on the subject!

The recent eminently successful performances of the "Himalaya," under every variety of weather, have, once and for ever, indisputably settled the superiority of the screw over the paddle-wheel for all ocean-going purposes. With one-third less power, and with one-half the consumption of coal, in proportion to tonnage, it is quite possible to obtain as high a rate of speed. The original cost of the ship and engines is also proportionably reduced. The vessel costs less to begin with, is easier, is propelled faster, and is maintained at less expense. As regards size, it seems quite clear that, to obtain high velocity, great length, combined with large dimensions, are essential. As to comfort, no one who has encountered a gale of wind in a steamship of 3500 tons, would ever desire to obtain similar experience in one 1000 tons less.

Great, however, as are the advances we are making in naval architecture, and mighty as are the structures now launched upon the ocean, it should, in justice to the ancients, be recorded, that, in magnitude at least, some of

their vessels far exceeded ours. Thus the memorable galley built by order of Ptolemy Philopater was 420 feet long, contained 7220 men, and measured 6445 tons. Old Noah's ark, computed according to modern rules, exhibits a dimension of nearly 12,000 tons; whereas the Himalaya, the largest ship of modern times, measures only 3528 tons. The Eastern Steam-Navigation Company, however, give, in their prospectus, the dimensions of an iron ship of 22,942 tons, or double the size of the antediluvian ark; the principle having now been thoroughly established, that it is far more economical to employ a small number of large ships, rather than a greater number of small vessels, in a given trade, especially for long voyages.

In connection with printing, several improvements have lately been introduced, not to mention those of Major Beniowski, the principles of which are already pretty generally known. In Germany, steam has at length been applied to lithographing, and from 800 to 1000 impressions per hour can now be worked from a single stone, whereas, until lately, 250 a day was the utmost that could be effected in this department of the art.

But at Vienna the discovery of a process has just been made, whereby many natural objects are rendered available for yielding impressions on metal that can be subsequently used as blocks uniformly with types. In this way exact impressions can be taken from agates, leaves, flowers, insects, fossil animals, textile tissues, mosses, &c. They can be printed in the predominant colour of the original, and nothing can be more natural than the coloured images thus produced.

The article to be thus treated is first placed between a copper and a leaden plate, and then passed, under considerable pressure, between rollers. The image of the original is by this means deeply impressed on the lead, with all its delicacy of outline and tracery. Of course the operation is susceptible of various modifications according to the nature of the object to be represented. The inventor, it seems, entertains no mean opinion of this invention, for he says—"Russia gave Jacobi's application of the galvanoplastik in 1837, and France the daguerreotype for general use in 1839: Austria has now furnished a worthy pendant to these two inventions!"

Considerable progress has of late been made in anastatic printing; and Stather's patent block printing, as well as Smith's photo-printing on woven fabrics, are attracting considerable attention.*

* Mr. Muir, of Glasgow, has invented a mode of stereotyping, managed in the following way. A page of common

In agriculture, improvements are making in reaping and tilling machines, and in mills for grinding corn.* A cycloidal apparatus has been devised to supersede manual labour in digging, but it requires a variety of improvements ere it can be generally adopted.

A labour-saving machine has been brought into use on a large scale at New York for cleansing linen by steam. Of its efficacy our readers may judge, when we inform them that four persons can by its agency completely wash and cleanse 4000 articles of clothing per day. Should the process militate against the durability of our garments, we are promised a cheap mode of renewing them; for sewing machines, that will work at the rate of 500 stitches a minute, are being made in large quantities for home and foreign use. It is said that the work they turn out at this marvellous rate is neither loose nor irregular, but, on the contrary, strong, close, and compact; such, indeed, as few practised tailors or seamstresses could rival.†

The strength and durability of leather are very greatly increased by a process invented by a Mr. Preller, who employs no bark, yet completely and effectually prepares hides for use in as many hours as were required weeks, or indeed months, under the old system.

Some astonishment will doubtless be felt by some of our provincial readers, when they learn that elegant villas, neat cottages, shooting boxes, emigrants' dwellings, with all their appurtenant offices, are being extensively con-

structed of PAPER. Even so: the whole of these dwellings, with the exception of the framework, the floors, and the doors, are composed exclusively of papier-maché, externally covered with thin corrugated iron.‡ For those, however, who prefer a more solid and yet not much costlier habitation, a new artificial stone has been devised, compounded of alumina, chloride of sodium, and silex: it may be used in blocks of any dimensions.

The present age is no less remarkable for the number and variety of new substances rendered subservient to our wants, than for the utility to which articles formerly considered utterly refuse, are now converted.

Bones that used to be thrown away, unless sufficiently good for the purposes of the turner, are now sedulously preserved. Either the mill grinds them into powder for manure, or the chemist extracts phosphorus and other valuable matters from them. The soot and sweepings, and sewage, which used so to perplex our forefathers, and which still perplex those who have been slow to avail themselves of modern discoveries, are precious stores to the chemist, whence he obtains products often of singular beauty and usefulness. Blood, lime, charcoal, and other substances used in the refining of sugar, were formerly consigned to the dust-heap or the common sewer when the refining was completed. Not so now, however; for the additions they have acquired in the process render them actually more valuable to the chemist than in their former pure state. Twenty years ago guano was utterly without

type is first set up, and well fixed; a warm cake of gutta-percha is applied to it, screwed down tightly, and allowed so to remain a quarter of an hour; when this gutta-percha mould is removed, it is brushed over with fine black-lead, and an electro-copper cast taken from it; the printing is then effected from this cast. It is found that gutta-percha constitutes a very convenient and efficient substance for the mould, owing to the readiness with which it can be softened, and its toughness when cold; while the electro-copper cast is said to bear the action of the printing press throughout a much greater number of copies than an ordinary stereotype plate.

The same inventor also practises a plan in which the gutta-percha performs not only its own work but that of the electro-copper also. A mould is taken from an engraved wood-block, in gutta-percha; and this mould, when brushed over with black-lead, is made to yield a cast also in gutta-percha, in an exactly similar way; and from this cast the impressions are printed. It seems difficult to conceive that, after this double process, all the delicate lines of a wood engraving should be preserved on the surface of such a material as gutta-percha; and yet, without this preservation, the method would be practically valueless.

* Barnett's system for ventilating corn while between the mill-stones promises to be of value. Westrupp's conical flour-mill is a most admirable invention, and is coming into extensive operation.

† We may mention also the American washing-board, now in universal use in the States, but either unknown or neglected in this prejudiced country,—a simple corrugated board, whereby half the labour of a wash is saved.

‡ One of the most remarkable advancements in the iron manufacture in recent years has been the introduction of *galvanized tinned-iron* for innumerable purposes. This material consists of iron plate coated with tin by galvanic deposition. It serves as a substitute for plain iron, for tin-plate, for zinc, and for lead, under certain circumstances. It is stronger and more durable, for many purposes, than lead or zinc; it is better than plain iron where rust is to be avoided; it is superior to lead and zinc in warm climates, inasmuch as it does not expand and contract to so great a degree. Within a house and without, in vessels and in utensils, in towns and in the country, in manufactures and in domestic economy, we now find this substance employed. We have galvanized tinned-iron corrugated plates for roofing, and for the sides and doors of houses; in another form there are plain plates for the same purpose; roofs for sheds, roofs and sides for storehouses, and many similar purposes. Then, besides the sheet form, there are round and square bars, hoop-iron, wire, tubes and pipes, nails, rivets, bolts, screws—all formed of iron thus protected by the galvano-tin process. There is this advantage also, which is unattainable by the ordinary tin-plate process, that articles can be tinned after they are made in the proper form of iron, provided they are of small dimensions. The plates are really a combination of three metals; for, in the first place, a layer of tin is precipitated on the iron plates from a solution of chloride of tin by the galvanic process; and then a layer of zinc is obtained by dipping the sheets into molten zinc.

value in the market; but agricultural chemistry has given it such a value, that hundreds of ships are employed in conveying it across the seas. The gas companies used to pay money for permission to throw away their refuse ammoniacal liquor into the common sewers; but chemistry has created a profitable market for this liquid. The water in which fleeces are washed becomes impregnated with the greasy impurities with which the wool filaments are coated, and this water used to be thrown into ditches or drains; but now, by adding a little alkali to it, a kind of soap is produced, which is available in the subsequent scouring operations in the woollen manufacture.

The camera obscura has enabled the tourist to bring back with him accurate pictures of the scenes that delighted him, and the objects that struck his fancy; and photography not only enables us to make nature paint her own portrait, but, aided by the magnifying glass or the stereoscope, ministers to our domestic affections; giving, even to the humblest class, not hideous caricatures, such as were wont to be supplied by travelling artists, but actual facsimiles of a dead parent or of an absent lover, which, seen through the magic lenses, seem to rise upon the sight, rotund in fleshy form.

Scientific research has of late yielded results of no inconsiderable interest. The deepest soundings ever taken were those obtained in mid-ocean by Captain Denham, of H.M.S. "Herald," in lat. 36° 49' and 37° 6' W. long. The bottom of the Atlantic was here found to be distant 7706 perpendicular fathoms (or 7·7 geographical miles). The line used was one-tenth of an inch in diameter, laid in one length, and, when dry, every 100 fathoms weighed one pound. The plummet weighed 9 pounds, and the above length took precisely 9 hours 24 minutes, 45 seconds to run off the reel. Great care was taken in the endeavour to bring the plummet to the surface, in order to ascertain the nature of the bottom, but it unfortunately broke at 140 fathoms from the surface. It is indeed a curious fact connected with deep-sea soundings of this kind, that in no instance has the plummet been recovered after having once touched the bottom.

Dr. Scoresby has communicated to the British Association some very valuable observations on the "Surface, temperature, and great currents of the North Atlantic and Northern Oceans," which we have not space to advert to, further than to laud the extreme ingenuity of the apparatus used by him in his experiments.*

Mr. Glaisher, assuming that the amount of evaporation over the whole surface of the globe

is three feet annually, calculates, that from the surface of the sea alone there are taken up no less than 164 cubic miles of water in the form of vapour. Faraday, considering the subject of oxygen, and of the quantity of that gas daily required for the sustenance of animal life and for combustion, makes the astounding statement, that 7,142,847 tons of this gas are daily abstracted from the atmosphere! this in a year would amount to 2,609,285,714 tons! Oxygen indeed, he further computes, constitutes not improbably one-half or a third of the whole component elements of the globe.

In the course of the past year four scientific balloon ascents were made, but they have yielded little to our store of knowledge in connection with atmospheric phenomena, further than in showing that the thermometer was observed to fall 1° (Fahr.) for about every 300 feet that the experimentalists ascended.

The best and most interesting of the works cited at the head of this article is that by Mr. Dodd, the well-known author of "Days at the Factories" and many other works. In it he proceeds, first, to consider and discuss the recent improvements in the manufacture and application of glass, iron, and wood; secondly, calculating machines, articles in India-rubber and gutta-percha; then the industrial applications of electricity. Gold—in the mine, the mint, and the workshop; paper—its application and novelties; printing—its modern varieties; cotton and flax—a contrast; cotton and bread—what they owe to manufactures; wool and silk, fur and feathers; the chemistry of manufactures; steam power and water power;—these articles are all treated with a skilful hand, and yet in a way that renders them perfectly intelligible, even to the most unscientific.

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information they convey. Heat, moisture, barometrical pressure, rain, wind—all now register the times and quantities of their occurrence. Let us illustrate this by one example. Mr. David Napier patented an ingenious barometer in 1848, intended to mark the variation of atmospheric pressure throughout an entire period of twenty-four hours. Connected with the barometer tube is a vertical spindle, which carries a card having on its surface a number of radial lines and concentric circles; the radial lines represent fractions of inches, and the concentric circles represent portions of time. Above the card is a lever carrying a vertical pricker, which is made to rise and fall at certain regular intervals of time, and to travel from the inner concentric circle to the outer one once in twenty-four hours. On the vertical spindle, and underneath the card, is fastened a grooved wheel, round which is passed a cord; a counterbalance weight is attached to one end of the cord, while the other end is made fast to a float resting upon a column of mercury in a tube. The card has a fixed point representing 29·5 inches, which, at the commencement, is placed underneath the pricker. As the column of mercury rises or falls by the varying pressure of the atmosphere, the printed card will travel to the left or the right accordingly; and the variation of height will be indicated by the distance of the punctured lines from the starting point, on either side.

* Registering instruments for meteorological and philosophical purposes have now become a very numerous class. They put in a permanent form the record of the

MR. MACAULAY AS AN ORATOR.

Speeches of the Right Honorable T. B. MACAULAY, M.P., corrected by himself. Longmans.

THE position of Mr. Macaulay among orators is, we hope, not yet to be judged. So affluent a mind must be capable of much more in oratory than it has yet accomplished. If revived ambition, or the completion of that work "which is the business and the pleasure of his life," should make him hereafter an habitual attendant at the House of Commons, and a frequent speaker there, we should undoubtedly find him a ready debater as well as a famous orator. It is quite impossible that a man whose memory is so vast, whose fluency is so great, and whose reputation is so high, should be otherwise than a good debater *if he chose*. Hitherto he has always been the *Deus ex machinâ* of some great debate. He has risen always in his set place just when he was expected to rise, and he has delivered to an admiring audience a prepared harangue. Nothing could be better than the speech. It was rich to redundancy in illustration, powerful in logic, admirable in arrangement, adorned with all the learning that could be brought to bear upon the subject, expressed in faultless language, and delivered with unhesitating ease. It produced three rounds of applause from his own party, and impressed a silence of admiration upon his opponents. It was eloquence of the highest, and occasionally of the most useful character, but it was not the oratory of a working assembly. It was of that rich and sparkling fabric which John Bull gapes at, and claps his hands at, and cheers lustily, while it is in sight; but which he shakes his head at when it has passed away. He wisely remembers that ready energy is of more general use than the power of delicate elaboration, and he would undoubtedly prefer to the finest Damascus blade that ever bare text of holy Korân, that useful weapon—

Which was a serviceable dudgeon;
Either for fighting or for drudging;
Which, when 't had stabbed or broke a head,
Would scrape a trencher or chip bread.

Of such are not the Macaulay arms. They are always carefully ground and burnished, and put aside until the moment when the owner descends a champion into the arena.

We thoroughly believe that Mr. Macaulay does not willingly reproduce these twenty-nine speeches. An "incorrect edition" has indeed, for ages, been the stock excuse of authors for the republication of their fugitive pieces. Goldsmith had the candour to tell the truth, and declared in his preface that he collected his essays because he desired "to imitate that fat man in the shipwreck, who, when the sailors, prest by famine, were taking slices from his

buttocks, insisted with great justice on having the first cut for himself;" but it has generally been that "mutilated copies have escaped to the press." This fact, whereof Mr. Macaulay could, we are sure, cite a hundred instances from memory, must convince him that his case is not so very uncommon, and might have induced him to pause before he sent forth such a torrent of anger against a luckless bibliopole who, after all, did but follow his instincts. Heaven knows we have no sympathy with ambiguous title-pages: but Mr. Macaulay, who would not be a debater upon ordinary House-of-Commons business, should not allow himself to be nettled into scolding a bookseller. We do so sometimes, for it is our duty as literary watchmen to turn on the bull's eye and spring the rattle; but we do it, not from feeling, or for pleasure, or for honour, but for dull utility: just, to borrow Canning's illustration, as a Dutchman hunts a rat in a dyke, lest it should flood a province. A year hence the historian will be rather ashamed of this preface, and will feel that, however impertinent the annoyance, a little more contempt would have been much more dignified. Moore tells us in his Diary, that however ill he might have thought Murray behaved to him, it was quite beneath his position to quarrel with the man.

Of the speeches now collected, some will be constantly referred to whenever the topics they deal with are mooted. Political harangues, with very rare exceptions, die with the occasion that produced them, or survive only in a metaphor or an aphorism; but the speech which was the cause of the present Law of Copyright will always be referred to when the property in the creations of the mind is to be vindicated—and when will the truths enounced in the speech at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution be old or out of date? We cannot pretend to give the character of Macaulay's oratory by extracts—for who has not read a hundred times more of it than we could print? but the following truth and illustration are worthy of reproduction for itself:—

SUPERFICIAL KNOWLEDGE.

It is evident then that those who are afraid of superficial knowledge do not mean by superficial knowledge, knowledge which is superficial when compared with the whole quantity of truth capable of being known. For, in that sense, all human knowledge is, and always has been, and always must be, superficial. What then is the standard? Is it the same two years together in any country? Is it the same, at the same moment, in any two countries? Is it not notorious that the profundity of one age is the shallowness of the next; and that the profundity of one nation is the shallowness of a neighbouring nation? Ramohun Roy passed, among Hindoos, for

a man of profound Western learning; but he would have been but a very superficial member of this Institute. Strabo was justly entitled to be called a profound geographer eighteen hundred years ago. But a teacher of geography, who had never heard of America, would now be laughed at by the girls of a boarding-school. What would now be thought of the greatest chemist of 1746, or of the greatest geologist of 1746? The truth is, that, in all experimental science, mankind is, of necessity, constantly advancing. Every generation, of course, has its front rank and its rear rank; but the rear rank of a later generation occupies the ground which was occupied by the front rank of a former generation.

You remember Gulliver's adventures. First he is shipwrecked in a country of little men; and he is a Colossus among them. He strides over the walls of their capital: he stands higher than the cupola of their great temple: he tugs after him a royal fleet: he stretches his legs, and a royal army, with drums beating and colours flying, marches through the gigantic arch: he devours a whole granary for breakfast, eats a herd of cattle for dinner, and washes down his meal with all the hogsheads of a cellar. In his next voyage he is among men sixty feet high. He who, in Lilliput, used to take people up in his hand in order that he might be able to hear them, is himself taken up in the hands and held to the ears of his masters. It is all that he can do to defend himself with his hanger against the rats and mice. The court ladies amuse themselves with seeing him fight wasps and frogs: the monkey runs off with him to the chimney top: the dwarf drops him into the cream jug and leaves him to swim for his life. Now, was Gulliver a tall or a short man? Why, in his own house at Rotherhithe he was thought a man of the ordinary stature. Take him to Lilliput; and he is Quinbus Flestrin, the Man Mountain. Take him to Brobdingnag, and he is Grildrig, the little Manikin. It is the same in science. The pygmies of one society would have passed for giants in another.

It might be amusing to institute a comparison between one of the profoundly learned men of the thirteenth century and one of the superficial students who will frequent our library. Take the great philosopher of the time of Henry the Third of England, or Alexander the Third of Scotland, the man renowned all over the island, and even as far as Italy and Spain, as the first of astronomers and chemists. What is his astronomy? He is a firm believer in the Ptolemaic system. He never heard of the law of gravitation. Tell him that the succession of day and night is caused by the turning of the earth on its axis. Tell him that, in consequence of this motion, the polar diameter of the earth is shorter than the equatorial diameter. Tell him that the succession of summer and winter is caused by the revolution of the earth round the sun. If he does not set you down for an idiot, he lays an information against you before the Bishop, and has you burned for a heretic. To do him justice, however, if he is ill informed on these points, there are other points on which Newton and Laplace were mere children when compared with him. He can cast your nativity. He knows what will happen when Saturn is in the House of Life, and what will happen when Mars is in conjunction with the Dragon's Tail. He can read in the stars whether an expedition will be successful, whether the next harvest will be plentiful, which of your children will be fortunate in marriage, and which will be lost at sea. Happy the State, happy the family, which is guided by the counsels of so profound a man! And what but mischief, public and private, can we expect from the temerity and conceit of sciolists who know no more about the heavenly bodies than what they have learned from Sir John Herschel's beautiful little volume? But, to speak seriously, is not a little truth better than a great deal of falsehood? Is not the man who, in the evenings of a fortnight, has acquired a correct notion of the solar system, a more profound astronomer than a man who has passed thirty

years in reading lectures about *prismata mobile*, and in drawing schemes of horoscopes?

As this speech is not very well known, perhaps we shall be pardoned for reproducing the peroration.

And ~~as I am brought back to the point from which I started~~ I have been requested to invite you to fill your glasses with the literature of Britain; to that literature, the brightest, the purest, the most durable of all the glories of our country; to that literature, so rich in precious truth and precious fiction; to that literature which boasts of the prince of all poets and of the prince of all philosophers; to that literature which has exercised an influence wider than that of our commerce, and mightier than that of our arms; to that literature which has taught France the principles of liberty and has furnished Germany with models of art; to that literature which forms a tie closer than the tie of consanguinity between us and the commonwealths of the valley of the Mississippi; to that literature before the light of which impious and cruel superstitions are fast taking flight on the banks of the Ganges; to that literature which will, in future ages, instruct and delight the unborn millions who will have turned the Australasian and Caffrarian deserts into cities and gardens. To the literature of Britain, then! And, wherever British literature spreads, may it be attended by British virtue and by British freedom!

In quite another style is the speech delivered on the question of the exclusion of judges from the House of Commons. In our opinion it is, although the least ambitious, the very best of all the Macaulay speeches; close in argument, copious in precedent and example, business-like, and not very oratorical. Its effect was to explode at once, and we hope for ever, a very pernicious piece of humbug.

We must not follow Mr. Macaulay into politics; but there is among his speeches one dealing with topics that will very soon come again before Parliament. We hope Mr. Macaulay may be sufficiently restored to health, and sufficiently awakened to contemporary interests, to be there in person. If not, then this is what he *would* say.

INTIMIDATION AND CORRUPTION.

Thinking, therefore, that the practice of intimidation has all the evils which are to be found in corruption, and that it has other evils which are not to be found in corruption, I was naturally led to consider whether it was possible to prevent it by any process similar to that by which corruption is restrained. Corruption, you all know, is the subject of penal laws. If it is brought home to the parties, they are liable to severe punishment. Although it is not often that it can be brought home, yet there are instances. I remember several men of large property confined in Newgate for corruption. Penalties have been awarded against offenders to the amount of five hundred pounds. Many Members of Parliament have been unseated on account of the malpractices of their agents. But you cannot, I am afraid, repress intimidation by penal laws. Such laws would infringe the most sacred rights of property. How can I require a man to deal with tradesmen who have voted against him? or to renew the leases of tenants who have voted against him? What is that the Jew says in the play?

"I'll not answer that."

But say it is my humour."

Or, as a Christian of our own time has expressed himself, "I have a right to do what I will with my own." There is a great deal of weight in the reasoning of Shylock and the Duke of Newcastle. There would be an end of the right of property if you were to interdict a landlord from ejecting a tenant, if you were to force a gentleman to employ a particular butcher, and to take as much beef this year as last year. The principle of the right of property is, that a man is not only to be allowed to dispose of his wealth rationally and usefully, but to be allowed to indulge his passions and caprices, to employ whatever tradesmen and labourers he chooses, and to let, or refuse to let, his land according to his own pleasure, without giving any reason, or asking anybody's leave. I remember that, on one of the first evenings on which I sat in the House of Commons, Mr. Poulett Thompson proposed a censure on the Duke of Newcastle for his Grace's conduct towards the electors of Newark. Sir Robert Peel opposed the motion, not only with considerable ability, but with really unanswerable reasons. He asked if it was meant that a tenant who voted against his landlord was to keep his lease for ever. If so, tenants would vote against a landlord to secure themselves. I thought, and think, this argument unanswerable; but then it is unanswerable in favour of the ballot; for, if it be impossible to deal with intimidation by punishment, you are bound to consider whether there be any means of prevention; and the only mode of prevention that has ever been suggested is the ballot. That the ballot has disadvantages to be set off against its advantages I admit; but it appears to me that we have only a choice

of evils, and that the evils, for which the ballot is a specific remedy, are greater than any which the ballot is likely to produce. Observe with what exquisite accuracy the ballot draws the line of distinction between the power which we ought to give to the proprietor, and the power which we ought not to give him. It leaves the proprietor the absolute power to do what he will with his own. Nobody calls upon him to say why he ejected his tenant, or took away his custom from that tradesman. It leaves him at liberty to follow his own tastes, to follow his strangest whims. The only thing which it puts beyond his power is the vote of the tenant, the vote of the tradesman, which it is our duty to protect.

Whether Mr. Macaulay, or any other representative of a large constituency, really cares about the ballot, is very doubtful. The large towns only theoretically want the ballot; the smaller only practically want it. Like the Jew Bill, and some other matters, it is an admitted but unfelt article of the liberal creed.

Whenever Mr. Macaulay takes up a subject he studies it thoroughly, and chooses out the very best arguments whercof it is susceptible. His is not merely a mouth eloquence like Erskine's, or sentiment eloquence like Burke's: it is the best reasoning upon the given subject, best illustrated.

A WORD WITH THE OPIUM EATER.

I.—*Selections, Grave and Gay, from Writings published and unpublished.* By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. *Autobiographic Sketches.* By THOMAS DE QUINCEY, * Edinburgh : Hogg. 1853.

II.—*Selections, Grave and Gay, from Writings published and unpublished.* By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. *Autobiographic Sketches.* By THOMAS DE QUINCEY, *. Edinburgh : Hogg. 1854.

THE widest fame has sometimes attended the smallest books. "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Rasselas," "The Shipwreck," "The Sentimental Journey," are the title-deeds whereby Goldsmith, Johnson, Falconer, and Sterne hold immortal possession of the sympathies of unlettered mankind. They have been read by tens of millions—in the palace and in the cottage, in the scholar's study, the dame's boudoir, behind the counter when custom lagged, in the St. Giles's lodging-house, and in the sempstress' garret. If our wise statesmen of various parties, and our learned and pious divines of hostile sects, would, instead of keeping the people ignorant until they have settled what they should be taught, agree to teach every little boy and girl to read these books and copy them, and add up their pages, and comprehend the allusions to history and geography contained in them, a great boon would be obtained for the human race. The contest might still go on as to what they shall next be taught. No harm would be done, for "The Vicar of Wakefield" is sure to be read, as soon as the alphabet is mastered; and there can be no harm in manuring a mind with honest sentiments and sound morals, with whatever creed it may afterwards be sown.

Mr. De Quincey is the only living author who has a chance of a place among these small penates. "The Confessions of an Opium Eater" are not quite so much read as the Vicar, or as the "Prince of Abyssinia," but they may, we think, compete for popularity with Bacon's "Essays" and "The Shipwreck." We may say, in the language of diurnal and hebdomadal criticism—no book-stall is complete without them. We would wager a small sum that there are at least half a million of people in the two islands, who remember that story of the Malay, who divided the lump of opium into three portions, and then swallowed them, and who was never heard of afterwards.

This is a great deal to have done, and beyond this, our English Opium Eater has done very little. He has gathered to himself, it is true, a host of admirers, who believe in him, almost as he believed in the idols of his youth; who sit at his feet, and hear him talk of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and Lady Carbery; and who hang upon his lips while he describes the scenes of his own childhood as they rise before him now,

magnified, coloured, and distorted by the magic haze of his long opium trance.

De Quincey, as he appears in his writings, is an amiable egotist, who, aiming constantly at being original, succeeds in being quaint; who stumbles upon a paradox, and cries out as one who has found a new truth; who believes so thoroughly in the importance of every thing that has ever happened to himself, that he is sure that every one whom he has known and admired must be a very demi-god.* The man's simple, honest, unhostile self-esteem has gained him disciples. These are fortified in their faith by the universal reputation of his one little book, and their trustful minds easily absorb his little paradoxes, and reflect every shade and tint of his dreamy reminiscences.

We would not for the world disturb the happy concord that exists between such a harmless sage and so contented followers. But even as Socrates, at the end of the banquet, left his private and familiar friends, with minds a little clouded by fumes and logic, and walked forth to teach; so the Opium Eater leaves his little circle, and advances into the world. Let us give him welcome: for if we are not ready to cry out, "There is but one De Quincey, and lo! this is his Korán," we know that he is a thoughtful, earnest student, and we believe that he is skilled to pour forth smooth flowing rivulets of poetic thought and feeling. His diction will be elegant, his wit will mildly sparkle, and his humour will shine with a scholarlike polish. If he be not a giant or a prophet, he will be a tall man of gentle aspect, and of well-mannered address.

He has made use of the industry of his American admirers, who have collected his various fugitive pieces. He has taken his "Essays upon the Irish Rebellion," and his "Recollections of, and Criticisms upon, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey," rewritten, amplified, and condensed, and has woven them into a sort of irregular autobiography. He has, moreover, printed them in a quaint, odd way, as we

* Here is one of his original discoveries:—"Every man that ever existed has probably his own peculiar talent (if only it were detected), in which he would be found to excel the rest of his race" (p. 37). If this is *probable*, Mr. De Quincey should prove it. In fact, it is not only altogether improbable, but exceedingly unlikely.

shall have occasion to remark, and as their titles at the head of this article shew.

We must, however, at the outset, disclaim giving more than a few desultory observations on these volumes. There is a class of books which Charles Lamb terms *βιβλία ἀβιβλα*, and it is among this unattached corps that we should assign these a place. They are entitled "Selections, Grave and Gay," and form something as a whole, which is in part an autobiography, part common-place book; in fact, as the author himself acknowledges, a miscellaneous collection of various papers written by him, at different periods, "large sections having been intercalated in the present edition, and other changes made, which, even to the old parts, by giving very great expansion, give sometimes a character of absolute novelty."

The first difficulty that the reader will have to encounter (should he be one of that old-fashioned class who begin a book at its beginning), is that of finding out where the beginning is. In the absence of any recognised sign of priority on binding or title-page, we at first came to the conclusion that the volumes were in the nature of twins, and that their literary midwife had neglected to mark the order of their appearance in the world. The information, however, denied by the printer, is supplied by the author; who, by commencing one volume with the history of his childhood, gives the reader a clue to the starting-point. The narrative, as far as it relates to this portion of his life, is unduly prolix; and though, according to Wordsworth, "the child is father to the man," we suspect that, in the present instance, the impressions of after life have been transposed to that period, in order to clothe it with a somewhat undue importance in the reader's estimation. The first great event of the author's life, and one which seems to have made a lasting impression on a nature so visionary and sensitive, is the death of a favourite sister. He thus records the effect produced on himself, at the time a child of six years old, standing alone by the death-bed—

I stood checked for a moment; awe, not fear, fell upon me; and whilst I stood, a solemn wind began to blow, the saddest that ear ever heard. It was a wind that might have swept the fields of mortality for a thousand centuries. Many times since, when the sun is about the hottest, I have remarked the same wind arising, and uttering the same hollow Memnonian, but saintly swell: it is in this world the one great audible symbol of eternity. And three times in my life have I happened to hear the same sound, in the same circumstances—namely, when standing between an open window and a dead body on a summer's day. Instantly, when my ear caught this vast Æolian intonation, when my eye filled with the golden fulness of life, the pomps of the heavens above, or the glory of the flowers below, and turning when it settled upon the frost which overspread my sister's face, instantly a trance fell upon me. A vault seemed to open in the zenith of the far blue sky, a shaft which ran up

for ever; I in spirit rose as if on billows, that also ran up the shaft for ever; and the billows seemed to pursue the throne of God; but that also ran before us, and fled away continually. The flight and the pursuit seemed to go on for ever and ever. Frost gathering frost, some Sarsar wind of death seemed to repel me; some mighty relation between God and death dimly struggled to evolve itself from the dreadful antagonism between them; shadowy meanings even yet continue to exercise and torment in dreams, the deciphering oracle within me. I slept, for how long I cannot say: slowly I recovered my self-possession; and when I awoke I found myself standing close to my sister's bed.

Now, to a temperament like this at six, opium itself could scarcely add any thing in visionary power at sixty. We suspect, however, that in the present instance, as in some others, that potent spell has exerted a retrospective influence on the writer's imagination, and that the impressions of early years are recorded as viewed through its glamour-like medium. The real charm of so much of this narrative as relates to the author's childhood (and that may be estimated at one half of it) consists in a certain quaintness of style, sometimes pathetic, sometimes humorous; but which acts as the fly-wheel to the steam-engine, and prevents the reader from coming to standstill, even when the writer's force is at the weakest. Of this we find it difficult to select a sample from its very abundance: it is, in fact, sown broadcast over the entire work. We may, however, fairly refer to the account given by the author of his eldest brother commencing, as an illustration of a species of humour, which at times reminds us of the inimitable Christian Andersen.

This eldest brother of mine was in all respects a remarkable boy. Haughty he was, aspiring, immeasurably active; fertile in resources as Robinson Crusoe; but also full of quarrel as it is possible to imagine; and, in default of any other opponent, he would have fastened a quarrel upon his own shadow for presuming to run before him when going westwards in the morning, whereas, in all reason, a shadow, like a dutiful child, ought to keep deferentially in the rear of that majestic substance which is the author of its existence. Books he detested, one and all, excepting only such as he happened to write himself. And these were not a few. On all subjects known to man, from the Thirty-nine Articles of our English Church down to pyrotechnics, legerdemain, magic, both black and white, thaumaturgy, and necromancy, he favoured the world (which world was the nursery where I lived amongst my sisters) with his select opinions. On this last subject especially—of necromancy—he was very great; witness his profound work, though but a fragment, and, unfortunately, long since departed to the bosom of Cinderella. He wrote, "How to raise a Ghost; and when you've got him down, how to keep him down." To which work he assured us, that some most learned and enormous man, whose name was a foot and a half long, had promised him an appendix; which appendix treated of the Red Sea and Solomon's signet-ring; with forms of *millimus* for ghosts that might be refractory; and probably a riot act for any *émeute* amongst ghosts inclined to raise barricades; since he often thrilled our young hearts by supposing the case (not at all unlikely, he affirmed) that a federation, a solemn league and conspiracy, might take place amongst the infinite genera-

tions of ghosts against the single generation of men at any one time composing the garrison of earth. The Roman phrase for expressing that a man had died, viz. "*Abiit ad plures*" (He has gone over to the majority), my brother explained to us; and we easily comprehended that any one generation of the living human race, even if combined, and acting in concert, must be in a frightful minority, by comparison with all the incalculable generations that had trod this earth before us. The Parliament of living men, Lords and Commons united, what a miserable array against the Upper and Lower House composing the Parliament of ghosts! Perhaps the Pre-Adamites would constitute one wing in such a ghostly army. My brother, dying in his sixteenth year, was far enough from seeing or foreseeing Waterloo; else he might have illustrated this dreadful duel of the living human race with its ghostly predecessors, by the awful apparition which at three o'clock in the afternoon, on the 18th of June 1815, the mighty contest at Waterloo must have assumed to the eyes that watched over the trembling interests of man. The English army, about that time in the great agony of its strife, was thrown into squares; and under that arrangement, which condensed and contracted its apparent numbers within a few black geometrical diagrams, how frightfully narrow—how spectral did its slender quadrangles appear at a distance, to any philosophic spectators that knew the amount of human interests confided to that army, and the hopes for Christendom that even then were trembling in the balance! Such a disproportion, it seems, might exist, in the case of a ghostly war, between the harvest of possible results and the slender band of reapers that were to gather it. And there was even a worse peril than any analogous one that has been *proved* to exist at Waterloo. A British surgeon, indeed, in a work of two octavo volumes, has endeavoured to shew that a conspiracy was traced at Waterloo, between two or three foreign regiments, for kindling a panic in the heat of the battle, by flight, and by a sustained blowing up of tumbrils, under the miserable purpose of shaking the British steadiness. But the evidences are not clear; whereas my brother insisted that the presence of sham men, distributed extensively amongst the human race, and meditating treason against us all, had been demonstrated to the satisfaction of all true philosophers. Who were these sham and make-believe men? They were, in fact, people that had been dead for centuries, but that, for reasons best known to themselves, had returned to this upper earth, walked about amongst us, and were undistinguishable, except by the most learned of necromancers, from authentic men of flesh and blood. I mention this for the sake of illustrating the fact, of which the reader will find a singular instance in the foot-note attached, that the same crazes are everlastingly revolving upon men.*

* Five years ago, during the carnival of universal anarchy equally amongst doers and thinkers, a closely-printed pamphlet was published with this title, "*A New Revelation, or the Communion of the Incarnate Dead with the Unconscious Living. Important Fact, without trifling Fiction, by HIM.*" I have not the pleasure of knowing HIM; but certainly I must concede to HIM, that he writes like a man of extreme sobriety, upon his extravagant theme. He is angry with Swedenborg, as might be expected, for his chimeras; some of which, however, of late years, have signally altered their aspect; but as to HIM, there is no chance that he should be occupied with chimeras, because (p. 6.) "he has met with some who have acknowledged the fact of their having come from the dead"—*habes confitentem reum*. Few, however, are endowed with so much candour; and, in particular, for the honour of literature, it grieves me to find, by p. 10, that the largest number of these shams, and perhaps the most uncandid, are to be looked for amongst "publishers and printers," of whom, it seems, "the great majority" are mere forgeries; a very few speak frankly about the

This hypothesis, however, like a thousand others, when it happened that they engaged no durable sympathy from his nursery audience, he did not pursue. For some time he turned his thoughts to philosophy, and read lectures to us every night upon some branch or other of physics. This undertaking arose upon some one of us envying or admiring flies for their power of walking upon the ceiling. "Pooh!" he said, "they are impostors; they pretend to do it, but they can't do it as it ought to be done. Ah! you see *me* standing upright on the ceiling, with my head downwards, for half an hour together, and meditating profoundly." My sister Mary remarked, that we should all be very glad to see him in that position. "If that's the case," he replied, "it's very well that all is ready, except as to a strap or two." Being an excellent skater, he had first imagined that, if he held up until he had started, he might then, by taking a bold sweep ahead, keep himself in position through the continued impetus of skating. But this he found not to answer; because, as he observed, "the friction was too retarding from the plaster of Paris, but the case would be very different if the ceiling were coated with ice." As it was *not*, he changed his plan. The true secret, he now discovered, was this: he would consider himself in the light of a humming-top: he would make an apparatus (and he made it) for having himself launched, like a top, upon the ceiling, and regularly spun. Then the vertiginous motion of the human top would overpower the force of gravitation. He should, of course, spin upon his own axis, and sleep upon his own axis—perhaps he might even dream upon it; and he laughed at "those scoundrels, the flies," that never improved in their pretended art, nor made any thing of it."

It is in the latter portion of the work that we have recollections of Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth; and personal recollections of distinguished men must always be of more or less interest to the reader. We find an apology for certain plagiarisms of Coleridge—if apology that can be called which consists in indicating some which had hitherto escaped notice—some-what on the Indian principle of setting fire to the grass, in order to prevent the conflagration extending. The cause of these plagiarisms is obvious enough, and is common to both our author and Coleridge; but producing a different result in the two cases: in the former, a degree of confusion with respect to the chronology of his own ideas; in the latter, an equal degree of confusion as to the true ownership of the ideas of his neighbour—an inability to recognise that subtle distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, which has perplexed so many. This, if not a good defence to a charge of larceny, is at least a sufficient explanation of the physiological state in which the offence was committed. We fear that we may light our lamp in search of an honest man, and only waste our oil, for we can scarcely hold Mr. De Quincey himself altogether free from the same charge.

He propounds, as an undoubted piece of novelty, at p. 50, vol. **, and as a fact which

matter, and say they don't care who knows it, which, to my thinking, is impudence; but by far the larger section doggedly deny it, and call a policeman, if you persist in charging them with being shams. Some differences there are between my brother and HIM, but in the great outline of their views they coincide.

has hitherto been unnoticed, "that moral instruction had no existence in the plan or intention of the religious services of the Greeks and Romans." Now, if our readers will take the trouble to refer to "Southey's Book of the Church," octavo edition, p. 11, they will find this observation:—"Religion had no connexion with morality among the Greek and Roman heathens, and this was the main cause of their degeneracy and corruption."

Southey, with an honesty much to be commended, states in a foot note, "I owe this remark to Stillingfleet, by whom it is coupled with this weighty caution, 'Let us have a care of as dangerous a separation between Faith and Works.'"

This "discovery," even if it were original, was better adapted to sustain the admiration of Lady Carbery for her young *protégé*, than to satisfy a scholar. If it be merely meant that the *mythology* of the Greeks has no reference to morality, there can never be, and there never was, any doubt or any forgetfulness of the fact. The mythology of the Greeks was a mere allegory, wherein different deities represent separate, and often conflicting agencies. But the *religion* of Hellenic paganism has been recognised by all scholars as a thing quite distinct from its mythology. So much so, that one of the strongest arguments against the Homeric unity was (as may be read in the pages of Grote and Muir) that "in the Iliad there is more mythology, in the Odyssey more religion." Whenever the gods are alluded to generally, and not individually, they are always vouched as the benefactors of mankind, the punishers of vice, and the rewarders of such qualities as heroic times deemed to be the chief virtues. Jupiter himself, in the Iliad, defends his "order" against the aspersions of the mythologists—

Ὡς πόποι, οἷον δὴ νῦν θεοὺς βροτοὶ αἰτιῶνται.
Ἐξ ἡμέων γὰρ φάσι κύκ' ἔμμεναι· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
Σφῆσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὑπὲρ μέρον ἄλγ' ἔχουσιν.

How necessary a condition purity of spirit (almost in its Christian sense) was regarded by the ancient for a future state of happiness, we may infer from the well-known lines from the Sixth *Æneid*, which we subjoin.

Quin et, supremo quum lumine vita reliquit,
Non tamen omne malum miscris, nec funditus omnes
Corporeæ excedunt pestes: penitusque necesse est
Multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris.
Ergo exercentur poenis, veterumque malorum
Supplicia expendant. Aliæ panduntur inanes,
Suspensæ, ad ventos: aliis sub gurgite vasto
Infectum eluitur scelus, aut exuritur igni.
Quisque suos, patimur, Manes: exinde per amplum
Mittimur Elysium, et pauci læta arva tenemus:
Douce longa dies, perfecto temporis orbe,
Concretam exemit labem, purumque reliquit
Ætherium sensum, atque auræ simplices ignem.

We submit to the reader that Virgil had as correct an idea of, if not as great a faith in, purgatory, as Cardinal Wiseman or any other orthodox Romanist of the present day.

We cannot here stay to labour this point, but every line in the classics, from the story of the denied deposit in Herodotus to the well-known

Discite justitiam moniti et non temnere divos,

—the eternal rewards and punishments, the "*sedes discreta piorum*," and the punishments of the pagan hell—sufficiently attest the fact that the pagan religion had its morality, such as it was, as well as its mythology.

As to the other great discovery made to Lady Carbery—namely, that *μετανοεῖτε* does not mean "repent," but means "*Contemplate moral truth as radiating from a new centre: apprehend it under transfigured relations*"—the whole commentary is a simple platitude.

Any schoolboy knows that *μετάνοια* is not strictly rendered by the word "repentance;" but that, from its very derivation, it implies a change of mind, the change being the cause, and repentance the effect consequent upon it. He might as well assure us that the word "Catholic" does not of necessity imply Papistry.

One of the characteristics of these volumes is a special fondness for digressions and dissertations, which form little *culs-de-sac* in the main thoroughfare of his narrative. These vary much in shape and magnitude, from an occasional piece of genuine criticism, down to a discussion worthy only of being entrusted to the dust-bin or to that marine-storeship of literature, "Notes and Queries." We would, by the way, suggest that the doubts of the author touching Pindar's expression, *πορφύρεον φῶς ἔρωτος*, may be partly resolved by referring to the Gallic synonym *couleur de rose*, a light in which lovers have been proverbially apt to view things in general, from Pindar's time to our own. We think, also, that we may offer a clue to the derivation of the word "veterinary" which has equally perplexed him. It is, we believe, a word of not strictly classic origin, but used by writers of later date, "*veterina quasi veheterina a veho*," corresponding with the "*jumenta*," beasts of burden, of Livy. The derivation is, in fact, identical with that given by Lord Coke for "*villa*," which is, as he says, "*quasi vehilla quod in eam convchuntur fructus*."

While on this subject, we may perhaps say that the *ἀνθηριθμον γέλασμα* of the Prometheus, which the author translates "multitudinous laughter" (vol. * * p. 220) is, we think, far more happily, though it may be unwittingly, rendered by Dryden in his "*Annus Mirabilis*;"

And smiling eddies dimpled on the main.

for the γέλασμα refers as much to the *form* as the sound of the waves, and the curve of their ripple is beautifully rendered in "smile" and "dimple."

We have already alluded to Mr. De Quincey's intense power of hero worship. We recommend those who are disposed to under-rate poetry in general, and Wordsworth in particular, to learn respect by the following sample:—

"I was not deficient in reasonable self-confidence towards the world generally. But the very image of Wordsworth, as I prefixed it to my planet-struck eye, crushed my faculties as before Elijah or St. Paul." (Vol. **, p. 230.)

We have read elsewhere of St. Paul's behaviour on being taken for a god, and we trust that Wordsworth would as strongly have repudiated being taken for the saint, though we fancy his capacity for notes of admiration was tolerably large, even for a poet.

We are rambling on like him of whom we write: we wish we could think as pleasantly to the reader. As, however, we have given a specimen of his auto-biographical style, and instances of his critical style, we ought to afford an idea of his more humorous vein. The following is a most elaborately-told anecdote:—

IMPROMPTU OF SHERIDAN.

Viscount Belgrave, eldest son of Lord Grosvenor, then an Earl, but at some period long subsequent to this raised to the Marquisate of Westminster, had been introduced to the House of Commons; he had delivered his maiden speech with some effect; and had been heard favourably on various other occasions; on one of which it was, that, to the extreme surprise of the House, he terminated his speech with a passage from Demosthenes—not presented in English, but in sounding Attic Greek. Latin is a privileged dialect in Parliament. But Greek! It would not have been at all more startling to the usages of the House had his Lordship quoted Persic or Telinga. Still, though felt as something verging on the ridiculous, there was an indulgent feeling to a young man fresh from Academic honours, which would not have protected a maturer man of the world. Every body bit his lips, and, as yet, did not laugh. But the final issue stood on the edge of a razor; a gas, an inflammable atmosphere, was trembling sympathetically through the whole excited audience. All depended on a match being applied to this gas whilst yet in the very act of escaping. Deepest silence still prevailed; and had any common-place member risen to address the house in an ordinary business key, all would have blown over. Unhappily for Lord Belgrave, in that critical moment up rose the one solitary man, to wit, Sheridan, whose look, whose voice, whose traditional character formed a prologue to what was coming. Here let the reader understand, that throughout the Iliad all speeches or commands, questions or answers, are introduced by Homer under some peculiar formula. For instance, replies are usually introduced thus—

But him answering thus addressed the sovereign Agamemnon, or, in sonorous Greek—

"Ton d'apameibomenos prosephé kreíon Agamemnon;" or again, according to the circumstances—

But him sternly surveying saluted the swift-footed Achilles.

"Ton d'ara, upodra idon prosephé podas okus Achilles."

This being premised, and that every one of the audience, though pretending to no Greek, yet from his school-boy remembrances as well acquainted with these formulae as with the Scripture formula of "Verily, verily, I say unto you," &c, Sheridan, without needing to break its force by explanations, solemnly opened thus—"Ton d'apameibomenos prosephé Sheridanios heros." Simply to have commenced his answer in Greek would have sufficiently met the comic expectation then thrilling the house; but when it happened that this Greek, so suitable to the occasion, was also the one sole morsel of Greek that everybody in that assembly understood, the effect, as may be supposed, was overwhelming, and wrapt the whole House in what may be called a fiery explosion of laughter.

But perhaps no better description of the general character of these miscellaneous productions could be offered than that given by Mr. De Quincey himself in his preface to the earlier volume, where he says—

"Generally they pretend to little beyond that sort of amusement which attaches to any real story, thoughtfully and faithfully related, moving through a succession of scenes, sufficiently varied, that are not supposed to remain too long upon the eye, and that connect themselves at every stage with intellectual objects. At times the narrative rises into a far higher key."

In the earlier volume these ascensions may be observed in the abstraction of thought, when "*nothing is on the stage but a solitary infant, and its solitary combat with grief, a mighty darkness, and a sorrow without a voice.*"

In the second volume the descriptive passage of the death of the Greens upon the mountains, and the night of trembling suspense of their orphans at home, may be quoted as another flight into the regions of poetry and pathos. Perhaps the very simplicity of detail, the garrulity of circumstantial outline and filling up, may contribute in no slight degree to the effect of this simple narrative. Nowhere is language used as a means of excitement, no flashes of enthusiasm break the smooth flow of the logical and almost matter-of-fact train of evidences and sequel of consequences. The homely provisioning of the little hut by the little Sarah, the assumption of maternal care and protection, with the discipline of the younger orphans, so true to nature in the heart of girlhood reared in poverty, are admirably touched in. Such a tale should be read in unbroken prolixity with all the adjuncts of its introduction and winding-up, to be estimated justly.

Of the sketches of the lake poets that form the conclusion to the second volume, although full of interest, we have said, and shall say, very little, partly because they are familiar to many of our readers, but principally because we cannot undertake to deal with three such portly subjects in a single article.

We recommend the book to those of our

readers who love to read leisurely, and to lay down their book and think, who are not too weak-minded to be trusted alone with a paradox, but who have a kindly sympathy with a poetic but not over-vigorous mind. We must add a caution, however, that it is just the sort of book whereby a rapid general reader would be intensely bored.

And now we wish our Opium Eater good

bye. We hope we part good friends. Perhaps he will take this imprint, which we will beg our publisher to send him, instead of the letter he thus invites from every reader—"Protesting that your disapprobation is just where it was, but, nevertheless, that you are disposed to shake hands with me—by way of proof that you like me better than I deserve."

SPORTING ADVENTURES OF THE HON. GRANTLEY BERKELEY.

Reminiscences of a Huntsman. By the Honourable GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY. London, 1854. Longmans.

SINCE the days of poor Apperley, that most welcome of *umbræ*, whom every one was glad to mount, and dine, and listen to, and read, this is perhaps the best adapted book to please a country gentleman that could possibly be indited. They know Grantley Berkeley—we all know Grantley Berkeley. We know him in politics, by his “punch in the head” pamphlet, which he alludes to in the volume now before us; in literature, by his “Berkeley Castle;” while, for his achievements in the fine arts, we cannot forget that several very effective cuts of his appeared in *Fraser*.

Here, however, we have only to deal with him as a sportsman; for although he takes occasion to discuss, in his “*Reminiscences*,” every possible topic, from a defence of the *duello* to a vindication of the “tawny” livery of the Berkeleys, we intend to see him only in his character of a huntsman.

Would the reader know what manner of man this pattern sportsman is? We present his portrait, as drawn by himself:—

PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

My height, in my shoes, is six feet two; without my shoes, in the measurement of the Coldstream Guards, it was six feet one and a quarter. For seven-and-twenty years I have never varied in weight more than eight or nine pounds; my average weight being thirteen stone: and, so to speak, even now, as age advances, I have not an ounce of superfluous flesh about me. Age does advance, though: I see it in the “crow’s-foot” on my face; it is evident by the snows that are falling among my hair; and, most of all, I feel it in not being able to quit the ground as I used to do, when desirous of jumping over an obstacle.

The feminine reader will note, that the “huntsman” cannot quite bring himself to write down his age. We would not, for the world, call upon Debrett to remedy the omission. The Honourable Grantley Berkeley, therefore, was born in the year —; and the first things he remembers are, being taught to shoot blackbirds by his father, and to box by his brothers. The sporting taste developed itself rapidly; so we say, with the author,

THE COLDSTREAMS.

Two or three other amusing anecdotes of the Guards, and then hark forward! When we were quartered at Chatham, it chanced that I much wished to be in the midst of the season for pleasure in London, and, in consequence, as my brother officers resolved among themselves to remain and do their duty, they good-naturedly favoured my desire, took my guards, and enabled me to ride backwards and forwards to town on as good a hack as ever was ridden, called Tippetty-whitchet. This I did after every parade, from which a very kind commanding officer would not (for ever) excuse me. The late Colonel Sutton was in command, and as almost every officer kept a dog, one day, when half a dozen curs were barking at me, Sutton said, good humouredly, “Why,

Berkeley, you are so little here, the very regimental dogs don’t know you.” Heaven knows there was not much society just then, if ever there is, in Chatham, so the dining out of an officer of my regiment was very rare, and the one who did dine out often had some practical or boyish joke played on him. One day, the lot to dine out fell on a friend of mine, when the old choleric and bearded barrack goat was inducted into his bedroom, in company with all the cur dogs of the barrack yard, and the barrack-master’s cock and hens, which were put to roost on the back of the tent bed. The lamp at the foot of the stairs, whereat he would have to light his candle, was then carefully extinguished, and everybody retired to their rooms. Late at night the entrance door opened, and my friend’s voice was heard apostrophising the defunct light, and the trimming of lamps by degenerate mess-waiters. Ere he had stumbled many steps up the dark stairs, the goat, supposed to be in the barrack yard, came in for his share of malediction, for wafting his perfume even to the officers’ apartments. As the irate but unsuspecting step neared the bedroom door, a creeping noise of nails might be heard on its floor within, of dogs who were tired of a blind *mêlée* in the dark with the choleric goat, and who knew that they were not where they ought to be, and that in all probability kicks were coming. The nails all congregated to the crack of the door, and when it was opened every dog dashed over each other’s back to get out, some yelling with what they had, and others in expectation of what they might get, and down stairs they all went, an avalanche of canine fears. Having, as it is supposed, kicked till he found the landing-place clear, an angry voice from the kicker, it was presumed, was directed towards the doors of suspected delinquents; and the words, “if I knew,” and “cowards,” were distinguished by the side-split listeners, who were well aware that the fun was not half over. The door of the bedroom then closed with a bang, and the first note of a renewed strife was that uttered by the choleric goat, who was up on his hind legs butting and baaing away like mad. The noise as of two combatants closing in a trial of strength was then heard, the bedroom door was shortly re-opened, and the goat was hurled down stairs. “Not all done yet,” said the listeners, and a long interval of quiet followed, broken only by an occasional step about the room, as of a man undressing. It seemed then that a tall form threw itself on the bed, and either with head or arms, or both, swept the cock and hens from their quiet roost just above the pillow. Cock, cock, cock, cock, cackle, cackle, cackle, was then the cry, and the screams of the feathered intruders, who were caught and flung out of the window, followed.

The author takes the management of a subscription pack of stag-hounds, and many and learned are his disquisitions upon his management of hounds and horses, and deer when taken. Accustomed as we are to consider Grantley Berkeley as the very impersonation of the *fortiter in re*, he seems to be a strong advocate for the *suaviter in modo*, especially as regards the brute creation. As to the *genus homo*, we remark, that a great many “punches in the head” occur in the course of the volume. We are not, however, going to extract our huntsman’s doctrines. Those who seek to profit by them must study them in the book; we shall

only wander up and down in search of a little entertainment.

There is no graphic description of a good run throughout the book—nothing like Nimrod's Quorn Hunt. There is, however, a great deal of this sort of reading.

THE FIELD.

In the stag-hunting days of which I am speaking, among the members of my hunt, the late Colonel Standen, of the Guards, was one of the foremost of the first flight of riders over a country. On "Pilgrim," and on a compact chestnut horse of his, whose name I forget, nothing could beat him. In saving a deer, too, he never spared himself, and he would at any moment go into the water, when a deer had taken soil, and was in danger of being drowned by the hounds. I shall not in a hurry forget his having gone into a pond up to his chin, when a little finicking man, who had out with him a pocket-flask of brandy, came up and tendered him "a sip." My gallant friend thanked him, and applying the small flask to his lips began to turn up the end of it, while the civil little man, who wanted at least *a sip* for himself, continued a series of saltations, as male opera-dancers may be seen to do when the sylph coyly holds aloft a flower, in a vain endeavour to recover a timely possession. I remember Colonel Standen, and a Mr. Smith, from Hanwell, then I think both on chestnut horses, going beautifully together, in one of the fastest things I ever knew, over the Harrow Vale, and cutting everybody else down. Mr. Peyton was also very good. The late Mr. William Locke; Colonel Kingscote, as a heavy weight; and, though last *not least*, the late Lord Alvanly, also among the heavy weights, would not be denied. Mr. George Hawkins, on the most extraordinary mare to carry weight I ever saw, could always hold his own. Lord Cardigan was equal to any one. Colonel Greenwood, of the Life Guards, one of the finest horsemen I ever saw in my life, would at any time go into any water, horse and all, when the deer was in danger, and from the midst of the plunging and furious pack put his whip round the deer's horns, and guide him to the shore. I have seen hounds, when horse and all have been swimming, mount for an instant the withers as well as the croup of his horse, and in their blind eagerness, midst the noise and spray, catch at his horse's mane in mistake for the deer; yet in the midst of it all, the light and steady hand never checked the horse in his stroke, nor did I ever see the one or the other in danger. The awkwardest accident that ever befel him was when the stag and hounds were in the Paddington Canal. Colonel Greenwood was desirous of heading them, and, in riding under the bridge on the towing path, the horse shied at the stag, and, in an endeavour to turn round, slipped his hinder legs from under him, and fell completely backwards into the water on his rider. Both disappeared for an instant, and rose on different sides of the bridge, when in a few moments more they were together again, and saving the deer as if nothing had happened. I saw mine worthy host of an inn at Twickenham, "Mr. Tapps," ride up to the hounds in a flooded meadow, where they had got their deer, and, not observing the brook whence the flood came, take a dive into it unintentionally, when the hounds absolutely seized his horse by the head, as he came to the surface, and in mistake very nearly drowned him.

Sir Francis Burdett and Lord Palmerston were then of the hunt; and again Lord Clanricarde, whom nothing could beat (though I remember a curious fall he got, over a low rail, in the park at Cranford, on his white horse), was constantly in the field. Lord Clanwilliam, Lord Kinnaird, and the late Duke of St. Alban's, were regularly out with me; together with Colonel Parker, of

the Life Guards; the late Colonel John Lyster; the late Mr. Charles Tollenpache; the late Lord Rokeby; the present Lord Rokeby; the late Mr. John Montague, Sir George Wombwell, and Mr. Hugh Lindsay. Than the present Lord Rokeby, no man was better over a country, or a finer horseman. Indeed, my field occasionally contained all the hunting men from all parts of England, and Scotland too; from the Land o' Cakes, a downright good one came in the person of Sir David Baird. It would be idle to attempt the entire list, so I have given a few of the names of those who were my usual companions.

What manner of neighbours the huntsman and his kennel were may appear from the following reminiscence:—

ANTLERS AT HOME.

The chase, particularly when a deer, by being housed, had learned there was safety in it, frequently ended in mansions, cottages, or barns, and I cannot help saying that in almost every instance I met with the greatest good nature. On one of these occasions, we ran up to the entrance of a gentleman's kitchen, in the rear of his premises, and the hounds bayed at the closed door. Heads of domestics through the pantry window informed me that the stag was in the house, and that they would admit me, "if I would keep the dogs out, as the children were afraid of them." The door being opened and closed carefully behind me, I went in, ushered by a butler, and peeped at by many maids; and, on asking where the stag was, the butler replied that he had been in all the lower offices, and when he last saw him he was going up the drawing-room stairs. On asking for the master and mistress, the man replied, "his master had gone up after the stag, and that his mistress was but poorly." The butler introduced me to the drawing-room, but neither master nor stag were in it, when at that moment a door at the other end opened, and the owner of the house came in, under visible though suppressed excitement. I began all sorts of apologies, as usual, and for a moment the gentleman was civil enough; but on my asking *where* the stag was, all restraint gave way, and in a fury he replied, "Your stag, Sir, not content with walking through every office, has been here, Sir, here in my drawing-room, Sir, whence he proceeded up-stairs to the nursery, and damn me, Sir, he's now in Mrs. —'s boudoir." All I could say was, that I was very sorry; and I asked what I was to do. He left me in the drawing-room for a few minutes, and then called me to follow him, and the stag was in a passage at the top of a back stairs. The deer got down again into the offices, where he was safely secured.

Sometimes difficulties occur with the proprietors, and sometimes war is waged and prisoners taken.

THE HUNTSMAN POUNDETH THE BUTCHER.

There is many an amusing thing done and said in a hunting-field; and, though some of the jokes will at times be coarse, still there are many that will bear repeating. An answer from a farmer one day to Sir George Wombwell, who was looking for his second horse, was quaint.

"I say, damn it, farmer, have you seen my fellow?"

"No! upon my soul," replied the bluff agriculturist, with his hands in his breeches pockets, "I never did!"

A gallant officer, who had lost the hounds, called to a farmer in the Harrow Vale, who was standing at some little distance with a fork on his shoulder, and asked him if he knew which way the hounds were running. The farmer nodded apparently in the affirmative, and beckoned the soldier up for further news. My friend

rode up, and not being on his guard, was taken prisoner, and, I believe, had to pay for his liberty. I have been told that my gallant friend Colonel Scott, of the Guards, was once seized in the Harrow Vale, and locked up in a mill, but that he made such a terrible row, and was so uneasy in his prison, that he even set the mill going, and in the confusion effected his escape without ransom. Of course, among it all I did not entirely escape molestation. A butcher's dog near the Magpies Inn caught the stag, and had got him down in a ditch by the side of the road, and on getting up to the spot, I had to descend into the ditch to choke off the dog, when of course I also gave him the whip. While doing this, in the act of stooping, I was suddenly seized, and my head forced against the bank. Out of breath as I was, I contrived to cast off the weight that was on me, and to step up into the road, when I saw my foe the butcher squaring at me as Dickens's cabman did when he offered to fight Mr. Pickwick for the shilling fare. Not a word was spoken, and I hit out, and caught the knight of the blue-frock with my right hand under the left eye. The butcher sat down, and I remounted, the deer having gone off with nothing harmed but his ear. All this I have laughed at over and over again, because not a word was said, and it all seemed such a matter-of-course, and a part of the day's diversion.

The huntsman now abandons the stag, and, driven from the Harrow Vale, retreats to Harrold Hall, where he sets to work to create a pack of fox-hounds. We wish we could find room for the history of this kennel, how it was built, how he engaged his whips, how he bought his horses, and how badly off he was for blood for his new pack.

THE FIRST DAY.

A last, the first day of cub-hunting was fixed; the morning came, and by half-past three, though it rained hard, I was on the best little galloway that ever was foaled, then only three years old,—my chestnut mare Freya. Longstaff, who had been gamekeeper to the grandfather of the present Lord Northampton,—and a pretty good one, from the quantity of game he once had (the remnants of a good show of pheasants were still in Yardley Chase when I first came there)—assured me he had several litters of foxes; and, depending on his information, not having had time to inspect the Chase myself, I drew for them. I do not think there was a cub in the Chase. An old fox was kind enough to give the hounds a view at him; but from him I was subsequently obliged to refrain, as he went into the corn. Nevertheless, this old fox did me some good, by showing himself to the eyes and noses of my main dependence, the hounds that had hunted stag, and, at a cheer from me, capped as I had an opportunity of capping them to a view, they ran him right merrily. I drew again, and discovering that at least no one belonging to the Chase could shew me where the cubs had used, I resolved to return to the Harrold woods, with which I was better acquainted. Large as the quarters are, and tangled with blackthorn, briar, hazel, oak, and luxurious grass, as the underwood is, though I knew there were cubs there or thereabouts,—stump-bred foxes shift a long way sometimes in the course of a night,—I had difficulty, from the want of a body of hounds to draw, in finding one. Having but one thing left for it, I rode into the thick of the cover myself. In this way, with not more than two or three hounds drawing wide of me, I had forced my passage into the middle of "Harrold Dungey," when, within ten yards of my foot, I heard an eager whine and a dash as of a hound at something, and then such a crash—for about forty couples of hounds were round me—as made my heart almost jump out of my mouth. Full cry in a moment was the pack, for the cub was in the midst of them, and right lustily did I

encourage them. The rain had ceased, it had all come down, and though the woods were wet, there was a scent. The first ride I got into, how eagerly I watched, to view the fox, ascertain if it was a cub, and see what hounds were leading. The cry came right for where I stood, but the fox had crossed before I got there. The first two bitches that came into the ride, working evidently as if they were used to it, were Buxome and Brilliant, given me by Mr. Russell of Brancepeth. Beautiful they were to look at,—but because they were in their prime, this being their second season, I had set them down in my own mind as drafted for some fault. They never shewed a fault with me, but two better foxhounds never entered a kennel. We worked that cub for upwards of an hour and a half as if the hounds were tied to him, and I don't think we ever had another on foot; and at last, while he was threading a hedge that ran from one cover to another, a shepherd's dog caught view of him, and coursed him certainly to a gate of a cover ride, and from that gate we could never hit him again. I drew every quarter of the woods near, but could never more touch on that cub; and as the shepherd admitted to a man some few days afterwards, that the cub had hung in the bars of the gate till his dog got up to him, I have ever suspected that the shepherd knew more of the end of that fox than I did. Not wishing to jade my hounds, I returned home.

THE FIRST BLOOD.

Soon after this, I had been running old foxes and cubs in the Odell and Harrold woods, with a very indifferent scent all the morning, not having yet had blood; and the hounds were at a check in a small cover of Mr. Orlebar's, called "Little Goreong." I was sitting by the cover-side, speaking to the hounds, when I thought I saw something rise over a headland in a distant field, mobbed by the rooks. I looked stedfastly, and, going heavily across ridge and furrow, I saw a fox coming towards me over the open; and, as he came nearer, I distinguished an old fox, a good deal used up. He was evidently coming home again, from a ring he had given himself over the open, under a delusion that the hounds that had run him in the first of the morning in cover were still after him. Stock still I sat like a statue; and luckily no other person was on that side the cover, and not a hound in cover spoke. On the fox came, the rooks leaving him as they saw me, till he was well landed in the grass-field where I stood, and within forty yards of the little cover full of hounds. As soon as he saw me he dashed for the cover, and I gave such a view holloa and touch of the horn as sent him in,—taking up all his attention, and bringing the hounds out, or gathering them near, to meet him. One hound met him on the bank, and caught at him; but he was gone in an instant, with all the hounds crashing at his brush. The cover became foiled, and, though we contrived to head him whenever he would have broken for the great woods and fresh foxes, he lived for another hour; and then! did I not rejoice, when I heard that, to a huntsman's ear, unmistakable silence, broken only by a growl, that proclaims a victory! This was my first fox. The gloves I had on when I picked him up for days were as perfume in my nostrils.

We have marked a hundred pages of this book as well worthy of extract, and the difficulty now is to select from these selections. Our last scene, however, shall be peaceful—

A HAPPY FAMILY.

While writing this work, I am sitting in my study at Beacon Lodge, the wide and open window admitting the southerly air fresh from the blue wave of Christchurch Bay. There are but seventy yards of short turf and lawn between me and the edge of the cliff. The furthest pet from me is my grey forest-pony, Dingle,

calmly cropping the short greensward, while round her legs are frisking a quantity of rabbits. Here and there some beautiful little bantams, with their chickens, are in search of insects: the group varied by several hybrids bred from the bantam and pheasant. Nearer to the house are rabbits stretched in the sun, and basking in company with Brenda, the pet of the drawing-room, a greyhound who won the Puppy stakes of her year at the Greenway, in Gloucestershire. A New-Forest fawn, now approximating to a doe, and, locally, almost the last of her race, bounds in play here and there, where used to frisk my poor Gazelle; and a stout game-cock seems to preside over all, one or two pert little bantam-cocks absolutely availing themselves of the shadow of his tall, bluff breast as a cool place to crow from. When they crow, the only effect it has on the warrior is, to make him turn his head a little on one side, to look out at the corner of his eye, as if he would say, with the Frenchman, "Est-il pour de rire, ou pour de bon?" A pheasant, a partridge, or a hare, occasionally joins the various groups, and Baron, the deer-dog, will sometimes walk through them all, without causing the slightest terror or commotion, and, thumped at by the hinder leg of some of the rabbits, in the midst of them claim a quiet corner in the sun. By my side, and watching my pen as it moves, sit two goldfinches, trying to sing down any slight scratching it may make on the paper; and at my foot a merry starling, who at times in a season is slightly indisposed, but as invariably cured by the administra-

tion of a spider. All these creatures know me; and, to make amends for the war and chase that I carry into other localities, I try to make my lawn and premises a scene of amity and peace.

There is a general move among the living things from Dingle down to the rabbits; the move is towards the house. The noise of the drawing-room window, opening from the ground, is heard, and a run is made by the tamer creatures to their mistress for some food; the wilder ones sit up and listen, and some draw near to pick up such part of the fare as may be carried by others to a little distance. To me all this is very beautiful; and I feel, and am happy in the idea, that when the muscled and lithe o' limb have left me, and age comes on, I can sit among Heaven's creatures in passive admiration, and pursue my favourite study,—which, to my mind, never palls,—the study of animate and inanimate nature.

We take leave of Mr. Berkeley with a very improved opinion of his talent, judgment (*quoad* the *feræ naturæ* portion of creation), and good fellowship. His book will take its place beside those of Hawker and Scrope; and he himself is evidently such an awkward customer to deal with, that we should like to see him try his skill upon a handful of Cossacks.

TRAVELS.

- I. *Norway and its Glaciers visited in 1851, followed by Journals of Excursions in the High Alps of Dauphiné, Berne, and Savoy.* By JAMES D. FORBES, D.C.L., &c. &c. Edinburgh: Black. 1854.
- II. *Scandinavian Adventures during a residence of upwards of Twenty Years, representing Sporting Incidents and subjects of Natural History, and devices for entrapping Wild Animals; with some account of the Northern Fauna.* By L. LLOYD, Author of "Field Sports of the North." 2 Vols. Bentley. 1854.
- III. *A Brage-Beaker with the Swedes; or, Notes from the North in 1852.* By W. BLANCHARD JERROLD. London: 1854. Cooke.

WE have here a triad of northern travellers, journeying with very different intents. The first is a man of science, who goes forth replete with knowledge, and looks upon the hills, the glaciers, and the plains only as facts illustrative of great natural laws. The second is a sportsman, and a thoughtful investigator of the habits, forms, and peculiarities of the beasts, birds, and fishes that afford him prey. The third is a tourist, who is smart upon costumes, and repining among insufficient creature comforts, knowing nothing of science, little of natural history, and giving all his small wandering attention to men, women, meals, and conveyances. Let us take their works in due order.

And first for Professor Forbes. His handsome and well-illustrated volume is one of those few books of the year that must be put aside when read, and preserved for reference. It is the journey of a physical geographer of the very highest rank in science, who lights up the path whereon he travels, and leaves it luminous to those who follow. We have read the book with interest, and with despair. No analysis could afford any adequate idea of the work—no space that could here be granted us would enable us to discuss one-twentieth part of its topics. We must console ourselves with the reflection, that no one whom the operation of natural laws can interest would rest satisfied with any mere description of the volume; while those who love not to speculate upon such subjects would not be invited by any dry compendium we could offer. We give up the idea with reluctance, but it is *not* a work for a short analysis.

Mr. Lloyd is a far less difficult individual to deal with than the Professor.

It is twenty-three years since we left Mr. Lloyd at Lap Cottage in the Wilds of Wermland. He was then much engaged in chasing the mighty bear, monarch of the Scandinavian forests, knocking over a wolf, a lynx, or a glutton, trapping a fox, putting a rifle-ball just behind the ear or the shoulder of an elk, or scampering over the waterfalls towed by a triumphant salmon.

We cannot be impartial if we have to deal with the book of a sportsman. It is such a pleasure to escape from the common-places of life, to get rid of yonder lisping cockney tourist, to shake oneself free of conceit and affectation, and to take a good hearty walk with a man in a shooting jacket and thick gaiters, with a rifle on his arm, a brace of dogs at his heels, and an eye for every thing that runs, or flies, or swims, or blossoms, or grows, or that does none of all these. Such a man is Mr. Lloyd, and delighted are we to find, that directly we lost sight of him, twenty-three years ago, he ensconced himself in a comfortable dwelling, which, with its fishing rights, was rented to him at ten pounds a year; that he furnished it with chairs at three shillings per dozen, large folding dining-tables at three shillings and sixpence each, and chests of drawers at a like sum; that his commissariat department was supplied with eggs at sixpence a score, beef, mutton, and cheese at twopence a pound, and oats at three shillings a sack; that the Swedish gentry comforted him with their hospitality, and only occasionally bored him with that miserable mask for dulness and inanity, a game at cards.

Here Mr. Lloyd has led the life of a naturalist and a sportsman. Time does not seem to have blunted the keenness of his observation, nor to have relaxed the tension of his muscles. He shoots a bear as well as ever. He is as careful as possible in recording every detail of the "Courtship of Fish" from the Miller's thumb to the sly *Silurus* who weighs seven hundred and fifty pounds, and pulls down and swallows little children while bathing; and he describes all the devices for capture, some of them, we fear, not very sportsmanlike, such as the sotkrok, the flott-ref, and the botten-ref. We recommend any brother of the angle who has hitherto been satisfied to spin his gudgeon from the top of Marlow weir, and to live upon the recollection of *that* ten pound trout he caught seven years ago, to read the wonders of the Namsen. Sir Hyde Parker, who, however, does not himself altogether despise Marlow pool, killed a salmon in the Namsen sixty

pounds in weight: Mr. Dunn killed ninety in his occasional fishings during an inclement fortnight: W. Hutchinson "never had a blank day there."—Oh wonder of wonders! and incredible to Piscator!

"The Salmon of the Namsen will break all ordinary tackle, running out frequently one hundred and fifty yards of line."

The Alten, the Tanor, and the Patsjoki, are also fine rivers, "good enough for any one who has not been spoiled by the Namsen."

Here, then, we have a full description of those regions, whereunto we see old college friends departing in early spring, and take leave of them, envying the vagabond independence and the earnest love of sport of men who can and who will go to such places at such a time, to live with an ice-axe in one hand and a salmon rod in the other.

But we must leave the river. "The bear," says Mr. Falk, "is a majestic animal. He instils fear and respect as well into mankind as into the brute creation. People may say what they please about his rapacity and the ravages he commits; I, for my part, never wish to see him disappear."

Mr. Lloyd is somewhat discursive upon the subject of this his favourite prey.

THE BEAR AND THE HORSE.

Another alleged proof of the bear's sagacity is, that when he has seized a horse, and the terrified prey in his agony drags his foe after him, the bear, in order to stop the headlong speed of the affrighted horse, retains his hold with one paw, while with the other he firmly grasps the first tree they pass; when, owing to the enormous strength of his enemy, the poor horse is at once brought up and at his mercy. It sometimes happens, however, that if the tree or bush grasped is only slightly embedded in the soil, it is torn up by the roots; when, for a second or two at least, the horse, the bear, and the tree may be seen careering together through the forest!

Though in general horses, when attacked by the bear, make no resistance, but trust to their heels for safety, some are found who will stand gallantly on the defensive and not unfrequently beat off the assailant.

This was the case with a certain mare in Wermeland, which was known to have come off victorious in numerous conflicts. But this animal exhibited extraordinary courage, as well as wonderful sagacity; for instinct telling her that her own soft heels would have but little effect on Bruin's iron carcase, she would not, after passing the winter in the stable, betake herself to the woods in the spring, until duly provided with shoes. But when the blacksmith had performed his part, feeling she was then prepared to meet the enemy on equal terms, she would trot off gaily to the depths of the forest.

I have also read of a mare at Wuollerim, in Jockmock's Lappmark, that was celebrated for thus combating wild beasts. For the mere fun of the thing, indeed, she herself would at times become the assailant. On one occasion she slaughtered three wolves which were prowling in company on a newly-frozen lake.

Though I have never seen the horse in conflict with the bear or the wolf, I can well understand that he at times proves a formidable antagonist; for, independently of his heels (which with management may perhaps be avoided), his fore legs are most destructive weapons. About two years ago a horse thus attacked a valuable

pointer of mine—a manoeuvre possibly learnt in his combats with wolves—in the most savage manner. No dancing-master could have brought his legs into play with more agility; and it was only by a miracle that the poor dog escaped destruction.

Here is an interesting anecdote as to the maternity of

THE WINGERWORTH BEAR.

The first day our search proved unsuccessful; but on the morning of the second, and when beating a rather thinly wooded knoll, the dogs opened in a way that convinced me they had fallen in with a bear, or other noxious animal. I hastened to the spot where the dogs were challenging, but could see nothing; neither did they seem to be sensible whence the taint they had caught proceeded. Presently, however, I noticed a clink, as it were, amongst the rocks, but on looking down found it apparently untenanted. From its very confined dimensions, indeed, it seemed hardly capable of containing any bulky animal. In this cavity, or rather in an interior chamber, which I had not previously observed, the bear, as shewn by the dogs, that now came up, was nevertheless snugly ensconced; and cubs also, as we knew by their very audible cries.

When in the early part of the autumn the bear took possession of this den, the entrance to it was no doubt not only easy of access, but quite visible. What with a barricade of moss, similar to that recently spoken of, and some three feet of snow, which then covered the ground, it was now hardly perceptible; and had it not been for the dogs, and for some marks made by the beast in the surrounding trees, we might have passed the spot fifty times over without noticing it.

In the then state of the aperture, it was quite impossible for the bear to leave the den. Taking off our Skidor, therefore, we proceeded to unearth her. But this was no easy matter, and only to be effected by hewing away, with the axe, the embankment in front. Whilst the men were thus occupied, and to guard against the possibility of her making a sudden rush, two stout stakes were driven crosswise in front of the orifice; though this precaution was perhaps needless, as she made no effort to escape.

It must have taken an hour or more, nevertheless, before a passage sufficiently large to admit of the egress of the bear was cleared. When this was accomplished, the peasants were ordered to the rear that they might be out of harm's way, and Elg directed to withdraw the cross stakes, and afterwards to stir up the beast with a long pole, previously prepared for the purpose.

In the meanwhile I stationed myself immediately above, and within a few paces of the den, armed not only with my own gun, but with Elg's, which was lying in readiness at my feet; and I had not long to wait; for the instant the pole touched the beast, and before Elg's exclamation "She's coming, Sir!" was well out of his mouth, she, with the rapidity of thought, stood all but bolt upright before me: her jaws were distended, and her eyes, which seemed to protrude out of their sockets, shot forth fury and revenge. Had it not been for the embankment, she would at once have made her exit; but this being only partially removed, she could not clear the impediment at a single bound; and she had no opportunity of making a second, for at the instant of her appearance a bullet through the back of the head caused her to sink lifeless to the ground.

The old bear was left *en cache*; but the cubs, three in number, were at once conveyed to Löfskogsåsen; and though at the time of their capture they were only a few days old, we were enabled, by extreme care, to rear two of them. One is now in the possession of Sir Henry Hunloke, at Wingerworth Hall, in Derbyshire; and owing to good feeding he has grown enormously. With the exception of the bear at the Zoological Gardens, indeed,

I much doubt there being a larger one in England; and what is remarkable, he is as tame as ever. On a recent visit to the Baronet, I placed my hand in the beast's mouth, which he slobbered over as affectionately as in olden times.

The wolves are familiar in these northern parts. Here is a specimen of wolfish coolness.

A COOL WOLF.

"The same day, 10th of February 1821, at one o'clock, Anna, a girl aged twelve years, daughter of Jan Jansson of Bastmora (distant eight to nine miles from Stjernerund), was carried off by a wolf.

"The mother had just left her daughter in the cow-house, but hearing a cry of distress, she ran back to see what was the matter, when she found the door of the building closed, and outside of it an overturned pail, in which, to her horror, was lying the bloody flesh of the right cheek of her child, as also the handkerchief that had served for her head-dress. Looking around, she saw the poor creature in the jaws of an immense wolf, who was dragging her up the face of a rather precipitous acclivity at some fifty paces' distance. The beast had hold of the girl crosswise by the thigh; but as she was tall for her age, and heavy, and the ground slippery, and he in consequence unable to carry her, he would swing her half round, as it were, in advance; and when he had thus got his burthen a little before him, step forward a pace or two and repeat the manœuvre.

"As soon as the poor mother saw the dreadful situation of her child, she rushed distracted to the spot, whereupon the wolf dropped his victim. But as the beast only moved to a few paces' distance, where with distended jaws, and pendent tongue dripping blood, he stood eyeing her fixedly, the exhausted parent could not aid the sufferer until such time as she obtained assistance. Whilst hastening to the spot, she thought she once heard the child exclaim Jan, the name of her young brother. The mother's cries soon brought the servant-maid, who was armed with a stout stake, to her aid, on which the wolf moved somewhat farther off. The mother now fell on her knees, and clasped her daughter in her arms; their eyes met for the last time, for after uttering a single sigh, the girl breathed her last.

"Soon after the catastrophe, the man-servant, who had been absent from the house, returned and assisted in bearing home the corpse; of which mournful ceremony the wolf, who had remained stationary all the time, was a spectator."

Upon the fox our naturalist is very learned: how he fishes with his tail, how he gets rid of fleas, how he ousts the badger, how he catches sea fowl, how he beguiles ducks, how he cheats the fisherman, how he circumvents rats, provides himself a stronghold, feeds at the enemy's expense, takes his revenge upon a foe caught napping, may be here read with great particularity. But we can afford room for no more extracts, not even for the accounts of the lemming and its mysterious migrations—a plucky little animal like a variegated rat, which is eaten by the herbivorous reindeer, migrates like a swallow, and throws living pontoons over rivers.

There is a capital story of how an old bear mumbled at the scalp of the sportsman while he lay feigning to be dead. But the quarter is already rife with sporting adventures. The illustrations ought to be very cheap, for they do not bear the appearance of great expense;

and as the book is decidedly a selling book, Mr. Lloyd has, we hope, gained enough by it to continue his sport and his researches for many years. We could wish, however, that he had told us a little more about the men and women of Scandinavia. He must have had great opportunities of distinguishing the peculiarities of the rustic home of the Scandinavian peninsula. As he promises us a volume of Norse legends, perhaps he will remember that a few human figures improve a landscape, and that men and women may be worth studying, even although he cannot shoot them or trap them.

Of the third work in the series we have not much to say in a critical spirit.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold pursues the steps or the example of Miss Selina Bunbury. It is an unpretending little volume of two hundred and fifty pages, interspersed with sketches of the author in many different dresses, his friend Poppyhead in many somnolent positions, and Stockholm under many aspects. Such a book is to be criticised only as a Cheshire cheese is criticised. We shall insert our critical taster here and there, and leave the customer to judge whether the samples are such as to induce him to become possessor of the bulk.

DANISH CICERONE.

The curse of Danish hotels, as of Swedish hotels, is the lack of good attendance, and the number of English waiters who cannot speak English. On our arrival at Copenhagen we were introduced to a boy, a prim, active fellow, who could say, "Yes, sir," "Coffee," and one or two other words, but who could not comprehend one syllable addressed to him in English. With the prince in the "Lady of Lyons," he could not understand English as we spoke it, and wondered probably, like the elevated gardener in question, who the deuce could. But here I should pay a passing tribute of admiration to the black guide of Copenhagen, known to every English traveller who has visited the city within the last ten or fifteen years. He speaks two or three languages, is an excellent arithmetician, has his confirmed opinions on most points of politics, enjoys his own particular theories on the beautiful in art, and is so proud of his perfect English that he has taken particular pains to collect from passing travellers the latest slang of good society. He would scorn to call money by any other name than "tin," unless, to avoid alliteration, he were compelled to take refuge in the less fashionable word "rowdy." Certain Danish exhibitions were "seedy," not to say "slow," according to his phraseology; and certain members of our aristocracy, to whom he had acted as guide, and by whom he considered he had been badly treated, were "scaly." He ventured an opinion that "there was nothing like leather," when Poppyhead expressed his determination to buy a third pair of over-boots; and was decidedly of opinion that certain notabilities of the city (all of whom he knew, and whom he seemed to regard as his inalienable stock in trade) were "bricks." He informed us that there was "no end of fun" to be found in Copenhagen, and pitied us sincerely when, after resisting his endeavours to lure us to the local casinos, we expressed our determination to proceed at once to Helsingborg.

SWEDISH CONVEYANCES.

First, there are the poorer class of Swedes, who are compelled, for the sake of economy, to travel in the peasants' carts, and who are generally enveloped in very

coarse furs, their heads covered with very long-peaked caps. Then there are the independent class of men, who possess a carriage, and are up to all the "dodges" of Swedish travelling:—the mat-sack, the little luggage, the proper charges for postboys and horses, and who generally have theories about getting from one end of Sweden to the other for incredibly small sums of money. This class has generally a moustache of prodigious proportions. Then there are the commercial men, who travel in carriages very like those to be hired at Hastings or Ramsgate for two shillings per hour—vehicles of most shabby exterior, which appear to have seen better days, yet have never been seen in their days of early beauty. These vehicles require two, and sometimes three horses, and are generally occupied by middle-aged gentlemen, who look gravely out, from the depth of handsome furs, upon the peasants gathered about the vehicle. Lastly, there is the dashing travelling vehicle, evidently the property of the evident count within: the harness, chiefly made of leather, tells you this at once. Another feature of the scene is the money-bag. The carriage proprietor has his slung round his neck; the traveller in the peasant's cart has a coarse linen bag; the count has his money in the pocket of his carriage. In matters of refreshment I noticed differences also. The traveller per peasant's cart depended upon the "cooked milk" and plentiful eggs of the station; the carriage provider had some provisions with him, some brandy and cured flesh; the count from his mat-sack produced jerper exquisitely cooked, substantial bottles of sherry, and steaks ready prepared, and requiring only to be warmed, perhaps also pancakes rolled up, to be eaten in the fingers. Thus, to the station-master, the patron of a peasant's cart will generally, I should say, prove the best customer.

SWEDISH TOASTS.

But of people gathered about a dinner-table I may here write a few more notes. They are without restraint, and very conversational. Their after-dinner speeches (when they make them) are generally, I think, of the same butter-all-round description as those indulged in by the private curses of English Society. The Swedes appeared to think with us that they were all "jolly good fellows," after a second bottle of wine, and that they lived only to increase their intense mutual admiration. After dinner, in England, each individual toasted is a happy illustration of every cardinal virtue: he is a model father, a model friend, a model brother—in short, a model man. He is Horace Mayhew's volume of model men rolled into one splendid organization. Well, this splendid being struts about Sweden also every evening, but dissolves every morning, as with us, when the sun and headaches come. There is a marked difference, however, between the English after-dinner orator and his Swedish brother. The Englishman about to pronounce, or rather splutter, a panegyric, rises, hooks his left thumb in the arm-hole of his waistcoat, and, with an upraised right hand, opens fire upon the enemy. As he proceeds to tack wings to the back of his inestimable friend Tomkins, he warms sensibly; he raps the table, he spreads out his arms, his voice runs discordantly up and down the scale, and he concludes with a storm. During this exhibition the bashful Tomkins busies himself with his watchkey. The Swedish orator does not rise from his seat. He speaks in so low a tone of voice, that at first you pay no attention, thinking he is addressing his neighbour only. The voice throughout preserves an even intonation: there is no perceptible rise or fall of passion in it, and the words are given in spasmodic threes and fours, thus:

"I am anxious—that we should—do all honour—to the toast—which has been—intrusted to my care. Herr G—— has been—for many years—engaged—always—in the undertaking—which has now—been brought—to—a very successful issue." These words are pronounced with sharp, short pauses; the voice falling to a whisper at the end of each sentence. The guests are silent throughout.

No table-rapping (here, no hear, hears! no tremendous cheering: all is quiet and ceremonious. But Herr G—— does not act like Tomkins. This gentleman, the instant his name is mentioned by his panegyrist, rises, and continues standing till the company have drunk the toast proposed in his honour.

The volume contains also some commercial statistics, and many observations upon the state of society among the Scandinavians. Let the following serve as an example of the spirit in which these are made:

THE SWEDISH PEASANTRY.

"How," I said one day, as we were travelling, to Herr M——, "how do your peasantry contrive to realise fortunes—to look down from castles upon the fine shores of your great lakes?"

"In many ways," he replied. "Some of them are keen speculators. Say a large estate is to be sold: they become agents for the sale of it in lots to their neighbours. These are allowed to buy, and to pay up in instalments. The agents receive these instalments, and about three per cent on each transaction. This profit is augmented by the agent, who uses the deposits for six months, during which time he is allowed to hold them. Thus hard-headed fellows set to work, and realise handsome sums. They also make large sums by distilling finkel."

Thus I find that in Sweden, as in England, the great paths are open to the peasantry; but I find here, that which I cannot clearly see in England, an enlightened anxiety on the part of the nobles to honour all who rise. The dandy lord of England, bidding for popular shouts, will even shake the hand of a working-man; but, then, this is simply to shew the terrible price at which popularity is purchasable on English soil. What are called liberal peers have been known to entertain men of genius without putting the "pale spectrum of the salt" too prominently before them. These acts are called condescensions, and lords are praised for shewing them; and it is precisely because this praise is given and received that they are worthless—worse than worthless—pernicious and detestable. That will be a time to talk of—a time when the cap may be heartily thrown into the air—when the ballot-box, lying in the hall of the club-house of all talents, shall make my Lord Downy tremble in his patent leathers! Now, we talk of Sweden as an aristocratic country—that is, a people conventionally aristocratic. Aristocratic the people are, proud to band themselves into distinct classes; yet conventionally aristocratic, I should say, as the result of my observation, they are not. For, as I have already written, the nobles have a true regard for all that is pure and patriotic in their countrymen, irrespective of class; and the peasants, with willing hands, but not with slavish hearts, I think, lift their hats to the nobles. If there be a class in Sweden that can be called generally an unpopular class, it is the burghers. These are rapidly rising in wealth and influence throughout the country.

"And when the peasant has saved a certain sum of money, how does he generally spend it?" I asked Herr M——.

"Generally he will spend it in educating his children. He usually contrives to send one to the University of Upsala, to study for the church; and thus the ranks of the Swedish clergy are chiefly recruited from the peasant class. No student can be a curate till he is twenty-five, nor a rector till he is thirty. The value of their rectories is not great, varying generally from 100*l.* to 400*l.* in English money. The highest salary given to a Swedish priest is that enjoyed by the Bishop of Westeras, who has about 1000*l.* English money a-year; and just now people are clamouring loudly to have this sum reduced."

This sounded an odd kind of agitation to English ears. "Oh," but vigorous defenders of the English Church will

exclaim, "11. in Sweden is worth 10*l* in England." Not so; 1*l*. will produce in Sweden not double the amount of luxury it will give in England. I should say that the establishment of a man in Sweden who has 400*l*. a-year is about equivalent to that of an Englishman who has 700*l*. a-year. Therefore, let no reader run away with the impression that the Bishop of Westerås is as well off as the meek gentleman who presides over the spiritual affairs of London. The fact is not so. In Sweden the clergy are maintained as plain Swedish gentlemen, not as princes. Here may not be found that harsh contrast between pulpit humility and social splendour—that continual whine about sackcloth and ashes from easy gentlemen buried to the chin in velvet. And this comparative simplicity may, it appears to me, be fairly traced to the wholesome relation in which the Swedish clergy stand to their parishioners.

Thus the Swedish peasantry, in short, have every legi-

timate avenue open to them. They are possessors and cultivators of their native soil; they are legislators in their own distinct chamber; they may rise to be chief spiritual advisers of the state.

We have now sufficiently introduced Mr. Blanchard Jerrold to our readers, and we leave the introduced parties to cultivate or shun each other, as they may please.

Of these three works, however, that of the Professor is the only one which tells us any thing that has not been much better told before. The public is not eager for any more "Scandinavian Travels."

Life in Abyssinia. By MANSFIELD PARKYNS. 2 vols. 8vo. With Map and illustrations. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street.

OUR author is a gentleman of confirmed nomadic habits, and, as will be seen, of strong paradoxical opinions, who evidently entertains a decided preference for life in the torrid zone to that "about town;" but we do not think that many of our readers will be induced, from the alluring character of his descriptions, to follow precisely in his track.

It is a general complaint with travellers that every corner of the earth is "used up;" they consequently are apt to sigh for the conquest of new worlds. There seems, however, to be still a tolerably wide field capable of exploration, if not in Egypt and Nubia, at least in Abyssinia and the unknown countries extending between that land of sable Christians and the heart of Africa. Let those of our *dilettanti* tourists who thirst for adventure, and can put up with discomfort in its wildest forms, betake themselves without delay to the south-western shores of the Red Sea, and thence strike inland in the direction of the lofty mountains known as Jebel el Komri; they will, we promise them, have much to talk of and to write about—should they happily return. They must, however, according to Mr. Parkyns, first learn to dispense with most of the appliances of civilization.

It is not sufficient that our traveller should be able to eat "any thing that is clean and wholesome:" he will have to appease his cravings with many things to which neither of those epithets can possibly be applied. Lion steaks, leopard chops, *côtelettes de loup*, *filets de chat*, hawk or crocodile *au naturel*, snakes in all stages of decomposition, lizards, locusts, &c., are the staple articles of an Abyssinian *carte*; and our author seems to have subsisted largely on such fare when he was unable to procure a quivering and bleeding stake, cut a few minutes before, from the flank of a fat cow, which seems to constitute the chief delicacy of this delightful

country. He assures us, however, with perhaps affected *naïveté*, that he has never yet been able to manage either hyæna or vulture, raw or cooked.

For the benefit of those who may follow in his track, and with whom the climate of this region may not agree, Mr. Parkyns states that local bleedings, as practised by the natives, are often advantageous, "and firing with a hot iron, at their recommendation, may also be adopted. For severe inflammation of the bowels, *when you cannot bear to be touched* on the part, some boiling water poured on it will be a ready and effective blister." (!) Effective enough, no doubt. Only imagine a delicate and sentimental "travelling bachelor," fresh from Oxford, finding himself suffering inwardly from a heavy supper of raw crocodile, or hashed snake, calling in an Abyssinian M.D., and submitting, at his suggestion, to be first fired across the loins, and then to lie for the remainder of the evening with the contents of successive boiling kettles on his abdomen—"a wet rag being wrapped round in a ring to confine the water within the intended limits!" Could the ill-regulated ingenuity of a fiend in his fiercest moods possibly devise more refined torture? Better far for the unhappy man to be "preached to death by wild curates," to use an expression of Sydney Smith's—to "fall alive into the clutches of a Jew attorney or of a London publisher—to have his patrimony absorbed by that most insatiable of all constrictors, the Court of Chancery—to be compelled to sit out a debate on the "wrongs of Ireland"—each or all were surely preferable to a course of Abyssinian pyropathy!

As our readers, when they commence their Abyssinian travels, will, besides eating snakes, be constantly liable to be bitten by them, stung by scorpions, and other little incidents of that sort, it is just as well to know, that they should

instantly "cut away the part with a knife, then apply the end of an iron ramrod, *heated to a white heat*. Aquafortis is, I have heard, still better than hot iron, as it *eats further in*."

So much for diet, medicine, and surgery: now for hotel accommodation. Of course, in this part of Africa there are no luxurious dens of extortion, swarming with white-chokered waiters, bagmen, fleas, and pert chambermaids, like our railway caravanseras. Oh no!—at the end of your day's march, unless you happen to reach an encampment or a village of huts, you spread a skin upon the parched sand to repose upon, throw another over you for a coverlid, and get through the night as you best can.

If you want supper before you retire beneath your hide, and have not a good lizard or a fat viper handy, you mix up a little flour and water into a ball about the size of a nine pound shot, insert a hot stone into the centre, put it on the ashes for ten minutes, and then administer the warm dough internally, washing it down with as much water as you can procure, to take the taste out of your mouth.

If you seek a night's accommodation in an Abyssinian village, here is a sample of what you may expect—

CROWDED QUARTERS.

A narrow, small hut, barely high enough for a tall person to stand upright in, with a door about five feet high, the only aperture by which light and air had any chance of entering. In this ill-ventilated apartment were packed the greater part of our company (about eleven men), two mules, and a number of goats belonging to the landlord. The atmosphere was of course none of the purest, but we had no remedy; the rainy season had set in, and we could find no other shelter for our people and animals.

However, some people, it seems, view this sort of thing in a different light from what we certainly should. Mr. Parkyns proves, satisfactorily! that the hut of an African savage is, in his estimation, "far more comfortable than an English hotel, or even than *the best private house in Europe*, because on entering the latter, though every thing is luxurious, nothing is handy: every little comfort you need, requires a sort of labour to obtain it."

THE DELIGHTS OF SAVAGE LIFE.

If you arrive wet and tired in the hut of a savage, all that you do is to cast off in an instant the whole, or what part of your very scanty clothing you may think fit. In general you wrap yourself up in a cotton cloth or piece of leather, and squat or lounge over the wood fire, holding up the bottom edge of your garment so as to warm your body thoroughly from underneath. Food is brought you, of a simple kind but quite wholesome, and enough to satisfy your hunger. Supper certainly produces a most agreeable sensation in the body and mind of a hungry man, and you squat in enjoyment of it and your pipe till your eyes begin gradually to close, your head to nod, and at last, without any pre-determination on your part, your pipe falls from your hand, and you drop off, with all your comfortable sensations, into a most delicious sleep. On the other hand, in England, you must first of

all go into a cold bedroom and change your clothes, which, from the ingeniously-complicated fashion of them, implies at the very least half-an-hour's labour, especially if wet. You then descend to your sitting-room, and, perched on a queer sort of instrument of torture called a chair, try to fancy yourself comfortable in the contemplation of a black-looking grate, containing in all probability an equally sombre, just lighted mass of coal, with a little flickering flame, a great deal of smoke, and no warmth whatever. Supper comes in—truly a very good supper, to make use of a conventional expression—which to me implies sundry portions of good wholesome food that have been totally disguised, and rendered as unwholesome as possible. Supper over, if you should wish to smoke, you must go out of doors, or to the smoking-room. By degrees you get comfortably sleepy over your pipe; you must get up, return to your cold bedroom, occupy half an hour in undressing, and then get into a cold bed, before you can indulge in your very natural inclination. Now the change of atmosphere, and the refreshing sensation of cool linen, are not at all friends to Morpheus, and it may be hours before your sleep comes as naturally as it did over the fire. Perhaps you are indulged with a feather-bed; if so, you must be a hardy fellow if you close your eyes at all. So now, let no one for the future deem it singular that a man should like what in England is erroneously called "a rough life;" I trust I have proved it to be by far the most luxurious. But I must remember that "different people have different opinions," and what is luxury to one, is hardship to another. I know that the sort of life I speak of as enjoyable, is considered by some as unintellectual and unrefined.

Further on:

I was leading (he says) the life of an Abyssinian gentleman "about town," my hair well tressed, my pantaloons always of the newest, frequently of an original cut; in dull weather setting fashions, disputing and deciding on the merits and demerits of shields and spears: in fine weather swelling about the town with a quarter of a pound of butter melting on my head, face, neck, and clothes, and with a tail of half a dozen well-got-up and equally greasy soldiers at my heels; doing the great man, with my garment well over my nose, at every festival and funeral worth attending; "hanging out" extensively when I had a few shillings to spend; sponging on my neighbours when, as was oftener the case, I had nothing;—in fact, living a most agreeable life on a very limited income. I cannot deny that I look back to those times with a certain feeling of regret. It was the only period of my life in which I ever felt myself a really great man. I "cry very small" in England, with a much greater expenditure. The men will not look after me with admiration, nor the girls make songs about me here.

Now we make no scruple of expressing our decided preference, nevertheless, for the "rough life" of Paris or London, over the luxurious existence in which the refined and polished aborigines of savage countries are wont to revel. We have travelled, perhaps, as much as Mr. Mansfield Parkyns; we have endured privations, hardships, and bad fare, *minus* crocodile, locusts, and cat; have encountered perils, discomfort, and miseries in every form, without murmur, when need was; but right glad were we once again to find ourselves with an agreeable companion at the "Café de Paris," the "Frères Provençaux," or, better still, at "Philippe's," with spotless damask before us, a bottle of Chablis within reach,

one of Champagne in prospect, with sundry little arrangements, such as *rougets gratinés à la Montesquieu* and *Thon Marinée à l'Italienne*, *rissolottes à la Pompadour*, *Bécafiques aux feuilles de vignes*, *Charlotte de Fraises au noyau*, following each other at due intervals in noiseless succession. And entertaining immutably this opinion, we should certainly far prefer seeing Mr. Parkyns at our homely table, to joining his festive board, even though served by *ramia* such as he describes, on one occasion, as having ministered to him. The dinner in that remarkable instance was served "by three of the most beautiful mulatto slave girls" he had ever beheld.

ABYSSINIAN WAITRESSES.

One of them bore a bowl of new milk enough for ten persons. She presented it to me; I tasted it. It was nectar! and she was Hebe! But no juice of the treacherous vine was ever half as sweet as that milk; and as for Hebe, I think she ought to consider herself highly flattered that even for a moment I should have mistaken such a beauty for her. She was, like many girls of these countries, and especially of her particular race, a perfect model of form, of exquisitely delicate features, and in complexion of a warm rich nut-brown. I am ashamed to own that my contemplation of her beauties did not occupy me half so much time as my description of them, for I turned an impassioned glance—not at her companions, though both were beautiful, one even quite her equal—but at the objects they carried. I found these to be a large "gaddah," a wooden bowl, containing a pile of "rahif," or thin cakes of millet and wheat, and a vessel containing "melah."

But Mr. Parkyns, besides his partiality for bleeding beef and raw reptiles, has other singular tastes. He had a favourite dog, which killed all his poultry and was always in mischief. Yet hear, how tenderly he speaks of him—

A PET.

Poor little Tokla! I grew very fond of him; for, though rough and ugly, he had such pretty, winning ways—he seemed always hungry, and would often bite people's legs, occasionally my own, not at all from vice, but sheer appetite.

What a delightful companion! But he had another, who possessed the happy knack of rendering himself agreeable in other ways. Listen, gentle reader, to the performances of

MAYCHÁL BOGGO.

My dog, "Maychál Boggo," did not like rain, so when a heavy shower fell during the night—my readers must remember that tropical rains are by no means like a Scotch mist—he would come to me, and, without any ceremony or whining, make a determined attempt to work himself under my covering. Maychál, though a good and faithful beast, was rather large for a bedfellow, being as big as a Newfoundland, and withal his hair was of that longish, thick, coarse description which is peculiar to some of the mastiff breeds, and which, especially when well wetted, is considerably odoriferous. A day's tramp through the mud did not generally make him cleaner, nor was he able to be very choice in his diet; so, when he attempted to force himself into my society, I would say, "Maychál Boggo, so far as board goes you shall share with me the last crumb, but really my bed is but just large enough to contain me alone." But he would not listen to reason, answering to my polite speech only by seizing the corner of my leather with his teeth, and tugging at it in a most systematic manner, till, after getting a few quarts of rain into my bed, I was obliged to make the best of a bad job and let him in, endeavouring at the same time to leave him the outside place; for the skin which was wrapped round me, half over and half under, was not broad. He, however, was selfish, I fear; for he would not be satisfied until he had got into the fold, leaving me in the worst place, and growling and snarling at me if I attempted to resist. His pertinacity was too amusing to allow me to get angry, and I was in general too sleepy to have troubled myself about the matter if he would but have kept still when he was there. But no such luck; if a hyæna or other animal chose to approach our camp fifty times during the night, each time my dog would start up, and, planting his great paws on to my eyes, nose, mouth, or any part of my body which happened to lie in his direction, bark himself into a fury for a few seconds, and then dash off in pursuit, dragging off my cover, and leaving me, "puris naturalibus," at the mercy of the storm. Often did I vow that he should disturb me no more, and as often would he return wet and reeking from his expedition, sometimes with bleeding marks of the hyæna's teeth, and serve me as before. This is a sample of the way we passed our nights.

We wonder whether such amiable animals ever regarded with jealousy their masters' raw sarcophagic fancies!

We do not enter into any of the very interesting details respecting the country nor its inhabitants, because the book is really such a very interesting one, that everybody who has leisure should certainly read it. The style is plain and simple, as befits such a work. The wood-cuts are numerous and well executed, and it is full of very entertaining anecdotes.

From Mayfair to Marathon. London: Bentley.

THIS is a rattle-chatter description of a tour through France and Italy, with an excursion by the "Austrian Lloyd's" to Marathon. Out of 428 pages, 356 are occupied with the journey to Rome: nine pages, two days, and a couple of hired hacks, get the tourist well over the antiquities of the metropolis of Christendom; ten pages suffice for Corinth; and eight for Marathon.

The object of the book, therefore, certainly is not description. The design evidently is, to take "My Public" by the arm, thrust him into a railway carriage, draw up the windows, and pour into his ear all that the author knows, thinks, or imagines, about men, manners, politics, religion, morals, and metaphysics. Very fairly does he say in his preface, "Don't say Pooh! pooh! my public, and that you don't

want to go. It is too late to think of this now that we are in New Burlington Street. I can't frank you. So, faith, if you put your muffiny fingers at tea-time over these pages, you must pay for it; you must indeed, my public."

In our last Number we noticed a very dreary novel, commencing, "How do you do, my public? Fatter, eh, my public? Manchester pretty quiet?" &c. &c. &c. Now, as the fate of that novel certainly could not have tempted any one to imitation of the flippant familiar style, no great critical acumen is required in order to discern that "Walter Evclyn" and "Mayfair to Marathon" are by the same individual.

However, if we can make up our minds to read a book of travels, wherein nothing is described but the impositions of hotel-keepers; if we can overcome our impatience at the impertinence of the style—for surely it is bad manners in an author to forget that his reader is a stranger to whom he has only just introduced himself; if we can tolerate, or skip, the ludicrously self-sufficient disquisitions upon politics present and future, including the destinies of France, and the designs of Russia, Reform in Parliament, and the reason why an American loves a lord, the moral necessity of abolishing our hereditary peerage, and the proper distribution of diplomatic patronage (we suspect our author to be a small diplomat);—if we can get over all these little difficulties, we may glean some amusement even from "Mayfair to Marathon."

We shall attempt to spare the reader the trouble of searching for the plums in this rather unevenly made pudding. He will very soon see that nine-tenths of what we shall extract might have been written quite as well in Mayfair as on the way to Marathon.

CALAIS.

Is there any hope for that man with the curly hair and varnished toes, dragging about the poor, pale, hollow-eyed woman I remember so lovely but two seasons ago? I would rather not touch on this story; it is among those that make one's heart ache. Look at this man. He was a well-to-do tradesman once, and was goose enough to go surety for a customer because he was a lord. He was sold out of house and home in consequence, and obliged to run away, to the great convenience of this nobleman, who thus got rid of his troublesome applications. See how fat he has grown upon his troubles, what a flabby dabby, pot-bellied, crunkle-kneed old fellow it is; yet he was an honest man once, and had not always that queer, sly, sleepy, roguish twinkle about the eye. His experience of life has taught him a false lesson, and he thinks honesty decidedly a bad speculation. He teaches languages, and instructs the French children to recognise their H's in perfect good faith, the only thing he now does in that way.

What are the rest of the dreary folk that pace up and down that weary "place" like wild beasts in a cage, or as if they knew there were sermons in stones and were

trying to read them all day long? All day long, always at the same pace, and always with the eyes cast down. Deceived friends, bankrupt tradesmen, beggared widows, ruined orphans, are you avenged?

For my part, if I had a spendthrift son I would bring him here to pass a week. He should make acquaintance with some of those promenading gentry, and learn all about them, and how imprudence has kicked over many a fine pail of milk, beside that in the fable. He should come and walk with me on the pier, too, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and watch those haggard men straining their aching eyes towards England—dear England! Oh, for one hour upon her shores, so that they were free men. He should see them afraid to make acquaintance with each other, cut off from all friendship, all companionship, rusting, maundering, pining, fretting away by inches. He should follow with his eyes (as I did with mine to-day) yonder tall man, walking with his wife upon the sand, and bowed down by care, not years, and see him weep silently, and his strong frame convulsed, as I am sure it was. He should hear the wife's soothing words, and see all the wealth of tenderness that she lavished on him waste itself, unheeded. God bless those women, how they do love us when all besides fall away!

If he wanted a lesson in vanity I would consent to make acquaintance, and undergo half an hour's conversation with that hopeful youth of twenty-two, already turned out of three regiments, and who is destined to become a permanent resident of this pleasant place, solely from too great a delight in white gloves and having his hair curled. You would not end life like this, my boy?

Talk of lessons of vanity, hark to that pompous old lady talking to her toady in front; she was once the mistress of a rich man, and is still living on a pittance from him which her milliners could not touch. She, too, has learned the wrong lesson of her life, and thinks and says that her vices have been more useful to her than her virtues. She was gay once when living on guilt, she is sad now it has deserted her. She was taught no lesson of religion in early life, and she learned nothing of the beauty and the good of virtue, and she will not hear of it now. She belonged to the great *uneducated*—a fearful class, my masters, a fearful class, believe me. It is painful, very painful, because at once ludicrous and melancholy to hear her boasting of bad things in bad English, and with such a horrible conviction of the truth of her maxims. It is worse to see her companion (a tradesman's daughter, who thinks her a great lady) listening so eagerly to what she says, and drinking in the subtle poison with every breath she draws. It is painful, indeed, to see the glance she exchanges with that vulgar whiskerando, who passes in the midst of this precious talk, and it is too easy to foresee what will come of it. And will she be happy too—will she subscribe six months hence to the cast-off mistress's axiom that vice is better than virtue. Or, worn out by doubt and jealousy, anguish and despair, ruined, deceived, deserted, broken-hearted, will she curse that walk upon the pier this very afternoon. One thing is certain; the pompous old lady's conversation won't make her any better: and one of these two will be deceiver or deceived. Poor toady, we send our Missionaries to Tombuctoo, why not to Calais? They might escape being eaten, and do more good than by supplying a luncheon now and then for a pleasant party of cannibals. Why did we not send out Missionaries long ago? why do we not send them to our own provinces, quiet, sensible men, who know the world, not mere cracked enthusiasts? If we had done so long ago we might have prevented even the pompous old lady herself from going the road by which she has unluckily travelled all her life to find such a prickly moral at the end of it.

Our tourist has succeeded in reaching Paris

after a series of miseries and a host of impositions which could have happened to no one man in no one journey. He might have picked up the following story without enduring any of these sufferings.

NAPOLÉON III. AND HIS SENATORS.

To be sure, some of the senators seem oddly chosen. A member of the jockey-club sauntered in there the other day, and asked an admiring knot of idlers, who speedily formed round him, if they could possibly guess what had just happened to him.

"Has Estrella run away?" asked one.

"Did you get a fall in the steeple-chase yesterday?" another.

"Have you made it up with Madame B.?"

"Have you quarrelled with Madame H.?"

"Are you going to reform and get married?"

"Have you at last managed to drink the seventh bottle of wine at supper?"

"Have you paid your debts?"

"No, Messieurs," said the dandy, feeling in his left waistcoat pocket with one hand and picking his teeth between each word with the other; "I see at this rate you will never guess the plaisante chose which has really happened. *It has been proposed to me to become a senator.*"

"But," said I, "Sire, with all the gratitude in the world for your offer, and the dotation, which would be most agreeable to me, I am not fit for it; I can do nothing at all but order a supper."

"Raison de plus," replied his Majesty, "nous souperons ensemble."

"Mais, Sire, j'en aurais honte, tout le monde se moquerait de moi!"

"Ah, bah!"

"Mais oui, Sire."

"Enfin j'insiste."

"Si ça m'ennuie."

"Ah ça! alors comme vous voudrez."

"And I refused."

The refusal was taken in perfect good part. The emperor seems tenaciously kind to any one to whom he takes a fancy, and pursues the excellent worldly policy of forgetting no service and forgiving no injury.

We can afford only a very little sample of the religious disquisitions.

RELIGIOUS SISTERHOODS.

Oh, my public, oh, my British public! I have no objection to your having abjured the errors of Popery; but I cannot help shaking my head when I think what root-and-branch work you made of it; and, under better conditions than of aforetime, I should like well enough to see the re-establishment of religious sisterhoods.

But we must get on, even at the expense of administering a little chloroform to our talkative companion. He is very miserable at Marseilles, for he has got into one of Mr. Murray's best-be-praised hotels there.

MARSEILLES.

Through the same oven of a waiting-room, annoyed by the same ridiculous regulations, the same incivility, and the same extortions, I reach my hotel at Marseilles at half-past ten in the evening. I am obliged to go by the omnibus, because there are no fiacres or other carriages; I see my luggage roughly handed, and tossed about as if there was nothing but wool in it, and flinging from any height could not hurt it. I am deafened by a party of jovial commercial gents "chaffing" a resolute, stout lady, who got into the omnibus puffing and struggling, and having squeezed a meek English clergyman literally out of his seat, announced

her opinion that liberality, well understood, began at home, and forthwith wrangled with the lad about her fare. I do believe that every individual in the omnibus, save the clergyman and I, took part for or against her, and all talked at once as loud as they could bawl.

There is nobody to take my luggage at the hotel, or who appears to expect the omnibus, or to care a straw about any thing or anybody, or who knows if I can have a room, or where; but at length these questions are decided, and eleven o'clock seats me before a fire in my bedroom, with the bell-rope in my hand.

I ring. Can I have a pair of slippers? (I am too tired to unpack my own.) No, the hotel does not furnish them. Can I have some tea? Not easily, everybody went to bed immediately the omnibus came in (at half-past ten.) Well, n'importe. I feel you have the mistral blowing here, my friend the night-porter. Yes, Monsieur, slightly. Slightly! Oh, yes, very slightly: when it blows hard it takes you off your legs. And how long is it likely to last? Mais, monsieur, about six weeks: it does not go away easily. Merci, bon soir. Bon soir, monsieur.

I tell you these things, my public, trifling as they are in themselves, because I am staying at the first hotel in the place, where I know beforehand that my expenses will be thirty or forty francs a day, and also because I wish to shew you that every arrangement is equally badly managed at present on the Marseilles route;—every one, from the primary considerations of safety, speed, and economy, down to the minor ones of comfort, civility, and attention. I remember arriving at this same hotel from Algiers, and thinking it a species of paradise, as indeed it is to any thing out there—a circumstance to which many sea-port hotels owe their celebrity. On passing through here, however, from the other side, I maintain there is not a more perfectly filthy and worse conducted hotel in Europe than the one which enjoys the first reputation in Marseilles.

We are now on board the steamer, and our companion is chattering thus, just as we enter the Bay of Naples—

A LORD ON BOARD!

We had a great number of Americans on board, who "guessed" and "calculated" vastly during these proceedings, taking care to gather, accidentally of course, round the luggage of Lord —, whose courier they evidently mistook for that nobleman.

"How is it?" said I to one of them I knew sufficiently well to ask him such a question, "that your countrymen have so unconquerable a weakness for a lord? Now what those people are doing there is positively rude, yet they cannot help it."

"Why, I guess," answered he, "we most of us think a lord must be something considerable in the way of talents and influence."

Now I wonder, my public, whether we are justified in sending young scapegraces and old scoundrels out into the world under these false colours. Lord A — may be indeed an honourable man, of great influence and high social position, but what do you say for giving a diploma of respectability to Lord B —, who has just run off with his neighbour's wife, and who has been guilty of every conceivable crime of omission and commission? Do not grow red, and talk to me about your constitution, and your old institutions, my public. Our hereditary peerage appears to many a fraud upon society at large. I, individually, have no opinion at all about it: I only tell you what the world says, so don't flout at me.

And now we venture upon a long but a last extract. Our tourist is at a ball at Naples, and pretends to give us a picture of Neapolitan society. Perhaps it would do for any other continental city just as well; and perhaps it

was written in Mayfair or in Marylebone, or at the Travellers', or at the Wellington Club: but such as it is we give it.

NEAPOLITAN SOCIETY.

Do you dance, my public?

"Well;" (with a smile and a blush; oh, what a modest public it is!) "Do *you*?"

"I faith no! a Benedict should be sage. A married man who dances commits a fraud upon the ladies, and is like one who has spent his fortune asking the same credit as one who has just come into it. But don't let me keep you. There is a sleepy-eyed little lady there who will spin like a top. A wager on it! Besides, I know her, and her mamma will be pleased at my presenting you. The Neapolitans love a true-bred Briton, and fancy they hear the musical jingle of his guineas every time he balances."

Let us see who have we here. There's little Tom Bouncer, I see, to begin with, wild with pride and delight at having been presented to the Princess Didildini, with whom he is now dancing. The Princess is the ninety-sixth of her princely family now living, and Admiral Blunt, who was nearly marrying her just after he was posted (three and twenty years ago, by-the-way; how time flies!), used to say he caught her doing her own washing. He did not mind it, being an honest sensible fellow, but she did: the Didildini blood was humbled, for the first prince had been a great bandit one hundred and fifty years ago: and she would never see poor Blunt afterwards. As for Tom, directly he goes home he will sit down and write a Byronic letter to his family at Dorking, and hint mysteriously at an ambitious passion which is likely to overshadow the rest of his days with grief and despair. Most of Tom's letters, indeed, allude to these two passions—perhaps because he usually writes in a pathetic and tender tone of mind after supper.

Then there is that bold and vivacious dancer, the Hon. Mr. Capre (brother of the great lady of our neighbourhood), who is perpetually trying to perform incomprehensible evolutions in waltzing. I notice he has twice knocked his partner's head in turning that unlucky column, and he stands now with a spasmodic twitching about the lips, and looking very red and foolish, trying to apologize. His excuses are not well received, and he will be a little snubbed by the ladies at the next ball. His partner might, indeed, forgive her bumped head—Italians are good-natured—but he has torn her dress, and there are few ladies in the room who will not sympathise with her anger at that. Milliners' bills are already long enough for Neapolitan pockets.

Make way quietly and without fuss, just with a backward step and a respectful bow. Here come the Counts of Syracuse and Aquila, the King's brothers, and with a lighter step the young Count Trapani. That gentleman dressed all in black and with a slight cast in the eye, him to whom the bald-headed individual, with so many stars and ribands, keeps bowing so respectfully every time he speaks, is the unfortunate Conde de Montemolin. The quiet, pleasant-looking gentleman standing near in conversation with one of the ministers, and whose face is of those (the few) you take a fancy to at first sight, is the gentle and kind-hearted bearer of a great name—a name already so famous in diplomacy that it was hard to wear it worthily; but he is the brother of the greatest statesman England ever had—of one of nature's noblemen, so courtly, so good, and so gifted, that his kinsman could hardly be other than he is.

With a rustling of dresses and a gale of perfume in sail a bevy of German countesses, too loud, and too hot, and too red, and too fussy, and too rusty-haired, and too wide-mouthed and thick, for us; but let them waddle by with heads and hearts choked up with pedigrees and nonsense; I vow the jewellery some of them wear would

disgrace the wife of a collier captain at a tea-party in Newcastle. But they have not an idea of this; and there! just as I expected, they have snubbed down pretty little Mrs. Trevyllian, because she has not a handle to her name. Oh, ladies! ladies! ladies! I am afraid it is a stern lesson that would do you good! You have had two and forgotten them, beware the third!

I wonder how Lord Dillwater is, economizing here; and how and where he finds the money to keep afloat as he does, when his creditors only allow him a few hundreds a-year. Tantivy does not lend it him I know; for though Lord Tantivy has been a young man these five-and-thirty years, and is now dancing with the prettiest girl in the room, he is too old for that.

That lively fellow chattering with the Duchess de S—— is Captain Bolt. Astonishing spirits Bolt has; but I am afraid the duchess will be out when he calls at her palace to-morrow evening. She cannot very well get away from him just now, and she is too clever and gentle to wound any one; but I heard the Marquis de Babilie tell her that unlucky story about the Captain last spring, in Paris! It was an ingenious thing that escapade of Bolt's: he got Lord Newcome, of his regiment, to lend him six thousand pounds to pay a gambling debt; Newcome gave him a cheque for it. The next morning Bolt came back and said he could do with four, so if he would give him another cheque he would bring him back the old one. Of course he kept both, and bought himself a snug income in some foreign funds. Odd enough, however, but such clever fellows don't get on; and somehow or other, since the story has got wind, Bolt seldom can stop long in the same place.

This bandy gentleman, like a market-gardener, and who evidently thinks himself the man of the evening, is a captain of cavalry, and his decoration, or his impudence, has won the heart of as sturdy a princess as you would like to see. Neither of them have any thing like the income of a clerk in a good bank, but they are to be married next week, and will lead the society in a good big town too. When we know these little secrets we must not be surprised, my public, at not being invited to dinner by foreign great men.

Poor Lady A——, who made that sad mistake with Constantine Petit-Pas! All for love and the world well lost! I have not seen her these twenty years. And so she has come here to bring out her daughter, has she! I wonder whether that stiff-backed fellow, Staunton, will have courage enough to marry the girl and forget that she is the daughter of a divorcée. She seems modest and pretty. I shall think better of him if he does. I confess, my public, my heart always bleeds for those unhappy castaway mothers masking the carking care within them by smiles and pride, armed at all points against the possibility of a slight; seeming cased in such an impenetrable armour, yet open to the barbed shaft of a single look; quivering with anguish at a chance word, maybe not meant for them. They can come to such places as these and bring their daughters, and people say they are brazen and shameless when they do so. God knows they would rather stop away, but the girl must come out and be seen somewhere! Poor wretches, they could bear, as they have borne all that has come and gone—their own shame—the insult and cruel humiliation which has followed them ever since; but this is the bitterest cup of all. Courage, poor wounded heart, now you have seen Kate to bed and are alone with your own thoughts. Courage! courage! dear lady. Yes, yes, fall down on your knees, but do not sob so passionately. It was a hard trial, but you went through it bravely (though *his* son was there). And now pray—pray to him who said, in his beautiful wisdom, "Neither do I condemn thee."

"I never saw such impudence in my life," cries Mrs. St. Quentin, tossing her turban. "If Lady A. is to come here I shall not bring my daughters." Mrs. St.

Quentin's house was notoriously given her by the Marquis of Hidownderry, and that rich old hunk Jephson I dare say did not leave her his mother's diamonds for nothing, but her husband went quieter in double harness than Lord A. The world was not bothered about her, or called upon to give one of its judicious opinions, and so was kind. Indeed Mrs. St. Quentin has become a very convenient example for vivacious ladies whose lords take exception to their doing this or that.

Will young Barther run down the old widow here at last, and so pay the Jews? She seems in a good humour, and he is pressing his suit bravely. If it had not been for Mademoiselle Fifine he might have had her and the seven thousand a-year long ago, but between two stools we sometimes—well, I am glad to see he is winning his ground again.

Why is that respectable elderly gentleman following about the French girl nobody knows exactly? He is the great Austrian Prince Lachwitz, and I do not much envy him just now, for she will lead him a pretty dance, though he has got her into society. She is a violent coquette, and her head is full of novels. Lachwitz will never get on with her, though she must be fond of contrasts, for I saw her just now looking kindly at absent little Bookly, who was balançaying to somebody else's partner.

And here, my public, stands somebody you know of looking on at these things, a little bald, shaved, pale-faced man, out of the way, and eclipsed utterly behind a magnificent potentate, glittering with stars, and redolent

of whiskers and pocket handkerchief. It is the Baron Ephraim Menaneh, and, if I am not mistaken, he is talking to a minister about a new loan. If I were you, however, my public, I should take care to hear nothing about politics at Naples, if you wish well to your digestion and sleep o' nights. Let us go home, after we have taken a cup of tea and an excellent sandwich, thinking that though a ball is a nice thing enough in its way, a good night's rest is better.

If "my public" should happen to shew itself inclined to pay for books of travel written upon this plan, Mr. Bentley can readily supply the demand. There are multitudes of ingenious gentlemen in London, who, for a very small consideration, are prepared, at three weeks' notice, to produce "Chapel Street to Chimborazo," "New Burlington Street to Novogorod," "Leicester Square to Lima," or any other alliterative title that may be fixed upon, and to charge no travelling expenses whatever. They will stipulate only for a Murray's Hand-book, a few volumes of any uncut travels, and a small honorarium. In short, they are open to any proposal; excepting only, and of course, a half-profit arrangement.

Lady's Visit to the Gold Diggings of Australia in 1852-53. By Mrs. CHARLES CLACY.
Hurst and Blackett.

It would appear that Mrs. Clacy is one of the numerous victims of the emigration mania which prevailed ever since the gold discoveries in New South Wales and Victoria were fairly brought home to the English mind. Recorded at first with incredulity, and afterwards believed with indifference, the newly-discovered resources of our Australian colonies were for many months allowed to run to waste; and while, in the mother-country, strong arms toiled, while eager stomachs starved, and stout hearts hoped almost against hope, the colonists, a splenetic race at the best of times, vented their angry feelings in loud cries of lamentation and disgust at the stupidity and selfishness of people in the old country. They said, and with justice too, that the gold was working their ruin, and that Australia, with all her resources, would soon become a barren depopulated land, unless an enormous and continuous stream of emigration set in from other parts of the world, but especially from England. Their affairs had indeed rushed forward to an awful extremity. The colony, just emerging from the mud of its infancy, and having just commenced clearing land, sowing corn, building houses, making streets, roads, and bridges, was most suddenly and unexpectedly flung back into the mire of barbarism, and that, too, by the strangest means. The gold had done it all. What man or woman could be expected to toil from year's end to

year's end for food and scanty and civilized wages, when only a few miles from the scenes of their labours—when in many instances under their very feet—lay large masses of that precious metal, which, in a concentrated and current form, represents property, influence, power, all the necessities and luxuries of life? The villages became deserted, the towns emptied themselves into the gold fields. Each returning adventurer, as he displayed his bags of dust and nuggets, awakened the enthusiasm, and hastened the departure of the few that remained. Agriculture, commerce, and industry were at a stand still. The ploughman left his plough, the shepherd his flock, the stockman and the hut-keeper mounted their horses and rode off to the diggings. In Sydney and Melbourne things had come to a terrible and ludicrous pass. Those unfortunate towns had been abandoned by the whole of their labouring population. There might have been seen workshops closed, and shops standing empty and uncared for; buyers in the market vainly looking for sellers; ladies of high standing in the colony, washing stairs, sweating in the kitchen, or trudging through the mud to obtain some milk for their frugal meals—a frugality, by the bye, of necessity, not of choice. Tales there were of functionaries under Government, "gentlemen born and bred," as the phrase goes, performing menial offices in their own households; magistrates blacking boots,

secretaries chopping wood, senior clerks cleaning knives and forks; all for want of that domestic labour, the price of which had risen beyond the affordings even of the wealthy, and which even the wealthiest in many instances could not have at any price. The harbours were crowded with shipping; but it was a useless and wasteful crowding, for the merchant fleets wanted merchandize, while the produce of the country lay stored up on the wharves in tempting and tantalising proximity. Where were the carriers and porters, where the lightermen that should have conveyed those loads of hides, wool, and tallow to the vessels? They were gone to the diggings. Where were the crews that had navigated those vessels from distant Europe, and that should have taken them back again? They, too, were gone to the diggings. As time went on, the shippers in the English, African, and Indian ports grew cautious, and would not send their vessels to a country from which no return seemed possible. The diggers dug out the gold, and the escorts took it to the dépôts in the colonial capitals, but there were no goods to buy with the gold; the merest necessaries of life cost enormous sums. Those that had any stores raised fabulous profits; the cries grew louder and louder of distress and ruin, and for merchandize and men, food, luxuries, and labour. Then came the reaction, first for England, for Australia next. Lucky diggers found their way back, and astonished Whitechapel and the Borough with the looseness and roughness of their dress, their matted hair and shaggy beards, and the portable arsenals of pistols and knives which encumbered their belts of untanned leather. Bags were produced, nuggets displayed, gold-dust strewn over pot-house tables, and men in moleskin trousers and paper caps sat agape listening to the tales of heavy finds, of rich pockets at the bottom of ugly holes, of a boisterous, roystering, dare-devil life, of deep sinking, fossicking, dirt-washing, damper and mutton, with the prospect of a spree and an endless succession of nobblers. What was not to be done in a country in which labour on the roads was paid at the rate of ten shillings per day? While the gold fever thus spread among the poorer classes, the infection was likewise communicated to the poor among the upper classes. The astounding news from "our gold colonies" filled column after column in our daily papers; the periodical press copied the joyful intelligence from the new Eldorado; and it was generally believed that younger sons, briefless barristers, patientless surgeons, half-starved clerks, and adventurous apprentices, had now discovered the real royal road to wealth. The merits of picks and shovels were eagerly can-

vassed at evening parties by young gentlemen in lavender gloves and faultless neckcloths; young ladies talked of dirt without hesitation, and of "cradles" without a blush. The opinion spread that the race belonged to the swiftest, and crowds besieged the shipping-offices, literally *praying* to be allowed to pay their money for a passage to Australia. As the vessels reeling with their living freight left our shores, then did the merchants of Great Britain bethink themselves that so large a population must want many things besides gold, and at the same time loud rang the hymns of triumph at the brilliant success of several Australian ventures. 50 per cent. 60, 100, 200, 500, and even 1000 per cent. were mentioned as having been realised on goods which, in the old markets, would hardly have paid for the expense of exportation. Men on 'Change became excited; brokers rushed into speculation; merchant fleets from London, Liverpool, and Glasgow crowded the Channel, and steamed and sailed with the utmost haste to gain those golden shores, where a competency for life had been made out of a bale of congrève matches, and a fortune out of a cargo of damaged boots.

With the stimulant of so enormous an importation of labour and goods, the colonies assumed a different aspect. Confusion became worse confounded, but it was the confusion of a chaos, pregnant with the germs of future organization—the birth-throes of a world heaving itself to the light. It was civilization and barbarism, refinement and ignorance, plenty and scarcity, disorderly order, and lawless law, mixed up in a seemingly hopeless jumble. What to-day was asked for, and paid for at a hundred times its original value, would to-morrow perhaps be sold under cost price. As cargo after cargo came in, prices rose and fell, and were not reducible to any of the known laws of speculation. Luxuries were held as ordinary commodities, commodities as luxuries. Towns of mushroom growth were found too small to hold the influx of population which overflowed them and settled on the surrounding plains. Men descended from lath-and-plaster houses to boarded sheds, from sheds to tents, from tents to lairs under a couple of sticks and a blanket. The old-country notions were at once swept away; the social distinctions of the old country were dissolved. Irish navvies conducted themselves as men of fortune; and Oxford graduates and Cambridge wranglers cried fish and oranges in the streets, cleaned boots in hotels, or served a late and hard apprenticeship at some manual trade. It was in this wild scramble for life and wealth, the triumph of matter over mind, of rough and ready strength over the subtler arts of civilized

life. And the tide rolled to the gold-fields and back again, displaying various successes and various fortunes, testing and sifting this motley mass of human beings, and sinking or casting out those that would not, or could not, fall in with the habits of the country. Add to this, that the Colonial Government, and all that belonged to it, stood idly by, watching in supine indifference the course of events, which it felt too inane to control; the growth of an empire which it could not or would not foster; the increase of disorders which nothing but the Anglo-Saxon instinct for self-government could prevent from running wild into anarchy. The police, the post-office, public works, all were mismanaged, and the energies of the Government absorbed in the collection of the gold revenue.

Such has been the state of Australia for the last two years, and such, we fear, it will continue for some time to come. Nothing is more natural than that such an unheard-of condition of affairs should give rise to the most contradictory reports and statements, all equally true and all equally false; that the lucky digger should laud the country to the skies, and the disappointed "gentleman" denounce it as a hell on earth. We commend the good sense of Mrs. Clacy, who, though evidently unsuccessful, refrains from venting her spleen on a country, for the peculiar condition of which she herself and her party were manifestly unfit. But we cannot commend her for her book, which is as unsuccessful an effort as her gold-exploring expedition. In her preface she expresses a fear, that "it may be deemed presumptuous that one of her age and sex should venture to give the public an account of personal adventures in a land which has so often been descanted upon by other and abler pens." We beg to assure Mrs. Clacy that she would have been quite right in giving such an account, if it had lain within her capacities to give a better one. No one will find fault with the

fact, though many, and we among the number, do so with the manner. Because the subject has been treated by other and abler pens in letters, newspapers, magazines, and books, therefore Mrs. Clacy would have been a wiser woman if she had given a more satisfactory account, or, if that was beyond her powers, if she had held her peace. For the book which has elicited these remarks, and which we notice chiefly because it is a type of a great many similar productions, appears to us to consist of two distinct parts. The smaller portion, about a hundred pages, contains the fruit of Mrs. Clacy's actual experience on the voyage out, in Melbourne, Sydney, and the gold-fields. This part is chiefly composed of entries which the authoress made in her diary in the course of a singularly-prosperous and uninteresting voyage out, and of similar notes concerning her stay in Melbourne, and a residence, of a few weeks only, at two of the gold-fields. All that Mrs. Clacy witnessed is good and interesting as far as it goes; but the whole sum and substance of her experience is not worth a single letter which was penned by an Irish lady, and which, some months ago, appeared in the *Times*, where it occupied about three-quarters of a column. Scanty materials these for a book! But it appears that a book was to be got up; and consequently we have about two hundred pages of hearsay and read-up matter, comprising several novellettes, a history of the gold discoveries, extracts from the letters of her brother, an unsuccessful digger, concluding with "Hurrah for old England! no place like it!" and an Appendix containing a deal of useful and hack-nied advice for intending emigrants. It comes to this, that Mrs. Clacy's book is a Genteel Emigrant's Guide: and that, at an exorbitant cost, it contains very much the same matter to be found in little books with red and yellow covers, which are being sold at railway stations for the sum of one shilling.

Travels in Bolivia, with a Tour across the Pampas to Buenos Ayres, &c. By L. HUGH DE BONELLI, of H. B. M. Legation. 2 Vols. 1854.

"ON a bright morning in the beautiful month of May, when the soft and genial atmosphere has served to banish from our minds the severities of a past winter and its long train of consequences, and we become young again, and sanguine in the anticipation of warmer days and brighter skies"—when shall we get to the end of this sentence? But the toil is unnecessary: the experienced reader will judge the style and quality of Mr. Hugh de Bonelli's travels just as well as if he had read his two volumes quite through.

We have quoted half the opening sentence, we have read several chapters here and there, and we have turned over the loosely-printed pages of the rest. We can therefore state with full confidence that the first sentence is a fair specimen of the whole, and that of all the stuff ever spun out into a book, this holds a first-class place as silly and unprofitable.

The reader who wishes for information about Bolivia need not, however, despair. Humboldt has journeyed over the Cordilleras, and has described them. Head has ridden over the

Pampas, and has given no bad account of *them*. We have so many good books of travels that it is quite time to discourage bad ones. We believe there are—there certainly ought to be—cheap editions both of Humboldt and Head, and we give notice that we shall hereafter

always compare ~~his~~ work of a new traveller with that of the best of his predecessors in the same country. As to Mr. Bonelli, we believe him (from his book) to be a very excellent, estimable, and spirited young gentleman, but—we wish he wouldn't write.

Evenings in my Tent. By the Rev. N. DAVIS, F.R.S., S.A., with numerous Illustrations. 2 Vols. 8vo. Arthur Hall, Virtue, & Co., 25 Paternoster Row.

THIS is one of the most interesting works of African travel with which we have of late been presented. It illustrates, in a striking manner, the moral, religious, social, and political conditions of various nomad tribes inhabiting the great Sahara—that vast inland ocean of sand—of which, and of its strange denizens, so little is known or understood.

The most striking characteristic of the desert-born Arabs is the perfect changelessness of their habits, occupations, and pursuits. So far as we can glean from writers of different periods, these sons of Ishmael appear to be the same in all respects now, as they were in the remotest ages of which any record has survived.

If we scan the deathless pages of “Antar,” one of the oldest, and at the same time the ablest, most stirring, and most brilliant epic that ever emanated from the mind of man—a poem, whose influence is felt and admitted as widely now as when first recited by its author—there is scarcely one incident therein, that is not of as probable recurrence among any of the swarthy races of Northern Africa at this hour, as among the chivalrous tribes of Abs and of Adnan in the olden time.

Many long years must elapse ere the boundless territory of Africa be an exhausted theme. Gaunt, dreary, desolate, and cheerless though that mighty continent may to some appear, yet her future affords to the reflecting mind as much ground for glad anticipation, as the past does for serious meditation. What eye can gaze unmoved upon the southern shore of the Mediterranean, tread even in imagination the streets of modern Alexandria, or survey the ruins of that mighty city, once the most magnificent, the wealthiest, and the most powerful that the world had ever known—the terror of Rome, and the mistress of the sea?

The information now furnished by Mr. Davis was collected during a residence of six years in various parts of the north of Africa. One important object he has in view, is, the proper and systematic exploration of a most interesting district, upon a plan that requires the co-operation of the merchant, the man of science, and the philanthropist; and, from the lucid exposition he gives, his plans deserve serious consideration.

For an annual expenditure of 3000*l.* (an insignificant sum when contrasted with the millions spent in extirpating slavery) we could, he assures us, establish and conduct a school at Tunis for the education of young Arabs, who might afterwards be sent to explore, with safety and advantage, the interior of Africa. Instructed in the rudiments of agriculture and science, they would gradually open the way for the introduction among comparative savages of the arts of peace and of commercial enterprise, and thus insensibly bring about a reformation, whose salutary effects could not but be perceptible throughout the civilized world.

The end certainly is most desirable, and the scheme appears far more feasible than many of those benevolent but insane projects on which much treasure and many valuable lives have already been expended, almost without any useful results.

Our author commenced his wanderings under somewhat more favourable auspices than most travellers; for he started from Tunis, in the train and under the immediate protection of Sidy Mohammed Bey (the heir apparent to the throne), who happened at the time to be undertaking a journey of considerable extent, for the regulation of some public affairs of importance.

Judging from the view of the encampment of the caravan, the escort must have been ample enough to have overawed any opposition that the prince was likely to encounter on his progress.

The journey was attended with the usual incidents of all travel in these regions, and the encampment at sun-down, and early march before day-break, are given much as our readers have seen them described by former writers. Mr. Davis, however, has a style displaying much originality when he delineates the manners and customs of the rude tribes with whom he came in contact, as will be perceived from the following extracts.

SPORT IN THE DESERT.

A great number of gazelles were chased to-day by the mamlooks and Arabs, but not a single one was killed. This is probably owing to the burning heat which prevailed, together with the shirocco wind, which sometimes, as it blew into our faces, seemed as if it carried along with it flames of fire. The riders were therefore obliged

to check the speed of their horses; besides this, the rough, uneven, and broken soil over which we travelled, likewise impeded their pursuit of those nimble creatures. But to compensate the party for their fruitless efforts, Smeeda sent his servants for his well-trained hawks. In half-an-hour about twenty of these birds of prey, of an unusually large size, were brought, accompanied by several Dreads expert in hawking. Smeeda, who is a rather short, but very corpulent man, with a handsome face, ornamented by a fine black, neatly-trimmed beard, and most penetrating dark eyes, was this day mounted on a beautiful white horse, decked out with the same saddle and trappings his grey horse exhibited the day before. The dress of the rider was elegant and rich in the extreme. As soon as he had protected his hands from the talons by gauntlets, partly covered with plates of gold, a hawk was handed to him by one of his attendants. He undid the hood which confined the head of the bird and prevented his quick eye from beholding objects around him. In an instant the hawk was seen soaring up to the sky. Another and another followed, and in this manner about twelve or fifteen were despatched. A few seconds elapsed, when one after the other pounced upon his prey. Hares and rabbits, partridges and other birds, were thus secured in abundance. The servants were busily engaged running in all directions to secure both the hawks and the prey,—the former, in order to adjust their hoods for a short time previous to being despatched again, and the latter, “to cut the throat” before life is extinct, so as to render them lawful food for the *true believer*. The Mohammedan must eat no animal food unless *intentionally* killed for the purpose according to prescribed regulations. The head of the animal, as well as that of him who slays it, must be in the direction of Mecca, and the words *Bismillahi*, “in the name of God,” must, at the same time, be pronounced by the believer as he applies the knife to the throat. The sport lasted about an hour, when we again started on our journey laden with game.

* * * *

Lions and other wild beasts are common in these parts; and the prince was prepared to try his skill on some formidable animal, in which, however, he was unsuccessful. Traces of the lion were indeed visible, but the lord of the brute creation was nowhere to be met with. The hyena, I was informed, is taken by the Arabs here in a very peculiar manner. This animal, it appears, has “two doors” (according to the Arab phraseology) to its abode, on account of its being so narrow that it cannot turn about in it. By one it enters, and by the other it goes forth. The Arabs, on observing one of these animals, watch the hole by which it enters, and, being prepared with a strong rope net, they proceed to place it carefully over the opposite hole, whilst one of their fraternity, skilled in the profession, and prepared with a rope, works his way into “the door” by which the hyena has entered. As he nears the animal, “he charms it,” according to my informant, saying, “Come, my dear little creature; I will lead you to places where many carcases are prepared for you—plenty of food awaits you. Let me fasten this rope to your beautiful leg, and stand quiet whilst I do so.” This sentence, or something very similar to it, is repeated till the operation is effectually performed, when the daring son of the Sahara begins to gore the brute with a stiletto, or some such weapon, till he is forced to rush into the net prepared for him, when he is either at once killed, or carried off alive. But when it happens that the men in charge of the net commit some blunder, through which the hyena is enabled to struggle and re-enter its abode, the “charmer,” in spite of his charming, falls a victim to its savage rage, and frequently his companions can scarcely contrive to get clear without feeling something of its effects.

As nothing of a formidable character presented itself, the prince had again recourse to the hawks. I was greatly surprised and amused at the dexterity of these

birds. Besides a number of partridges and larks, they supplied us with two hares and two Carthage fowls. Whilst the servants were busy in picking up the game, we were all looking on; and during this time, his Highness rode up to me, and asked me how I was pleased, and whether I had witnessed any thing similar in Europe. On my replying in the negative, with regard to the latter part of his question, the Prince smiled, and added, “Then you have something new to relate.”

Most people are aware of the summary mode in which justice is administered by those absolute chieftains who rule, each in his own district, with undisputed sway: here is an instance of “speedy execution” with a vengeance, in the full acceptation of the term.

Ali was a man of great genius and ability, but of ambitious and ungovernable temperament. He had been captured after an unsuccessful attempt to make himself master of the town of Baja.

The culprit was brought before the Basha, who, with a fierce look and stern voice that harshly reverberated through the lofty Moorish hall, thus addressed him:—

VÆ VICTIS.

Art thou that dog Ali?

Culprit. My name is Ali.

Basha. And so, thou dog, thou didst aspire to be a Bey; didst thou not?

C. Such is the will of God.

B. (in a great passion) Nothing less would suit thee, thou vile and presumptuous wretch!

C. It is the will of God.

The examination (if this sample may be called such) was continued a few minutes longer, the questions and answers varying but slightly from this specimen, when the Basha, in the greatest rage and fury imaginable, exclaimed, “*Bash-hamba!*” This officer (the high sheriff) at once presented himself. The Basha simply pointed with his forefinger to the culprit, and then added another horizontal sign with the same finger. The doom of the ambitious Ali was sealed! By these pantomimes judgment was pronounced upon him! He was led into an apartment in the vicinity of the *judgment hall*, where he was pinioned, and, in less than an hour from the time his trial commenced, he was a lifeless corpse!

Ali (according to the account of my informant, who saw him immediately after he was captured) was of middle size, and very fair. His features were regular, and he was pronounced by all to have been one of the handsomest men in the regency. At the time of his execution he was only about twenty-five years of age.

But the external appearance was not the only reason why people were prepossessed in his favour. Ali's mind was well stored with knowledge, having studied in the chief college at Tunis; and he was naturally a great genius, an example of which I shall here record.

Having ventured to assume the dignity of a ruler, he found himself embarrassed in not possessing a large official seal, wherewith to invest his documents appointing officers, or issuing mandates for levying contributions and taxes, with authority. He therefore set to work, and, with rough tools, engraved an official seal which was the admiration of all who saw it. On his first examination at Baja, doubts were expressed as to his having executed that seal, on which he asked for a piece of brass, and, in the presence of witnesses, he executed one in every respect similar to that produced. And when the various eccentric lines of the same are considered, (as may be judged from the seal of the Sultan, or that of the Basha

of Tunis, similar to which it was), it will be readily granted that Ali the pretender was a genius indeed.

The death of Ali was not regarded as a sufficient chastisement. His Highness, Mohammed Bey, was desired to proceed against those tribes which supported the rebel, and demand the heads of all their chiefs. Several battles, on a small scale, were fought; and, at last, the revolting tribes, after having been made severely to suffer for their folly and imprudence, commenced to make overtures. A large sum of money and a quantity of cattle procured their pardon from the reigning Basha.

The following is one of those harrowing and painful incidents which must necessarily be of frequent recurrence in all countries where the diabolical institution of slavery is suffered to exist. The sad tale is touchingly told, and proves that, even in the bosom of a negro, may
his

DEEP AND SINCERE AFFECTION.

As we were going one morning through the inner court-yard to the *harem* of a Moorish house of distinction, two remarkably fine figures, among some newly-purchased blacks—a beautiful woman and a well-looking man—arrested our attention. By their gestures it was easy to perceive that they laboured under some very deep distress: the moment, therefore, our first compliments on meeting the family were over, we inquired the history of these unhappy people, and the reason of their present apparent despair. We were told they had given a great deal of trouble to the merchant's family, so that they were obliged to be watched day and night, and all instruments put out of the way, as they were at first continually endeavouring to destroy themselves, and sometimes each other. Their story will prove that there is friendship and fidelity to be found even among savages. The female, who is certainly very beautiful for a black, is about sixteen, her hair long, full, and shining like jet, her teeth beautifully even and small, and their whiteness more wonderfully striking from the contrast of her face, which is of the deepest black complexion. Her stature is tall, and fuller than that of the blacks in general. She is esteemed to be handsomer than any one that has been brought here for years. This beauty (probably the admiration of her own country) had bestowed her heart and her hand on the man who is now with her. Their nuptials were going to be celebrated, when her friends, one morning, missed her, traced her steps to the corner of an adjacent wood, and immediately apprehending she had been pursued, and that she had fled to the thicket for shelter (the common and last resource of escape from those who scoured the country for slaves), they went directly to her lover, and told him of their distress. He, without losing time to search for her in the woods, hastened to the sea-side, where his foreboding heart told him he should find her in some vessels anchored there for the purpose of carrying off slaves. He was just easy enough in his circumstances not to be afraid of being bought or stolen himself, as it is in general only the unprotected that are carried off by these hunters of the human race. His conjectures were just. He saw, with distraction, his betrothed wife in the hands of those who had stolen her. He knelt to the robbers who now had the disposal of her, to know the price they demanded for her; but all he was worth did not make him rich enough to purchase his female friend, on whom the high price of two hundred mahboobs (near a hundred pounds) was fixed. He, therefore, did not hesitate a moment to sell his little flock of sheep, and the small bit of ground he was possessed of, and then disposed of himself to those who had taken his companion. Happy that they would do him this last favour, he cheerfully accompanied her, and threw himself into slavery for her sake. This faithful pair was sold, with other slaves, to the African whose house we were in.

The woman was to be sent off from this place, with the rest of the merchant's slaves, to be sold again, she having, from her figure and beauty, cost too much money to be kept as a servant. The merchant meant to keep the man, on whom a much less price was fixed, as a domestic in his own family.

This distressed pair, on hearing they were to be separated, became frantic. They threw themselves on the ground, in the way of some of the ladies of the family, whom they saw passing by; and finding one was the daughter of their master, they could not be prevented from clinging round her to implore her assistance, and their grief could only be moderated by this lady's humane assurance that she would interfere with her father not to part them. The master, too compassionate in so hard a case to make use of his right in keeping either of these unfortunate slaves by force, expostulated with the man, shewing him how easy his own blacks lived, and telling him, that if he remained with him, and was deserving, he should have many more indulgences. But the black fell at the merchant's feet, and entreated him not to keep him, if he sent his companion away, saying, if he did, he would lose all the money he had paid for them both, for that, though knives and poison were kept out of their way, no one could force them to eat, and that no human means could make them break the oath they had already taken, in presence of the Deity, never to live asunder. In vain the merchant told this slave that the beauty of his companion had raised her far above the price of those bought for menial servitude, and that she must soon become the property of some rich Turk, and consequently be separated from him for ever. This barbarity, the slave replied, he expected, but still nothing should make him voluntarily leave her; adding, that when they were parted by force, it would be time enough for him to die, and go, according to their implicit belief, to their own country, to meet her, as in spite of those who had her in their power, he knew she would already be gone thither, and waiting for him to join her. The merchant, finding it impossible to persuade him by words to stay, would not detain him by force, but has left him at liberty to follow the fortunes of his companion.

Among a number of these newly-purchased slaves, ordered into the apartment where we were, was the beautiful female black. For some time her attention was taken up with us, but the novelty of the sight did not keep her many minutes from bursting into the most extravagant grief again at the thought of her own situation. She ran from us; and, hiding her face with her hands, sat down in a corner of the gallery, while the rest of her companions, standing round her, frequently pulled her violently to partake with them of the sight of the Christians, at whom they gazed with fear, amazement, and admiration, while their more polished countrywomen, who had been longer in the family, laughed at them for their surprise and terror. But in these slaves, just dragged away from their native soil, hunted like wild animals from the woods, where they had taken shelter, and enticed from their dearest connexions, the sight of white people must naturally inspire every sentiment of disgust and horror. However, by the time they were a little convinced that their dread, at least of the Christians' presence, was needless, some of them became quite pacified, and were ordered to make up a dance. About twenty of them stood up. The ablest amongst them took the lead, the rest, touching the tip of each other's hand and foot, according to their manner of dancing, formed a long line, when each, with the greatest exactness, and the utmost grace imaginable, repeated the steps and actions of their leader in perfect time. But neither entreaties nor threats could prevail on the unhappy black to join in this dance. She sat inconsolable by herself, and continued many days in the same sullen condition; and all we could learn on leaving the house, concerning this unfortunate female, lately so happy in her own country, was, that she was destined, with her husband, or rather lover, to embark in

a few days on board a merchant vessel, the owner of which had bought them both, with several others, to sell them at Constantinople.

The simple and economical way in which a Mohammedan can free himself from a partner with whom he finds it impossible longer to maintain amicable relations, contrasts forcibly with the circuitous and expensive process of our own courts.

Mr. Davis on one occasion, happening to find that Ali, a servant of his, was about to give his wife a "paper of divorce," told him that the moment he did so he would cease to be in his employ.

Handing me the paper, Ali exclaimed, "Here, master, take it; on such conditions, I shall not divorce my wife."

The following is my translation of the divorce, the cost of which is only a few pence:—

"Praise to God! Ali Ben Salem Sauri, from Soof, of the tribe of Sakim, one of the porters of Bab Almanorah, divorced his wife, the chaste Buka, the daughter of Chami, of the same tribe, of the sons of my Lord Ann. This divorce is the first she has from this husband, according to their confession. She was present, [before the notary,] when he returned to her the contract of marriage, and the rest of her dowry. He also pays her expenses for the time fixed in which she cannot be married to another, [four months,] also the house-rent during the above-mentioned time, and all other things of the same nature. They agreed that she is to give him, for the purpose of being delivered from him, one hundred piastres (about 2/ 10s.) current money. This sum she will pay in two

instalments; now fifty, and the other fifty after four months, if she lives. She confessed that she is not in the family way, nor does she even doubt of being so. Upon such conditions she was divorced.

"That the above parties were in their perfect senses on the ninth of the month Alkadi (the respected), of the year five and fifty, and two hundred and one thousand (of the Hejira), is certified by

"The humble of the Lord,

"AHMED, SON OF ALI ALMAKBI;

"And by

"MOHAMMED ALHANNAN.

"The help of God be upon all! By his favour. Amen."

Here I find I must offer a few remarks of a character applicable to Mohammedan females of the desert, as well as to those of Moslem Africa generally. And first, it is necessary to state that, after divorce, the man may retake the same woman a second, but not the third time, unless she has in the interim been married to another man. No man can marry a divorced woman sooner than four months and a half after total separation from the former husband. The man may oblige the divorced woman to nurse any infant she has borne him, till it is two years old.

We had marked several other passages for extract, but, having already somewhat exceeded the limits we had proposed to occupy, must refer our readers to the book itself, for further entertainment and edification; assuring them, as we do so, that they cannot fail to be pleased with the narrative and with the clever and well-executed sketches with which it is interspersed.

Travels in Siberia. By S. S. HILL, Esq. 2 Vols. Longmans.

ANOTHER book upon Russia! It however has the merit of not *pretending* to be in any way connected with the war. Mr. Hill is the possessor of a whole magazine of travels. He has spent three years in travelling over the world, and has a set of voyages for every country. They are all coming out, and this is the first of the rush.

Parce puer stimulis ac fortius utere loris.

Mr. Hill left Moscow in 1847. Matters

have considerably changed there since then, and if Sir Charles Napier's prophecy is to be trusted, and we put some faith in the prophecies of people who are in a condition to work out their fulfilment, some greater changes will shortly happen about St. Petersburg.

There is interesting matter in these volumes, but they are behind the time. The world has wagged on before them, and they are now as out of date as Captain Cook's voyages.

Commentaries on Universal Public Law. By GEORGE BOWYER, Esq., M.P., D.C.L.,
Barrister-at-Law. Stevens and Norton. 1854.

MR. BOWYER is most generally known as a prominent member of the Roman-Catholic party in the House of Commons; but among his own profession, and among the scholars of Europe, he enjoys a very different, and, as we humbly conceive, a far higher reputation. He is, without dispute, the most profound civilian, canonist, and international lawyer, whom the great body of English advocates can boast. Educated in Italy, brought up at the feet of those great jurisconsults among whom the "*corpus juris civilis*" is still the commencement of all things, this untiring student imbibed a reverence for authority which has worked out its own results both in law and in religion. Scarcely had he returned to his country, when Oxford pressed upon him in quick succession the two honorary degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Civil Law. Scarcely had he super-added to the study of the laws of Rome, and of the modern codes founded upon them, the knowledge of the English law, when the Middle Temple appointed him their first reader. The affair of the Romish bishoprics now broke forth, and we were sorry to see a mind fitted for more stable things frittered away in controversy. His usefulness to his party, however, induced them at once to ensure his services by a seat in Parliament, and we had conceived that the days of his absorption in questions of legal science were gone by. In his "*Commentaries on the Constitutional Law of England*" he had already justified the reputation which had induced Oxford to welcome him so kindly. In his "*Commentaries on the Civil Law*" he had stated succinctly, but sufficiently, the sources of that law, and the practical uses of its study in England. He now, when people might have imagined him to have been fully occupied in fashioning Papal bulls, or in repressing the compromising energies of the unruly rabble at his back, quietly produces a work which would have been no bad achievement of a life-long study.

"Universal public law," says our author, "is that branch of jurisprudence which contains the laws whereby human society is formed and governed." Public law deals with the aggregate of society; private law is directed to the individual exclusively. Cicero, in his "*Treatise de Legibus*"—Locke in his "*Treatise on Government*"—Montesquieu, in his "*Esprit des Loix*"—have applied themselves to the first principles of all laws, drawing large deductions in philosophic spirit from history and reason, but making very little reference to authority. "Je n'ai point tiré

mes principes (writes Montesquieu) de mes préjugés, mais de la nature des choses." And again, "J'ai d'abord examiné les hommes et j'ai cru que dans cette infinie diversité de loix et de mœurs, ils n'étoient pas uniquement conduits par leur fantaisies. J'ai posé les principes, et j'ai vu les cas particulières s'y plier comme d'eux mêmes; les histoires de toutes les nations n'en être que les suites." To seek natural principles of laws is a great enterprise, requiring more genius and observation than learning; but the value of such speculations will only be commensurate with the authority which the author can impose upon his readers. The plan of the work before us is altogether different. It does not invent new generalizations, but it reproduces, classifies, and explains, all that have gone before.

In his introduction Mr. Bowyer takes a review of the events of Europe during the last six years; notes how Paris, "having fallen into the hands of a successful orator, and a knot of worthless adventurers, got a republic which she did not want;" shews how France and Italy had come to consider that every form of polity must be based, not upon public law, but upon the whims of a constituent assembly; and how Germany had made a vain effort to solve the problem of a federal democratic constitution. Pointing to the ill success of all this, the author remarks—

Acts of State are no longer judged according to the ordinary rules of public law. Policy, real, or supposed, or pretended, over-rides law. A *coup d'état* is no longer held as any thing very extraordinary. *Salus populi suprema lex esto* seems to have become an ordinary maxim of government.

From the failure of the Constitution-mongering of 1848, carried on as it was by persons ignorant of the principles on which society is founded, that is to say, the principles of public law, Mr. Bowyer takes occasion to insist upon the practical utility of the science whereof he treats, and the necessity for information on the subject.

In twenty-two chapters is condensed and systematized all that has been written since the world began, upon the origin and foundation of law; immutable and positive laws, and their relative effects upon human society; conflicts of laws; and the operation of natural laws in the production, not only of civil societies, but also of their various depositories of power. Then, entering upon the wide territory of the forms of civil government, the author fetches a circuit over the whole of the world's literature, and drives back before him all the great

thoughts that have been produced upon this great subject. We are not attempting an analysis: it would fill more than half our Number. We must remark, however, that one of Mr. Bowyer's strongest points is foreign law. Every peculiarity of every existing form of government is produced and examined: it is compared with the dicta of foreign jurists and the facts of past history; and every question, from that of secret voting, or the effect of the death of an hereditary king leaving his widow with child, up to the grand distinctions between monarchy and despotism, is discussed with equal care, and surrounded with an equally numerous band of recondite authorities.

To the doctrines of the fourteenth chapter, which treats of the Anglican, the Greek, and

the Roman-Catholic Churches, we of course do not pledge our assent; although it is pervaded by a more tolerant and catholic spirit, than, considering Mr. Bowyer's education and his controversial antecedents, we had expected to find. Upon the whole, however, we must say that this is a work of mark, a very great labour in its kind and species. It will gain for the author more reputation abroad than at home. It will be in the rebound from Italy and Germany that the tremendous learning of the book will be known. If we cannot certainly say of it

Hic meret æra liber Sosis—

we can surely predict

—hic et mare transit.

NOVELS.

Lady Lee's Widowhood. By EDWARD BRUCE HAMLEY, Captain R.A. 2 vols. Blackwood. 1854.

THIS work, which originally appeared in a periodical in detached papers, now comes before us in the more imposing form of two goodly volumes, embellished according to the fashion of the day, with some rather feeble illustrations. It professes to belong to the class of sentimental fiction, and is made up of a great variety of characters, which may probably secure for it an extensive circle of readers. The title does not designate the more prominent features of the book; for fully two-thirds of it are occupied with the exploits of certain adepts in the mysteries of betting, racing, and card-playing. The pursuits of those engaged in these avocations and their results are not of the most edifying character; but they are so mixed up with the "*Widowhood of Lady Lee*" that our notice of the work is inseparably involved in them.

In her maiden state Lady Lee was Hester Broome, a poor clergyman's daughter, full of feeling, of sentiment, of romance, and of bright hopes for the future. She is described as having a dash of genius in her composition: she was not merely imaginative, but original and spirited in her imaginations. Sir Joseph Lee was a baronet; rich, good-natured, and weak. When, during his courtship, he left off spectacles and took to an eye-glass, it was a new feature in his character; when he abandoned his white hat and gaiters, he became a new man. Bagot Lee, his uncle, formerly a lieutenant-colonel in the Guards, is a very knowing, very dissipated, and very extravagant individual; but he nevertheless inspired his nephew (Sir Joseph) with a wonderful respect for him—acquainted, as he was, with chicken-hazard, opera-dancers, and other vortices of wealth; and the baronet gave his uncle credit for the same superiority in other matters, wherein he was by no means so great an authority. Bagot's sharpness seemed to Sir Joseph to include all excellence whatsoever. Accordingly, about a year after his marriage, when Sir Joseph found himself dying of consumption, he could not make his final arrangements without the assistance of Bagot. Here is the scene:—

THE WILL.

"Bagot," said the sick man, "I'm off. I sha'n't last long. I've done what I thought you would like about the—the document, you know, with regard to Lady Lee and the boy; take care of him—take care of both of 'em, Bagot; I've put you down for ten thousand."

"You were always a good fellow, Joe," said Bagot, "and if you were really going to give us the slip, I should be confoundedly grieved. I should, by gad," (which was true enough, for the baronet was a comfortable annuity to him.) "But I hope to see you at Ascot yet."

"No," said Sir Joseph, "no more Ascot for me. They've as good as told me it's all up with me. The

Rector's been over here praying with me. Do you think it's any good, Bagot?"

Bagot was rather puzzled at being consulted as a spiritual adviser. "Why," said he, "putting the case, you see, that a fellow was really going off the hooks—not that I believe it, you know, for you're looking twice the man you did yesterday—but just supposing it, for the sake of argument, the thing might be decent and comfortable. If I found myself the easier for it, of course I'd do it."

"Hester brought him," said Sir Joseph. "Poor Hester! I've been very fond of that girl, Bagot—fonder than I ever was of any thing, I think. She was too good for me; but I think she liked me, too. Nobody seems so sorry about me as she does."

"Have you put any restriction," said Bagot, "on her marrying again? I mean in case of any thing happening, you know?"

"No," said Sir Joseph; "I never thought about it. I have left her the income and the use of the house unconditionally."

"Ah," said Bagot, musingly, "she's young—devilish young—and women take strange fancies sometimes. There will be no end of fellows after her. I shouldn't like, Joe, my boy, to see her making a fool of herself with some infernal nincompoop, after your—in case of any thing happening, you know."

"Do you think it's likely?" said Sir Joseph, eagerly. "Do you know of anybody that—Bagot! if I thought that, I'd—"

"No, no," replied Bagot; "I don't know any thing of the sort. I was merely talking of what might be. It would be deuced painful to me, you know; and it's a sort of thing I might easily stop, if I was authorised; if not, of course I should 'nt meddle."

Bagot's idea was, that, in the event of his nephew's melancholy anticipations being fulfilled, the young widow's next choice might possibly fall on one very unlike Sir Joseph. It might fall on a man totally averse to Bagot's pursuits—nay, even to his society; and thus (the Colonel reflected) that pleasant retreat, the Heronry, might be closed to him altogether, or, at any rate, rendered a much less eligible abode; and these contingencies he now exerted himself to guard against.

The end of the business was this: in the event of Lady Lee marrying again without Colonel Bagot's consent, the guardianship of the infant-heir, Julius, with the bulk of the property, devolved on the Colonel. Upon this event, and the disposal of Julius, the interest of the narrative turns.

In illustration of the position in which some of the parties were placed, we extract the following scene between Colonel Bagot and one of his boon companions named Seager. They are seated after dinner in a suite of apartments exclusively occupied by the Colonel in Lady Lees' mansion of the Heronry:—

ONE TO BE HATED.

"What sort of a woman is this Lady Lee?" asked Seager, presently.

"Why, between you and me as friends," returned Bagot, "I may say that I dislike her confoundedly—I always did. I think I should have disliked most women in her place, but I've special objections to her."

"Why should you dislike any woman in her place?" asked Seager.

"Why," almost shouted Bagot—"why? Because, when my poor nephew, Joe, married, he cut me out of the chance of the estate. If he hadn't married he couldn't have had an heir."

"Decidedly not," said Seager, with a grin. "So there's a boy, is there? Good constitution, eh?"

"Strong as a lion," said Bagot; "and I'm glad of it. He's a good little chap, and I don't wish him any harm; but you must admit 'twas enough to try a fellow's temper to find one's-self cut out for the sake of a mewling soft-faced thing in petticoats. 'Twas done while I was in France, or I should have tried to stop it. However, Joe was so much younger than I that I never expected to outlive him. 'Tis since the poor fellow's death that I've been most vexed by the thought of what I've been done out of."

"Gad!" said Seager, "after that, you needn't trouble yourself to state your special objections to her. If she was the finest woman that ever stepped, I consider it your duty to hate her like the devil."

"Besides," said Bagot, "she's as proud as Lucifer, and deuced sarcastic. You've no idea what I have got to put up with from her. If I wasn't a good-tempered fellow, I should tell her my mind pretty plainly. As it is, I can hardly help flaring up sometimes."

"Don't do any thing of the sort," said Seager; "you can do much better by keeping on good terms with her. If I were in your place, now, every time she offended me I'd put it in my pocket, and console myself with the thought of paying her off in a more profitable fashion than quarrelling. However, I'm glad to find that you'll be quite justified in considering your own interest only in connection with her. Damme, Lee, if I think she's entitled to the smallest consideration."

These worthies, during their scheming and deep-drinking, play *écarté*. At length the Colonel's potations, which were not at all interrupted by the game, rendered the cards somewhat obscure to his sight, and he pushed his chair away from the table.

A GAMBLER'S QUARREL.

"Come, one game more!" said Seager.

"No, sir!" said Bagot, sternly; "no, sir! I've had enough of it, sir!"

Seager perceived that Bagot had reached the turning-point in his drink, and was passing into the ferocious and quarrelsome stage, as he was always pretty sure to do after losing.

"Well, leave it alone, then!" said Seager.

"I shall leave it alone, sir, or I shall not leave it alone," said Bagot thickly, and with increased sternness and dignity. "I shall do exactly what I see fit, sir. Understand that I shall exercise my own discretion on that point, sir! and on every other, sir—every other, sir!"

"Well, don't be savage, old fellow," said Seager.

"I shall be savage, sir, or I shall not be savage, as I shall consider best!" returned the uncompromising Bagot, letting his voice slip into falsetto at every other syllable. "You've won your money, sir, and that's enough for you! Never mind, sir!"

"You're a pleasant old boy," said Seager, settling himself comfortably in his arm-chair. "I think I'll smoke a cigar."

Bagot mixed another tumbler of grog, breathing hard all the time. Seager was accustomed to his little irregularities of temper about this hour of the night, and didn't take much notice of him. Presently Bagot commenced again.

"Old boy!" repeated Bagot, slowly, and with utterance not the most fluent; "will you have the goodness, sir, to inform me who you called old boy? Might I request information on that point, sir?" The dignity with which this question was put was not to be surpassed.

"Never mind, old fellow," said Seager, puffing away at his cigar, "you shall be as young as you like."

"No, sir," said Bagot, tapping slowly on the table with his knuckles, and glaring at the stopper of the decanter before him as if it were the offending party. "No, sir—excuse me—I shall not be as young as I like; I shall be no younger than I am, sir, at your bidding, nor at any other person's—not an hour, sir!—not an hour, sir!" repeated Bagot, in every sentence remaining longer in the treble before descending to the bass, and slowly bringing his gaze round till it rested grimly on his guest. "Your conversation, sir, is unpleasant, and your manner is quarrelsome. I regret, sir, to be compelled to leave you;" and poor Bagot rose with difficulty, and made unsteadily towards the door of his bedroom. Having with some difficulty opened it, he paused a moment on the threshold, and, glaring on Seager, said—"You shall hear from me, sir, through a friend in the morning"—after which he disappeared, and was presently heard snoring heavily.

We now turn to Lady Lee; and find that in her early widowhood she had sorrowed sincerely for Sir Joseph in a calm, religious way:—

THE WIDOW'S CONSOLATION.

Then she dropped down gently from religion to science, and studied chemistry, geology, and botany, though none very deeply;—shuddered over the *Vestiges of Creation*, revered Hugh Miller, and pretended to admire Dr. Paley, whose *Natural Theology* she found entirely convincing on points of which she had never entertained any doubt. In fact, she knew quite as much about science as some people think a woman need or ought—enough to give her a new interest in the world she lived in, and to enable her to talk agreeably, though superficially, on the subjects of her studies. She didn't think much for herself on these subjects—few women do, perhaps; and when they do, they had better have left it alone in nine cases out of ten—(no offence, ladies!)—but she was quite capable of appreciating and appropriating the best thoughts of others. Thus she had gone on accumulating ideas and knowledge, which gave solidity to her more exclusively feminine accomplishments, and had qualified herself for being eminently companionable. There was something extremely piquant in hearing the same voice that had just charmed you with the brilliant delivery of a difficult song, or the exquisite grace of a simple one, discourse most excellent music on the Old Red Sandstone and primary formations.

After Sir Joseph's death, her ladyship had, of course, lovers in abundance, and the sketches of many of them are very amusing; but it appears that the several rude attempts upon her heart and jointure, instead of making the task easier, only disgusted the lady with the world. "She became misanthropic—was prepared to think ill of mankind in general, like a female Timon—and could be severely epigrammatic on matrimony." At last, however, she finds herself placed in a somewhat critical position. At a pic-nic party, Lady Lee sauntered away by herself towards a stream near the rendezvous of the company:—

A QUAIN RENCONTRE.

Before her lay a broad pool, where the stream, though swift, was silent, and was crossed by large stones at irregular intervals. Between these the water poured smoothly, and flowed rippling out of sight. In the broken water below the stones a fly-fisher was planted, assiduously practising his art. Up the stream the water darkened to deepest brown, as it passed beneath overhanging

willows. Lady Lee remembered that, by crossing to the other side, a new and pleasing point of view was obtained, and she accordingly began stepping from one stone to another.

When about half-way across, a stone rolled over and sunk, just as she was in the act of quitting it, and a little extra agility was required to attain the next one. Congratulating herself on escaping without a dip in the water, she stood here, as on a pedestal, admiring the view, which was at this point much more expanded than on the bank she had just quitted, enabling the observer to trace the stream through many a winding, and shewing new undulations in the surface of the woods. Having sufficiently enjoyed it, she turned to retrace her steps—and then, for the first time, perceived that the displacement of the stone had rendered this a difficult task. The provoking pebble lay just beneath the surface, with a sharp corner uppermost, rendering it quite unsafe as a support, and the interval to the next one was too wide to be attempted. She was unwilling to call for assistance, partly because the situation seemed to her to involve a little absurdity; secondly, because she dreaded being the object of the gallant efforts which the cavaliers would be sure to make for her rescue. So she began plumbing the stream with her riding-whip, and, after poking unsuccessfully to replace the faithless stone, gathered her dress round her, and half meditated a spring.

She made up her mind to it seven times, and seven times her heart failed her, leaving her precisely where she was. How often the process might have been repeated is doubtful; but just then she heard a splashing in the water close at hand. The fly-fisher, perceiving her dilemma, was wading to her assistance.

This fly-fisher was by no means an ordinary kind of fly-fisher. He was a handsome, noble-looking man about thirty, with a light moustache, and was as unmistakeably a gentleman in his tweed shooting-jacket and wide-awake hat, as if he had been dressed in a coronet and robes. Now, if he had considered a moment, he might have rendered the necessary service to her ladyship by replacing the stone in its old position. Perhaps if Lady Lee, instead of appearing to him more charming than any nymph that ever haunted a stream, had been a respectable old lady with black mittens and a brown wig, he would have done so; perhaps it did not occur to him; perhaps he preferred taking his own course;—however, with no other preliminaries than a bow and a few words of apology, half lost in the murmur of the waters, he took her ladyship in his arms. One would have thought it would have been quite sufficient to carry her to the next stone, and leave her to pursue her way—and it is believed she did make a representation to that effect; but her speech, like his, was lost in the noise of the stream, and he only relinquished his fair burden (which perhaps he liked) when landed safely on the bank. Then, with a few words expressing his sense of "his own good fortune in being of the slightest service," and a rather confused offer of thanks from her ladyship, he, with another bow, went back to his fishing, and her ladyship rejoined her friends, to whom, for some reason or other, she said nothing of her adventure.

Here are the first indications of her future destiny. In the mean time, the reckless habits of Colonel Bagot having involved him in difficulties, he is persuaded by Seager to make a purchasable commodity of his consent to Lady Lee's second marriage among certain speculative adventurers in the matrimonial lottery. At length he actually sold that consent to more than one for considerable pecuniary supplies. Hereupon follows another extraordinary scene. The Colonel, after working himself into an extraordinary state of

excitement, sought an interview with Lady Lee:—

AN HONEST GUARDIAN.

Lady Lee, sitting reading alone there, was somewhat surprised at the Colonel's entrance. She very rarely beheld him after dinner; and he had never before, after dining in his own apartment, made his appearance in the drawing-room at this hour. So, laying down her book with some little impatience at the unseasonable interruption, of which she could not divine the cause, she waited to be told the reason of the visit.

Bagot did not find it so easy to begin as he had anticipated. Sitting alone sipping his grog, and carrying every thing, in imagination, his own way, nothing could be simpler;—arrived in the presence of her calm ladyship, it appeared quite another thing. After saying good evening, he seated himself on the other side of the table, and looked fiercely into the fire.

"I daresay you didn't expect to see me to-night," said he, at length.

Lady Lee said she certainly had not anticipated the pleasure of a visit from him; and asked to what cause she was indebted for it?

"Not for any pleasure to myself or you," answered Bagot, who wished to work himself up to a proper pitch of sternness by a recapitulation of his injuries—lashing himself with his tail, as it were. "No, ma'am, I'm too well aware of your dislike to me—which you seem to take a pride in shewing—to expect any pleasure from an interview between us."

"I protest, Colonel," said Lady Lee, laying her book on the table, and looking at him with surprise—"I protest, Colonel, I don't know how I've offended you. If you will point out the imaginary cause of offence, I will do all in my power to remove it."

"Too late, ma'am—too late," returned Bagot, waving his hand majestically. "A little timely consideration of my feelings, and of your own interests, might have made me a friend;—you have thought proper to make me a foe, and must take the consequences."

"I shall regret very much any difference between us," said Lady Lee; "and none the less for its being apparently causeless; but as to any further consequences than this regret, which one naturally feels at disagreeing with family connections, I confess I do not foresee them."

"Perhaps I may open your eyes, then," said Bagot. "You and I know very well that, so long as you live here as you have hitherto done, I have no hold upon you, and you can continue to enjoy all the pleasant things which the foolish fondness of my poor nephew Joe lavished upon you, unmolested. But there was a little clause in his will, my lady—a little clause about a second marriage—wherein I become a rather more important person."

Bagot uttered all this in a hard unmodulated tone, like one repeating a task; and, having got thus far, wiped his forehead and went on, still without looking at her ladyship.

"Therefore, as I say, so long as you continue to amuse yourself with your poems, and your science, and your music, and any other harmless silliness that might please you, you were quite right to treat me according to your will and pleasure; but, when you began to think of more serious pastime, prudence might have dictated a little civility. I'm aware who the person is that you've honoured by your partiality, and I tell you now, that you shall never come together with my consent. Damme, ma'am, he's a man I hate!" cried Bagot, turning furiously upon her ladyship, who sat gazing at him with wide eyes. "He has insulted me, and I shall have double pleasure in stopping the business."

"Colonel! how dare you talk to me in this way!" said her ladyship, with forced calmness. "Will you leave the room of your own accord, or shall I call in the protection of the servants?"

"Never mind the servants," said Bagot, flourishing the pocket-handkerchief he had been wiping his forehead

with—"you won't need their protection. I'm talking of a matter I've a legal right to talk of, and you had best not interrupt me."

"Has any one dared to say there has been word or thought of such an event as my marrying?" said Lady Lee.

"I don't know about thoughts," said Bagot, "nor whether any words of your intentions have passed as yet; but I ask you whether you do or do not feel a fondness for that fellow Fane? And he!—what does he come here for so often d'ye think? curse him. D'ye suppose all the world's blind?"

Lady Lee had turned very pale, and sunk back in her chair. But, recovering herself, she said—"Colonel, the state I perceive you to be in will, perhaps, to-morrow be some excuse for these insults—but don't repeat them; and, to prevent that, either you must leave the room or I will."

"Not till I've told you the consequences," said Bagot, "and I'll do that in two words. If you marry him without my consent—and, by the Lord, you shall never have it—I'll use all the power that will give me against you. You shall moult all these fine feathers very quickly, my lady. And, not only that, but the boy, too—I shall take my right as guardian, and bring him up myself. He shan't be a milksop then; no, I'll squeeze the milk clean out of him, and make a man of him—though, perhaps, his education won't be conducted after a manner that's quite agreeable to your ideas. Now, you know what you've got to expect."

The Colonel's embarrassments now begin to press more and more heavily upon him; and eventually he becomes amenable, together with Seager, to the criminal law. Before their trial comes on, Bagot, seeing that the young baronet, Julius, alone stood in the way of his acquisition of wealth, suddenly and secretly effected the abduction of the boy; and so contrived the affair that it was supposed the child had been drowned. The mode of abduction, the disposal of the child, and the grief and consternation occasioned by his supposed death, are well described; but we cannot afford further space for the details than to observe that Julius was consigned to the care and training of a travelling showman. Bagot, however, like all romance-born (and we hope all real life) villains, knew no peace afterwards. He is in due time seized with delirium tremens. Seager is in attendance upon him:—

THE DISCLOSURE.

"Now I'll tell you what it is, Lee," said Seager, when Bagot was on his legs again, and manifested a desire for his customary drams. "You mustn't go on in your old way yet awhile. If you do, you'll go to the devil in no time."

"Never you mind, sir," said Bagot with dignity. "I presume I'm the best judge of what's good for me."

"You never made a greater mistake," returned Mr. Seager. "Just go and look in the glass, and see what your judgment of what's good for you has brought you to, you unfortunate old beggar. You look like a cocktail screw after the third heat, all puffing and trembling. I'll lay you a five-pound note you don't look me straight in the face for a minute together. Here's a sovereign, now—well, I'll put it between your lips, and if you can hold it there for fifty seconds, you shall have it, and if not, you shall give me one. What d'ye say to that?"

"Sir," said Bagot, with his lips trembling, and his

eyes rolling more than ever at these delicate allusions to his infirmities—"sir, you are disagreeably personal."

"Personal!" sneered Mr. Seager. "I wish you could hear the confounded rubbish you talked while in bed. I only wished I'd had a short-hand writer to take it down—all about the bailiffs, and devils, and so forth. And the showman, too—one Holmes. He struck me as a real character; and if all you said was true, you must have had some queer dealings together."

As he spoke he fixed his green eye on Bagot, who started, cast one nervous glance at him, and then, in great agitation, rose and walked to the window, where Seager saw him wipe his forehead with his handkerchief.

Presently he looked stealthily over his shoulder, and, perceiving that Seager still eyed him, he affected to laugh. "Cursed nonsense I must have talked, I dare say," said he, huskily. "Oh, cursed, you know, ha, ha."

"But that about the showman Holmes didn't sound so absurd as the rest," said Seager. "It struck me as more like some real circumstances you were recollecting. Come, suppose you tell me all about it sensibly, now."

"No more of this, sir," said Bagot, waving the handkerchief he had been wiping his forehead with. "The subject is unpleasant. No man, I presume, likes to be reminded that he has been talking like a fool. We won't resume the subject now, or at any other time, if you please."

"Ah," said Seager to himself, on observing Bagot's agitation, "I was right—there was some truth in that. I must consider how to turn it to account."

The Colonel's downward course now becomes precipitate. His gambling complicity with Seager grows notorious—he is shunned by old friends at his club; and at length, after two days' trial in Westminster Hall, a jury found both Bagot and Seager guilty of fraud and conspiracy. Having forfeited his recognizances, the Colonel, after a fruitless attempt at suicide, succeeded in escaping to France, accompanied by an attached servant:—

THE END OF A ROUE.

"We started for France, me and the Colonel," said Noble, clearing his throat; "and as soon as ever he got ashore he was took ill in the same way as he was in London. The doctors said 'twas owing to his not being able to keep nothing on his stomach on the passage across—brandy nor nothing—for the water was very rough."

"He is ill, then," said Lady Lee: "not seriously, I trust."

"My lady, he's gone!" cried Fillett.

"Dead?" said Lady Lee.

"Dead," said Noble. "He got quite wild when he was took to the hotel; and after we got him to bed, he did himself a mischief by jumping out of window while he was out of his mind. When we picked him up he couldn't speak."

"And he died so?" cried Lady Lee.

"Not immediate," said Noble, speaking in a deep low voice, and keeping his eyes fixed firmly on Lady Lee: "he got his speech again for a little, and knowed me. 'This is the finish, Noble,' says he, 'and I'm glad of it; I wouldn't have consented to live.' Them was his last sensible words. He talked afterwards, to be sure, but not to know what he was saying. He appeared to be in the belief that he was back at the Heronry. He talked of the horses there, in particular of old Coverly, who died of gripes better than six years ago."

Lady Lee put her handkerchief to her eyes. She had a tear for poor Bagot. Death sponged away the recollection of his animosity towards her, and she remembered only the old familiar face and rough good-nature. "The

poor Colonel!" she said; the poor, poor Colonel! And his remains, Noble?"

"There was two gentlemen as was friends of his in the town; Sir John Barrett was one of 'em. They was very sorry; they ordered every thing, and went to the funeral; and though it warn't altogether in the style I could wish—no hearse nor mourners—yet it was done respectable."

In his grave, we are told, he preserves a kind of incognito; for a French stonemason who carved his unpretending tombstone, taking the name of the deceased from dictation, Gallicised it, and inscribed on the monument, "*Ci-git Monsieur le Colonel Bagot Lys.*"

After all these events our readers may readily anticipate that things went on smoothly with Lady Lee. Julius was discovered with a strolling company of actors as a kind of infant-Roscus, and restored to his mother. In a reasonable space of time her widowhood expired in the arms of the interesting fly-fisher, who proved to be Captain Lane of the — Guards; and all the auxiliaries employed in

the development of the plot are equally provided for—all, seemingly, to their own satisfaction, and therefore to that of the sympathising reader. In conclusion, we need only add, that Seager, coming out of jail at the end of the two years—the term of his punishment—found himself without money, friends, or character, and started in the thimble-rig line. He also advertises that he, Seager, "is the only man who can foretell the winners of all 'the great events;'" asserts that he has hitherto been infallible, and professes his readiness to let correspondents enjoy a lucrative peep into the future on their enclosing a specified number of postage stamps.

We have extended our narrative and specimens to such a length, that it is only necessary to observe, on the merits of the work, that although by no means a first-class novel, it is one of the most interesting the quarter has produced.

Ticonderoga; or, the Black Eagle. A Tale of Times not long past. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. Newby.

It is Mr. James's nature to turn every thing he sees into a three-volume novel, just as it is vaccine nature to turn grass and turnips into beef and milk: he cannot help it: it is the natural necessity of the individual, so let us be resigned.

Mr. James is now resident in America, in the occupation of an office, which he fills very well, and his appointment to which was a very creditable act of our Government. Of course, therefore, we have a red-skin novel. Here are the inevitable three volumes; so take we the paper-knife, and subside we at once into the equable, historical, narrative, and unimaginative vein.

The province of New York (let us begin at the beginning) was a forest about a hundred years ago. The Oneida, Mohawk, Oswegian, and other Indian warrior tribes, were the occupants of these regions; and, at the period now under notice, the extensive tracts between Lake Champlain and Lake Ontario, and from Ontario to the Huron, formed debatable ground between the English, the French, and the Indian chiefs. When the struggle was at an end, the first were driven across the St. Lawrence, the second were driven out of America altogether, and the third were "improved off the face of the earth." But before the consummation happened, all the survivors of Mr. James's third volume had died of old age.

The "Time not long past," forming part of the title of Mr. James's new work, is fixed at that portentous period just previous to

the American war of independence, namely, 1757. Further to assist the rapid reader of the present day, we may state that "*Ticonderoga*" was in those days a most important fortified locality, situated between Lake George and Lake Champlain, in the north-eastern part of the State of New York. Having thus placed the reader in proper chronological and geographical position, we proceed to observe, that in the vicinity of Ticonderoga one Mr. Prevost, an English emigrant, or rather an exile, had fixed his residence. Mr. Prevost was no ordinary man. After the death of his wife he gathered together all he had at home, and migrated to that land, where small means may be considered great, and where long-nourished theories of life may be tried by the test of experience. Mr. Prevost's family, too, were no ordinary children. His girl and boy in infancy "had seen better days;" and they were so trained, that they brought all the materials with them from the Old World for opening up, as they approached maturity, the rich mines of the New. Upon the fate of this family the entire interest of Mr. James's work turns.

Of this interesting exile, we are informed that for many years at home he laboured in vain with zeal to benefit his kind and country. In his retirement he had time to reflect that "neither honour, nor distinction, nor reward, follows our best efforts, even when successful, unless we possess the mean and contemptible adjuncts of personal interest, pushing impu-

dence, crooked policy, vile subserviency, or the smile of fortune." So there was some bitterness in his heart, as he sat in a lowly dwelling, not far from the Mohawk, in the midst of the woods, striving to carve a fortune from the wilderness for himself and his children. At the same time he felt that, perilous as was his condition, he was placed in a country where all was young, every thing rapid and precocious: there the boy has the feelings of the man; the young man the thoughts of maturity. The air, the climate, the atmosphere of the land, and the people, all had, and have now, their influence. There the shrubs grow up in an hour; the flowers succeed each other in profusion; and even the alien and stranger-born feel the inspiration, and join in the rapid race. Well did the dreamers of the middle ages (says Mr. James) place the fountain of youth on the shores of the New World!

In his retirement, Mr. Prevost formed all sorts of acquaintances—English officers, warrior chiefs, and red and black skins. The door of his house was open, and custom admitted every visitor freely, whatever his errand. The citizen of New York now guesses that that province is an almighty populous district: it was very different then. With the few exceptions of a small pond or lake, a rushing stream, or a natural savanha of a few hundred acres, it was all forest.

The wild whiteskin of the novel—the "Longue Carabine"—is a certain Captain Brooks, otherwise called Woodchuck. "Them Ingians," remarks the half-deciviled captain, "are wonderful circumdiferous; but they have found that, when they try their tricks with me, I can burrow under them, and so they call me 'Woodchuck,' 'cause it 's a burrowing sort of beast. First and foremost, there 's many of the Ingians—the Aloquin for a sample—that never tell a word of truth. No, no, not they. One of them told me so plainly one day—'Woodchuck,' says he, 'Ingian seldom tell truth. He knows better than that. Truth too good a thing to be used every day: keep that for time of need.' I believe, at that precious moment, he spoke the truth the first time for forty years."

One morning three travellers took their ways onward from the house of Mr. Prevost, along a path which led towards the north-east. There were Lord H——, a British officer of high rank, Woodchuck as guide, and young Walter Prevost. In the course of their journey they separated to have a shot at a panther; and, just as the animal was killed by Walter, the sound of a rifle was heard to the left, followed by a yell very different from the snarl or growl of a wounded beast. Proceeding in the direction of the report, Lord H—— and Walter came upon the powerful form of Captain

Brooks (or Woodchuck), with his folded arms leaning on the muzzle of his discharged rifle. He was motionless as a statue; his brow contracted, his brown cheek very pale, and his eyes bent forward upon an object lying upon the grass before him. It was the body of an Indian weltering in his blood. The dead man's head was bare of all covering, except the scalp-lock. He was painted with the war colours, and in his hand, as he lay, he still grasped the tomahawk, as if it had been raised in the act to strike the moment before he fell. Walter Prevost at once saw that the dead man was not only one of the Five Nations, but an Oneida.

AFTER THOUGHTS.

For a few minutes, the three living men stood silent in the presence of the dead; and then Walter exclaimed, in a tone of deep grief, "Alas, Woodchuck, what have you done?"

"Saved my scalp," answered Brooks, sternly; and fell into silence again.

There was another long pause. At last, Lord H——, mistaking in some degree the causes of the man's strong emotion, laid his hand upon the hunter's arm, saying, "Come away, my friend! Why should you linger here?"

"It 's no use," answered Woodchuck, gloomily; "he had a woman with him, and it will soon be known all through the tribe."

"But for your own safety," said Walter, "you had better fly. It is very sad indeed. What could make him attack you?"

"An old grudge, Master Walter," answered Brooks, seating himself deliberately on the ground, and laying his rifle across his knee. "I knew the crittur well—the Striped Snake they called him, and a snake he was. He tried to cheat and rob me, and I made it plain to the whole tribe. Some laughed and thought it fair; but old Black Eagle scorned and rebuked him, and he has hated me ever since. He has been long watching for this, and now he has got it."

"Well, well," returned Walter, "what 's done cannot be undone. You had better get away as fast as you can; for Black Eagle told me he had left three scouts behind, to bring us tidings in case of danger, and we cannot tell how near the others may be."

"This was one of them," answered Brooks, still keeping his seat, and gazing at the Indian; "but what is safety to me, Walter? I can no more roam the forests; I can no more pursue my way of life; I must go into dull and smoky cities, and plod amongst thieving, cheating crowds of white men. The rifle and the hatchet must be laid aside for ever; the forest grass must know my foot no more. Flowers, and green leaves, and rushing streams, and the broad lake and the mountain top, are lost and gone—the watch under the deep boughs, and by the silent water. Close pressed amidst the toiling herd, I shall become sordid, and low, and filthy, as they are; my free nature lost, and gyves upon my spirit. All life's blessings are gone from me; why should I care for life?"

There was something unusually plaintive, mournful, and earnest in his tones, and Lord H—— could not help feeling for him, although he did not comprehend fully the occasion of his grief.

"But, my good friend," he said, "I cannot perceive how your having slain this Indian, in your own defence, can bring such a train of miseries upon you. You would not have killed him, if he had not attacked you."

"Alas for me! alas for me!" was all the answer that the poor man made.

"You do not know their habits, sir," said Walter, in a low voice: "they must always have blood for blood. If

he stays here, if he ever returns, go where he will in the Indian territory, they will track him, they will follow him day and night. He will be amongst them like one of the wild beasts whom we so eagerly pursue from place to place, with the hatchet always hanging over his head. There is no safety for him, except far away in the provinces beyond those towns that Indians ever visit. Do persuade him to come away and leave the body. He can go down with me to Albany, and thence make his way to New York or Philadelphia."

For some minutes Brooks remained deaf to all arguments; his whole thoughts seemed occupied with the terrible conviction that the wild scenes and free life which he enjoyed so intensely, were, with him, at an end for ever.

Woodchuck himself escaped, and he had no friends or relations on whom the Indians could wreak their vengeance. Intimation of the fact had spread like fire in dry grass through the whole of the Oneidas; and they watched an opportunity, in the absence of Woodchuck, to kidnap his white companion, Walter Prevost.

Let us see how Mr. James describes an

INDIAN "GREAT TALK."

At length, the Black Eagle began to speak, without moving from his seat—however, at least, first. His tone, too, was low and sad, though every word, in the sharp guttural language of the Iroquois, was clear and distinct.

"For more than fifty winters," he said, "I have hovered over the land of the Oneidas; and my wing has not failed in its flight, my eyes have not been dazzled by the blaze of the sun, nor dimmed by the light of the moon. The dew has fallen upon me, and the summer's sun, and the winter's snow; and still are my feathers unruffled, and my flight as strong as in my youth. I am not a woman, that I should spare; nor a child, that I should weep. Who has seen a tear in my eye? or who has seen the tomahawk uplifted not to strike? Have I asked any thing of my children, but to be the first in the battle? Have I ever forgiven the enemies of the children of the Stone? But we have made alliance with a great nation; we have taken presents from them; we have promised to live with them as brothers in the time of peace—to go to battle with them as brothers in the time of war. Our children are *their* children, and their children are ours. Moreover, with some of this nation our chiefs have entered into more strict bonds of friendship. We have sat by their fires, we have smoked the pipe of peace together; we are their brothers. One family came and built their lodge amongst us, swept down the forest, planted the corn-field. Their door was always open to the red man; their food was always shared with him. They said not, 'This is mine, and that is thine,' but they opened their arms and they said, 'Thou art my brother.' The children of the Stone loved them well; they were dear to the Black Eagle as his own eaglets. The mat in the house of Prevost was a pleasant resting-place to his forehead when he was tired. His daughter was as my daughter, and his son as of my blood and bone.

"A man came to his hearth whom we all know, a good man, a friend to the red man. Should my brother Prevost refuse to the Woodchuck room to burrow for one night? He went away, and, far from the house of our brother, he met an Oneida, of the Totem of the Tortoise; a man who had robbed him, and who had a lying tongue, a Snake who hated him whom he had bitten. The Tomahawk was bare, and the Oneida was killed; but the man took not his scalp, he sung no song of triumph over the children of the Stone. He slew him not as an enemy, but in self-defence; otherwise he would have twisted his finger in the scalp-lock, and the Oneidas would have mourned over a disgrace. It is right that there should be blood for blood; that the man who sheds the blood of the

red man should die for his act; and that, if he or none of his relations could be found, some other man of his nation should be made the sacrifice.

"But what have I done that the son of my brother should be taken? Have I led you so often in the battle, have I covered my war-post with the scalps of your enemies, that the tree I planted should be rooted up when the forest is full of worthless saplings? Was there no other white man to be found in all the land, that you must take the child of him who loved and trusted us? Had a moon passed, nay, had even a week gone by, that you might know that there was none but the beloved of the Black Eagle whom you might use for your sacrifice? Had you made sure even that you could not catch the murderer himself, and take his blood in requital of the blood he shed? Is the wisdom of our people gone by, is their cunning a thing of other days, that they could not lure the man they sought into their power, that they could not hunt down any other game, that they would not even try to find any one but the one we loved the best?

"Remember, my children, that you are not rash and hasty, like the pale-face, but that you are the children of the Stone; and though, like it, unchangeable and strong you should be calm and still, likewise.—I have said."

The brother of the slain "Snake," replies—

"Ye men of the family of the Snake! Ye have done well to seize upon the pale-face whom ye first found; for ye have made sure of an atonement for the blood of your brother; and how could ye know that ye could find it if ye delayed your hand or abandoned your prey. And now let the chiefs and the warriors consider whether they will still keep their brother, who is dead, hungering and thirsting for months in the cold regions, or whether they will make the atonement this very night, and open the way for him into the happy hunting-grounds.—I have said."

The conclusion at which they arrived was a reprieve for young Prevost for some months, so as to give the last speaker time to search for him who spilt his brother's blood.

The fate of the young man now becomes the source of agitation throughout the country, and many efforts are made in various directions to save the life of young Prevost. Woodchuck was on his way to offer himself up as the sacrifice, when, in company with Edith Prevost, he, too, along with the young lady, were set upon and made prisoners by the brother of the slaughtered Snake. At the eleventh hour the chiefs assembled in the hut in which the young man was imprisoned: stern, grave, and silent, they seated themselves in a semicircle, and for several minutes remained profoundly still. Walter understood at once what it meant—the last hour of life was come. At length, after that solemn pause, the voice of the Black Eagle was heard speaking low and softly:—

THE SPEECH

"My son, thou must die," he said. "Thou art dear to me as a child; thy father is my brother; but thou hast drawn an evil lot, and thou must die. The morning of thy days has been short and bright; the night comes for thee before the day is well begun. The blood of our brother who was slain must be atoned for by the blood of one of the race that slew him—the white man for the red man. We have sought in vain for the murderer of our brother, or for some one who might have been a substitute for him whom we love. Each man here would have perilled his own head to find another in thy place;

but it could not be. The pale-faces took fright at the news of what had been done, and none has been found within our territory. We know that the man who did the deed has been here. We fancied that he had come generously to pay the penalty of his own act; but fear was in his heart, and twice he escaped us. He is as cunning as the fox, and as swift to flee. Now, oh thou son of my brother! thou must die; for the time has gone by that was given thee in the hope of some deliverance: the hours have run swiftly and in vain; and the last has come. We know that it is the custom of thy people to sing no war-song at their death; but to pray to their Good Spirit to receive them speedily into the happy hunting-grounds. We shall not think it want of courage if thou prayest; for the son of our brother Prevost will not disgrace his name at his death. Pray, therefore, to thy God; thy prayer shall be as it were a war-song, and, strengthened by it, thou shalt die as a man and a warrior."

Walter remained silent for a moment, while a terrible struggle went on in his heart; but resolution conquered, and he rose from the ground on which he was sitting, erect and firm; and, stretching forth his hand, he said—

"Chiefs of the Oneidas, you are unjust. At this hour of my death, I tell you, you know not equity. Your laws are not of the Good Spirit, but of the bad; for it is evil to kill an innocent man, black and dastardly to slay a helpless man, who trusted you and loved you; and if it is by your law you do it, your law is bad, and the Good Spirit will condemn it. My father came and planted his tree amongst you; we grew up, my sister and myself, loving and confiding in your people. We made your tongue our tongue, and my heart became one with the heart of the daughter of your chief. Lo, now, how ye repay kindness, and love, and truth, with falsehood, cruelty, and death! You are great warriors, but you are not good men. In this last hour, I reproach you; and I tell you, with the voice of a dying man, as with the voice of one from the land of spirits, that, sooner or later, the great God of all men will make you feel that you have done an evil thing in my death."

He paused suddenly; for his eyes, turning somewhat in the direction of the door, saw a female figure enter, wrapped in the peculiar blanket or mantle of the Indian women. Another and another entered; and one by one the shadowy forms ranged themselves in line along the side of the hut, their faces but faintly seen by the flickering fire-light. They were all as silent as death; and there they stood as solemn witnesses of the dreadful scene about to be enacted.

The eyes of all the chiefs were turned in the same direction as his own, and a moment or two of wonder and embarrassment passed; but then the voice of Black Eagle was raised loudly and sternly, saying—

"Get you home to the Castle, Oneida women. This is no place for you. Meddle not with the business of warriors and of men. Dare not to intrude upon the sacrifice of atonement for our brother's blood."

"Who is it that speaks?" said the clear, shrill voice of the Grey Dove. "Is it the man of the black heart who slays the son of his brother? Who is it that dares to speak thus to her who sees the Great Spirit in her visions, and holds communion with the souls of the dead? Is it a man pure in heart and hand—a man whose purposes are good in the sight of the Great Spirit, and who is doing a deed pleasing in his sight? Is he taking the life of an enemy in the battle? Is he scalping a foe with whom he has fought and conquered? Lo, now, this is a brave deed, to slay the son of a friend, and a boy who has no power to resist. But the boy shall *not* die. If a pale-face has killed one of the children of the Stone, this boy has saved the life of more than one. His hand has been free, and his heart open to the Oneida, and his good deeds are more than enough to atone for the evil deeds of another. The ashes of thy pipe, Black Eagle, upon the hearth of Prevost, call out shame upon the murderer of his son."

"Get you hence, woman!" vociferated another chief. "We are not soft as water, to be turned in what course you will; we are the children of the Stone, and our heart is the rock."

"Be it so, then," cried Black Eagle's sister. "Look upon us now, oh, chiefs! We are here, your mothers, your sisters, your daughters, your wives; those you love best, those who best love you. See now what we are commanded to do by the voice of the Good Spirit. If you slay the youth you slay us. Every lodge shall be left desolate; there shall be wailing through the village, and through the land. Now, my sisters, if *their* heart be a stone, let *our* heart be soft, and let the knife find it easily."

As she spoke, every mantle was thrown back, and every arm raised, and in every hand was seen the gleam of a knife.

Black Eagle covered his eyes with his mantle, but sat still. Walter sprang across, and cast himself at the feet of Otaita, exclaiming—

"Hold, hold! for God's sake hold, my Blossom!"

"Back, back!" cried the girl, vehemently; "if thou diest, I die."

"All, all!" exclaimed the women, in the same determined tone.

At this moment the old priest rose, and stretched forth his hands.

"It is the voice of the Great Spirit," he ejaculated, in the tone of one inspired. "He speaks to us by their tongue; he tells us to forbear. The deed is evil in his sight; we must not do it. The blood of our brother is atoned for. It is the voice of the Great Spirit!"

"It is the voice of the Great Spirit, it is the voice of the Great Spirit!" exclaimed each of the chiefs. And Black Eagle, casting from him the tomahawk, took Walter in his arms, saying, in a low voice—

"My son, my son!"

There is also a mournful history of Edith Prevost and Lord H——, the latter of whom was shot in a French ambuscade, near Ticonderoga. Mr. James confines his narrative chiefly to the events we have sketched; and bestows very slight notice on the operations of the French commander-in-chief, the Marquis de Montcalm. In conclusion, we quote a few sentences from the last chapter, merely premising that Walter Prevost became the husband of Otaita, the daughter of the Black Eagle:—

Some four years after, another kind of scene might be beheld at the house of Mr. Prevost. He himself sat in a great chair under the verandah, with his hair become as white as snow, and his head a good deal bowed. Seated on the ground near him was a tall Indian chief, very little changed in appearance, grave, calm, and still severe. On the step of the verandah sat two young people; a tall, handsome, powerful man of about one-and-twenty years of age, and a graceful girl, whose brown cheek displayed some mixture of the Indian blood. On the green grass before them, with a black nurse sitting by, was as lovely a child of about two years old as ever the sun shone upon. They had gathered for her a number of pretty flowers, and she was sporting with them, with the grace and happiness that only childhood can display or know. The eyes of all were fixed upon her, and they called her Edith.

One was wanting to that party, out of those who had assembled at the door four years previously. Woodchuck was no longer there. He had gone where he longed to be. When he felt sickness coming upon him some two years after the death of Lord H——, he had left the house of Mr. Prevost, which he had lately made his

home, and had gone, as he said, to wander in the mountains. There he became worse. An Indian runner came down to tell his friends that he was dying; and when Mr. Prevost went up to see him, he found him in a Seneca lodge with but a few hours of life before him.

He was glad to see the friendly face near him; and, as his visitor bent over him, he said, "I am very much obliged to you for coming, Prevost, for I want to ask you one thing, and that is to have me buried in the churchyard at Albany, just beside your dear girl. I know this

is all nonsense; I know that the flesh sees corruption; still I've a fancy that I shall rest quieter there than anywhere else. If ever there was an angel, she was one, and I think her dust must sanctify the ground."

It was his only request, and it was not forgotten.

We recommend Mr. James to read the "Last of the Mohicans" and all its sequelæ once again before he writes another red-skin novel.

Florence the Beautiful. By ALEXANDER BAILLIE COCHRANE, Esq. 2 Vols. London. 1854.

"FLORENCE the Beautiful" will be read through by the more educated class of novel readers but will scarcely interest the crowd. Its attractions consist in carefully-polished language, elaborated descriptions of rural scenery, and a tone of thought and sentiment evidencing a cultivated mind and a refined taste.

The story is simple enough. Florence the Beautiful is the daughter of Madame Brinville and of M. Langeac, one of those rich financiers of France who existed at the time just previous to the first revolution, who perhaps precipitated the crisis, and who were certainly the first victims of the outburst. M. Langeac had deceived Madame Brinville by a false marriage, and Florence the Beautiful is of base birth. Mother and child retire into smiling Touraine, the mother to sorrow among the scenes of her girlhood, the child to blossom into womanhood, and, of course, to love.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

It was a bright evening in early spring, and after a shower in the Touraine, can any thing be wanting to complete the dream of beauty? Standing by that Cross, the first object which presented itself was the little village of Mont d'Or, worthy of its name, to judge by the yellow fields of waving grain by which it was quite surrounded; in the distance the château of La Tour Beauport stood like a proud monument of that feudal character and age, to which it owed its foundation, at a time when men possessed high and noble ideas of great works to be performed in their generation, and the spirit to realize them for the benefit of succeeding ones. But between the château and the village, a distance of some three miles, the freshness and softness of spring breathed on bloom and blossom; high hedges and narrow lanes, such as Love and Hope frequent in their youth, rendered back in fragrance to the atmosphere, some of the beauty which the scenery owed to its glorious tints.

It was an evening for Hope to anticipate a happy morrow; so soft and joyous that, like the dreams of youth, we think they can never pass or grow old, or the glory of such a sunshine sink into darkness. It seems that, at eventide, there is always in Nature a sweeter perfume, rose tints cover the heavens, and there are low, soft murmurs of many insects. Bride-like, the earth and sky appear to be more lavish of their beauties as the night draws on apace. And is it not so? The morning dawn may be like manhood, bright and vigorous, the pulse beats high, and the brow is erect; but it is in the evening that the nature of all men is softened and subdued, and that the heart beats more warmly for others, it may be, perchance, more warmly to others.

But the world is not without, it is within us: it must

be so, or it were impossible that, on such an evening, a broken heart could be kneeling at the foot of this time-worn Cross. But, after all, what to the sad heart was the bloom on the tree, or the blossom on the flower? With her soul concentrated in one emotion, indifferent to all external impressions, a broken-hearted, world-driven woman, with a fair young girl by her side, prayed for a strength which the world cannot give, but which we know at the same time the world cannot take away from us.

It was a picture not ill adapted to the scene: the stillness of nature, and the stillness of prayer, the mystery of twilight, and the mystery of the heart: there was some sympathy between the actors and the scene. It suggested thoughts removed from ordinary curiosity; or the earnest attitude of the woman, and the singular grace of the young girl, must have excited attention; but, as it was, the few people who drew near to bend the knee, kept at a reverential distance, as though unwilling to intrude on the heart's deep expression, and then passed on, at once unobservant and unobserved. One poor girl, indeed, as she wended her way, perchance with a deeper affliction at heart, turned, when she had advanced a short way on her road, to gaze on the group at the foot of the Cross. It may be that her heart beat in harmony with their's; and as she recalled the weeping Magdalene, she learned in her sympathy for others to mourn for herself.

After a short time the mother turned towards the young girl, who had dropped her hand, and now sat at her feet, on one of those worn stones, which testified by their appearance to the piety of those who knelt upon them in their progress towards their devotions. The mother and daughter rose and sat on a bank covered with flowers, which afforded a more extensive view of the surrounding country. Not a word passed for some time between them. The daughter gathered some of the flowers which were near her, and from mere thoughtlessness, or from depth of thought, picked off the buds, which fell at her feet. She seemed subdued but not unhappy; and from time to time looked into her mother's countenance, as if anxious, but unwilling to ask the cause of this sorrow.

The next quotation needs no preface.

FLORENCE AND HENRI.

Blessed are the attributes of womanhood, when the chiselled feature, the dimpling smile, the cadence of the voice, and the tangled locks of graceful auburn, are all emblems of qualities which angels love to name in their prayers; the features of repose, the smiles of hope, the voice of sympathy and love, ever-varying in its expression, like the impulses of a graceful nature. Blessed was she who first uttered the words, "I love;" for from her lips a spirit went forth more potent than any that magician could invoke—a spirit that, like the prophet's rod, could bid the waters flow from a heart of rock—that called forth flowers of beauty in soil parched as Araby's—that rent asunder those most potent of all bonds, the bonds of artificial vanities. That which ambition could not achieve, love conquered; indolence, satiety, vanity—above

all, selfishness—the long train of frivolities and vices, all bowed before the spell which the woman called forth.

They had risen from the seat, and mechanically strolled down the path that led to the burn-side. At one point, a beautiful view of the old château presented itself. It was the side on which it rose, as though it were a portion of the rock on which it was built. From the windows on this side any one could look down upon the torrent below; thence the brushwood had been cleared away, so as to shew the whole façade. The flag-tower frowned above; and loftily above the tower the ensign of France floated—with those golden lilies which the oldest of sovereign houses were proud to assume in their arms. A slight gloom passed across Henri's countenance, while Florence's beamed with pleasure, as the magnificent view burst upon her. What was the cause of this different expression? They were both of them at once recalled from the world of imagination; but he to a sense of the obligations, she to a keener sense of the beauties of nature.

Then, for the first time, there flashed across Henri's mind all the social ties which he inherited with his great position; the pains and penalties of a high station presented themselves to him; he felt—for he could no longer be deceived as to the nature of his feelings for Florence—he felt that there were difficulties in the way of his indulgence of those feelings, which until then he had never contemplated. Kind as the old marquis was, he well knew his tenacity on all matters connected with his family position and illustration. Between himself and Florence, therefore, it seemed at once that a deep gulf was fixed, wider and even less easy to pass, from the circumstance that it had no real existence—that if there were a difficulty, it was founded in prejudices and vanities. Yes, and what is more difficult to overcome? Men's prejudices and passions, when we mention them are we not raising at once obstacles of more than giant proportions?

But she smiled happily, for she had no such imaginations. When women love, they only feel, and do not reason.

But the revolution comes, levels all distinctions, and even breaks down some prejudices.

HENRI AND HIS FATHER.

Then Henri recounted the whole of the awful scene of the previous evening; and as he proceeded, the old man clutched his stick, as he might his sword in those days when he took the field under the first marshals of France. The flush of indignation glowed in his cheek. The fire, as of youth, gleamed in his eyes; and Henri saw that had the marquis been there, one at least would have fallen in the defence of the abbé.

He dreaded the next question.

"And you stood by, my son?" said the old man.

Again the glow of anger overspread the marquis's countenance, and his manner was harsh and severe.

Henri, with a voice somewhat indignant, and somewhat irritated at the doubt implied on his courage, answered:

"Sir, I was saving Florence."

"Thank God! thank God!" said the old man, "she is saved. But where is she? Why is she not in this castle instead of in the village? Florence, my daughter!"

"Father," said Henri, with a deep and impressive voice, "I must tell you the truth. What the cause may be, I know not—for it is quite certain that she loves me, indeed, she told me so; but some strange idea, some madness has seized upon her; there is a mystery which time alone can explain. I met her on the terrace after her mother's death, and at that solemn moment she told me that she was unworthy of me. It was no idle notion, believe me. I feel convinced that the moment she is able to travel she will leave this place immediately."

"I hope not!" I hope not!" replied the marquis. "We

must find some influence to prevent her. M. de Gou-

When the marquis spoke the door of the library opened, and M. de Gouvion appeared. Henri was correct in his supposition that a stranger had entered the room, when he stepped upon the terrace.

"M. de Gouvion," said the marquis, "I am happy to introduce to you a young gentleman as interested as yourself in the prospects of Mademoiselle Langeac."

"Mademoiselle Langeac!" exclaimed Henri, "who is she? I saw in the papers that M. Langeac had been outrageously killed by the mob the other day; but what has that to do with Florence—I mean with Mademoiselle Brinville?"

"Florence. You spoke it rightly," said M. Gouvion. "It is a beautiful name, and from all I can learn, the young lady is in every respect worthy of it; but I have much to tell you that will interest you, and which in time you may communicate to the young lady whose welfare is, it seems, united to yours."

M. de Gouvion then gave a full account of M. Langeac's circumstantial statement to him; how Madame Brinville had been betrayed by him; of her life of misery, excellence, and good works; of M. Langeac's repentance, of Estelle's death, and the vast change which this made in Florence's position; and he ended by placing in Henri's hands those papers deposited with him just before the attack on the Rue St. Dominique, by which M. Langeac made over to Florence, as his daughter, the colossal fortune which he had amassed during his successful career; and justified Madame Brinville's conduct by shewing how grossly she had been deceived, and how nobly she had acted throughout her sad, mournful, and brief career.

Henri's eyes glistened with delight: already the vista of years full of golden promise burst upon him. He took M. Gouvion's hand and pressed it warmly.

"Henri," said the marquis, "there is one circumstance in this history of which M. de Gouvion is ignorant, and which I must mention, in order to render it complete. You will remember my mentioning to you on one occasion, when I was warning you against the practices by which young men are too apt to dissipate their fortunes, and to stake in a few hours the noble possessions of an honoured race, that I related to you how all this property which we now enjoy was on one occasion almost wrecked by your grandfather. An enormous sum of money had been lost at play, and this old castle was to have been sold to pay off the debt, when an old college friend—a noble, honourable character—rescued our name from oblivion. It was the father of the late M. Langeac."

"Nor is this all," said the marquis, after a pause: "it so unhappily happened that in the act of rescuing his friend from ruin he completed his own. He had relied on the successful result of a speculation in which he had embarked, to meet certain imperative engagements. The speculation, contrary to all prognostications, failed, and M. Langeac died of a broken heart, leaving his son, the father of Florence."

"And if she will now consent to be mine, you will welcome her, my father?"

"Yes, if she will consent, she shall be welcome as you are, my son. And now," said the marquis, "let M. de Gouvion go to La Belle Etoile, and present to Mademoiselle Florence all the papers which explain the past, and give hope to the future."

It was evening when the marquis and Henri strolled down to La Belle Etoile. What a change between that evening and the former one. The light to-night was not of lurid torches, but of peaceful sunset; the red streaks of the heavens were the promise of a glorious morn, not the reflection of the innocent blood which crime had shed. There are some spots like some hearts, always at rest, always at peace, to approach which is happiness, or to dwell amongst which is the sweetest solace to dull

and cankering cares. Florence had risen, and after having seen M. de Gouvion, had gone to visit the chapel.

"I will wait for you," said the marquis to Henri. Gently Henri trod, that his footsteps should not disturb her; and so tranquil was nature that he could hear the faint murmurs of the tiny ripples as they sparkled and tumbled over the pebbles in the brook. She was not without the chapel: was it intruding upon her seclusion to look within? There she was kneeling, and over her that pale lamp shed its light; and the waves of golden hair which fell around her, while they concealed her features, prevented her noticing Henri's approach. At that moment there was unity between them—the unity of prayer, the unity of regrets, the unity of love; and what should part them therefore?

"Florence, my own Florence!" he murmured, in a

whisper so soft, that it seemed but a part of that blessing which she was at the moment invoking for him. He took her hand: there were no promises, no vows, no explanations, but the wanderer had found a home, the lonely one a spot on which her heart could repose; and as they both stood in heaven's gaze, with heart plighted to heart, the last sweet tints of twilight were reflected in the fond and grateful tears of Florence the Beautiful.

These extracts tell the story, but the merit of the work does not lie in the construction of the plot: the intervals may be pleasantly and profitably filled up from the volumes themselves.

Progress and Prejudice. By Mrs. GORE. 3 Vols. Hurst and Blackett, Great Marlborough Street.

SIR Mark Meadows, of Meadows Court, was a baronet of rather limited means, but hospitable disposition, living in the West of England. He had married in his youth a very beautiful and accomplished girl, his sister's governess. In consequence of that *mésalliance* he was sent to Coventry by the rest of his family, and became the father of a very charming girl, Amy.

Sir Mark was the brother of Lady Davenport, and her husband, Lord Davenport, was one of the proudest, most prejudiced, narrow-minded, and bucolic peers that the House of Lords could shew.

He had one daughter, Olivia, and two sons, Hugh and Marcus, both clever, but the last endowed with very considerable ability, and with artistic talents of no mean order. Hugh was quiet, studious, amiable; Marcus wild, impulsive, daring, and ungovernable, always running into debt, and upon bad terms with his father, who bought him a commission, and sent him off to India. Thence, after a few years of active service, he returned, betook himself to painting, and sold out of the army.

While living in London he becomes accidentally acquainted with one Hargood, who turns out, in the sequel, to be the brother of Lady Meadows.

Hargood is a literary hack, plain, stern, and hard-featured, but well-informed, and an accomplished scholar; like too many of his class, however, only able to keep the wolf from the door by unremitting industry in his vocation. He has a very clever and interesting daughter, Mary, and two sons, boys at school. Mary is an artist, and works as hard as her father for the support of the family, giving up her young life unremittingly to toil. These two characters are the best portrayed of any, in the book.

Mark Davenport calls on Hargood, who thus introduces him to—

THE STUDIO.

"Mary! I am bringing a gentleman into your studio," he continued, ushering Mark Davenport into a chamber still more spacious than the sitting-room; in which the concentrated light fell full upon an easel at which a young girl was working. She scarcely raised her eyes, and not at all her voice, as they entered.—Her dress, an artist's grey blouse of the simplest form and meanest material, imparted little charm to her somewhat insignificant figure; and when, struck by the masterly execution of her work, Davenport found it impossible to repress an exclamation of surprise and admiration, she slowly turned upon him a pair of wondering dark eyes; as if the voice of praise was to her an unknown tongue.

Nothing could be more subdued than her air. Her cheek was colourless. Her lips smileless. Mary Hargood was evidently a household victim. Davenport had been impressed at the Richmond dinner by the contemptuous and arbitrary tone in which Hargood spoke of the weaker sex. The fruits were before him. This calm, sad-looking little girl of eighteen, in her grey gown, who was painting as men rarely, and women never, paint at eight-and-thirty, evidently knew not the meaning of a will of her own.

The work on which Mary Hargood was occupied was a copy of Murillo's "Assumption of the Virgin," which the painter himself recopied so often, though not half often enough for the requirements of posterity; and while Marcus looked over her shoulder with unceasing wonder and delight, he could hardly sufficiently admire the vigour of her touch—the correctness of her eye.

"Your copy, Miss Hargood," said he, "nearly equals the original!"

"Have you ever seen the original, that you can utter so gross a piece of flattery?" she quietly replied, without lifting her eyes from the canvas.

"I have seen the picture at the Louvre, and the smaller one at Lansdowne House. But I alluded to the one you are copying."

"Not very difficult for her to equal, for it is her own," interposed her father, abruptly. "It is the first copy after Murillo she executed, at the British Institution, where it won the second prize. We sold it for fifteen guineas,—a handsome price. The dealer who purchased it soon obtained an order for a second copy. But Mary has no longer the original to work from; and feels that it will be inferior to the first. For this therefore she intends only to ask twelve guineas."

"It is worth ten times, twenty times the money!" replied Davenport with enthusiasm. But it grated a little on his ear, to hear the buying and selling of the

young artist's works so crudely alluded to in her presence. She did not join, indeed, in the conversation; but went calmly painting on, as if accustomed to be treated as a nonentity.

This visit has a marked effect upon the wilful Mark; on his return home he accordingly transferred to canvas his recollection of the scene.

THE SKETCH.

The gloomy studio with its stream of light falling from the lofty window was soon sketched in; and the slave of the easel was beginning to stand out from the background, in her pale grey blouse. But when it came to the stern but mournful face of the girl who, with the proportions of a child, looked as if she had never been young, the rapid hand of the artist paused, as from momentary compunction.—Mary Hargood's grave countenance seemed gazing at him reproachfully, as if he were unlawfully prying into the dimness of her melancholy life.

He threw aside his brush; and resumed the book he had left half open by the fireside.—It was Chamisso's striking story of Peter Schlemihl. But his eyes wandered listlessly over the pages. He could not—could not—recall his wandering attention.

"By Jove," cried he, at length, with sudden impetuosity, which caused the terrier basking at his feet to start up barking as though it heard "a rat behind the arras,"—"by Jove that fellow was born to be a nigger-driver or a dentist. He weighs his own flesh and blood in the balance as though it were so much putty; and looks upon that gifted child as *my* father on one of his Leicester sheep,—calculating it at so much a pound. I'm not one of those who fancy women formed to live under a glass, like eggshell china, and other fragile curiosities. But hang it—one need not treat them quite like potter's clay!—'Let us take care of the Beautiful,' said old Goethe; 'the Useful will take care of itself.'"

And back he went to his sketch; and by a few able touches, brought out the intellectual physiognomy of the youthful artist.

A man who thus records the impression a fair damsel has made upon him, cannot be otherwise than *épris*, and so Mark proves; for after a long interval, and a variety of incidents well introduced and skilfully worked out, he seeks her hand.

Old Hargood replies:—

THE QUESTION.

"Mary is at liberty to choose for herself, Sir. In my opinion unequal matches afford small prospect of happiness. Whether she likes you well enough to overlook the objection, must rest with herself."

"To overlook the objection!"—A strange hearing for Mark, who had been contemplating with unfeigned admiration his own disinterested magnanimity in offering to share his rank and fortune with the penniless daughter of an obscure man of letters.

"What say you, Mary?" continued Hargood, addressing his daughter, who was now leaning against the arm-chair, in which he was magisterially enthroned.

"I do not admit the objection, father," said she, in a tone of decision, for which Captain Davenport longed to throw himself at her feet.—"I do not consider worldly position of sufficient moment to make it either a motive or an obstacle. But as regards the affection which Captain Davenport is generous enough to profess for me, I owe it to him to declare, at once, that my heart says nothing in his favour.—Were he an artist, like myself,

or did I belong to his own class of society, it would be the same.—I could never love him."

Even her father was a little astonished.

"I have, however, heard you speak highly in his praise," said he,—perceiving that Marcus was too overcome to utter a syllable.

"As an acquaintance,—almost as a friend. As one whose talents I admired—"

"That is something, Mary," pleaded her father. "You are not a girl from whom I should have expected any Missish notions concerning the romances of love."

"Not the *romance* of love—but the reality," replied his daughter, firmly. "There are points in Captain Davenport's character—(I like him well enough," she continued, directing a deprecatory glance towards Marcus, "to speak before him with as much candour as though he were not present),—which would render him insupportable to me as a companion for life. The man to whom I devote myself, as a wife, must be steady of purpose, gracious of deportment, gentle with his friends, generous with his enemies, forbearing with my faults, cognisant of his own, and submitted, humbly and trustfully as myself, to the will of God. I do not find these qualities in Captain Davenport; and therefore could not love him as a husband. I do not care for distinctions, either of birth or talent. Affection must be all and all."

"You have said enough, Miss Hargood," exclaimed Mark Davenport, stung to the quick. "God forbid that I should force my addresses on any woman breathing;—more especially on one so exacting and fastidious. Whether I have deceived myself, or whether you have deceived me, it matters not now to inquire, I take my leave of you at once and for ever,—lamenting only to have wasted a year of my life,—with all its honest purposes, manly projects, and warmth of affection,—and what appears to have been the shadow of a dream!"

It was perhaps because he found himself on the point of betraying emotions which he was too proud to exhibit in presence of the woman who had so cruelly slighted him, that, having wrung Hargood by the hand, he hastily quitted the room. As the door closed loudly after his departure from the house, Mary, whose courage had not failed her when it was wanted, sank languidly into a chair.

"You are not angry with me, father?" said she, perceiving that the brows of Hargood were contracted by vexation or displeasure.

"Not angry with you for having a mind,—and knowing it;—not angry with you for disclaiming a preference you do not feel.—But it strikes me, Mary, that you owed me the respect of consulting me before you so decidedly rejected an opportunity of securing an honourable home for yourself, and an advantageous connection for your brothers."

Mary Hargood folded her arms over her bosom with a look of despair. Were her feelings then never to be consulted?—Was she always to be a mere stepping-stone to the family?

"But it is too late now to discuss the matter," added Mr. Hargood, noticing her desponding attitude. "Davenport is not a man to be recalled, or trifled with.—So now, my dear, go back to your painting-room. All this must not distract our attention from business; and I have already wasted half my morning.—Remember, Mary, that, at this time of year, every glimpse of daylight is precious. We have contracted to send home your 'Aurora' varnished and dry before Christmas Day. We cannot afford to be idle."

In the sequel Mary espouses Hugh, and becomes Lady Davenport; and the two branches of the family, after having been dissevered forty years, owing to the overbearing pride and egregious selfishness of the old lord, are

again happily united. Of the career and fortunes of Olivia and Amy we have not left ourselves room to speak: our readers must learn them themselves. We cannot but observe, however, that Amy is a most captivating and loveable creature. Brought up at home, and living only in the society of her father and mother, her thoughts and affections are devoted to them, and the scene where she appears at the death-bed of poor Sir Mark is most touchingly told.

There are several supernumerary characters that might perhaps have been dispensed with, as they do not aid the general effect in any way, and are neither interesting nor entertaining, *per se*. The greater part of the third volume, too, is unnecessary, and much of the dialogue it contains is heavy. Had the three volumes been judiciously condensed into two, "Progress and Prejudice" would have been all the better for the operation.

We do not, however, by any means wish to speak disparagingly of Mrs. Gore's last contribution to light literature. Like most of her novels, it indicates consummate skill, great tact, and the most accurate knowledge of what is called "the world." Her characters are almost invariably true to life and to themselves. They are never exaggerated, never over-coloured, never grotesque. The majority of them consist of the artificial creatures of which "society" is composed. They are not devoid now and then of resemblance to each other; but, such as they are, their portraiture cannot be surpassed.

A vein of sprightliness, too, pervades this lady's writings; her chief fault, though we will not call it a frequent one, being a tendency to prolixity.

"Progress and Prejudice" is, however, far superior to the "Dean's Daughter," and, with a little retrenchment, would have left nothing to be desired.

Lismore. By MRS. A. CRAWFORD. Three Vols. Newby. 1854.

THIS is a very good novel, or rather, romance, for the regular devourers of that class of article, but for no others. Not that the present work is bad, any more than it is good. It is of the female *James* school. *Quid multa?* Would it be ill-natured towards our readers to give an inkling of the plot, or ill-natured towards the authoress to omit it? We will avoid the dilemma by splitting the difference between duty and common sense. It is an Irish story of the seventeenth century. There is a certain Lady Alice, who is abducted by a red-haired villain who is lord of a castle and makes war on his neighbours. She is duly married according to the most approved style by one

Visconti, who is an Italian nobleman, doing a little propagandist business for a certain Cardinal E——. We cannot imagine why the name of this said Cardinal is not given in full; unless our authoress did not know of any historical character of whom she could make use *à la James*, and was afraid to invent a prelate of such dignity. It would not have signified a pin if she had called him Cardinal Cumming, or Cardinal Coningsby, or Cardinal Castincani, or Grimani, or Grimaldi. Well, there are all the usual properties of an Irish novel. *Item* a loquacious fisherman, *item* a faithful domestic, *item* an old harper, *item* a rascally vulgar attorney, *item* an aged nurse, with an Irish proverb or two in real Irish. Thrown into the bargain there are ruined castles, *à discretion*, and frequent allusions to the "great Desmond." There is also a Miss O'Toole, who is nobody in particular, and has nothing much to do with any thing. Visconti being in Ireland of course falls in love with Lady Alice. He had previously loved another, a certain marchesa, who is married for money to a marquis. Then there is a Mrs. FitzThomas, jealous of her husband. A wicked attorney, before referred to, to wit, one O'Halloran, pretending to be in love with her, practises on her jealousy, and carries her off from her husband. This he does to get possession of her property. She goes to France, and breaks a bloodvessel, and dies, and the attorney disappears, but not in a blaze of blue fire, as he should do. Finally, Lady Alice goes to Italy, where she enters a convent as a novice. Visconti, her guardian, is in love with her, and she with him; but neither of them know that the other loves, a position whereof the difficulties are enhanced by the machinations of the marche-a, who comes to a friend's, one Alberto's, house, where they all meet. The marchesa is, however, just found out in time, that is, in the last chapter of Vol. III., and goes off in a travelling-carriage and a great rage, without wishing anybody a polite *addio*. So the Italian count marries the Irish heiress, which is all very proper, but somewhat improbable, considering that the marrying of heiresses, though not in Italy, is a common achievement to a neat Irish lad. Our account of the novel may be a little confused, which may be partly owing to our not having cut quite all the pages; but we really believe that, if we had studied the plot and underplot much more carefully than we have done, we might still have been unsuccessful in elucidating a more sensible chain of events. For the rest, the language and sentiments of the work are about up to the mark, which is the half-ebb mark of the great ocean of mediocrity.

However, it will do very well. Where one

better romance is made and offered for sale there are at least ten worse; and many people will prefer it to the fiction immediately preceding it.

Agnes Valmar. London: Chapman and Hall. 1854.

THERE is a vein of warm, generous feeling pervading this Novel: the characters are not perhaps sketches from originals, in which the world is very rife, they seem rather to have had their birth-place in the land of romance; but yet there is nobility of soul and purity, in the sentiments they express. There are occasional scenes exhibiting force and power throughout the book, but the writing is impulsive, and, in many parts, wants careful revision. The heroine of the tale is a widow: married when a mere child, to a man of cold temperament and of strong prejudices: she lived unloved, or at least *incomprise*; but the monotony of her life was broken by the presence of little Walter Maldon, who, at his father's death, was left under her sole guardianship. Years passed on, and the child became a man, and with manhood sprang up warmer feelings than those of friendship for her, who, though she had fondled him on her knee, was not many years his senior. But he is compelled to leave her, and in other lands to seek forgetfulness of her, save as "Gardy Agnes." He sails for Australia; but has not been many months away, ere Mr. Landor, Agnes' husband, dies, and she retires to live on limited means in a secluded spot in Dorsetshire. Here she saves the life of an old man, who at his death, leaves her a vast fortune with the title of "Lady Valmar." Walter is written to, and, of course, returns to England. He implores her to become his wife; but though she reciprocates his feelings with a warmth equalling his own, she struggles against them for his sake: he is too young to bind himself to her—the paths of fame are open before him. A new character appears upon the stage of her life—Lord Charles Tremorne: he, too, loves her; but though he is noble and generous, she can but accept him as a friend. The baneful tongue of rumour plants its venomous sting in Agnes Valmar's heart. Standing one evening at the thronged door of a crowded *salon*, she hears that Maldon projects a marriage with Lady Lucy Courtenay, the niece of a political and powerful friend. Though despair is rooted in her heart, she willingly sacrifices herself for him, and, that he may be free, she quits England alone, leaving the place of her destination unknown. For six months he searches for her in vain, and at last becomes Lady Lucy's husband. But misery awaits him. He falls into the meshes

of some intriguing Italians, and is exposed to the dire ordeal of a public trial; but his innocence is happily vindicated. He engages himself in a duel with Lady Lucy's uncle, kills him, and flies. But Agnes knows all, and for a few hours returns to England to watch over Walter Maldon. She writes to him, begging him to forbear quarrelling with Lord Courtenay; but an insult offered by the latter, admits of no forbearance. Agnes regains once more her distant home, and there awaits Lord Charles Tremorne to send her accounts of Walter. The news overpowers her: an attack of paralysis ensues, and for weeks she lies speechless, and is only restored to health by Lord Charles's unremitting exertions. He takes her to England, and after seven years, Walter, too, returns. Lady Lucy is dead; but a barrier has sprung up between Lady Valmar and himself, and he visits her not. Lord Charles at last arranges an interview without their knowledge, and with painful anxiety awaits the result.

THE HAPPY CRISIS.

Three o'clock struck.—This moment would tell all.—If Walter quitted the house now—it would be too plain—all was lost.

Lord Charles leaned against the area-rails where he stood, grasping them tightly; for, strong as he was, he felt his limbs trembling beneath him. He saw something flit within the open door towards which his eyes were straining.

"All is over," he groaned; and a cold sweat burst from every pore in his agitated frame.

But no—no—it was old Griffiths. Lord Charles saw him look out—then come outside the door—and walk right and left, rubbing his hands.—He breathed again: and, with a quick sigh of relief, wiping his damp brow, moved nearer—his eye still riveted on the spot, to him then pregnant with Agnes' and Walter's fate. At the corner of the little street, where he stopped, he remained, then, fixed—he knew not for how long or how short a time;—for, once the hope of better things awakened, he could have stood there till he dropped, unconscious of fatigue or bodily want, supported only by the mind within.

The clock tolled four. It roused him.

"Oh, thanks to God above!—it must be, they are saved!"

Another hour,—and higher and higher rose his heart. He could no longer, now, remain still a second: he moved about like one distraught, longing to catch up every dirty child that passed, and hug it, in the fulness of his joy.

Five—Half-past, nearly.—Again there was motion within the door; and, this time surely, of more figures than one.—He could no longer restrain himself.—'If it was Walter, he must—without being recognised by him—he must, catch one glimpse of his countenance, and read the feelings printed there'

Quick as thought, he hurried in the direction of Agnes' door. A figure bounded from it, and came towards him with a rapid, light, springing step. It was Walter. There was a note in his hand.

Lord Charles had seen enough; and, averting his face, was turning away down the nearest street: but Walter had caught sight of his familiar figure, and knew him.

They were in the open way—there might be passers-by—there might be gazing eyes—What did Walter know, or care, for them?—His soul was full of other things.

A sudden, wordless exclamation burst from him. Rushing up to Lord Charles, and seizing both his hands, he turned, and, with a rapidity and force which the latter was quite unable to resist, he dragged him back—still not a word finding vent from his parted lips. As their hurried steps brought them to Lady Valmar's door,—“Nay, Walter,” cried Lord Charles, “I cannot enter there; I cannot disturb her. You are happy; I see it. God be praised; that is all I want. I am beside myself with joy already. Heaven bless you and her. Let me go now.”

“Go?—Go?” cried Walter, finding his voice at last, and still forcing him resistlessly on,—“See; this was for you,” shewing him the note he carried,—“I was hastening, not to lose this day's post; and would not entrust it to any hand but my own. We could neither sleep till . . . Oh come, come—she thirsts for you—Come quick; and see the Heaven you have made.”

There was no escaping. In vain he tried to loose himself from Walter's grasp: They were within the door, and up the stair, in a moment.

“Agnes, see who I have brought you!” cried Walter, bursting into the room.

She turned; she saw Lord Charles—He was close to her—

“You have saved us!” she cried, “you have saved us!” and weeping—smiling—happiness beaming from every speaking feature—she fell upon his neck, like a loving, trusting child, springing to a dearly-loved, recovered brother's arms.

Upon the whole, we may congratulate the author on the production of a Novel, certainly, as regards the interest it engenders, above the average of its class.

—
Reginald Lyle. By MISS PARDOE. 3 Vols. 1854.

THE story is, that a certain eccentric individual, having passed half a century in South America; comes home to England in search of an heir. He puts himself in the hands of a lawyer, one Mr. Brunton, and examines into the character and claims of his many relatives. The result is, of course, a series of characters, which, we are sorry to say, are but very bad impressions of the old stereotypes that have served a hundred novelists. “Reginald Lyle” is a very, very feeble affair.

—
Maud. A City Autobiography. Bentley.

WHY “Maud” is called a *City* Autobiography we cannot guess. Such a title is suggestive of far more varied and extreme phases of life than any scenes in these volumes attempt to pourtray. Nevertheless, as a tale of woman's experience, and of her inner life, amid the ordinary class of duties and trials that may be her portion, it is well told; the writing vigorous, the conception sound. If there is apparent a little attempt to copy the terseness and plain speaking of Miss Brontë, it is nowhere offensive in its imitativeness. The outline of the story consists of the vacillation of the hero, Mark Sterling, in his attachment alternately for two sisters, of whom Maud is one, and the first love; but the beauty of the younger, Cicely, for a time

dazzles the senses of the fickle swain. The day, however, that witnesses his betrothals, reveals to him, and to Maud also, that the intoxication was evanescent. The interest lies of course in the conduct of Maud under her difficulties. As usual, in the end, all comes right. Cicely, the coquette, is a rather striking likeness of Ginevra Fanshaw; while Mr. Thornton, a well-drawn elderly gentleman, bears a slight resemblance to some of Currer Bell's favourite heroes.

Altogether, Maud is somewhat above the ordinary run of modern three-volume love stories.

—
High and Low. By Hon. HENRY COKE.

UNLIKE most modern romances, the interest of this book is attempted to be maintained, and not very unsuccessfully, without any definite hero and heroine. Many questions, religious, philosophical, political, and social, are lightly touched, and in a way calculated to meet the sympathies of thoughtful readers, if such should happen to seek recreation in a novel.

The young men of this age are more given to thinking and questioning than their fathers were; and some of them may find their own inner questionings answered by Mr. Coke. The author of “High and Low” has dealt pleasantly and sympathizingly with many a truth. The most obsolete model of feminine quietude and graceful propriety revived in the character nearest approaching to the position of heroine, is worthy to be ranked high above the glaring portraits of modern drawing-room belles.

—
Star Chamber. By W. H. AINSWORTH. Routledge.

THAT Mr. Ainsworth can fascinate a certain herd of readers, experience has proved; but that any reputation can cover the blemishes of so poor a piece of patchwork as the “Star Chamber,” we cannot conceive possible. If Mr. Ainsworth, in his worship of antiquarian lore, does choose to dress up puppets in trappings gathered at hazard from old curiosity shops, let him at least give his readers some variety. And if his taste yet lies among dungeons, wherefore make them all from one model—that model being the “Little Ease” of Guy Fawkes?

—
Charles Stanley By the author of “Ninfa.” 3 Vols., 8vo. Chapman and Hall, 193 Piccadilly.

A NOVEL of considerable merit and interest. The principal moral inculcated is “the danger of long engagements,” especially where the lady is some years older than her lover.

As in “Maud,” which we have noticed

elsewhere, the point of the story turns upon the want of constancy displayed by the hero in the passion he evinces for one of two sisters, Isabella and Chloe.

To the former, and elder, of these, he vows eternal and changeless devotion. He is appointed *attaché* to the British Embassy at St. Petersburg; and, after four years' absence, during which Isabella has endured the utmost amount of mental agony, and the ardour of his youthful affection has materially cooled, he returns to claim her as his bride. She, however, by the natural and unerring instinct of her sex, speedily detects the altered character of his feelings towards herself, and an incipient *grande passion* for her sister Chloe! The main feature of the story is the conduct of Isabella

and Chloe, who are devotedly attached to each other, under these trying circumstances. To obviate any difficulties that her protracted existence might occasion, Miss Chloe takes poison, and Isabella marries a man who had long been ardently and devotedly attached to her, and whose affection had never undergone any abatement from the first.

The character of Lord Overdale, a proud, wealthy, imperious uncle of Charles Stanley's, is very ably sketched; as is that of Lady Ramsay, who reminds us very forcibly of the well-known Becky Sharpe in *Vanity Fair*. In the entire three volumes there is nothing like the amount of impossibility and absurdity that usually disgusts us so much in books of this description.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Once upon a Time. By CHARLES KNIGHT. 2. Vols. 8vo. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1854.

A SINGULARLY pleasing and 'erudite little book. It is comprised of a variety of sketches, chronologically arranged, illustrative of past phases of society. Some of these have already appeared in various periodicals; others are now for the first time given to the world. They enable those who enjoy all the superior advantages and comforts of the nineteenth century to look back upon a by-gone world, as they cannot fail to do, with some emotions of gratitude, mingled, perhaps, with some few feelings of regret.

Mr. Charles Knight has been too long known to the world as an erudite and accomplished writer to need much present encomium: his reputation may be considered as well established as it has been fairly won.

The first of the present collection of pieces is entitled "*The Pastons*," and their history is given with singularly graphic power. It is founded upon the information furnished in two volumes of original letters written by various members of the Paston family, during the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., and Richard III. Those letters enable us, as our author well observes, to know them thoroughly in all their domestic relations, their wooings, their marriages, their incessant lawsuits. Like many of our own time, ^{no} small portion of their lives was past in an incessant battle for shillings and pence. One day we behold them squandering profusely; the next, lamenting earnestly the straits to which they have been reduced. At elections they were to be found, like our contemporaries again, treating, bribing, feasting. On graver occasions they would turn out, in all the panoply of war, either to assist or oppose

the law, as interest or inclination dictated. In all the pride of their chivalrous hearts, they regarded trade, and all pertaining thereto, with supreme contempt. The young ladies seem to have led a life of considerable discomfort and restraint, until such times as they took into their heads that a little love would be an agreeable pastime; whereupon they appear to have become less easily manageable than before. However, they generally succeeded, as young ladies usually have done, and are likely to continue to do, in overcoming all opposition, and in having their own way, notwithstanding the resistance occasionally brought to bear against them.

The first generation of this family consists of Sir William Paston, a puisne judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and his wife Agnes, a woman of singular power and accomplishments. While they are yet young, we find her busily engaged in the zealous endeavour to obtain advantageous matches for her sons, and in keeping her daughters in somewhat more than due subjection. The judge passes away to that dread assize, where never again shall "*fur* sit on the bench, and *latro* stand at the bar." He is succeeded by his son John, of the Inner Temple, the greater part of whose life is past in contesting his title to sundry brown acres in the eastern counties; whilst Margaret his wife ever and anon cheers him in his absence from home with divers epistles, full of tenderness and affection. The brave and gay Sir John Paston follows him: his turbulent spirit is in unison with the troubled times he lived in, but sadly mars his advancement in the world. The Duke of Norfolk, ever hostile to this family,

takes it into his head one day to besiege Sir John's castle of Caister with 1000 men-at-arms; and as there was no resisting such an aggression, poor Sir John loses his fortress and the estates around. This episode in the narrative of the family is in itself a romance.

Margaret Paston, the mother, is the heroine of this "strange eventful history," after she became a widow in 1466. She is a person of prodigious energy, and she has need of it, to cope with the difficulties by which she is surrounded. She is troubled by the course of politics as well as by that of law. Sir John, the gay soldier, however ready to better his fortune in the sunshine of court favour, is not very particular whether it be the "sun of York" or of Lancaster. Her second son, also John, who is called John of Gelston, a curious specimen of the gallant of those days, who wears his new hat and looks out for a new love with equal indifference, cannot keep out of trouble when swords are flashing all around him. The story of the daughter Margery is a rare exception to the ordinary passages of gentle damsels in those times. It is a tale of true love. There is a younger son at Eton; and through him we learn a little of the school-life of the fifteenth century; and another at Oxford, who is destined for the church, but dies young. But whether we see the lady mother and her sons, in the Norwich of friars and worsted-spinners, with now and then a noble or even a king glittering amongst the citizens—or at their castle of Caister, a moated fortress some two miles from Yarmouth, where there is a rude garrison ever looking out—we always see them under some aspect of danger and difficulty, and yet putting a brave face upon their perils, and keeping a great calm amidst their hopes. These poor Pastons had an unquiet time of it; and this gives a more than common interest to their annals—for their Letters are Annals—as trustworthy and as interesting as any records that have aspired to the dignity of History.

When Dame Margaret Paston was a fair young maiden, and John Paston came a-wooing, "she made him gentle cheer in gentle wise." To the grave Sir William Paston, judge of the Common Pleas, his wife Agnes writes thus of the "gentlewoman" whom John made "treaty" with, being in high good-humour at the coming alliance:—"The parson of Stockton told me if ye would buy her a gown, her mother would give thereto a goodly fur; the gown needeth for to be had, and of colour it would be a goodly blue, or else a bright sanguine." Silk gowns were not come at so cheaply in those days as now; and the judge of the Common Pleas might have taken time to pause before he committed himself to the Howell and James of Cheapside for fifteen yards of damask at seven shillings a yard. But surely Margaret Mauteby got her silk gown. It was, we have no doubt, the "bright sanguine." In 1443 she is a wife and mother; and her husband has been sick in the Inner Temple while she is in the country; and her heart is overflowing with tenderness; and she has sent four nobles to the four orders of friars at Norwich to pray for him; and she has vowed to go on pilgrimage to Walsingham; and she would rather have him at home "than a new gown, though it were of scarlet." Dear young Margaret! But Margaret, when a wife of twelve years, has a loving request to prefer to her husband: "I pray you that ye will do your cost on me against Whitsuntide, that I may have something for my neck. When the Queen was here, I borrowed my cousin Elizabeth's Clere's device, for I durst not for shame go with my beads amongst so many fresh gentlewomen as here were at that time." Margaret of Anjou was at Norwich in 1452, saying gracious things to the gentry—for Richard of York was in arms,—and she sent for Elizabeth Clere, and "made right much of her, and desired her to have an husband." Yet Margaret Paston thinks of more substantial matters than neck-devices:—"Right worshipful husband,—I

commend me to you; I pray you that ye will buy two dozen trenchers, for I can none get in this town" (Norwich). Yet with all her care the anxious wife cannot wholly please her absent husband, and she writes, "I recommend me to you, beseeching you that ye be not displeased with me, though my simpleness caused you to be displeased with me." A few years onward and Margaret is imbued with the unquiet spirit of the times; and though she begs her husband to buy her a pound of sugar and a pound of almonds, and "some frieze to make of your children's gowns," she also desires he would get some cross-bows and windlasses and quarrels, "for your houses here be so low that there may none man shoot out with no long-bow, though we had never so much need." At one time Margaret held the Manor-house of Heylesden against my Lord of Suffolk, with guns and ordnance. Just before that bold march upon London, which gave the throne to Edward, and sent Henry to the Tower, there is a letter from Margaret Paston to her husband, "Written in haste, the second Sunday in Lent, by candle-light at even;" and she warns him to be "more wary of your guiding for your person's safeguard, and also that ye be not too hasty to come into this country till ye hear the world is more sure." What a world to live in! The poor "Benzonian" had to "speak or die" for a weak Henry or a profligate Edward. He had to fight for a doubtful inheritance, with cross-bow and quarrel; to make forcible entries, or hold possession, by writ and sword. His agent writes to him about a cause that "hath been called on as diligently and hastily this term as it might be, and alway days given them by the court to answer; and then they took small exceptions and trifled forth the courts; and alway excused them because the bill is long, and his counsel had no leisure to see it; and then prayed hearing of the testament of my master your father, and thereof made another matter, and argued it to put them from it, because they had emparled to it before; and then Hillingworth, to drive it over this term, alleged variance betwixt the bill and the testament, that John Damme was named in the testament Joh Damme." This was written in 1461, and we are even now, three hundred and ninety-two years later, only upon the threshold of law-reform. What millions have been spent by the people of England in paying, not for justice, but to "drive it over this term," since the variance between "John" and "Joh" was found out by the cunning lawyers in April 1461. What jargon has been talked, from that day to this, about tenures, remainders, perpetuities, fines and recoveries, settlements, wills, uses, trusts, leases, mortgages, possession, and all the infinite subtleties that have been given to us, as an especial blessing of Providence, to make the owners of property miserable, and to preserve something like an equality between the rich and the poor!

And so, what with writs of trespass, and suits of ejectments, John Paston became impoverished, and died suspected and heart-broken, after confinement in the Fleet, in May 1466.

* * * *

The Paston Letters were written in the days before Power-looms; so that a new coat and a new gown were matters to be very earnest about, even with a knight-banneret and a lady of the manor.

The Paston Letters were written in the days before the Printing-press; and so, some may marvel that they are so clearly expressed, and have so many just thoughts, and are for the most part earnest and to the purpose. The very absence of any character derived from a current literature is, rightly considered, a charm of this correspondence. Romances, indeed, the ladies had to read, of Arthur, and Guy, and Richard Cœur de Lion; and they had many an old ballad, now preserved or lost; and they had legends of the Saints. Sir John Paston had a library of which an inventory is left, consisting altogether of thirty-four volumes. Of these one was "in print." Anne Paston (of whom we hear little) had a book, "The

Siege of Thebes. But neither gentleman nor lady had much opportunity for literature, even though one of the greatest of poets, had long before opened his "well of English undefiled." There is not one allusion to Chaucer in all this correspondence of fifty years.

The Paston Letters were written in the days before the Reformation, although the morning sky shewed streaks of that day-spring; and so we have glimpses of friars and pilgrims; and Sir John Paston tells a tale of "a vision seen about the walls of Boulogne, as it had been a woman with a marvellous light; men deeming that Our Lady there will shew herself a lover of that town." Let us not laugh at the undoubting mind of Sir John Paston; for, even in the England of 1853, there are believers in "Our Lady of Salette" appearing, "as it had been a woman with a marvellous light." But with touches of what we call superstition, there was, amongst these people, a deep abiding sense of God over all—a part of the reverence that was a great characteristic of our nation—of children for parents, of servants for masters, of wives for husbands—of the laity for the Church.—ONCE UPON A TIME.

The next sketch with which we are presented is one of "THE DISCOVERER OF MADEIRA." The period is the early part of the fifteenth century, and right well does Mr. Knight carry us back to that remote period, portraying with a masterly hand the characters he temporarily revives, for the selection and instruction of his readers. This is succeeded by "THE SILENT HIGHWAY," a picture that might have been entitled "The Thames in the Olden Time." Then come "THE YOUNGER SON," "HANG OUT YOUR LIGHTS," "EVIL MAY-DAY," "COUNTRY WAYFARERS," "PHILIP SIDNEY AND FULKE GREVILLE," "SHAKSPERE'S FIRST RIDE TO LONDON."

We cannot refrain from giving a short extract from the last-named tale.

Richard Burbage is the supposed companion of Shakspeare—

The first stages of their journey would offer little interest to the travellers. Having passed Long Compton, and climbed the steep range of hills that divide Warwickshire from Oxfordshire, weary stretches of barren downs would present a novel contrast to the fertility of Shakspeare's own county. But after a few miles the scene would change: a noble park would stretch out as far as the eye could reach—rich with venerable oaks and beeches, planted in the reign of Henry I.—the famous park of Woodstock. The poet would be familiar with all the interesting associations of this place. Here was Rosamond Clifford secluded from the eyes of the world by her bold and accomplished royal lover. Here dwelt Edward III. Here, more interesting than either fact, Chaucer wrote some of his early poems—

"Within a lodge out of the way,
Beside a well in a forest."

And here, when he retired from active life, he composed his immortal "Canterbury Tales." Here was the Lady Elizabeth a prisoner, almost dreading death, only a year or two before she ascended the throne. Here, "hearing upon a time out of her garden a certain milkmaid singing pleasantly, she wished herself to be a milkmaid as she was; saying that her case was better, and life more merrier than was hers in that state as she was." The travellers assuredly visited the palace which a few years after Hentzner described as abounding in magnificence; and near a spring of the brightest water they would have viewed all that was left of the tomb of Rosamond, with

her rhyming epitaph, the production, probably, of a later age.

"Hic jacet in tombâ Rosamundi non Rosamundâ,
Non redolet sed olet, quæ redolere solet."

The earliest light of the next morning would see the companions on their way to Oxford, and an hour's riding would lodge them in the famous hostelry of the Corn-Market, the Crown. Aubrey tells us that "Mr. William Shakspeare was wont to go into Warwickshire once a-year, and did commonly in his journey lie at this house in Oxon, where he was exceedingly respected." The poet's first journey may have determined his subsequent habit of resting at this house. It is no longer an inn. But one who possessed a true enthusiasm, Thomas Warton, described it in the last century, in the belief "that Shakspeare's old hostelry at Oxford deserves no less respect than Chaucer's Tabard at Southwark." He says, "As to the Crown Inn, it still remains an inn, and is an old decayed house, but probably was once a principal inn in Oxford. It is directly in the road from Stratford to London. In a large upper room, which seems to have been a sort of hall for entertaining a large company, or for accommodating (as was the custom) different parties at once, there was a bow-window, with three pieces of excellent painted glass." We have ample materials for ascertaining what aspect Oxford presented for the first time to the eye of Shakspeare. The ancient castle, according to Hentzner, was in ruins; but the elegance of its private buildings, and the magnificence of its public ones, filled this traveller with admiration. So noble a place, raised up entirely for the encouragement of learning, would excite in the young poet feelings that were strange and new. He had wept over the ruins of religious houses, but here was something left to give the assurance that there was a real barrier against the desolations of force and ignorance. A deep regret might pass through his mind that he had not availed himself of the opening which was presented to the humblest in the land, here to make himself a ripe and good scholar. Oxford was the patrimony of the people, and he, one of the people, had not claimed his birthright. He was set out upon a doubtful adventure; the persons with whom he was to be associated had no rank in society,—they were to a certain extent despised; they were the servants of a luxurious court, and what was sometimes worse, of a tasteless public. But, on the other hand, as he passed before Balliol College, he must have recollected what a fearful tragedy was there acted some thirty years before. Was he sure that the day of persecution for opinions was altogether past? Men were still disputing everywhere around him; and the slighter the differences between them, the more violent their zeal.

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On the evening of the fourth day after their departure from home, would the young wayfarers, accustomed to fatigue, reach London. They would see only fields and hedge-rows, leading to the hills of Hampstead and Highgate on the north of the road, and to Westminster on the south. They would be wholly in the country, with a long line of road before them, without a house, at the spot which now, although bearing the name of a lane—Park Lane—is one of the chosen seats of fashion. Here Burbage would point out to his companion the distant roofs of the Abbey and the Hall of Westminster; and nearer would stand St. James's Palace—a solitary and somewhat gloomy building. They would ride on through fields till they came very near the village of St. Giles's. Here, turning from their easterly direction to the south, they would pass through meadows, with the herd quietly grazing under the evening sun in one enclosure, and the laundress collecting her bleached linen in another. They are now in St. Martin's Lane, and the hum of the population begins to be heard. The inn in the Strand receives their horses, and they take boat at Somerset Place. Then bursts upon the young stranger a full con-

ception of the wealth and greatness of that city of which he has heard so much, and imagined so much more. Hundreds of boats are upon the river. Here and there a stately barge is rowed along, gay with streamers and rich liveries; and the sound of music is heard from its decks, and the sound is repeated from many a beauteous garden that skirts the water's edge. He looks back upon the cluster of noble buildings that form the Palace of Westminster. York Place and the spacious Savoy bring their historical recollections to his mind. He looks eastward, and there is the famous Temple, and the Palace of Bridewell, and Baynard's Castle. Above all these things rises up the majestic spire of Paul's. London Bridge, that wonder of the world, now shews its picturesque turrets and multitudinous arches; and in the distance is seen the Tower of London, full of grand and solemn associations. The boat rests at the Blackfriars. In a few minutes they are threading the narrow streets of the precinct; and a comfortable house affords the weary youths a cheerful welcome.

Among the best articles in the second volume is one entitled "THE FIRST NEWSPAPER STAMP," which every one should read; as they should also "FANNY BURNEY AT HOME" and "DEAR AND CHEAP," which last contains some very curious information. Let our fair readers, who regard tea as an indispensable luxury, rejoice, if for no other consideration, that they bloomed not, two centuries ago.

About ten years after we have any distinct record of the public or private use of tea in England—that is, in 1670—a tax was imposed upon liquid tea of eighteenpence per gallon. In 1660 our invaluable friend Pepys writes, "I did send for a cup of tea (a China drink) of which I never had drank before." In 1667 the herb had found its way into his own house: "Home—and there find my wife making of tea; a drink which Mr. Pelling, the Potticary, tells her is good for her cold and defluxions."

Mrs. Pepys making her first cup of tea is a subject to be painted. How carefully she metes out the grains of the precious drug, which Mr. Pelling, the Potticary, has sold her at a most enormous price—a crown an ounce at the very least. She has tasted the liquor once before; but then there was sugar in the infusion—a beverage only for the highest. If tea should become fashionable, it will cost in housekeeping as much as their claret. However, Pepys says, the price is coming down; and he produces the handbill of Thomas Garway, in Exchange Alley, which the lady peruses with great satisfaction; for the worthy merchant says, that, although "tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight," he, "by continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea," now "sells tea for 16s. to 50s. a pound." Garway not only sells tea in the leaf, but "many noblemen, physicians, merchants, &c., daily resort to his house to drink the drink thereof." The coffee-houses soon ran away with the tea-merchant's liquid customers. They sprang up all over London; they became a fashion at the Universities. Coffee and tea came into England as twin-brothers. Like many other foreigners, they received a full share of abuse and persecution from the people and the state. Coffee was denounced as "hell broth," and tea as "poison." But the coffee-houses became fashionable at once; and for a century were the exclusive resorts of wits and politicians. "Here," says a pamphleteer of 1673, "haberdashers of political small wares meet, and mutually abuse each other and the public, with bottomless stories and headless notions." Clarendon, in 1666, proposed, either to suppress them, or to employ spies to note down the conversation. In 1670 the liquids sold at the coffee-houses were to be taxed. We can scarcely imagine a

state of society in which the excise-officer was superintending the preparation of a gallon of tea, and charging his eighteenpence. The exciseman and the spy were probably united in the same person. During this period we may be quite certain that tea was unknown, as a general article of diet, in the private houses even of the wealthiest. But it was not taxation which then kept it out of use. The drinkers of tea were ridiculed by the wits, and frightened by the physicians. More than all, a new habit had been acquired. The praise of Boyle was nothing against the ancient influences of ale and claret. It was then a help to excess instead of a preventive. A writer in 1682 says—"I know some that celebrate good Thee for preventing drunkenness, taking it before they go to the tavern, and use it very much also after a debauch." One of the first attractions of "the cup which cheers but not inebriates" was a minister of evil.

The tax upon liquid tea would not work, and then came heavy customs duties on dry tea. For more than half a century, in which fiscal folly and prohibition were almost convertible terms, tea gradually forced its way into domestic use.

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In 1746 the consumption of tea was trebled. The duty had been reduced, in 1745, from 4s. per lb. to 1s. per lb., and 25 per cent. on the gross price. For forty years afterwards the Legislature contrived to keep the consumption pretty equal with the increase of the population, putting on a little more duty when the demand seemed a little increasing. These were the palmy days of Dr. Johnson's tea triumphs—the days in which he describes himself as "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who has for many years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evenings; with tea solaces the midnights; and with tea welcomes the morning." In 1785 the Government boldly repealed the excise duty, and imposed only a customs duty of 12½ per cent. The consumption of tea was doubled in the first year after the change, and quadrupled in the third. The system was too good to last. The concession of three years in which the public might freely use an article of comfort was quite enough for official liberality and wisdom. New duties were imposed in 1787; the consumption was again driven back, and, by additional duty upon duty, was kept far behind the increase of the population. Yet the habit of tea-drinking had become so rooted in the people, that no efforts of the Government could destroy it. The washerwoman looked to her afternoon "dish of tea," as something that might make her comfortable after her twelve hours' labour; and balancing her saucer on a tripod of three fingers, breathed a joy beyond utterance as she cooled the draught. The factory workman then looked forward to the singing of the kettle, as some compensation for the din of the spindle. Tea had found its way even to the hearth of the agricultural labourer. He "had lost his rye teeth"—to use his own expression for his preference of wheaten bread—and he would have his ounce of tea as well as the best of his neighbours. Sad stuff the chandler's shop furnished him: no commodity brought hundreds of miles from the interior of China, chiefly by human labour; shipped according to the most expensive arrangements; sold under a limited competition at the dearest rate, and taxed as highly as its wholesale cost. The small tea-dealers had their manufactured tea. But they had also their smuggled tea. The pound of tea which sold for eight shillings in England was selling in Hamburg for fourteenpence. It was hard indeed if the artisan did not occasionally obtain a cup of good tea at a somewhat lower price than the King and John Company had willed. No dealer could send out six pounds of tea without a permit. Excisemen were issuing permits and examining permits all over the kingdom. But six hundred per

cent. profit was too much for the weakness of human nature and the power of the excisemen.

But we have said enough to induce every one, who delights at all in rational antiquarian research, to purchase "Once upon a Time." We may add, for the guidance of those of our literary friends, on whom devolves the onerous and responsible duty of selecting books for reading clubs, that this is a book that will give pretty general satisfaction.

Juvenile Delinquency. By MICAHILL HILL, Esq., and C. F. CORNWALLIS. Smith and Elder.

THIS volume contains the two Essays to which were awarded the prize offered by Lady Noel Byron for the best exposition of a subject, the importance of thoroughly investigating which cannot be overrated. The prize originally named, and for which there were twenty-eight competitors, was 200*l.*; but the adjudicators finding it impossible to decide between the relative merits of the two gentlemen above named, the benevolent lady increased the sum by a third, thereby creating two prizes of 150*l.* each. A third prize—that of public gratitude—is justly due to the noble lady, who, by her judicious liberality, has thus elicited, for the public good, the ability and knowledge distinguishing both the successful candidates. They are indeed fairly entitled to divide the crown; the former, for the valuable array of facts and statistics he collects, and the weighty inferences he draws from them, thus elucidating the subject both in its general aspect and in its details; the latter, for the profound philosophical view he takes of it in all its bearings and his striking power of analysis. No more vital subject demands public attention at the present time than that of juvenile delinquency, its wide-spreading evils, and the means whereby they may be materially mitigated, if not wholly eradicated. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," may be regarded as the wisest of all the dicta of the wise man; and the more population and civilization extends, the more deeply should it be reflected upon, and acted upon. What abundance of food, in effect, is afforded both for reflection and action in the stupendous fact, that the number of juvenile vagrants in and out of prison, throughout this country, is reckoned at no less than 200,000. The state of utter degradation in which they live, and their ignorance of every thing but vice, is traceable, in the first place, to the neglect of their parents; in the second, to the system of imprisonment, that worse than inadequate method resorted to by the State with the view of suppressing the evils thus engendered. As regards the consequences of parental neglect, in

the case more particularly of the numerous cottermonger class, Mr. Hill writes:—

The parents have no solicitude about their children, provided their limbs acquire their natural form and strength. Their notions of right and wrong are derived from police interference. As soon as a little girl, for instance, is able to go alone, the court becomes her playground and the gutter her schoolroom. At the age of seven she enters upon the occupation of her life, never daring to return home in the evening if, unfortunate in her sales, but passing the night under a dry arch, or by the entrance of some market-place, until the morrow's gains assure her a safe reception and shelter under the paternal roof. It is by the aid of these little precocious creatures that many a family have been kept from starvation or the workhouse. This source of juvenile depravity is obvious. Multitudes have sickened and died, and multitudes have survived such hardships only to enter upon a course of vagrancy and crime.

Again, as to the children thus left wholly destitute and uncared for:—

They consist of a numerous and increasing body of young persons who are being trained in a way they should not go. By some they are called the Arabs of the streets; by others, the outcasts of society; by others again, human vermin. However designated, the terms employed make it manifest that they are sometimes the objects of fear, sometimes of aversion, often of pity; that they are not of society, but, somehow, for its misfortunes, interwoven with it. It is this class that forms the head-spring of that overflowing river of crime, which spreads its corrupting waters through the land. It cannot be dried up. It has never yet been purified; nor, indeed, have any well-directed efforts, at all commensurate with the magnitude of the evil, ever been instituted. Some have compared them to the most degraded amongst savages—We, like the Kaffirs, Fellahs, and Finns, are surrounded by wandering hordes, paupers, beggars, and outcasts, possessing nothing but what they acquire by depredation from the industrious, provident, and civilized portions of the community. Strange to say, despite its privations, its dangers, its hardships, those who have once adopted the savage and wandering mode of life, rarely abandon it.

The mode of dealing with these evil tendencies has, till recently, been not only abortive, but of a character to foster and encourage them.

How lamentably ineffectual is the prevalent system of imprisoning youthful offenders will be evident from the following few facts set forth by Mr. Hill:—

According to the chaplain of Bath Gaol, one batch of 98 children underwent during six years 216 imprisonments. The testimony of the head master of the Sutcliffe Industrial School in Bath is to the same effect. In a manuscript report for the last few months, it is stated, that three out of every five lads in that school have been in gaol from one to ten times. The chaplain of Liverpool Gaol has stated, that "out of 26 females, all of whom commenced as juveniles, he found that 25 had been in gaol on the average seven times each; the other he did not think it fair or proper to bring forward as an average example, because she had been 57 times in gaol. . . . He found, that taking 42 individuals, male adults, at this moment [1850] in Liverpool Gaol, who were first received there as juvenile thieves, the aggregate commitments amount to 401, or 9½ times each on an average. The average career of crime was five years and four months." The benevolent magistrate of Liverpool, in a letter to the town

council in 1850, gives the history of a juvenile delinquent, which is thus summed up by him:—"Thus, at the age of fourteen, he has been twenty-four times in custody; he has been five times discharged, twice imprisoned for fourteen days, once for one month, once for two months, six times for three months, and tried and convicted, and sentenced to four months' imprisonment and to be twice whipped."

Such is the evidence afforded on all hands of the absolute failure of juvenile imprisonment, as a deterring agent.

In America, on the other hand, there are numerous reformatory and educational establishments scattered over the States. We find, that of 4397 boys and girls received into the New-York House of Refuge, previously to January 1849, three-fourths have been saved from ruin; and quite as favourable an account would be warranted of 2250 inmates of a similar institution in Philadelphia. An asylum on an island in Boston harbour should also be noticed, where seventy or eighty destitute boys are educated and taught industrial occupations, and are thus rescued from the ruin that impended over them. In Hamburgh, Berlin, and other cities of Germany, public attention is directed with much earnestness to the necessity of rescuing the children of the lower orders from the dangers of brute ignorance with its attendant disorders, and many well-conducted and successful establishments for the purpose are in full action.

England has latterly begun to shake off her lethargy, and to recognise the paramount claims of the masses upon the state and upon society. Whether we regard the efforts making by the Government or by individuals and associations, a brighter prospect is opening. Among the various institutions, the operations of which are attended with the most satisfactory results, the Philanthropic at Redhill and the Colonial Training Society stand conspicuous; while the energetic and widely-spread efforts of the National Society, and, in their more limited sphere, the Ragged and Sunday Schools, are gradually but surely effecting a change in the moral aspect of the country, the value and importance of which cannot be over-estimated.

It is clearly shewn, by both the present essayists, the expense of erecting and maintaining a sufficient number of reformatory establishments, and schools for reclaiming and educating the entire mass of the population now sunk in the depths of vice, would fall far short of the enormous amount now annually wasted in the construction and current expenses of prisons. As to the burden imposed on the community by the maintenance of prisoners, the one astounding truth will suffice, that the average cost of maintaining 18,000 prisoners in the Middlesex gaols alone, was 135*l.* each per annum, making, at the lowest estimate, an annual outlay of 2,160,000*l.* And this is

solely due to ignorance on the one side, and neglect on the other.

Mr. Cornwallis commences his very able essay by demonstrating that, from the earliest times, ignorance has always been the forerunner of the overthrow of great empires. He then enters upon a philosophical examination of the inherent rights of individuals on the one side, and those of society on the other, in connection with its duties. Each individual, he argues, has a claim upon his fellow-creatures, that he shall not be impeded in the development of any part of his faculties, bodily or mental, since, without these, it is not to be expected that he can adequately fulfil the intention of his Maker in his creation.

We here take our leave of these essays, cordially recommending them and similar appeals to the earnest attention of all who desire to see our country fully clearing itself of the reproach to which it is still liable, as regards the moral and religious condition of the masses, upon whose tendencies our prosperity, and, indeed, our very existence as a nation, depend. Thanks to the active and searching spirit of the age, the gangrene of our social system will, ere long, be cut out of the body politic; if every one engaged in the good work will steadily act upon the sterling ancient maxim, "*Nil actum reputans dem quid superesset agendum.*"

The Cross and the Dragon, or, the Fortunes of Christianity in China. By JOHN KESSON, of the British Museum. Pp. 282. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS title reads like that of a novel; but on the title-page of the book there is the additional information that Mr. Kesson offers his readers "*Notices of the Christian Missions and Missionaries in China,*" to which he adds some account of the Chinese secret societies. We wish the learned author had given us a more lengthy account of those secret societies. We would then gladly have pardoned him if he had curtailed his account of the Missions, especially of the early Catholic ones, to which he devotes more of his own space and the reader's time than is necessary for the establishment of his argument, viz. that the Chinese rebellion is but feebly charged with the spiritual element; that the rebels are most likely not converts to Christianity; that their motives are entirely political; and that the rebellion is fomented by the secret societies which abound throughout the empire, especially in the southern provinces. The Catholic Missions in China (we still report Mr. Kesson's argument) have made so little progress in the course of centuries, that their results may be estimated as proxi-

mate to next to nothing; and the Protestant Missions, though carried out by valiant and honourable men, are of far too recent growth to have done more than touch the outskirts of the gigantic empire, to the centre of which no Protestant Missionary, with the sole exception of Gutzlaff, has ever dared to penetrate. Mr. Kesson is confirmed in his opinion by the information received from China, that the city of Shanghai was taken by rebels belonging to the Short-Sword Society. "This," says he, "is no doubt a ramification of the grand Triad Society, called the Brotherhood of Heaven and Earth." This, we beg to observe, *may* be the case; but to assert it as a fact established beyond the possibility of doubt is a rash proceeding. We know that the Short-Sword Society is one among the many secret societies in China. Mr. Kesson knows that there is in that country a grand Triad Society, called the Brotherhood of Heaven and Earth; but though he furnishes some valuable and interesting information respecting the latter, not one fact does Mr. Kesson advance tending to connect the two societies, and much less to establish the grand Triad Society as the main-spring of the rebellion.

The sum and substance of Mr. Kesson's very able and interesting treatise seems to be, that China is not at all a fruitful field for Missionary labour, and that the preachers of the gospel have at all times and seasons been foiled by the indifference in religious and exterminated by the intolerance in political matters which form the prominent characteristics of the natives of the Celestial Empire. China, it appears, has been the object even of an apostolic mission, since St. Thomas the Apostle preached at Peking, just before he was put to death at Coromandel. But from St. Thomas downwards the Missionaries have fared worse and worse: they were put to forced labour in the best of cases, and torn to pieces in the worst; with this one uniform result, that their attempts to make real converts were thoroughly, hopelessly unsuccessful. There are a few solitary instances of the Jesuit Missionaries having received protection at the hands of Chinese emperors; but they were protected, not as the preachers of a pure religion, but as men versed in arts and sciences which were found to be of great use to the Chinese. The only traces of Christianity that remain in the interior of China are the graves of its martyrs. For, since the truth must be told, the Chinese, as well as the Mantchoo Tartars, have never at any one time been able to appreciate, and much less to feel, the necessity of a change of religion. "They are thorough atheists!" writes one of the Protestant Missionaries of these latter years. It would appear that they were so from the first. One

of the Mantchoo Khans, to whom the Pope's ambassadors came exhorting him to see the evil of his ways, and grant facilities for the preaching of the doctrine of salvation, mistook the pious prelates and monks who bore the message for ambassadors of an earthly potentate called "the Pope," and caused the following letter to be written to him—

By the order of the divine Khan, Baidjou Noyan addresses to thee these words: Know, O Pope, that thy envoys have come to us bearing thy letters. Thy envoys have spoken high words. We know not whether thou hast ordered them to speak in this manner, or whether they speak of themselves. Thy letters, among others, have these words: '*You slay and destroy many men.*' Now, behold the commandment of God, and the order that has been given to us by him who is the master of all the earth: '*Whosoever shall obey us remains in possession of his land, his water, and his patrimony, and yields his strength to the master of all the earth; but whosoever resists him shall be destroyed.*' We transmit this order, by virtue of which, if thou hast a wish to preserve thy land, thy water, and thy patrimony, thou must appear before us in person, Pope, and then thou must present thyself before him who is master of all the earth. And if thou dost not obey the commandment of God, and of him who rules upon earth, we know not what shall be done to thee—God only knows.

In later times the exertions of the Missionaries were productive only of imperial edicts, in which the Europeans were censured for deceiving "the people with silly conversations," and for bringing over "priests and busybodies, contrary to the express words of the law." As to the conduct of the Chinese themselves, Mr. Kesson quotes Dr. Milne, one of the Protestant Missionaries in China:—

When a few persons came to hear, it was no easy matter to fix their attention. Some would be talking; others laughing at the newness of the things spoken; others smoking their pipes; others coming in and going out, as they act in the temples of their own gods. They did these things more from habit or ignorance than from intentional disrespect to the word of God; but the difficulty to the speaker was nearly the same.

Mr. M'Clatchie, another Missionary, and, as a Scotchman, naturally fond of argument, complains that "it seems impossible to rouse the Chinese into any opposition to the truth;" and adds, that in six years he met "only two persons who entered into discussions in defence of idolatry."

Dr. Hobson, the agent of the Religious Tract Society in Canton, says—

Repeated evidence has been afforded to us that the religious books and tracts distributed in the public streets and shops are treated with great disrespect. * * They are usually condemned at once, or set aside after inspection of the title-page; and if the distributor is a native he is often insulted with opprobrious language.

This being the case, we are by no means astonished to learn that it took one of the Missionaries, Dr. Morrison, seven years before he baptized his first convert; and still less astonished are we to find that Dr. Milne added to his report of the baptism of a printer attached

to the mission a series of very reasonable observations, in which he complains that a Missionary is expected to break down, or ride roughshod over, the prejudices of a heathen people at once.

He is expected, in his reports, to show repeated progress in the salvation of souls. As fame is dependent upon success, and a mission is prized and supported in proportion to the number of native converts made, the Missionary has every temptation thrust before him to cause him to act disingenuously, and to magnify his labours when his accounts are beyond the reach of audit.

To this we have only to add, that, according to the reports of the Missionary Societies, the number of Bibles, books, and tracts, that have been printed and distributed in China has been enormous. In 1844 they amounted to 991,373 publications in Chinese and Malay, but chiefly in the former language. And yet the result might fairly be computed to amount to next to nothing, until the world was startled by the most unexpected news of a Christian rebellion in China. Mr. Kesson, it will be found, is quite right in asserting that it may have suited the policy of the insurgent leaders to profess a knowledge of Christianity, for the purpose of securing the neutrality of the British, and with a faint hope, perhaps, of cheating them out of some effectual assistance.

The complexion of the whole movement is too political to admit of the supposition that it is animated by the faintest spark of religion. That the insurgent iconoclastic tendencies does not even argue the absence of idolatry, or their antipathy to Romanism. The destruction of idols is far from a new feature in Chinese rebellions. The pagoda which contains the talisman portrait of a ruler of the existing dynasty would naturally draw down upon it their vengeance.

Mr. Kesson's account of the Tien-ching Society of Heaven and Earth is curious, as it has little or no connection with the subject-matter of his work—one which we may safely recommend to our readers as treating with respect to China and the Chinese, "and a few more besides."

Memorable Women. By MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND. David Bogue, Fleet Street.

MRS. CROSLAND'S assigned object, in her present work, is to place before the young women of the present day irreproachable models of good wives and mothers; but we feel firmly persuaded, that if their own hearts and principles do not lead them in the paths of duty, her book is scarcely likely to effect it. The first in her gallery of portraits is Lady Rachel Russell, whose virtues, nobleness of disposition, and resignation, have been already the frequent theme of biographical detail and eulogy. Next follows Madame d'Arblay, the triumphant authoress of "Evelina," a novel which, from its great improvement on the coarser fictions which had preceded it, was

hailed with feelings of satisfaction, and received well-merited eulogy. We are made acquainted with all the minutiae of her life during her childhood, her literary labours, her attendance on Queen Charlotte, and her after trials, with all of which the public have long since been well acquainted from her own memoirs. Madame Piozzi, too, finds a place among the "Memorable Women." Her association with the celebrated characters of the day is, however, the only reason why her name is likely to descend to posterity, while the history of her domestic life tells of no extraordinary actions justifying her elevation to the rank of a "perfect pattern," either in her conjugal or maternal relations. Nor do we altogether approve of placing Margaret Fuller Ossoli in such a gallery as this is intended to present.

From its commencement to its conclusion, the work exhibits neither originality of thought nor power. The authoress is too fond of recapitulating trifles and of dwelling on minutiae; hence, consequently, is deficient both in interest and in power.

—
The ultimate and proximate results of Redemption, chiefly deduced from the oath sworn unto Abraham. By H. E. HEAD, M.A., Rector of Feniton, Devon. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.

THIS is one of that class of works of which it would be difficult to give a satisfactory review, without trenching upon the rule that precludes us from entering upon any topic that might insensibly lead us into a disquisition. By a strict adherence from the first to that regulation, we have hitherto successfully avoided all collision with the prejudices or convictions of any denomination of our readers, and we certainly will keep out of theological strife as long as we can. We can only therefore say, that Mr. Head's work is one that displays a vast amount of Biblical knowledge and research, combined with great argumentative power, clearness of view, precision of language, and earnestness of purpose.

—
Dramatic Poems on Scriptural Subjects. By EDWARD ARTHUR SMEDLEY, M.A., Vicar of Chesterton. London: Bosworth, 215 Regent Street.

THE titles of the two poems which compose this volume are respectively Zedekiah and Eli, and from the titles the characters may readily be inferred. "Scripture," as Mr. Smedley reminds us, "speaks of Zedekiah as a king who 'did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord;' but, nevertheless, on two occasions mitigated the hardships of Jeremiah's incarceration, and, according to Josephus, manifested

a benevolent disposition." This he mentions, in order to meet objections to several traits he has annexed to his character.

With respect to the introduction of fictitious persons and circumstances into these dramas, Mr. Smcdley aptly cites the example of Milton, and further, "urges the possibility that the persons might have existed and the circumstances might have occurred." He has shewn

considerable poetical power, classical taste, and correct judgment in the execution of a task surrounded with more than ordinary difficulty; and though the result is not calculated to win popularity, the little volume is highly creditable to him as a clergyman, and its perusal can by no possibility be productive of any but beneficial results.

Miscellaneous Notices.

The History of Yucatan, from its discovery to the close of the Seventeenth Century, by Charles St. John Fancourt, Esq., recently H.M. Superintendant of the British Settlements in the Bay of Honduras.—Yucatan, or Merida, is the peninsula which separates the Gulf of Mexico from the Caribbean sea, and forms the southern extremity of Mexico. It consists of a vast alluvial plain, intersected by a range of mountains, has an area of eight hundred and twenty-three square leagues, and a population of half a million of souls. It is chiefly known to us by its production of logwood. The land is in great part arid and waterless, and the population is subject to frequent famines. On the eastern coast of this peninsula the settlements of British Honduras have been established, and the superintendant of these settlements now asks the attention of the public to a history, in two octavo volumes, of this most inviting part of the world. When we have added that this political division of the republic of Mexico has in quite recent times separated itself from the Mexican Confederation, and declared itself independent, we have said all that is necessary to prepare the student for a perusal of Mr. Fancourt's history; for, strange to say, not a word of this will be found in the volume now under review. This first portion of the work deduces the history of the peninsula, from its discovery by De Solis and Pinzon to the year 1699. It is, in fact, little more than a history of the conquest of the country by the Spaniards. In the next volume the author proposes to speak of more modern, and, we hope, more interesting times; for although we may laud his industry, and admire the research he has employed upon his Spanish authorities, we can scarcely expect that our readers would pleasantly follow us in any more particular discussion of the subject-matter of the work. If Mr. Macaulay be correct in his opinion, that a broken head in Cold-Bath Fields is of greater interest to the British public than a famine in the Punjaub, we can hardly hope that the wars of the Itzaex will attract an amused or attentive audience.

The Life of Girolamo Cardano, of Milan, Physician, by Henry Morley, author of "Palissy the Potter," &c. 2 Vols. Chapman and Hall.—Mr. Morley has undertaken the Old Mortality office of cleaning the tombstones of half-forgotten men. Jerome Cardan was a considerable man in his day—a great mathematician, a great judicial astrologer—"a man" says Tiraboschi, "more credulous over dreams than any silly girl; observing them scrupulously in himself and others—a man who believed that he had the friendship of a demon, who, by marvellous signs, warned him of perils—a man who himself saw and heard things never heard or seen by any other man—a man, in short, of whom, if we read only certain of his works, we may say that he was the greatest fool who ever lived; yet who was at the same time one of the profoundest and most fertile geniuses that Italy has produced, and who made rare and precious discoveries in mathematics and in medicine."

Jerome Cardan was the natural son of a mathematician and a young widow. He was a mixture of great wit and madness. He reckoned that he had published 131

books, and that he left behind him in manuscript 111. He had learned to read Greek and Latin by inspiration—which his biographer, with some modification, believes—and was the object of the visits of the rapping spirits. He died in 1576, and was buried at St. Mark's at Milan.

As a psychological curiosity, this man would be worth study, if we could lay his intellect upon a moral dissecting table and examine it through a microscope. This, however, cannot be done. Mr. Morley pretends to do so by searching through his ten folio volumes, and bringing together every sentence that may symbolise a peculiarity; but his industry is greater than his success.

The work is very carefully done, but is, after all, but unprofitable reading.

The Tables Turned. By Anti-Satan, a Christian Secularist. Another pamphlet upon the old, dead, buried, and forgotten table-turning nonsense. We have hitherto spared our readers any account of that monstrous diablerie controversy that has, to the scandal of all sane Christian men, arisen from its ashes. However, as the conflict of crotchets has a quasi literary character, we will let "Anti-Satan" speak:—

The Christian world has lately been much edified by the pious lucubrations of the Rev. N. S. Godfrey, on the subject of what he calls "Table-Turning, the result of Satanic Agency;" in which productions the wondrous theory is broached that God has permitted, at this time, for wise but undefined purposes—among which, that of terrifying good Christians into a salutary faith, appears to be at present the most prominent—a new revelation, *not from above, but from below*, to be put forth through the inorganic world; and which, though avowedly with the intention of deceiving mankind, has most opportunely been exposed in all its lying craftiness at the very first outset by the judicious arrangements of this good pastor himself, in his holy capacity of Christian teacher, and expounder of the hidden mysteries of the dispensation of mercy.

This gentleman affirms not only that the piece of furniture above mentioned—on the proper manipulation of himself, wife, curate, and others, at various times and places, and in the presence of witnesses—moves; but that by sundry liftings and knockings of its legs upon the ground, he has received distinct, and more or less coherent answers to questions of different kinds, ranging from simple inquiries into the private affairs of the wicked spirit himself, up to very abstruse and hitherto incomprehensible—some have gone so far as to say, entirely gratuitous and unscriptural—theological doctrines.

In short, Mr. Godfrey unhesitatingly announces his reception of communications from the unseen world; and what is still more extraordinary, on account of the rarity of it, from the kingdom of devils; which, if it should prove to be the peculiar mission of the Protestant Church at this juncture, will certainly be a strange coincidence, the Romish ditto having, for some time past, established a monopoly of those professedly from a loftier source.

Our "gentle shepherd," in announcing these "glad tidings," asserts that an evil spirit, meaning thereby a departed soul—one of the lost sheep of his own little flock—who rejoiced, when on the earth, in the euphonious name of "Alfred Brown," *alias* "Bripalèt," has been sent by Satan or Beelzebub, the "prince of *this world*," in other words, the devil, on the delicate mission of leading man into egregious error on

certain difficult religious points; in pursuance of which insidious plan he proceeds, under the ingenious torture of his seemingly unexpected opponent, to "knock out" sentences expressive of the deepest remorse, the most intense suffering, his entire confidence in the existing Church Establishment, his opinion of the injurious effects of Methodist Meetings, and moreover, his irresistible propensity for "lying!"

And what has been the extraordinary result? The Christian laity have looked wonderfully on, naturally anticipating, as the Churches have their own peculiar ways of "correcting a brother," to see this one anathematized, or, at least, quietly ejected. No such thing! the books sell and resell; the Church remains silent; the evil spreads; the Revs. E. Gillson, Kelly, &c. &c., follow in the wake with interesting pamphlets of the same ennobling and consoling tendency; and finally, this new doctrine, the doctrine of the "Intervention of Devils," is actually preached from the pulpit to an English audience! It was clear at last then—we had forgotten the evidence of history: the conclusion is inevitable—"heresy against a Church, 'established by law' (or otherwise), is a sin which may be visited with torture; imprisoned; or, even in our time, hunted to death in a foreign land; but heresy against *the* Church, the pure, the all-loving, elevating doctrines of the holy Jesus; clear, anti-scriptural heresy, i.e. the teaching of 'salvation by fear,' may be promulgated without reproof, persecution, or punishment; or at any rate, until popular indignation is aroused at the scandal of a Church, professedly Christian, rendering itself liable to the charge of causing "the truth to be evil spoken of," and aroused sufficiently to threaten its power or influence over men's minds. The danger to true Christianity at such a moment is palpably imminent. Degrading enough to humanity was this delusion, arising from a side not avowedly Christian, i.e. from the non-Christian or outer world; but coming now, as it has, in a shape likely to impose on the weak-minded, though would-be pious; possibly to shake the faith even of the stronger; and most certainly to give a hold to "mouthing and gibing" infidelity, by its certain results of causing many to "stumble and fall;" coming, in the name of Christ, with the sanction of the presumptive "illuminati" of the religion; and, more than all, stamped by them unhesitatingly with the authority of the Scriptures; all false considerations must be thrown aside, the yoke must be cast off, and this false teaching exposed in all its strange ignorance of the true spiritual meaning of Scripture doctrine.

All who meddle with modern miracles (unless they happen to have a rogue's object in view) have a crack, more or less. We must not be surprised, therefore, to find that Anti-Satan has his crotchet. He belongs to a section of *Christians* who are inclined to ignore the Devil altogether, and, as far as possible, to deny his existence. It is not for us to enter upon such a controversy. We can only hope that Anti-Satan may return to orthodox belief before he receives any practical and unpleasant refutation of his heresy.

Ceci Morinet is a tale in verse, edited by R. W. Essington, "with the hope that it may assist in completing the Parish Church of Shenstone." It is supposed to be the ballad of one Leofwine of Seneston, and relates how a wicked priest deceived two heroic youths, inducing one to believe that he had slain the other in battle; how the priest shut up both of them in dungeons, making love, meanwhile, to the ladye-love of Ernle; how one of the victims went mad; and how, at last, one of the two friends having recovered his wits, and the other his liberty, they join together, and thrash the priest. Without being critical as to the language and the chronological accompaniments of the poem, we must say that it is a very creditable little performance, and we hope it may effect its author's pious object. There is no undue pretension about it. Here is an extract:—

SECOND KNIGHT'S SONG.

'The trumpet on the battle-field,
The cheer, the charge, the glory,
Sound sweetly in the shadowy land
Of many a minstrel's story.
But he who once has mingled in
The carnage, who has lain
Through a long night, in aching thirst,
Alive among the slain,

And waking on the morrow
From a troubled swoon, has found
His only leach a gaoler,
And his pillow the damp ground,

Will shudder at the name of war,
And curse the hand which draws
His sword for empty glory, or
To serve a selfish cause.

But God it was, and only God,
Who gave him once again
To look upon the friend whom he
Had sorrowed for as slain,—

To look on him restored to life—
To liberty, and know
That 't was not he who dealt the wound
Which once had laid him low;—

Not he, but that ungentle Priest,
Who on the selfsame day
Had seized them, wildered with their wounds,
And borne them both away,—

Away to cells, where not content
Their aching limbs to bind,
He racked the golden string which makes
The music of the mind;

His head devised the phantom form,
His foul lips told the lie;
And when their senses reeled beneath
Torture which craved to die,
Smiling, as Satan might have smiled,
He stood exulting by;

He opened wide the prison-doors,
Amid the frost and snow,
And forth to wander through the world
He bade a madman go.

But little deemed he, when his foe
Begged all in vain to lie
An hour beneath the sheltering walls,
'Till night was in the sky—
For in the night he said it might
Feel easier to die—

That ere two winters more had passed,
The boy, so hapless then,
Would be the leader of a band
Of twice five hundred men—

Would camp before the very gate
From which he then was thrust.
Would batter it with battle-axe,
And lay it in the dust,—

Would hunt him out from room to room,
And slay him at the end,
In the presence of the rescued one,
The dead, the living friend.

Nugæ; the Solace of rare leisure in Verse, by the Rev. James Banks, M. A.—These are the intellectual amusements of a clergyman and a scholar. "His delight is in versification, and he is not likely to forego it." He quotes Cicero in his own defence, not recollecting, perhaps, at the moment, the biting epigrammatic criticism which Cicero's poetic attempts occasioned. Will Mr. Banks pardon our saying, in all courtesy and good will, that more labour would have made his verse more valuable? We are quite sure that he cannot read with pleasure his Hymn on the Day of Judgment, or recur with complacency to—

Gloriously shall the great King sit aloft in awful state,
Angel-hosts with trembling light wing here and there around
him wait,
His right hand shall all his chosen blest for ever gather round,
At his left, as goats, the wicked by themselves in fear be found.
It is small censure to say that Mr. Banks has not

risen to the height of such a subject as this : but it is a censure to say that he has chosen it. Ludlow Castle, whence we may see the very woods—

The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger—

where the Lady Alice Egerton was benighted, and where Milton turned the incident into his immortal Mask—Ludlow Castle is a very mine of poetry, and might have been made more of. There is that capital legend of the Roundhead lover and the Royalist serving wench, known to every holiday archer who shoots his arrows among the ruins. We recommend Mr. Banks to try his hand upon that, and we will back our advice by an authority that, to the Head Master of Ludlow school, must be weighty.

Interdum speciosa locis, morataque recte
Fabula nullius veneris, sine pondere et arte,
Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
Quam versus inopes rerum, NUGÆQUE CANORÆ.

There is a very pretty translation of a chorus from the *Iphigenia in Aulis* which we would quote if we had space : but the best thing in the volume is the Story of Cadwallon ap Madoc, which fortifies us in the opinion that Mr. Banks will find his *forte* to be rather in the narrative style of poetry.

Rhymes, by George Thomas May.—Another little volume of poems, very unequal in their merit, but shewing some facility of versification, and a desire, and perhaps a capacity, to do better. With a little polish and correction the following would be a common instinct well expressed :—

TO PASS.

To pass this earthly way, and yield no sign
Recognisant of manhood's rich career ;
To light no beacon of the beam divine
To brother-traveller ;

To blaze no tree ; to scratch no rock, no sand ;
To moor no mark upon the wavery tide,
Nor ringing word, nor flash along the land
Fling forth ; nor aught beside :

This cold unworthiness in human breath,
With glorious trust, I shape my days to shun ;
And that great shining hope enheaveneth
My course beneath the sun.

The Ballad of Babe Christabel, with other Lyrical Poems, by Gerald Massey.—Gerald Massey is one of the "people's poets ;" and, strange to say, the people's poets have always a great deal more poetry in them than the poets who find favour in drawing-rooms. There is generally more harmony in their verse ; there is always more *verve* in their song. Massey (as we learn from a biographical sketch by Miss Eliza Cook, which the peasant poet has with very pardonable exultation appended to his volume) was the son of a canal boatman ; early became a factory worker ; then an errand-boy, loitering at book-stalls and picking up scraps of learning as he tarried ; then a poet, labouring incessantly for five years to gain expression for his thoughts, and rushing into print with a shilling volume which sold *two hundred and fifty copies* !

Gerald Massey is now an established poet of the people, one of the laureates of that sect of rosewater revolutionists called Christian Socialists. Fine gentlemen and fine ladies, who lament that education has not spread in the lower classes, and shew how little universal it is in the upper. That men like Massey should feel strongly and write strongly, we by no means complain. A man who has seen misery near, and has felt it sorely, may be expected to remember and denounce, without stopping to reason. There is no such excuse, however, for the lords and ladies and comfortable benefited clergy, who give these things quite another character by their encouragement. What is natural impulse in Massey, is besotted ignorance in Lord A., or the Rev. Mr. B. The conditions of society are laws of nature, statutes of God. They may

be used or abused to evil or to good, but they cannot be abrogated or ignored. Smith and Ricardo, and Malthus and Mill, have but copied out these statutes, striving to write them large and legible. The Christian Socialists, however, believe in none of these things. If Mr. Massey's experience of "priests and peers" is derived entirely from them, we shall hardly be inclined to quarrel with his description of those classes in the following :—

PRESS ON.

Press on, press on, ye Rulers, in the roused world's forward track :

It moves too sure for ye to put the clock of Freedom back !
We're gathering up from near and far, with souls in fiery glow,
And Right doth bare its arm of might, to bring the spoilers low.
Kings, Priests, ye're far too costly, and we weary of your rule ;
We crown no more "Divinity," where Nature writeth "Fool !"
Ye must not bar our glorious path, as in the days ago ;
We know that God made Men, not Princes, Kings, or Priests.
—Press on !

Press on, press on, ah ! "Nobles !" ye have play'd a daring game ;

But your star of strength is falling, fades the prestige of your name :

'Too long have ye been fed and nursed on human blood and tears ;
'The naked truth is known, and Labour leaps to life, and swears
His pride of strength to bloated Ease he will no longer give :
For all who live should labour ; "Lords," then all who work
might live !

The combat comes ! make much of what ye've wrung from
Fatherland !

Press on, press on ! To-day we plead, to-morrow we'll command.

Press on ! a million pauper-forcheads bend in Misery's dust ;
God's champions of the golden Truth still eat the mouldy
crust :

This damning curse of Tyrants must not kill the nation's
heart ;

The spirit in a million Slaves doth pant on fire to start,
And strive to mend the world, and walk in Freedom's march
sublime ;

While myriads sink heart-broken, and the land o'erswarms
with crime.

"O God !" they cry, "we die, we die, and see no earnest
won !"

Brothers, join hand and heart, and in the work press on,
press on !

Verses like these, vague and empty though they be,
will have some effect upon the multitude. The poets of
the people are but the voice of the passions of the people.

Smitten stones will talk with fiery tongues,
And the worm, when trodden, will turn ;
But, Cowards, ye cringe to the cruellest wrongs,
And answer with never a spurn.
Then torture, O Tyrants, the spiritless drove,
Old England's Helots will bear :
There's no hell in their hatred, no God in their love,
Nor shame in their dearth's despair.
For our Fathers are praying for Pauper-pay,
Our Mothers with Death's kiss are white ;
Our Sons are the rich man's Serfs by day,
And our Daughters his Slaves by night.

The tearless are drunk with our tears : have they driven
The God of the poor man mad ?
For we weary of waiting the help of Heaven,
And the battle goes still with the bad.
O but death for death, and life for life,
It were better to take and give,
With hand to throat, and knife to knife,
Than die out as thousands live !
For our Fathers are praying for Pauper-pay,
Our Mothers with Death's kiss are white ;
Our Sons are the rich man's Serfs by day,
And our Daughters his Slaves by night.

Fearless and few were the Heroes of old,
Who play'd the peerless part :
We are fifty-fold, but the gangrene Gold
Hath eaten out Hampden's heart :

With their faces to danger, like freemen they fought,
 With their daring, all heart and hand :
 And the thunder-deed follow'd the lightning-thought,
 When they stood for their own good land.
 Our Fathers are praying for Pauper-pay,
 Our Mothers with Death's kiss are white ;
 Our Sons are the rich man's Serfs by day,
 And our Daughters his Slaves by night.

When the heart of one half the world doth beat
 Akin to the brave and the true,
 And the tramp of Democracy's earthquake feet
 Goes thrilling the wide world through,—
 We should not be living in darkness and dust,
 And dying like slaves in the night ;
 But, big with the might of the inward "must,"
 We should battle for Freedom and Right !
 For our Fathers are praying for Pauper-pay,
 Our Mothers with Death's kiss are white ;
 Our Sons are the rich man's Serfs by day,
 And our Daughters his Slaves by night.

It must not be supposed that we rank Mr. Massey any higher than as a clever and ready versifier. There is not an original striking image in the volume. It is all old exaggerations thrown into new verses. Still it is clever, more clever than a Newdegate prize poem, and more likely to be read and repeated.

Morbida, and other Poems. Saunders and Otley.—The writer of these poems says that "several are unfinished, almost all unpolished, and some much mutilated also." But poetry certainly should not be unfinished or unpolished, and it does not always gain by being mutilated. If there were not evidence in this little volume that the author is a man of reading and sentiment, we should have judged the preface to have emanated from a flippant vulgar mind, and we should have been wrong. What the author of "*Morbida*" might have done, we cannot say. He has been industrious in gathering fragments from other poets, from Shakspeare to Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley(!), and candid in stating his obligation. As to his own, there is no fun in it, for it is not absurd, and no amusement in it, for it is not pleasant. The "*limæ labor et mora*" might, we believe, have done a great deal. This writer is not a greater poet than Horace, or Pope, or Byron, which he would have been, could he gain fame by unfinished, unpolished, and mutilated poems. If he be too great in genius to be fettered by Horatian canons, we profess no such unscholarlike disdain.

—vos, ô

Pompilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite, quod non
 Multa dies et multa litura coërcuit, atque
 Perfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.

It is just as much bad manners to come before the public with an ill-finished work, as it is to go to an evening party in a shooting jacket. We should not have urged this remonstrance, but that this author has only just missed writing very good poetry.

Poems, by David Bates, Philadelphia.—Written, we suppose, by a middle-aged American ; for he remarks—

Upon the pinnacle of life I stand,
 Midway between the cradle and the grave ;
 wherein, and wherein only, he seems to resemble Dante, when he commenced *his* poem. There are some very stirring and original lines upon the American flag, such as—

Be assured, then, that never a freeman will lag
 When called to protect the American flag.

Poems, by William Molineux.—A little volume, published by subscription. The Duchesses of Sutherland and Argyll, being among the admirers of the poet, we must not be so unfashionable as to find fault with him, Mr. Molineux evidently has a great respect for Walter Scott.

Where now the air is choked with wood,
 Both Saxon houses and churches stood ;

And o'er their sweetest, richest scene
 Too long a forest's gloom has been.
 Why? Ask not, heed not, vengeance fell,
 And Saxons heard the Normans' knell.

This is very fine. The poet is singing the glories of the Isle of Wight. The farewell to the island is of the tenderest pathos.

I walk the breezy, stretching pier,
 And with "farewell" there springs a tear:
 Sleep is thy peace, thou Emerald Wight:
 The heart that loves thee, sighs "Good night!"

These lines are worthy of—who shall we say? Mr. Molineux, in his notes to this poem, omits to tell us which of his subscribers he means particularly to designate as the "*Emerald wight*."

Flotsam and Letsam, by Hookanit Bec, Esq. Saunders Otley.—A reprint of some very clever contributions to Tait and other periodicals. This is the style: it is from "*A Lay of the Briefless*:"—

Oh, I am a-weary of Pumpkin Court,
 Its flags are hateful all to me!
 Other men's chambers by clients are sought,
 To mine comes never the ghost of a fee!
 My clerk sits in his mouldy den
 Gloomily biting his nails,
 Or vacantly drawing of skeleton men,
 With goggle-eye faces and tails.
 There are two that he 's always a-drawing of nights,
 And I hear him snort with glee,
 As down in the corner the rascal writes,
 "That 's master—t' other man 's me!"
 He knows that each knock is the knock of a dun,
 Or that some little dirty boy 's done it in fun.
 "Ah, knuckle away till your knuckles is sore,"
 Says he: "what's the good of *our* minding the door?"
 So it is n't worth while for a cove to call,
 And nobody, now-a-days, knocks at all!

Doine on the National Songs and Legends of Roumania, by E. C. Grenville Murray. Smith, Elder, and Co.—If this little volume can make itself known, we venture to prophesy for it an extensive popularity. Not only have these Songs and Legends a present interest as translations of the songs which our countrymen will hear sung in the lands whither we have sent them to war, and, perchance, to die, but they are intrinsically so graceful and so beautiful, that they will be read, recurred to, and remembered, by all who have once seen them. "The '*Doine*'" says the author, "seems to me to have about them something of the character of Ossian, only that, instead of belonging to a slow, grave, misty nation like the Scotch, they are the songs of a people who lived beneath a summer sky, and whose dreams were all of sunshine and flowers, of moons and stars and silver seas."

MY PRETTY FAWN.

"My pretty Fawn! look once again upon the setting sun; it is the last time you will behold it; you are my little friend, and must die for my sake."

"Let me still live till the end of the season, dear master," replies the Fawn, "when the lily of the valley bends her head upon the stem, when the songsters of the spring cease their harmony: life is so sweet, the sun so beautiful, the heavens so wondrous. Ah, let me still live, dear master."

"Alas! it cannot be, my little Fawn. The queen wills thy death, or a divorce, and if thou lovest me, my pretty, gentle, little Fawn, thou must die for me."

"Thy will be done then, master," answers the little Fawn: "I can die to make thee happy; though I am so young, so beautiful, and life is so delightful."

"Do not weep, my little friend, for thou dost break my heart," answers the king, who can do a cruel thing more easily than talk about it.

"The queen wishes for my death, because I am a prophet, and know all her secrets. But beware, O king! for to-morrow thy royal head shall fall beneath the knife of the queen and her lover."

"Not so, my little Fawn," reasons the king: "thou sayest this to be revenged against my wife."

"Heed me or not as thou wilt," answers the Fawn. "But

yet without marring the charm that unquestionably attaches to these oft-told tales.

The Laws of War affecting Commerce and Shipping, by H. Bryerley Thompson, Esq., Barrister. Smith and Elder.—A very well-timed little treatise in the form of an eighteenpenny pamphlet. It seems to be very carefully as well as concisely done, and gives the pith of many ponderous tomes.

History of the Session 1852-53; a Parliamentary Retrospect. Chapman.—The experience of an old reporter, comprehending a great deal of very useful information not elsewhere to be met with. The hints to new members may be read with great profit by this class of Her Majesty's subjects. The Retrospect of the Session is scarcely so valuable now that the interest of the debates is past.

Fables de Gay, traduites en vers français, par le Chevalier de Chatelain. Whittaker and Co.—The author of this work had the honour of being French teacher to the present Duke of Wellington, and to him he dedicates his volume. The translation seems to be very well done for its purpose, and may serve to make their French lessons palatable to little folk.

Annuaire pour l'an 1854. Paris.—An annual summary of Statistics, published at one franc by the Bureau des Longitudes.

The Sailing Boat: a Description of English and Foreign Boats, their Varieties of Rig, and Practical Directions for Sailing, by Henry Coleman Folkard, R.H.Y.C. London: Hunt and Son, 6 New Church Street, Edgeware Road.—The Royal Harwich Yacht Club has now been established some ten or a dozen years, and has attained a position that justly entitles it to take precedence of most of the other clubs whose stations are pretty numerous dotted around our coasts.

Mr. Folkard has not only done honour to the gallant club he belongs to, but has conferred a most acceptable favour on the other clubs, as well as on the entire fraternity of boating men. The little volume before us proves him, though an amateur, to be a thorough and an experienced sailor; and he has provided most satisfactorily for a want which thousands have long felt, and which no one properly qualified has ever previously attempted to supply.

The information he gives respecting boats and their management is clear and intelligible. To any one who is anxious to attain that knowledge this book is a complete *vade mecum*. The novice will here find all his difficulties removed, and, by attentively following Mr. Folkard's instructions, may very probably find that that gentleman has been the means of saving him from a watery grave.

We would recommend those of our readers, who take an interest in the manly subject of boating, to contrast the volume we have been alluding to with "*Le Manuel du Canotier*," a French treatise on the same topic, which appeared some little time ago in Paris.*

The character and genius of the two nations are, even in this trivial matter, characteristically exemplified.

Mr. Folkard is eminently practical; our French boating friend altogether the reverse, several pages being filled with absurd songs like the following:—

A tout je pré fère,
A toute la terre,
Mon joli petit canot
Que l'on voit sur l'eau,
De loin sur l'eau.

Thomas Clarkson: a Monograph; being a contribution towards the History of the Abolition of the Slave-trade and Slavery, by James Elmes. Blackader and Co., 13 Paternoster Row.—Mr. Elmes is well known in the literary world as the author of an "Historical, Scientific, and Commercial Survey of the Port of London," a "Treatise on Ecclesiastical and Civil Dilapidations," "Horæ

Vacivæ" "Sir Christopher Wren and his Times," &c. &c. The object of the little volume now before us is to present to the public, not so much a biography of Mr Clarkson, as a brief sketch of his patriotic life, devoted, as it was, to the noble purpose of freeing his country from that curse, which, in a previous age, tended to the overthrow of the Roman Empire.

Trifling causes have frequently led to great results. A college essay by a young graduate of Cambridge paved the way to the utter extinction of the African slave-trade among the principal Christian nations of the world.

It is nearly seventy years since Dr. Peckard, Master of Magdalen College, Cambridge, proposed as a subject for the Latin dissertations of the senior bachelors the following subject:—"ANNE LICET INVITOS IN SERVITUTEM DARE?"

The prize was won by young Clarkson; and from that hour he determined manfully to devote himself to the great cause he had determined so zealously to advocate.

Mr. Elmes has composed a most interesting narrative, descriptive of the career of Clarkson, exhibiting in a vivid light his zealous endeavours manifested in combating energetically all opposition, until he finally achieved the great object of his self-imposed mission. This little book merits an extensive circulation. The character of Thomas Clarkson is one of the few on which too high an eulogium cannot be pronounced.

The Lost Child, by Mrs. Besset. Westerton.—A child's book of pretty stories, in words of two syllables, with pictures of little girls dressing dolls, and boys and girls playing at hay-making. The "Lost Child" is a story, telling us how Fanny was stolen away, and found in the Seven-dials; but having unfortunately no critic under the age of six, we cannot speak authoritatively as to the sensation the story is likely to create in the nurseries of England.

The Bouquet, culled from Marylebone Gardens, by Blue Bell and Mignonette. Nos. 32, 33, and 34, "Bouquet" Office, 16 Great Marlborough Street, London.—Some months since we took occasion to notice favourably this entertaining and elegant serial. Subsequent numbers have not belied the opinions we then expressed. We are pleased to find that complete success has at length crowned the unremitting efforts of the fair editress to carry out the object she originally designed, of producing a periodical that should, in a literary point of view, take precedence of the numerous trashy "Monthlies" with which our tables are inundated. The experiment was first tried privately for about two years and a half, until a large circulation had been secured.

With the commencement of 1854, the "Bouquet" was enlarged in size, began to give critical notices of new works, and the *profanum vulgus* were, for the first time, permitted to become purchasers. An office has been established for its publication; and if the generality of its contributions continue as good as those in the three numbers before us, the fair projectors need be under no apprehension as to the results.

We call especial attention to "Christel Neville," an exceedingly clever and interesting tale, which commenced in the January Number, and the *dénouement* of which is still reserved. It bears only the signature of "Myrtle," so that we are unable even to hazard a guess at the authorship. We may, however, conscientiously affirm, even from this slight *historiette*, that "Myrtle" is a writer of no ordinary imaginative power and ability, as every one capable of forming an opinion on such matters will at once admit, on perusing "Christel Neville," or, indeed, any of the former contributions with the same signature.

We observe with satisfaction, in the list of "Supporters" published in the current number, the names of several hundreds of the *élite* of the literary and fashionable world a fact, which sufficiently proves the position the "Bouquet" has now attained, and the estimation in which it is held.

before thy death tell the servants, who remain true to thee, to take my bones and to make thee a coffin of them. Thou must tell them to paint it with my young blood, and to bury thee in it after thy death. From this coffin shall arise a sweet-scented tree, which shall bend over thy tomb and cover it with a cool shade during the fierce heats of summer. The tree shall protect it from the winds and the storm, and, singing thy misfortunes and mine, stop the passenger to weep over thy grave."

MICHAÏ SAVING THE STANDARD.

Night descends upon the world, and pearls are falling from her eyes upon the flowers of the field.

Well may the Night weep for a hero: the last warrior who still lives of the Wallachian army, defends himself, single-handed, in the valley.

He is alone; Death cradles with his fleshless hand the braves who have fallen in the sleep of the tomb.

The warrior, unable to make head against his foes, presses the standard to his heart, and his fiery courser springs over every barrier, and flies with him through the gloom, like a pale phantom, carried away by the winds.

His courser flies towards the banks of the Moresch, the Hungarian cavaliers following close upon him; while the moon, as she sits behind the mountain, gives him a parting smile to light him on his way.

The Wallach hero arrives upon the banks of the river, and steed and rider spring together into the roaring tide. The Hungarian cavaliers draw rein, affrighted. Those who brave the river sink, and re-appear no more.

Michai crosses the water safely, and then, unbridling his steed, embraces him, and exclaims: "Away! thou art free for evermore."

The introduction contains some most interesting information upon the condition of the people and the literature of the principalities; the Appendix gives the music of the national airs of the Roumania; and the Dedication must recommend the author to all the gentler sex, for it is the most elaborated tribute of affectionate praise ever offered by a husband to his wife.

Sketches of Character, by M. A. Potts. Deighton. Cambridge.—The "Sketches of Character," &c., are a posthumous collection of poetical feelings and fancies by the lady of a resident M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge. The grace or the sentiment, wholly free from affectation, that distinguish them, would betray a female pen, though the title-page did not reveal it. The old saying, "Poeta nascitur non fit," holds good more decidedly of the fair sex than of the rougher. A man's ambition, or a false estimate of himself, may, and constantly does, persuade him that he is endowed with the *vis poetica*, when he is, in effect, utterly destitute of it. But a woman is rarely so deceived. When she pours forth her thoughts and aspirations in verse, we may be sure the impulse is from the heart. Beyond the gentle pathos of the majority of these pieces, and the humorous vein that occasionally shews itself, she rises into the lofty mood where noted public events are her theme: as in the spirited little odes on the enthusiastic reception of Her Majesty and Prince Albert in the great court of Trinity, in October 1843, and the installation of his Royal Highness as Chancellor of the University, in July 1847. Her "Simple Poems," also, "for National and Sunday Schools" do her equal credit in their unadorned, yet impressive character. Truly we may suppose that old Father Camus, accustomed from the earliest times to behold the honours of the University monopolized by men, must have started up from his sedgy bed with unlimited surprise on finding so valid a claim preferred to them—wholly, too, out of the field of mathematics—by one of a sex of whose existence in his ancient domain he would scarcely before have been cognizant.

Memorandum of Circumstances connected with the Removal of the Judges of the Sudder Court of Bombay, by the Hon. J. Warden, answered by Gregor Grant, Esq.—We have received this statement, printed for private circulation, too late to be able to give it the notice it merits.

The opportunity, however, will doubtless recur, and our Indian subscribers will probably learn the contents of this most crushing reply almost as soon as our pages reach them. We recommend it to the notice of the Indian Press.

Clark's Foreign Theological Library. Vol. XXXIV. *Ebrard on the Epistle to the Hebrews*.—The vexatious question of the authorship of the "Epistle to the Hebrews" is not to be discussed in a few lines. We had prepared an article upon this very interesting subject, but are unable to find space for it in the present Number. We hope to give it a place in our next.

Capital Punishment unlawful and inexpedient, by John Rippon.—Those who are afflicted with this particular "craze" will find all the *loci communes* on their side of the question in Mr. Rippon's book.

Adams's Parliamentary Handbook. Edited by Edward Morton, Esq. Royal 16mo. London: Henry Adams, 9 Parliament Street.—We have here, within the small limits of a cover about four inches square, a mass of useful and valuable information, indispensable to persons of every class. Neatly arranged, legibly printed, and, above all, carefully corrected to the moment of publication, this admirable little volume supplies a want that we have long felt, and that has never before been so satisfactorily met. It contains all that we care to know of every member of the inferior house, and as much as most people have occasion to know of the more aristocratic institution. In the case of the members of the Lower Assembly, in each instance the population of the county or borough returning him is given; the number of the registered electors, together with the numbers polled by him; his colleagues and competitors at the last elections. This is followed by a sketch of the political career of each individual, and of his public performances.

Indications of Instinct, by Dr. Lindley Kemp.—Capital for its anecdotes; ridiculous in its philosophy.

Contributions to Literature, historical, antiquarian, and metrical, by Mark Anthony Lower.—Mr. Lower is an archaeologist, an essayist, and a poet, and this is a collection of his fugitive pieces.

Chronology of Creation; or, Geology and Scripture reconciled, by Captain Hutton.—Very well adapted for the solace of any weak mind which may fancy that it finds in science any hostility to revelation.

An Investigation of the Laws of Thought, by George Boole, LL.D., Professor of mathematics at Queen's College, Cork.—A book that requires more careful reviewing than we now can give it, and far more space than we can afford. Mr. Boole's reputation will, however, obtain him a reading from all who feel a real interest in these studies.

The Historical Development of Speculative Philosophy, from Kant to Hegel.—A development wherein nothing is developed. It is a translation of a book by Chalybæus of Kiel, and is a German fog set up in type.

Rome, Regal and Republican, by Miss Strickland.—An abridgement of the history of Rome. It seems tolerably well done, but was, as we should think, but very little wanted.

Stories from the Classics, adapted for the Young, by Mary and Elizabeth Kirby. London: Thomas Bosworth, 215 Regent Street. 1854.—A collection of incidents, selected from a poetical creed that has, like many other bright and beautiful but delusive creations of the human fancy, ceded to the influence of a purer and a truer faith. It will prove an useful and pleasing little volume to those who, precluded from perusing in the original language, the interesting myths here collected, have doubtless not unfrequently found themselves unable to appreciate an allusion, or to understand a work of art illustrative of those primæval fables so profusely interspersed throughout the religion of the ancients. We may add, that the selections have been carefully made. All objectionable matter has been scrupulously weeded out,

FRENCH LITERATURE.

RÉSUMÉ.

AMONG the historical works recently received from France (or Belgium) we have an "Essai sur l'histoire de la formation et des progrès du tiers état," by M. Augustus Thierry; two volumes of "Notices historiques," by M. Mignet; and the "Politique de la restauration," a publication of correspondence between le Comte de Marcellus and le Vicomte de Chateaubriand. All these treat of large questions, that would lead us far a-field were we to attempt to discuss them.

Lamartine's first two volumes, "1789—Les Constituants," first appeared in England in a translated state, and we noticed them in our last number. We have since had an opportunity of reading them in the original, but find nothing to add to what we said last quarter.

Of Véron's "Mémoires," and of the grotesque shadow—"Mémoires de Bilboquet"—which dances behind him, we have spoken in a subsequent article.

M. Villemain, the secretary to the French Institute, has put forth a volume called "Souvenirs Contemporaines d'Histoire et de Littérature." The text of these "Souvenirs" is the

life of Count Louis de Narbonne, who was minister-at-war to Louis XVI., and who afterwards served Napoleon as a general and a minister. The object appears to be to carry on, just so covertly as is necessary to avoid the censorship, the war that exists between the Institute and the Emperor, and therein he takes occasion to suggest a contrast between the opinions of the uncle and the practice of the nephew.

There is also a little book called "Ephémérides Universelles, ou les principaux faits religieux, politiques, littéraires, scientifiques, biographiques et anecdotiques, présentés par date, pour chaque jour de l'année, depuis le commencement du monde." The title fully explains the nature of the volume. The idea is not at all bad, but the execution is. There are also pamphlets without number upon "Les lieux saints," and a reprint of "Essais sur la Marine Française, par M. le Prince de Joinville"—a somewhat inopportune republication of pamphlets that had a bad object, and went half-way towards effecting it.

The novels will be found duly noticed hereafter.

Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris. Par le DOCTEUR L. VÉRON. 2 Tom. Paris: Gonet.

DOCTOR Véron continues to perpetrate his "Mémoires." He commences his second volume with descriptions of all the principal cafés in Paris, informing us of their origin, their *propriétaires*, and their *habitués*; and, of course, richly interspersing his account with anecdotes of persons he has met at these different restaurants, under the pretence of thereby denouncing some of the follies and vices of human nature. None of his anecdotes are particularly amusing: we, however, cite the following specimens:—

THE VULGAR FRENCH IDEA OF AN ENGLISHMAN.

Un Anglais, dans quelques rencontres, échangea avec moi des confidences de situation et de caractère. Sa fortune était immense; il n'avait plus de famille, il était garçon. La vie lui était lourde, il n'avait à satisfaire aucun vice, aucun goût. Je craignis un instant qu'il ne me confiât quelques projets de suicide; mais il n'en fut point ainsi: "J'ai trouvé, me dit-il, un moyen de supporter l'existence; j'ai conçu un projet qui, pour être accompli, me conduira jusqu'aux limites de la vieillesse. J'ai fait construire trois voitures de voyage, dont j'ai combiné moi-même toutes les dispositions; je me suis imposé la tâche de recueillir, dans des flacons étiquetés, de l'eau de tous les fleuves et de toutes les rivières du monde; mais j'aurai malheureusement le regret de mourir avant que ma collection soit complète." N'est-ce pas là un bien intelligent et un heureux emploi de la vie et d'une grande fortune?

J'ai encore mis la main sur un autre millionnaire qui s'était fait voyageur. Il traçait au hasard le plan d'un voyage; il ne s'arrêtait dans chaque ville que pour y manger et pour y rester deux ou trois jours couché: il chargeait son valet de chambre d'aller visiter les curiosités, et d'y faire provision des pipes les plus riches et des meilleurs cigares. La science, les lettres et les arts ne s'enrichiraient guère des relations de voyages de ce nouveau Christophe Colomb, de ce nouveau Humboldt.

A DREAMER.

Je fus, pendant un certain temps, le camarade de diner d'un étranger, riche et généreux, instruit, bien élevé, d'une taille élégante et d'une physionomie pleine de noblesse et de beauté. Sa vie se passait en romans d'amour, dont l'exposition et le dénouement ne duraient guère qu'une semaine. Il s'était abonné aux *Petites-Affiches*, et c'était là qu'il cherchait les héroïnes de ses romans. Il prenait le nom et l'adresse des dames de compagnie, des dames de confiance, et même des cuisinières à placer; les journées suffisaient à peine à toutes ses visites dans les faubourgs et dans les mansardes, et pendant huit jours il était le Desgrieux de ces Manon de rencontre. Il leur choisissait un nom; il leur improvisait une toilette; c'étaient quelquefois des toilettes de deuil; il leur meublait un appartement de petite bourgeoise, et les laissait là.

A FOOL.

Ma curiosité et ma patience me valurent aussi les confidences les plus secrètes et les plus singulières. Un très riche financier me confia un jour ses étranges bonnes fortunes: "Je n'ai, dit-il, de sympathie et d'entraînement que pour les horlogères." Il est bien entendu que des roueries de proxénètes menaient facilement à bonne fin les négociations de cœur de ce personnage, ne lui ménageant de tendres relations qu'avec des coquines habiles à jouer la comédie, et qui n'étaient ni des bourgeoises ni des horlogères. Il était l'homme le plus heureux du monde, et il me racontait avec verve toutes les joies de ses liaisons romanesques: "Mon goût, ou plutôt ma passion pour les horlogères, a cependant, me dit-il, un

inconvenient: voilà un an que ma montre est arrêtée, et je n'ose pas entrer chez un horloger de peur d'y rencontrer une des malheureuses que j'ai séduites."

The Doctor leads us into a long dissertation the state of the *fonds secrets*, or secret service of the kingdom, during the Empire, the Restoration, the Monarchy of July, and the Republic of 1848. The political factions which existed under the Restoration are each and all discussed, nor has he forgotten to describe in full detail the numerous conspiracies which then agitated the country.

The Doctor Véron being a *journaliste* is of course brought into frequent contact with the public characters of the day. We have first the history of the youth of M. Thiers, and are promised that we shall hereafter be presented with the sequel, giving his career as a deputy, an orator, and a minister. The biographies of MM. Décazes, de Villèle, de Martignac, and de Polignac, conclude this portion of the "Mémoires." We sincerely trust that the succeeding volumes will prove more capable of awakening interest than the present one, which is chiefly a history of the ministerial changes during the Restoration, with but an occasional incident to relieve the long, dreary, political disquisitions.

The following anecdote would, *if true*, be demonstrative alike of the power of a *name* to confer immortality upon a *bon mot*, and of the cool effrontery with which smart sayings are frequently fathered upon those who have no title to their paternity:—

Tout le monde se rappelle ce mot historique prêté à Charles X., alors MONSIEUR, comte d'Artois: *Il n'y a rien de changé en France, il n'y a qu'un Français de plus.* Ce mot n'a pas été dit par ce prince; il est de M. Beugnot. Le soir de l'entrée du comte d'Artois à Paris, le 12 Avril 1814, il y avait réunion dans le salon de M. de Talleyrand. "Le prince a-t-il dit quelque chose?" demanda-t-il. Sur la réponse négative des personnes qui avaient escorté MONSIEUR: "Mais il faut qu'il ait prononcé quelques paroles, reprit M. de Talleyrand. Beugnot, vous qui avez de l'esprit, allez dans mon cabinet, et faites donc un mot pour le comte d'Artois." M. Beugnot prit une bougie et se retira dans le cabinet de M. de Talleyrand. A deux reprises, il revint au salon, avec des phrases écrites qui n'eurent aucun succès. Il alla se recueillir une troisième fois et bientôt, entr'ouvrant la porte du salon et avant d'entrer, il s'écria triomphant: *Il n'y a rien de changé en France, il n'y a qu'un Français de plus!* Le mot fut imprimé le lendemain, et il est resté comme l'expression de la pensée du prince, tandis qu'il était que l'expression des pensées et des vœux du salon de M. de Talleyrand.

As the succeeding volumes appear, we hope to be able to cull from their more amusing extracts. At present we in England, who do not discover or care about the tarradiddles, and cannot appreciate the small personalities that have given the book notoriety in Paris, find it stupid.

Memoires de Bilboquet, recueillis par un Bourgeois de Paris. Tom I. and II. Paris : Librairie Nouvelle, Boulevards des Italiens, 15.

THIS remarkably witty and amusing book created, on its first appearance in Paris, an immense sensation ; the tone of sparkling irony that pervades it, the cutting sarcasm in which it abounds, the humour it displays, are all qualities that the French appreciate and enjoy above any other people. For this reason was it, that, on its first appearance, the book sold by thousands and tens of thousands, and, we have no doubt, has now obtained a far larger circulation than the work of Véron, which it is intended to satirize.

It is in fact a parody upon his "Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris," and burlesques, in a most amusing manner, the incidents, characters, and, above all, the bombastic egotism that abounds therein. Thoroughly to appreciate "Bilboquet" you should have read Véron, as there is scarcely a page in his biography which is not here reproduced, though in a somewhat different form.

Véron's various projects, his connection with different journals and publications, his theatrical and political engagements, his remarks, together with the minutest incidents in his career, are given with a ludicrous minuteness that displays no ordinary ability.

It is scarcely possible to give an idea of the character of these "Mémoires de Bilboquet" from any extracts we could select. The book should be read, and even then, it would be unintelligible to any one not thoroughly acquainted with French society of the present day. Its heartlessness, frivolity, and depravity are admirably lashed.

We select a few passages, in which there is considerable point and humour, from the description of the principal Parisian cafés.

LE CAFÉ DE PARIS.

Je pose le café de Paris en tête. Non pas que je veuille lui assigner le premier rang dans la hiérarchie culinaire ; mais c'est qu'on a dit et même écrit, je crois, que c'était mon restaurant de prédilection.

C'est vrai que j'y dîne quelquefois, quand je veux donner à mes cuisines et à mon chef le temps de reposer leurs fibres.

C'est la petite maison de mon estomac, mon cabaret, comme nous disions sous la Régence.

Vous vous souvenez de ce pauvre docteur Koref disant à un de ses clients atteint d'une gastrite :

— Les autres médecins vous ont mis à la diète ; moi je veux, mon cher, que vous vous nourrissiez, au contraire, abondamment, complètement. . . Je vous autorise à aller voir Bilboquet dîner au café de Paris . . . Songez donc quelle quantité de principes substantiels et de suc nutritifs vous absorberez par les yeux seuls devant une pareille consommation ! . .

Il est certain que j'ai eu souvent devant moi de beaux déploiements de plats et de bouteilles.

Mes habitudes ne portent, du reste, atteinte en rien à la sincérité de mes appréciations critiques.

Je déclare donc que la cuisine du café de Paris, bien qu'honorable et respectable dans son principe, est loin d'être irréprochable dans ses détails.

Le chef ne fait pas toujours tout ce qu'il peut faire ; — pour ne citer qu'un seul exemple, les *filets de sole à la Joinville* sont au-dessous de la critique, comme on dit dans les grandes revues.

La cave seule est vraiment très-distinguée et mérite dans plusieurs parties d'être louée sans restriction.

Le local du café de Paris est vaste, trop vaste peut-être : il en résulte un peu de tristesse et de monotonie. Il y a souvent plus de garçons que de consommateurs.

Une salle à manger doit être un peu pâle, simple et discrète extérieurement comme une femme honnête ; elle n'a besoin d'étaler ni dorures ni pierreries.

Oh ! les Vandales de restaurateurs d'aujourd'hui qui nous forcent à avaler en mangeant une foule d'arabesques, de ciselures et de décorations Renaissance !

La truffe, cette divine perle noire, ne demande qu'à être montée sur une nappe d'une blancheur nacréée. Quand on est à table, derrière Philastre et Cambon !

ROUGET.

Ce traître, qui ne manque pas d'une certaine originalité bohème, est situé dans les catacombes de la rue de Valois.

Vous vous penchez, vous regardez à cent pieds au-dessous du sol comme au fond d'un puits artésien ; ce quelque chose qui s'agite en bas, qui frétille, grille, poutille, grésille, c'est Rouget.

C'est le triomphe du rabais ; on vous sert des plats complets à six et huit sous ; — pour dix sous, vous avez une dinde aux truffes.

Il n'y a de vraiment faible que les fruits. Vous n'avez en fait de primeurs et d'ananas que des pruneaux, des quatre mendiants, des pommes cuites et du fromage de Gruyère.

Mais quelle activité prodigieuse, quel chaos, quel mélange inouï de cris, de réclamations, de gens qui entrent, qui sortent, se heurtent, s'enchevêtrent !

Quand le garçon sort de la cuisine, on peut l'appeler un véritable if culinaire.

Il est à la lettre hérissé des pieds à la tête de plats dont chacun s'empare au passage.

Il a les têtes de veau sur le front, les pieds de mouton sur les épaules, des assiettes de dessert sur le pouce, l'index, le petit doigt, les avant-bras, les coudes.

Et quel organe ! Le fameux *Bon !* de la Rotonde n'est rien à côté des cris que l'on envoie dans les cuisines de Rouget avec les abréviations de rigueur :

" *Un pot. à la Jul. — Un bif. beur. d'anch. — Un pig. à la crap. — Un fric. à la chic. — Un maq. maît. d'hôt. . . etc.*

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VÉRY.

Si on veut dîner carrément, honnêtement, consciencieusement, dîner comme dînaient nos pères, c'est encore chez ce vieux Véry qu'il faut aller.

C'est un peu suranné, si vous voulez, un peu Théâtre-Français, mais, enfin, c'est solide, c'est loyal. Les mets pourraient avoir peut-être plus d'entrain, d'audace, mais, sous le rapport de l'exécution, ils sont d'une pureté, d'un fini presque irréprochable.

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VÉFOUR AÎNÉ.

Véfour est infiniment plus épicier, épicier en grand,

c'est vrai, qui a du foin dans ses bottes et qui fait bien les choses, mais enfin épicier.

C'est là que vous voyez des familles entières de provinciaux en goguette demander à dix ou douze, un bifteck ou une matelote pour un.

Véfour a toujours été le triomphe du genre copieux.

Le commis marchand, le clerc d'avoué qui dîne dans la rue de l'Arbre-Sec, rêve, du fond de son fricandeau, un dîner chez Véfour avec la dame aux camellias, comme on rêve Orient ou Espagne du fond d'un cabinet garni de la rue Laferrière.

Chez Véfour, la cuisine est très-loyale, les vins généreux. Les garçons y vocifèrent beaucoup trop ; — surtout, n'y demandez jamais d'entremets sucrés !

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VÉFOUR JEUNE.

Véfour jeune est l'Eugène Veuillot de la cuisine.

Est-ce désagréable, est-ce injuste, d'avoir un frère célèbre qui travaille dans la même partie que vous !

C'est à qui vous rapetissera, vous rabaissera, vous jettera sans cesse à la tête les lauriers et les sauces de votre aîné.

Ainsi, beaucoup de gens s'imaginent que chez Véfour jeune tout est plus mesquin que chez le grand.

Ils s'obstinent à l'appeler le petit Véfour ; ils se figurent que chez lui les canards n'ont qu'une aile, les homards qu'une seule patte, que les cornichons y sont étioilés et que les bouteilles n'ont pas la taille.

La vérité, pourtant, est que Véfour jeune possède, comme tout le monde, une carte qui commence à la salade d'anchois et finit à la compote de poires.

Le local est bas et étouffé, la cuisine est suffisante.

Véfour aîné représente une économie sur Véry ; Véfour jeune en représente une sur Véfour aîné.

Il n'y a que les Parisiens au monde assez naïfs, assez confiants, pour se persuader que la même entrecôte ou le même poulet doit leur coûter moins cher à telle arcade plutôt qu'à telle autre.

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LES FRÈRES PROVENÇAUX.

Abordons les Provençaux tandis que nous sommes au Palais-Royal.

Je regrette le temps déjà si éloigné de nous, où ces trois artistes nés sous le ciel brûlant de la bouillabaisse fonctionnaient au premier étage, dans ces pièces si modestes, si simples, éclairées seulement par ce demi-jour calme et timide qui convient admirablement aux harmonies de la digestion !

C'était moins fastueux, moins flambloyant qu'aujourd'hui, mais comme c'était bien plus culinaire !

Aujourd'hui, dans des cabinets ornés comme les intérieurs de lorettes du quartier de la Madeleine, vous voyez se réunir, tous les soirs, les actrices des Variétés et du Vaudeville, qui viennent là pour enguirlander des Anglais et des Russes.

Aujourd'hui, on vient aux *Provençaux* souvent pour se montrer ; autrefois, on venait seulement pour y dîner. — Aujourd'hui, c'est un salon ; autrefois, c'était un temple.

A quoi bon ces trumeaux magiques, ces lustres étincelants comme des soleils, ces fresques, ces médaillons dans le goût de MM. Muller et Couture ? Tout cela ne fait rien à la question des truffes.

Collot, le directeur actuel des *Provençaux*, est issu, comme son voisin Tavernier, de la cuisine au rabais.

Lui aussi a voulu rentrer dans la bonne voie et quitter le métier pour faire de l'art.

La réputation de la cave des *Provençaux* a toujours été européenne ; je dois déclarer qu'elle n'a pas faibli.

LA MÈRE MOREL.

Je déclare n'entendre absolument rien à ce mot, que j'entends répéter partout depuis si longtemps : *cuisine de ménage*.

Qu'entendez-vous, une fois pour toutes, par la cuisine de ménage ?

Est-ce le miroton ? sont-ce les pruneaux ? est-ce le bouilli, cette filasse domestique, que Brillat-Savarin a si justement stigmatisée ? est-ce le veau aux échalotes ? sont-ce les pommes de terre que l'on fait cuire dans le poêle de la salle à manger ?

Il paraît que le restaurant de la mère Morel est le véritable sanctuaire de ce qu'on est convenu d'appeler la cuisine de ménage, la pure et sincère cuisine de cabaret.

L'idylle de la casserole n'existe plus que là.

J'ai eu le courage de pénétrer dans cette sainte chapelle du pot-au-feu.

On y trouve une foule d'artistes très-distingués, des troubadours, des peintres, des musiciens, des journalistes, des inventeurs et des utopistes de toute espèce, qui jouent, tout en mangeant, chacun de leur instrument.

LA PERDRIX AMOUREUSE.

Autre fantaisie située dans le voisinage du théâtre de l'Opéra-Comique, dans ce bloc de maisons que, par une ironie malheureuse, on a surnommé le *pâté de foie gras* des Italiens.

Quand je vous dis que j'ai eu le courage de manger partout, me croirez-vous maintenant ?

J'ai bu du falerne sur le comptoir de la *Perdrix amoureuse* ; j'y ai mangé des biftecks d'hippotame.

Mais ici ne plaisantons pas. On peut être riche, avoir des faux-cols et des chaînes de montre et dîner chez la mère Morel ; à la *Perdrix amoureuse*, c'est impossible.

Il n'y a plus d'illusion à conserver ; on y sert le vin à la chopine, le comptoir d'étain rayonne à l'entrée.

Quand vous entrez là, cela veut dire hautement que vous avez dix-huit sous dans votre poche ; vous êtes dans l'élégie jusqu'au cou ; vous êtes à la *côte*, comme dit M. de Chateaubriand.

LE CAFÉ ANGLAIS.

Pourquoi le café Anglais ne s'appelle-t-il pas le café Français tout bonnement ? Sa cave, sa carte, sont très-françaises. Dieu merci ! Ne faisons pas à l'Angleterre de ces lâches concessions, qu'elle ne nous rendra pas, soyez-en sûr.

Si l'Angleterre avait jamais des cafés (ce dont je doute fort), vous ne verriez pas à Londres beaucoup de cafés Français ; je vous le jure par la colonne de Waterloo.

LA MAISON D'OR.

La Maison d'or est le restaurant ponsif.

On en a tant parlé dans les feuilletons, les pièces de théâtre, les chansons, toute la littérature, qu'on en a fait une cabalette, une équipée espagnole, une espèce de cachucha perpétuelle.

Quand on dîne à la Maison d'or, cela veut dire qu'on a brûlé ses vaisseaux, qu'on est un homme échevelé, un flambard, un immense scélérat.

— Il dîne à la Maison d'or !

Cette simple révélation faite en province, à une distance de quarante lieues de Paris, est capable de vous faire mettre en tutelle.

C'est absolument comme si on écrivait à vos ascendants : "C'est un homme qui vit toute l'année avec un faux nez !..."

Après tout, si on veut bien oublier un peu ce cachet de pétulance et de folie que certains hommes de lettres se sont plu à imprimer à la Maison d'or, on reconnaîtra que c'est au fond un restaurant comme tous les autres, ni plus Régence, ni plus OEil-de-Bœuf que tous ses voisins.

On voit pourtant à la Maison d'or un certain nombre de femmes errantes et sans position fixe, qui mangent entre elles en attendant leur dîneur de cœur.

C'est Pélagie, Amanda, Blanche, Alexandrine, Anita.

Los noms, les figures peuvent varier, mais c'est toujours la même femme au fond.

Les sourires, les chapeaux, les traits d'esprit, le dialogue, tout cela vient de chez la même marchande à la toilette.

Une lorette de la Maison d'or ! quelle chose vieille et ressassée à l'heure qu'il est !

La Maison d'or est ouverte toute la nuit.

Il existe à l'entre-sol un certain petit salon oblong où se réunissent après l'heure des spectacles de jeunes excentriques, des fumeurs littéraires, de ces gens dont l'existence est un mythe, qui ont soixante mille livre de rentes de minuit à six heures du matin, sans que personne puisse dire l'origine de leur fortune.

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VACHETTE, PHILIPPE, BREBANT.

Ce n'est pas sans dessein que je réunis, sous un titre commun Vachette, Philippe et Brébant, afin de bien préciser leur caractère.

C'est exactement la même école : trois bonnes maisons assurément, loyales, plantureuses, munies de vins très-authentiques, mais un peu pâteux, un peu lourdes, n'ayant pas ce *brio*, ce *je ne sais quoi*, qui s'exhale d'autres établissements, non pas plus convaincus peut-être, mais plus sémillants, plus sympathiques.

Vachette a cependant le courage de rayonner en plein boulevard.

Mais remarquez que ce n'est déjà plus le cœur du vrai boulevard, la région des tigresses et des couleuvres en talmas de velours qui se glissent amoureusement, vers cinq heures du soir, le long des boutiques de bijoutiers.

On peut encore conduire une femme aimée chez Vachette, mais c'est déjà une liaison qui faiblit.

On n'a plus besoin d'autant de mystère ni de raffinements. On s'aime encore, mais d'une façon beaucoup plus pratique et bourgeoise.

Les fièvres et les pluviers dorés des premiers jours on disparu. On mange des filets aux champignons ; en un mot, on dîne chez Vachette.

C'est là que s'attablent avec bonheur les bons gros négociants qui réussissent, les éditeurs de musique qui impriment Meyerbeer, toute la rue des Jeûneurs toute celle du Sentier.

On voit encore chez Vachette des femmes d'un certain âge qui mettent des écrevisses dans leur sac. On y mange bien, mais sans poésie.

Philippe est le Vachette de la rue Montorgueil.

Philippe a dévoré son voisin Borel, l'homme du rocher, que tout me rappelle malgré moi.

Je n'en veux pas à Philippe, c'est peut-être le progrès qui voulait cette absorption.

N'importe, je ne puis m'empêcher de tomber dans la mélancolie, chaque fois que je vois la quantité, l'abondance, le métier qui domine la délicatesse et le goût.

Philippe a écrasé Borel ; ainsi Horace Vernet a absorbé Géricault.

The appearance of the future volumes of the *MEMOIRES DE BILBOQUET* will of course follow pretty closely those of Véron, and as we shall in all probability have occasion to revert to both, we close for the present our comments on this subject.

Les Maîtres Sonneurs. Par GEORGE SAND. 2 Vols. Bruxelles : Méline, Cans, et Cie. 1853.

La Filleule. Par GEORGE SAND. 2 vols. Bruxelles : Méline, Cans, et Cie. 1853.

Un Drame en Famille. Par le MARQUIS DE FOUDRAS. 3 Vols. Paris : Cadot. 1853.

HERE are two novels by "George Sand," and one by the respectable author of the "Caprice de Grande Dame;" and the subject of this last is so painfully similar to that of one of the two first, that we think we shall save space and trouble by comprehending all three in one notice. We beg pardon of the *soi-disante* "George Sand" for mentioning her productions in the same breath with those of the *soi-disant* "Marquis de Foudras." But when, in her choice of subjects, she imitates the prurient "Marquis," it is not easy for the moralist to see much difference between them.

One of her two novels, "Les Maîtres Sonneurs," however, is unexceptionable in this respect. Very dull, dry, and improbable, yet quite proper and respectable. A few words will explain all about it.

Every one knows that "George Sand" is desperately musical, and, as too often happens with such people, musician-pecked. Her house is overrun and eaten up with charlatans and enthusiasts of that temper—fellows who pretend, or fools who fancy, that what they call their souls blend mysteriously with her soul into one harmonious unity, whenever it pleases them to prick a note or twang a catgut; and who persuade her that it is not

music they are making, but a language—the language of the sun and the moon, of "Psyche" and the universe. Never was poor woman so *exploitée* with fiddlers and singers as this unhappy "George Sand."

To the influence of this mania of hers we are to attribute "Les Maîtres Sonneurs,"—a novel illustrative of the hidden secrets of music as practised in Berry and the Bourbonnais by the "bell-ringers," "charcoal-burners," "carriers," and wood-cutters" of those provinces, rarely visited by tourists. We are called upon to tolerate, forgive, and admire, with the eccentric authoress, every "phase" of what she calls "égoïsme," when manifested by those interesting vagabonds in their secret fraternities, proscribed, it seems, by the laws of France, and excommunicated by her church. Perfidy, ingratitude, bloodshed, debauchery, murder itself, and such like "phases of égoïsme," are crimes of frequent occurrence amongst these lawless men. But then they are ballad-singers, or—as George Sand would say—"minstrels,"—and the "égoïsme" of minstrelsy has a claim upon the respectful forbearance and sympathy of all unminstrel children of Adam. Those who can think so will find "Les Maîtres Sonneurs" to be a very readable book.

To "*La Filleule*"—another production of the musical school—what we have said of the other novel is equally applicable; but of "*La Filleule*" something more has to be said. The hero is a gipsy boy, and the heroine (the "god-daughter" herself) a gipsy girl, interesting from the essentially vicious and irreclaimable character of their organization,—made happy in the last page of the novel by the gratification of their mutual desires,—and justifying the preference so liberally bestowed on them by their wonderful capacity for "music." The boy is represented as a thief and the girl as a liar, and both,—particularly the female, who has been educated from infancy by her ill-requited benefactress,—as hopeless and incurable vagabonds. The girl again falls into a vicious state of inclination—George Sand calls it love—for a married man, who is also her godfather, and therefore, according to the laws and religion of France, doubly disqualified for her preference. Foiled in this attachment, she is next presented to our sympathy as having conceived another violent one of the same kind for the gipsy hero, whom she nevertheless believes to be her own half-brother! Her lover—for the boy loves her to distraction—allows her to remain a long time under the empire of this terrible delusion; and it would seem that George Sand considers it a great sacrifice of the "interesting" to the "decorous," on her own part, to have allowed the delusion to be dispelled at all. "With certain tribes of errant Bohemians," remonstrates our authoress (Vol. II. p. 192), "the union of brother and sister is not more criminal than it was with the Patriarchs!"

In his own *genre* the "*Marquis de Foudras*" beats George Sand hollow, however much he may be her inferior in every other respect. The "*Drame en Famille*" is a drama unfit for representation in any decent family in England, or, let us hope, in France. From beginning to end it is a tale of incestuous love. "*Conrad, Comte de Falckenstein*,"—the hero,—is a lubberly boy, but most devout Catholic, who marries his godmother; his godmother, equally devout, having fallen in love with him whilst the betrothed lover of her eldest daughter. Nine years pass over their heads, the wife-godmother is stricken in years; so he falls in love with the second daughter, and she with him. The discovery causes a paralytic stroke to the wife-godmother, whom the volatile Conrad, helped of course by his new love, nurses with tender emotion to her death. That fatal event does not break up their *ménage*;—a virtuous one, so the "*Marquis*" assures us, whose story "reposes upon a foundation of truth,"—who "invents nothing,"—who "only relates" (Vol. I. pp. 8, 9). At the end of two years of this ambiguous way of life, the mis-

guided young lady receives from her eldest sister, now married to another, a confession of her own love for the too seductive Conrad, and receives her advice, which she follows to fly from him for ever. Conrad (one does not well know why) becomes a monk of La Trappe; and his friend Morton, an English gent., on whom it pleases our "*Marquis*" to bestow a baronetcy, sums up the last scene of all with this very important moral—"What a pity that one is not allowed to have a chat (*causer*) with him."

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Un Monsieur très tourmenté. Par CHARLES PAUL DE KOCK. Paris. Cadot: 1854.

This is an attractive title to the admirers of this industrious purveyor to the tastes of the grisettes, étudiants, and portiers of Paris. But this worshipful company will be sorely disappointed. Paul de Kock, in his old age, has had the grace to become tolerably decent. It seems to have occurred to him that a very old man might be better employed than in daguerreotyping the doings of the very *highest* society of the quartier Latin. The consequence of this new conviction comes forth in books that suggest the idea of one of his own heroines converted into an uneasy respectability.

The hero of this volume is one Théophile Tamponnet, who, for want of decision of character, is miserable through life. His mother keeps him attached to her apron-string until, poor child, he is left an orphan at the age of seven and twenty, having been coddled and coaxed and made to learn Latin and take physic, and never trusted out of the tyrannically-fond old lady's sight. At his mother's death he resolves to be his own master, and takes a mistress. The mistress has a poodle dog, and a dear friend who takes snuff; and between the three individuals and the four nuisances Théophile is less his own master than he was before. Relieved from these miseries, the *Monsieur très tourmenté* resolves to marry; so he marries a lady of very delicate nerves, and also a very fierce mother-in-law. These dying, he becomes the slave of his children, and when, by a sacrifice of his fortune, he has fitted out the son and married off the daughter, he falls successively under the power of a housemaid, a porter, and an occasional servant, which last finishes him off by frightening him to death.

Those who are up in Paul de Kock's works know that very broad farce is his only talent, and that he often loves to exhibit this in the conduct of a man unaccustomed to society. There is a scene of this kind in the volume before us, which perhaps may amuse our readers. M. Tamponnet has resolved to choose a wife, and his friend Badinet has invited him to a soirée, whereat he is to see a *corvée* of

marriageable damsels. Tamponnet arrays himself in a new coat, so tight that he cannot move his arms, and perfumes himself so highly that every one sneezes as he enters the room. After several unsuccessful adventures, the host finds his cœlebs overlooking the card-players.

CÆLEBS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

— Comment, tu regardes jouer des hommes . . . c'est ainsi que tu veux plaire à la demoiselle en question.

— Ecoute donc, j'ai déjà fait tant de bêtises dans le salon que cela m'intimide . . . j'ai peur de commettre encore des gaucheries . . .

— Viens toujours, mais c'est dommage que tu sentes si fort, quelle idée de se transformer en sachet . . . Viens, on va danser . . . invite celle qui te plaira le plus.

— Si ce n'était pas celle-là ?

— Invite toujours.

Théophile rentre dans la salle où l'on danse. Il passe en revue toutes les demoiselles, et fixe son choix sur une brune assez jolie, qui a le teint un peu pâle et l'air sentimental. Il l'invite pour la contredanse, on accepte, et bientôt il est en place avec sa danseuse, qui de temps à autre le regarde en dessous, et semble attendre qu'il lui dise quelque chose.

Après avoir longtemps cherché pour ne point tomber dans les phrases banales, Théophile dit :

— Je crois que le parquet est trop ciré . . .

— Vous croyez, monsieur.

— Ce doit être bien glissant pour danser . . . Vous n'êtes pas encore tombée, mademoiselle ?

— Non, monsieur, mais en vérité vous me faites peur, je ne vais plus oser faire des pas.

— Oh ! ça ne fait rien, mademoiselle, quand vous glisserez un peu . . .

— Mais, monsieur, je ne veux pas glisser du tout.

— Rassurez-vous, je vous soutiendrai.

— Mon Dieu ! comme cela sent les fleurs ici, ne trouvez-vous pas, monsieur ?

— Ah ! oui . . . en effet, cela sent . . . tout plein de chose . . . mais cela sent bon.

— Sans doute . . . mais c'est trop fort . . . Ce qu'il y a de singulier, c'est que je ne vois pas de fleurs dans le salon . . . A moins qu'elles ne soient derrière les rideaux . . .

La ritournelle du pantalon met fin à cette conversation, Théophile veut très bien danser ; mais son habit trop étroit gêne ses mouvements ; sa cravatte trop serrée gêne son cou ; et la cire du parquet gêne ses pieds, qui, à chaque instant, font des écarts et menacent de se dérober entièrement sous lui. Tout cela ne donne pas de grâce et de légèreté à sa danse ; ensuite il se trouve avoir pour vis-à-vis une jeune blonde dont la figure est vive et mutine, dont les yeux sont petits, mais spirituels ; cette jeune blonde sourit fort agréablement en dansant ; mais chaque fois que son vis-à-vis fait un écart et manque de tomber, ce sourire se change en un bruyant éclat de rire, qu'elle essaie aussitôt de comprimer, mais qui repart un instant après.

Théophile, qui a remarqué les sourires moqueurs de la demoiselle qui est en face de lui, se sent encore plus embarrassé chaque fois que la figure l'oblige à danser devant elle. Ses jambes s'emmêlent, s'entrechoquent, il se trompe dans la figure, il glisse de plus belle, il va balancer devant un monsieur qui n'est pour rien dans le quadrille, et qui le regarde avec de grands yeux étonnés, puis il revient tout penaud devant sa danseuse s'excuser de lui avoir fait manquer la figure. Mais, du moins, celle-ci ne lui rit pas au nez, bien loin de là, dès qu'il s'approche d'elle, la jolie brune pâlit, s'émeut, son sein se gonfle, ses regards deviennent languissants, et de temps à autre elle porte la main à son front.

En voyant l'effet qu'il produit sur sa danseuse, Théophile se dit :

— Ce doit être la demoiselle en question . . . Tant

mieux, elle me plaît . . . Comme elle est émue près de moi. Elle a une figure mélancolique, il y a du romantique dans cette tête-là. Cette femme-là saura bien aimer . . . On lui a peut-être glissé quelques mots sur moi et sur mes projets. Sa main m'a semblé trembler dans la mienne. Charmante jeune fille, il y a de la sympathie entre nous. Ce n'est pas comme avec cette jeune blonde en face. Certainement elle est gentille, bien faite, mais je ne puis pas la souffrir. Elle ne me quitte pas des yeux quand je danse . . . Quel air moqueur ! ça me trouble, c'est elle qui est cause que je me trompe, et que j'ai manqué plusieurs fois de tomber en glissant. Ah ! mon Dieu ! c'est à moi . . . le cavalier seul ; lançons-nous. Sapristi ! comme mon habit me gêne."

Théophile se lance ainsi qu'il se l'est promis : il emploie tous ses moyens pour avoir de la grâce et du *laisser-aller* ; il est probable que cela produit un effet contraire, car il entend bientôt les rires étouffés de son vis-à-vis ; alors, ne sachant plus ce qu'il fait, et voulant achever son pas par quelque chose qui étonne, il risque un entrechat, mais en le terminant il glisse des deux pieds ; en cherchant à se retenir pour ne point tomber, il s'accroche à la première chose qu'il trouve sous sa main ; cette première chose se trouve être le voile de dentelle qu'une dame d'une cinquantaine d'années et d'une extrême maigreur avait mis sur sa poitrine en guise de fichu, et cette dame faisait partie du quadrille où elle essayait de lutter de légèreté avec les jeunes filles ; elle y parvenait parce qu'elle était extrêmement mince, et vue par derrière, pouvait encore faire illusion et passer pour une jeune danseuse.

Cependant, le voile de dentelle n'était pas de force à soutenir Théophile ; celui-ci s'est étalé au milieu du quadrille, emportant dans sa chute cette partie de la toilette de la grande dame maigre.

Celle-ci pousse un cri en se sentant décollée aussi brusquement ; elle se trouve exposée à tous les regards des appas que personne ne demandait à voir, elle se hâte de croiser ses mains sur sa poitrine comme la Vénus pudique ; Théophile est en train de se relever et la jeune blonde rit à en pleurer, lorsque, tout à coup, un mouvement d'effroi se manifeste un peu plus loin : c'est la demoiselle brune et pâle, la danseuse de Théophile, qui, après avoir encore porté la main à son front, vient de s'évanouir.

Tout le monde s'empresse de porter secours à cette jeune personne que l'on transporte près d'une croisée ouverte dans une autre pièce. Pendant ce temps, Théophile s'est relevé, la dame maigre a ramassé son voile et recouvert des choses qu'on est bien fâché d'avoir vues.

— Qu'y a-t-il donc ? demande Théophile qui boite parce qu'il s'est légèrement foulé le pied en tombant.

— C'est une demoiselle qui se trouve mal . . . — C'est votre danseuse, mademoiselle Euphémie.

— Elle se trouve mal ! . . . Pauvre jeune fille, il serait possible ! Quoi ! parce qu'elle m'a vu tomber cela lui a produit tant d'effet. Quelle sensibilité ! quel cœur ! Et quel intérêt je lui inspire déjà ! Comme c'est aimable de sa part de s'évanouir en me voyant par terre. Ce n'est pas comme la blonde, mon vis-à-vis, je l'ai entendue rire aux éclats . . . Mauvais cœur ! Je me rappelle à présent qu'au moment où je suis tombé, elle s'est écriée : — Ça ne pouvait pas manquer d'arriver."

Et Théophile se hâte de quitter le salon pour aller près de la demoiselle qui s'est trouvée mal ; sur son chemin il rencontre la blonde si riieuse, elle le regarde d'un air piteux et lui dit :

— Comment, monsieur, vous boitez . . . Vous vous êtes donc fait du mal en tombant ?

— Oui, mademoiselle, je me suis fait assez de mal . . . C'est drôle, n'est-ce pas ?

— Ah ! monsieur, pouvez-vous supposer que je trouve plaisant de voir souffrir quelqu'un !

— Pourtant, mademoiselle, cela vous a fait bien rire de me voir tomber !

— Mon Dieu, monsieur, ne savez-vous pas que c'est toujours le premier effet que cela produit, dès que l'on

voit tomber quelqu'un . . . A moins que ce ne soit un vieillard on rit d'abord, sauf ensuite à secourir les personnes si elles se sont fait mal. Et puis, monsieur, c'est que vous aviez déjà glissé si souvent. Je m'attendais à ce qui vous est arrivé . . . Ah ! ah ! ah !

Et la jeune blonde se remet à rire, et Théophile la quitte en se disant : "Je ne suis pas dupe de son petit air de bonhomie . . . Courons secourir Euphémie . . . O Euphémie ! . . . Quel joli nom . . . Je suis enchanté qu'elle se nomme Euphémie ! . . ."

Théophile entre dans la pièce où l'on a transporté sa danseuse. Celle-ci est étendue sur une causeuse que l'on a approchée de la fenêtre, on lui a jeté de l'eau fraîche au visage et elle commence à reprendre connaissance et à rouvrir les yeux ; il y a encore beaucoup de monde autour d'elle ; mais Théophile parvient à se faire jour, à se faufiler entre des dames, il arrive tout près de la malade, et commence une phrase :

"— Ah ! mademoiselle ! combien je suis touché . . . combien je suis sensible . . . à l'intérêt que . . ."

Mais mademoiselle Euphémie ne laisse pas Théophile terminer sa phrase . . . elle éprouve comme une crise nerveuse, elle étend ses mains vers lui pour empêcher qu'il ne s'approche ; aussitôt toutes les dames qui sont là prennent Théophile, l'une par le bras, l'autre par son habit, et le poussent hors de la chambre en lui disant :

"— Allez-vous-en, monsieur . . . éloignez-vous bien vite . . . vous voyez bien que votre présence lui fait mal . . . vous venez de lui faire avoir une nouvelle crise . . ."

"— Eh ! quoi ! mesdames, vous pensez que c'est moi qui suis cause . . . que cette demoiselle . . ."

"— Oui, monsieur, c'est vous ! . . . il n'y a pas le

moindre doute . . . car ça lui a pris en dansant avec vous . . . et cela n'a rien d'étonnant . . . Oh ! éloignez-vous bien vite, monsieur . . . elle doit s'apercevoir que vous êtes encore là . . ."

Théophile s'est laissé repousser dans une pièce d'entrée ; il est tout étourdi de ce qui lui arrive, et se dit : "Il paraît que tout le monde a deviné les sentiments que j'inspire à mademoiselle Euphémie . . . ce n'est plus un secret pour personne . . . heureusement pour elle que je les partage . . . il faudrait être bien ingrat pour ne pas être touché par les témoignages d'un intérêt si vif. Ah ! voilà Badinet . . ."

"Mon cher Théophile, dit Badinet en s'approchant de son ami, je viens te prier de me faire le plaisir de ne plus danser, parce que tu es un cavalier trop dangereux, tu déshabilles les unes, tu fais évanouir les autres . . . tu fais même des trous dans mon parquet . . . je ne sais pas où tu t'arrêterais . . . c'est effrayant."

"— Sois tranquille, cher ami, je ne danserai plus, ce qui me serait, d'ailleurs, impossible maintenant, car je me suis foulé le pied et je peux à peine marcher. Je vais rentrer chez moi et me coucher."

"Ma foi, je ne te retiens pas . . . car je craindrais qu'en restant, tu ne fisses évanouir toutes les dames de ma société."

Paul de Kock is just the opposite of Burke's celebrated aphorism of vice losing half its evil by losing all its grossness. Paul de Kock, after his grossness has been evaporated, has no residuum but a dreary dulness.

Les Étuvistes, ou Paris dans ce temps-là.

Alexandre Cadot, 37

Par CH. PAUL DE KOCK. 4 tomes. Paris : Rue Serpente. 1854.

THIS is another production of Paul de Kock, singularly enough, dedicated to his daughter, who lately died at the tender age of some three or four years. It is a sequel to the "*Barbier de Paris*," and although it may be said to consist rather of a series of sketches descriptive of the state of society in Paris about two centuries ago, rather than of a connected narrative, it is certainly not devoid of entertainment.

Why the period alluded to should be so constantly designated "The good old time," is, as our author observes, strange enough. Was it, he asks, because people in those days were not at liberty to retire to rest, to work, to receive their friends, or to amuse themselves how and when they thought proper? Was it because they were constantly getting their heads broken in the streets at night; because thieves, then styled "truands, mauvais garçons, tireurs de laine, coupeurs de bourses"—carried on their little traffic in broad daylight, on the Pont-Neuf and elsewhere, laughing in the faces of their victims if they took the adventure in bad part? Was it because the shops were then dirty, dark, and dingy, and the wares they contained were arranged without either elegance or taste?

Was it because at every corner duels between parties of two, four, or a dozen were constantly taking place? Because sumptuary

laws were incessantly issued, prohibiting such an one from wearing silk, some one else from sporting velvet, enjoining one woman not on any account to be seen with a golden belt—another, in such and such colours, which were by a paternal government deemed too showy, too dazzling, too brilliant for her station?

"Oh, miserable politicians! wretched critics!" he exclaims, "who would thus fall foul of luxury, would restrain elegance, and censure coquetry. Fools that you are for not perceiving that in this way you are infallibly sapping, not only the vitals of trade and manufactures, but of our very mechanics and labourers."

As some of our readers may be curious to know the precise meaning of the term *Étuviste*, we may perhaps Anglicize it most aptly by the term bath or bagnio-keeper.

In the year 1620 there were in Paris forty-eight master barber-bagnio-keepers and wig-makers, attached to the Court; for the privilege of keeping bathing establishments was then exclusively reserved to the worshipful company of wigmakers. At the corner of the Rue St. Jacques and of the Rue des Mathurins was one of the most elegant and most frequented of these bath-houses. From afar were to be seen suspended, in accordance with the regulations of the time, two large basins painted blue, be-

neath which, over the door, was inscribed in large characters :—

“Céans on fait le poil proprement, et l'on tient bains et étuves.”

At that period a bath was an expensive affair, costing from six to twelve livres; and when we bear in mind the difference in the value of money, the “badauds” of Paris may indeed rejoice that they can now get complete ablution for something less than a franc.

It must be admitted, too, that in the “good old times,” when a bath was so expensive a business, the houses where they were obtainable had, for the most part, but a questionable reputation.

Many ladies of rank, and of exalted station about the Court, resorted to them for purposes which it is unnecessary to particularize. Suffice it to say, that during the early part of the seventeenth century, the pulpits very properly denounced in unmeasured terms the iniquities practised at these places.

Maillard, a celebrated preacher, directed his thunders incessantly against this monstrous evil. “Mesdames!” he exclaimed emphatically, on one occasion; “n’allez vous pas aux étuves? et n’y faites-vous pas ce que vous savez?”

Notwithstanding all the well-directed efforts of the clergy, it was not until the end of the century that so crying an evil was redressed.

But to return to the shop at the corner of the Rue St. Jacques. Here is a portrait of its owner—

THE BAGNIO KEEPER.

Elle était tenue par un gros gaillard d’une cinquantaine d’années, robuste, vif et agile comme un jeune homme, et qui se nommait Hugonnet.

C’était un compère à rouge trogne, la parole leste et le geste à l’avenant; sa figure ronde, pleine, réjouie, respirait la santé et la bonne humeur; ses petits yeux ronds et gris avaient une légère expression malicieuse; son menton commençait à se doubler, ses cheveux à grisonner; mais maître Hugonnet s’inquiétait peu de tout cela, pourvu que sa boutique fût bien achalandée, qu’il vit arriver chez lui les cavaliers, les bacheliers, les écuyers, gens de la cour, de la ville, de la campagne même, peu lui importait, lorsque la pratique payait bien, car, après une bonne journée, le baigneur manquait rarement d’aller se réguler et se divertir au cabaret le plus voisin, d’où il était d’usage qu’il revint en battant les murailles: il appelait cela avoir une petite pointe.

Ce qu’il y avait de singulier dans l’ivresse de maître Hugonnet, c’est qu’elle changeait totalement son caractère; et, au lieu de mettre en relief ses passions et ses vices, ce qui est assez l’usage du vin, elle lui donnait des qualités qu’on ne lui aurait jamais soupçonnées en état de raison, et le privait entièrement de celles qu’il possédait dans son état normal.

Ainsi, l’étuviste était fort peu patient; il s’emportait facilement, se querellait de même, ne voulait jamais céder, et était toujours prêt à se battre.

A la vérité, les coups une fois donnés, Hugonnet ne gardait pas la moindre rancune à son adversaire, et il riait ou trinquait bien vite avec lui.

Dans le vin, ce gros compère devenait doux, timide comme un enfant; disposé à faire les volontés de chacun, il s’attendait facilement sur les malheurs du prochain; et, si on lui débitait quelque récit lamentable, il n’était pas rare de le voir pleurer et retourner à son logis en troublant le voisinage par ses gémissements.

Ceci annonçait toujours que les libations avaient été copieuses, les rasades fréquentes, et que le maître baigneur était complètement ivre.

Hugonnet était veuf et n’avait qu’un enfant, une fille, qui venait alors d’atteindre sa dix-huitième année.

Ambrosino était une belle fille, grande, forte, mais bien prise, bien campée sur ses haanches; son pied n’était pas très petit, mais son mollet était bien placé et bien fourni; sa main aurait pu être plus mignonne, plus effilée, mais elle était blanche, rose et potelée.

Sa démarcho et ses gestes avaient quelquefois de la brusquerie, ce qui lui donnait quelque chose de trop cavalier; mais son sourire était si franc, si aimable, que cela faisait excuser ce que ses manières pouvaient avoir de rude pour les personnes qui ne la connaissaient pas bien.

Ambrosine était fort bien de figure; ses cheveux étaient noirs comme du jais; ses yeux, d’un brun foncé, bien fendus, bien frangés par de longs cils de la couleur de ses cheveux, se fixaient avec assurance sur la personne qui lui parlait; mais si ces yeux-là n’exprimaient pas la timidité ordinaire d’une jeune fille, ils étaient si affectueux pour les malheureux, si aimables dans la joie, si brillants dans la colère, que c’était toujours de beaux yeux.

Une bouche grande, mais bien garnie, des lèvres un peu fortes, mais fraîches et gracieuses, un menton arrondi, un front haut et blanc, des sourcils bien marqués, sans être trop épais, telle était la fille de maître Hugonnet, que dans le quartier Saint-Jacques on désignait ordinairement sous le nom de la Belle-Baigneuse.

Les charmes d’Ambrosine devaient entrer pour beaucoup dans la vogue dont jouissait l’établissement de son père.

La maison de maître Hugonnet ne désemplissait pas; elle était le rendez-vous des jeunes seigneurs, des arquebusiers et des haliebardiens du roi, des gentillâtres, des hobereaux et des étudiants, des gens d’épée ou de plume, des clercs de la Basoche, et même quelquefois des pages d’une noble princesse.

Les dames qui venaient aux étuves, et nous vous avons déjà dit qu’il en venait aussi beaucoup, aimaient à être servies, habillées, soignées, par Ambrosine, qui était vive, alerte, habile, et s’acquittait de sa besogne avec une grâce, une gaité qui faisait trouver du plaisir à l’employer.

Il est probable que parmi tous ces galantins et freluquets qui venaient chez maître Hugonnet, plus d’un aurait aussi désiré recevoir les services de la fille de la maison; mais il leur fallait s’en passer, la Belle Baigneuse n’était naturellement qu’aux ordres dames.

Cependant lorsque la foule était à la boutique du barbier pour y réclamer l’office de son rasoir et de son peigne, Ambrosine, qui savait faire une barbe avec autant de prestesse et de sûreté que son père, consentait quelquefois à lui donner un coup de main et à faire le poil à l’un des cavaliers postulant pour être accommodé.

Celui auquel elle voulait bien rendre ce service l’acceptait toujours comme une faveur, et le recevait en tâchant de donner à sa figure l’expression la plus séduisante; il ne manquait pas ensuite d’aller conter par la ville qu’il avait été rasé par la fille de maître Hugonnet, et chacun regardait avec envie ce menton que la Belle Baigneuse avait savonné.

Hugonnet and his pretty daughter play an important part in the sequel, though, as we have before observed, the plot is meagre and desultory.

Fernand Duplessis, ou Mémoires d'un Mari. Par EUGÈNE SUE.

THE six volumes before us comprise three distinct but consecutive novels—

Part I. "Albine, ou le Mariage de Con-
venance."

Part II. "Césarine, ou le Mariage d'Ar-
gent."

Part III. "Claudine, ou le Mariage d'In-
clination."

The intention of these pages is unquestionably political, and their tendency undisguisedly republican; but though we have no doubt as to the licentiousness and profligacy of the *haute Société* in France, especially at and before the period at which this story is supposed to have been written, we are strongly inclined to question whether the vices which demoralized that class did not also extend their corrupting influences to the middle and inferior ranks. Perhaps the author would not deny this, and would further affirm that the social reformation he desires to bring about, is intended to comprise all classes. We doubt, however, whether the expedient he advocates, with a view to this result, is calculated to accomplish its ends; and though somewhat out of place here, we bring against him the testimony of his own argument in a conversation between the Aristocrats and the Reformateurs of his own creation:—

EDUCATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

MOI.—Franchement, mon cher Jean, je ne te crois pas sérieux lorsque tu me dis, par exemple, que c'est un devoir pour moi de tâcher que *Gros-Pierre*, mon valet de charrue, soit sensible à la musique, à la peinture, à la poésie.

JEAN RAYMOND.—Pourquoi non ?

MOI.—Parce que c'est tout bonnement impossible. . .

CHARPENTIER.—Impossible; non, M. Duplessis; j'ai fait les campagnes d'Allemagne, . . dans l'armée de Condé (ajouta Charpentier en se rappelant son rôle de marquis en présence de ma femme), et j'ai cent fois vu les laboureurs allemands dans leurs villages, le soir, après les travaux des champs, faire d'excellente musique et chanter en chœur aussi bien qu'à l'Opéra.

MADAME RAYMOND.—Voyons, M. Fernand, ne trouvez-vous pas que, pour les gens des campagnes, c'est là une douce et salutaire distraction après les rudes travaux du jour ?

CHARPENTIER.—Cela ne vaut-il pas mieux que d'aller bêtement au cabaret jouer aux quilles ou au bouchon ?

MOI.—Passe pour cela. . . D'ailleurs, les Allemands ont le génie musical.

ALBINE, timidement.—Peut-être parce qu'il est cultivé, développé dès l'enfance. . .

MADAME RAYMOND.—Madame Duplessis a parfaitement raison. . . J'ai vu des écoles d'enfants auxquels on apprenait à chanter, ils acquéraient une justesse d'intonation et une finesse d'oreille incroyables.

MOI.—Oh ! madame, quant à cela, je suis complètement de votre avis; mais vous serez du mien, je l'espère, lorsque je soutiendrai qu'il est insensé de vouloir que *Gros-Pierre* soit sensible à la poésie, à la peinture. . .

JEAN RAYMOND.—Mon cher Fernand, faisons venir *Gros-Pierre*, lisons-lui *Peau-d'Ane*, la *Barbe-Bleue* ou le *Petit-Poucet*. . . Je gage qu'il est tout oreilles. . .

MOI. Des Contes de la Mère l'Oie ! La belle poésie que voilà ! Ce sont, en effet, des classiques dignes de M. *Gros-Pierre*. Il faut y joindre la haute astronomie

de *Mathieu Laensberg* et la sublime philosophie de *Nostadamus*.

JEAN RAYMOND.—Eh ! qu'importe, méchant railleur ! le germe de la jouissance intellectuelle ne s'en trouve pas moins chez le pauvre *Gros-Pierre*, puisqu'il prend plaisir à ces contes naïfs, absurdes si tu veux ? Mais développe cette intelligence par une éducation suffisante, et un jour *Gros-Pierre*, au retour de ses travaux, oubliera ses fatigues et améliorera son esprit en lisant, non plus *Mathieu Laensberg* ou le *Petit-Poucet*, mais quelque bon livre sur l'agriculture, ou le récit de quelque trait de patriotisme héroïque de nos pères ! Allons jusqu'au bout. Me diras-tu que *Gros-Pierre* est insensible à la peinture ?

MOI.—Voyons la peinture de M. *Gros-Pierre* ? . . Elle doit être à la hauteur de sa littérature.

JEAN RAYMOND.—Gageons encore que *Gros-Pierre* a dans sa hutte quelque grosse enluminure.

MOI.—Parbleu ! Le *Juif errant*, *Geneviève de Brabant*, ou *Cambronne* criant aux Anglais : *La garde meurt et ne se rend pas !* tel est le musée de prédilection de M. *Gros-Pierre* ! Voilà sa galerie . . voilà son Louvre . . voilà les Titien, les Rubens, les Raphaël, à la portée des yeux hébétés de M. *Gros-Pierre* !

MADAME RAYMOND.—Hélas ! M. Duplessis, c'est que le pauvre *Gros-Pierre* n'a pas plus de choix entre Raphaël et la grosse enluminure de *Geneviève de Brabant*, qu'il n'a de choix entre son pain noir et une table recherchée.

JEAN RAYMOND.—De même qu'il a faim et qu'il satisfait sa faim avec du pain noir, de même *Gros-Pierre* a le goût, l'instinct de la peinture, et, faute de mieux, il la satisfait avec le *Juif errant* ou *Geneviève de Brabant*.

MOI.—De sorte que nous nous passerons la fantaisie d'un musée dans chacune des quarante-quatre milles communes de France, pour la plus grande édification et jubilation artistique de MM. *Gros-Pierre* et compagnie . . C'est très-curieux et surtout peu dispendieux, comme vous voyez.

JEAN RAYMOND (souriant à Albine).—Comme ce méchant Fernand est railleur ce soir, madame ! Cependant, je veux tâcher de le confondre, ce qui me sera facile, car au fond il est de mon avis, j'en suis certain. . . Mais il se dévoue en ce moment à l'un des plus utiles devoirs de l'hospitalité . . ; il contredit, parce que la contradiction alimente merveilleusement la causerie.

MOI.—Pas du tout. Je me moque très-sérieusement (hospitalité à part) de quarante-quatre mille musées de M. *Gros-Pierre*.

JEAN RAYMOND.—Eh bien ! oui, chaque commune serait musicienne, puisque le maître d'école enseignerait la musique ; chaque commune lirait de bons et beaux livres, puisque chaque commune aurait sa bibliothèque. . .

MOI, riant.—Mais le musée . . le musée !

JEAN RAYMOND.—Et son musée aussi.

MOI, riant plus fort.—Bravo ! Jean, bravo ! C'est délicieux . . j'attends le mot de la charade.

JEAN RAYMOND.—Sais-tu ce que coûte un musée, tel que je le comprends, c'est-à-dire très-suffisant pour donner le goût et la connaissance du beau dans les arts ? Il faut acheter une vingtaine de plâtres moulés sur les chefs-d'œuvre de la statuaire antique, et environ deux cents belles lithographies, d'après les meilleurs tableaux de l'école ancienne et moderne ; cela coûte de quatre à cinq cents francs au plus. . . J'ai vu un musée pareil dans l'usine que . . (mais Jean se reprit, en songeant aussi à son rôle de fils de marquis), dans l'usine considérable qu'un de mes fils dirigeait ; véritable petite commune, car il y avait là mille ou douze cents ouvriers. . . Eh bien, un grand nombre de ces braves gens, bien que leur éducation artistique eût été fort tardive, avaient fini par trouver un noble et vrai plaisir, aux heures de leur repos, à contempler ces chefs-d'œuvre, dont on leur avait donné peu à peu l'intelligence.

moi.—J'admets cela. M. Gros-Pierre sera musicien, M. Gros-Pierre aimera lire les beaux livres. M. Gros-Pierre sera sensible aux choses de l'art ! Sais-tu ce qui arrivera ? Voici. Demain je dis à M. Gros-Pierre :—La terre est humide, il faut aller au labour.—Pardon, me répondra M. Gros-Pierre, j'ai encore à lire un acte d'*Athalie*.—Ou bien :—Mon garçon, voici le temps de la fenaison, il faut se hâter, la pluie menace.—Pardon, monsieur, me répondra M. Gros-Pierre, j'ai à apprendre ma partie dans le chœur de *Mosè*, que nous chantons ce soir.—Ou bien :—Mon garçon, mes semailles pressent, vite au semoir.—Pardon, monsieur, me répondra M. Gros-Pierre, je désire aller encore ce matin à notre musée de la Riballière, pour jeter un nouveau coup d'œil sur la *Vénus Callipyge* qui m'intéresse fort, et dont j'ai, je crois, assez l'intelligence.—Allons, mon cher Jean, sornettes et chimères que tout cela ! Ma bonne grand-mère avait raison. Il y a dans ce monde deux classes de gens, les gens bien élevés et ceux qui ne le sont pas du tout ; les gens heureux et les malheureux. Soyons charitables envers ceux-ci, la religion nous l'ordonne ; mais vouloir les élever à notre niveau par l'intelligence, cela fût-il possible, que rien ne serait plus dangereux : tout ordre, toute subordination disparaîtrait.

JEAN RAYMOND.—Erreur. . . Tu conviendras, n'est-ce pas ? qu'à l'heure qu'il est, Gros-Pierre laboure la terre, l'ensemence et fane tes foins ; puisqu'il lui faut avant tout travailler pour vivre ?

moi.—No vas-tu pas de cela glorifier M. Gros-Pierre ?

JEAN RAYMOND.—Nullement. Gros-Pierre accomplit son devoir : tout homme doit travailler pour vivre ; mais, selon toi, Gros-Pierre se croirait moins obligé de travailler pour vivre, et ainsi deviendrait moins bon travailleur, parce qu'en suivant sa charrue il chanterait d'une voix juste quelque beau chant poétique et populaire, au lieu de glapir d'une voix fausse une stupide complainte, ou un couplet obscène ? Selon toi, Gros-Pierre deviendrait un fainéant, parce qu'au lieu de charmer ses yeux par d'informes enluminures, clouées dans sa hutte, il aurait habitué sa vue à l'admiration, à la jouissance des belles choses ? Selon toi, enfin, Gros-Pierre deviendrait un mauvais sujet, un insolent, parce qu'au lieu d'aller s'abrutir au cabaret le dimanche, il s'en irait seul, ou avec quelques amis, sous quelque bel ombrage, pour lire de bons livres, et parce que le soir il chanterait en chœur comme les laboureurs allemands ? En un mot, selon toi, Gros-Pierre te sera redoutable, parce qu'il aura éclairé son esprit, amélioré son cœur ? parce qu'il vivra par l'âme, enfin ! utilisant ainsi les aptitudes que Dieu a mises en toutes ses créatures ?

moi.—Certes, j'aurais peur et très-grand peur de M. Gros-Pierre du moment où il rougira de sa condition, et trouvera fort étrange d'être valet de charrue, tandis que je suis maître du château de la Riballière.

JEAN RAYMOND.—Crois-tu d'abord que, tout ignorant, tout abruti qu'il soit. Gros-Pierre ne compare pas ses haillons à tes habits ? ses mains rudes . . à tes mains blanches ? son taudis à ton château ?

moi.—Soit, mais du moins, Gros-Pierre se dit : "C'est comme cela, il faut apparemment que ça soit comme cela ! il n'en saurait être autrement. Je suis fait pour vivre et mourir dans une hutte, de même que M. Duplessis est fait pour habiter un château. . ." Mais que demain, Gros-Pierre devienne monsieur Gros-Pierre, de par le développement de son âme et de son esprit, il se dira : "Au fait, pourquoi donc ne serais-je pas, moi, châtelain tout aussi bien que Duplessis ? Est-ce qu'après tout je ne le vaudrais pas ?"

JEAN RAYMOND.—Mon pauvre Fernand, nous ne nous entendons plus ; le raisonnement que tu prêtes à Gros-Pierre, éclairé, c'est-à-dire moralisé, est un raisonnement de sauvage ; par cela même que l'intelligence de Gros-Pierre se développera, il comprendra justement que, pendant longtemps encore, il y aura sans doute des

inégalités de fortunes et de conditions. . . Mais, je l'avoue, Gros-Pierre dira en même temps, que si un petit nombre peut jouir du *superflu* en toute sécurité, il est souverainement juste que le plus grand nombre soit à même de gagner, par son travail, le *nécessaire*, c'est-à-dire, le pain du corps et celui de l'esprit pour soi et pour les siens. Ainsi éclairer Gros-Pierre sur ses droits, c'est l'éclairer aussi sur ses devoirs ; en un mot, mon cher Fernand, dire que le développement de l'intelligence du peuple est redoutable, c'est dire qu'il faut vouer le peuple à une éternelle et avilissante ignorance. . . (*S'animant.*) C'est prétendre qu'il faut tuer l'âme pour mieux asservir le corps ! c'est prétendre qu'il est habile de laisser végéter de pauvres créatures dans l'ignorance d'elles-mêmes afin de n'avoir pas à compter un jour avec leurs droits ! C'est enfin prétendre, comme je ne sais quels exécrables politiques, que pour dominer impunément une nation, il faut abrutir le peuple par l'ignorance, l'énervier par les privations, et endormir les classes plus éclairées dans les égoïstes jouissances du bien-être matériel. . . Non, non, Fernand, je connais ton bon et loyal cœur, et je te dis que tu penses comme moi. Oui, Dieu a doué notre âme d'instincts, de besoins, de désirs encore plus impérieux que ceux du corps ; et méconnaître ou étouffer ces aspirations divines, c'est un crime. (*Avec véhémence.*) Oui, et surtout s'il est calculé, c'est un crime odieux . . un crime infâme !

It will be seen, that although all sensible men at the present day gladly go a certain length as regards the education of the middle and lower classes, yet the poetical theory in which Jean Raymond indulges, is not only totally impracticable, but, could it be carried out, would be far from leading to the benefits he anticipates.

Again, where can we find more false or pernicious reasoning than the following, in which the first principles of Christianity are not only passed by with a sneer, but the whole system shaken to its very foundation.

Self-discipline, the very basis of all social and moral, not to say of religious communities, is set at defiance ; restraint of every kind is scouted ; and the most uncontrolled licentiousness is approvingly encouraged.

ENVY.

moi.—Et puis, avouez, madame, que les populations rustiques valent cent fois mieux que les populations des villes . . toujours envieuses . . toujours haineuses . .

CHARPENTIER.—Que voulez-vous, M. Fernand, c'est qu'aussi le luxe des villes offre aux gens qui manquent souvent de pain un si cruel contraste avec leur misère. . .

JEAN.—Il est si excusable d'envier le superflu . . lorsqu'on n'a pas le nécessaire !

moi.—Mais mon cher, c'est toujours une très-mauvaise passion que l'envie.

CHARPENTIER.—Avouez du moins, M. Fernand, qu'un pauvre homme sans asile doit éprouver une tristesse amère en passant, le soir, devant un hôtel tout brillant de fête et de lumière ?

moi.—Sans doute ; mais que voulez-vous ? c'est un malheur ; on n'y peut rien.

MADAME RAYMOND.—Mais il y a tant d'autres contrastes poignants auxquels on pourrait quelque chose. Ainsi tenez, M. Fernand, au risque de paraître dire une puérilité, je vous avoue que je me révolte toujours en songeant à ces monceaux d'or et d'argent étalés aux yeux des passants, chez les changeurs ; n'est-ce pas pour le pauvre quelquefois une tentation terrible . . et toujours une ironie cruelle, que la vue de ces richesses ? Combien

en est-il qui, après avoir longtemps contemplé ces trésors, s'en vont méditant quelque crime ou maudissant leur destinée!

MOI.—Certes, madame . . . votre réflexion me frappe . . . ces exhibitions ont leur danger. . .

JEAN à Albine.—Ah! madame, n'est-il pas vrai, que de Tantales à Paris! Jusqu'à ces pauvres enfants déguenillés, hâves, affamés, dévorant des yeux ces trésors gastronomiques étalés chez les restaurateurs en renom!

ALBINE.—C'est vrai, monsieur . . . pauvres enfants . . .

MOI.—Je dois te déclarer, mon pauvre Jean, qu'en parlant de gastronomie, tu marches sur un terrain brûlant . . .; oh! mais brûlant comme les fourneaux de Véry. . . Ma femme est très-gourmande. . .

JEAN à Albine, qui a rougi d'un air contrarié.—Vraiment, madame?

ALBINE, se trouvant de plus en plus embarrassée.—Monsieur . . . c'est une plaisanterie de M. Duplessis. . .

JEAN, souriant.—Oh! ne vous en défendez pas . . ., vous avez parfaitement raison, madame. Après tout, le bon Dieu a créé les bonnes choses pour être mangées; et puis, est-ce qu'il aurait soigné, je dirai même caressé avec tant d'amour, ce délicat appareil qui s'appelle le sens du goût, si l'homme était destiné à ne manger que des aliments insipides ou grossiers? Ce qui est le mal, n'est-ce pas, Fernand, c'est qu'il n'y ait qu'un très-petit nombre de personnes qui puissent être gourmandes, tandis que tout le monde devrait pouvoir se donner ce plaisir.

MOI.—Oh! . . . tout le monde. . .

JEAN.—Certainement. . . Pourquoi pas?

MOI.—C'est un paradoxe tout comme un autre. . .

CHARPENTIER.—Écoutez donc, M. Duplessis, Jean, n'a pas tout à fait tort. Supposons que comme aux États-Unis, par exemple, chacun puisse avoir à très-peu de frais, grâce à l'immense développement de l'agriculture et aux abondantes productions de notre pays, une alimentation saine, abondante, de bonne viande, d'excellents poissons de mer et de rivière, du gibier, des fruits . . . la gourmandise devient à la portée de tout le monde.

JEAN, riant.—Et la longévité humaine y gagnerait, et alors on atteindrait l'âge des patriarches.

MOI.—Allons donc! fou que tu es!

JEAN RAYMOND.—Je parle très-sérieusement; plus la nourriture est agréable, succulente et variée, plus nos jours se prolongent -- A Albine, gaiement: Vous voyez, madame, que vous pouvez être gourmande en toute sécurité de conscience. . .

We could have wished M. Fernand Duplessis had shewn a little more reserve in the details of the adventures with which he favours us, and which, to tell the truth, are sometimes *très peu voilés*. It is not a book we should be by any means glad to find turned into English, and confronting us at every railway station; for, with all our confidence in the native purity of the women of England, we should regret to see those of the more educated classes glancing at the "Memoirs of Fernand Duplessis," or their inferiors devouring its translation.

It seems enough to *know* that there have been such characters as Sardanapalus or Henry the Eighth; but perhaps the less we dwell upon the minute particulars of their private history the better.

The Bluebeard in question, however, appears to think otherwise; and is evidently so familiarized with vice in all its worst aspects, that he

does not even seem ashamed of the vile motives by which he is actuated in the pursuit of his profligate course, and professes to enter into these details by way of *penance*, or, as he calls it, "expiation" for his numberless crimes.

It is curious that such a man should acknowledge the principle of penance at all, which is so far good, that it concedes the *reasonableness* of the doctrine, since no religious motive can have incited a professed infidel to hold it.

Passe pour cela, therefore; we forgive the inconsistency in favour of the admission.

We are introduced to our hero at an early period of his life; and, while yet a stripling at school, he displays the consequences of the preparatory education he had undergone at home.

His grandmother, Madame de Francheville, tells us, "Me gâtait dans toute l'acception du mot," piques herself on her adherence to the *Vielle Régime*, and we are favoured with a code of moral law she has drawn up for her own and her grandson's regulation, taken from the writings of the models she admires—"Ainsi que toutes les femmes de sa classe et de son temps, elle s'était formé l'esprit à l'école de Voltaire, de Diderot, de d'Alembert," &c.

These are specimens of the Aristocracy of the day, who are of course held up to detestation, and perhaps, in some respects, not without reason, though the picture is immoderately overdrawn.

On the other hand, we have Madame Raymond and her son Jean, who are as extravagantly depicted with opposite qualities, and are constantly brought into strong contrast with Madame de Francheville and her grandson.

These are types of the *petite bourgeoisie* or middle class; and, had they lived before the Christian era, would have made very respectable Spartan heroes or philosophers; but it is lamentable to see writers of the present day falling back on the mere rationalism of the stoics, as if they had no better guide to a virtuous life.

We recommend Eugène Sue to recall his work, "revise it and retouch," alter the names and dates; place his *dramatis personæ* in Lacedæmon, *regnante Lyncurgo*; and make Fernand Duplessis an effeminate Sybarite, while Jean might be supposed to be brother of the boy of famous memory, who so bravely stole the fox, and so courageously concealed, what in these days would, we fear (except by Eugène Sue), be characterized as petty larceny. It is a pity, for the success of such principles as his, we should since have learned that *true* courage consists in nobly confessing, not in meanly denying acts of which we are ashamed.

Lest we should, however, want another example of the favoured class, a second type of a

very different character is brought before us in the shape of a mutual schoolfellow of Jean and Fernand, named Hyacinthe Durand—an orphan, poor and friendless and ailing. All our sympathies are exerted in his behalf by the helplessness and simplicity of his character. Patient and forgiving, he is yet capable of warm attachment, and becomes the ally of our two heroes during their school life, giving to both frequent proofs of his admiration and affection, as well as of much refinement of feeling and self-abnegation. Of him, and of Fernand's inexcusable treachery towards him, we shall hear more by-and-by.

Jean is, however, of course the head boy of the school, and is introduced to us, at the age of sixteen, in a sufficiently precocious state as regards strength of character, authority with his schoolfellows, and uncompromising notions of justice. He is long before he records his friendship to any of them, and the conversation which first excites Fernand's desire to obtain it is characteristic of both.

Hyacinthe, sometimes, on account of his extreme timidity, surnamed *Mademoiselle*, has been hit in the eye by a ball *et poussé des cris aigus*. Jean passes, and, shrugging his shoulders, expresses his contempt for *Mademoiselle's* want of courage; upon which Fernand, the defender of his friend, challenges him with the reply, "Je voudrais bien te voir à sa place—toi."

THE SEVERE REPROACH.

— Ramasse la balle et essaye, me dit Jean Raymond d'un air de méprisant défi.

Et il se planta devant moi les bras croisés, me regardant en face.

Dans un premier mouvement de colère, et autant pour venger Hyacinthe que pour mortifier ce bravache, je ramassai la balle et je la lançai avec tant de force, que j'atteignis Jean Raymond au-dessus de l'œil; presque aussitôt sa paupière se gonfla, devint bleuâtre; la douleur dut être cruelle. *Brutus*, impassible, ne poussa pas une seule plainte, et me dit dédaigneusement :

— Ai-je crié ?

Puis il me tourna le dos, sans chercher à se venger de moi, quoiqu'il fût aussi brave que robuste.

Je l'avoue, je ne trouvais rien de plus superbe, de plus héroïque dans mes souvenirs classiques de Rome et de Sparte. Jean Raymond me parut alors haut de cent coudées; ma rancune fit place à une sorte d'admiration fanatique, et, courant après lui, je lui dis :

— Raymond, je t'ai fait lâchement du mal . . tu devrais te venger. . .

— Non, reprit-il brusquement, je t'avais mis au défi.

Et il s'éloigna.

Je le rejoignis, et j'ajoutai :

— Tu as été généreux envers moi, je te demande pardon du mal que je t'ai fait lâchement, je m'en repens. Pour te le prouver, je t'en prie, soyons amis ! . .

— Amis ? me dit-il en me toisant, comme si ma prétention lui eût semblé exorbitante.

Et il ajouta sèchement :

— L'amitié ne me vient pas si vite à moi.

— Mais, pour avoir ton amitié, que faut-il faire ?

— Être le contraire de ce que tu es, . . .

— Et que suis-je donc ?

— Rien.

— Rien ?

— Ou plutôt tu es paresseux, ignorant, léger, tu es sans caractère, sans énergie.

— Moi ? je me suis encore battu hier deux fois !

— Oui, par colère ou par sot amour-propre. Tu ne recules pas devant un coup de poing, mais tu n'as ni tête ni fermeté ; tu es étourdi, bavard. Lors de la conspiration du *grand dortoir*, tout a été découvert par ta trahison.

— Moi, traître !

— Tu as bavardé. En pareil cas, parler, c'est trahir. Tu es, de plus, menteur, et je méprise les menteurs.

— Que veux-tu ? quelquefois je mens . . comme un autre . . pour n'être pas puni, par exemple.

— C'est de la lacheté ! Tu es en outre ridiculement vaniteux.

— En quoi ?

— En tout. Quand tu sors, le dimanche, tu es affublé comme fin homme de vingt-cinq ans, tu fais le *monsieur* ; seul ici tu as une montre d'or avec des breloques, et tu ne perds pas une occasion de faire parade de ta montre ; et puis enfin tu es sans cœur.

Jamais, depuis son entrée à Sainte-Barbe, Jean Raymond n'avait si longuement causé avec aucun de nous, et quoique je fusse alors très-mauvais observateur, je remarquai que Brutus, à chacun des reproches qu'il m'adressait, semblait vouloir rompre l'entretien, puis qu'il le poursuivait comme malgré lui ; de toutes ses duretés, la seule qui me blessa fut celle-ci : "Tu es sans cœur." Aussi lui dis-je avec amertume :

— Moi ! . . je n'ai pas de cœur ?

— Au fait . . si . . un peu, ajouta Jean Raymond en semblant se rappeler un souvenir. Tu as pris sous ta protection Hyacinthe ; tout le monde le battait, le baffouait ; tu l'as défendu ; cela, du moins, annonce un peu de cœur.

— Tu vois bien. . . J'en ai un peu.

C'est possible . . mais moi je voudrais beaucoup de cœur chez mon ami.

Et Jean Raymond me quitta brusquement.

Malgré la rude franchise des reproches de Brutus, je crus lire sur sa physionomie plus des sympathies pour moi qu'il ne voulait paraître m'en témoigner. A la fin de notre court entretien, la mordante apreté de sa voix s'était adoucie. Et lorsqu'il m'avait dit : *Tu as un peu de cœur*, je crus remarquer que, dans son premier mouvement, bientôt contenu, il se disposait à me tendre la main.

Chose bizarre ! les reproches de Jean m'aiguillonnèrent ; je travaillai avec une ardeur dont je ne me soupçonnais pas capable. J'obtins quelques *bonnes places* ; j'allai franchement audevant d'une punition, en avouant une faute cachée ; je me battis moins en aveugle ; je laissai ma montre et mes breloques dans mon gousset au lieu d'en faire incessamment des exhibitions vaniteuses. Enfin, lors d'une fameuse conspiration dite *des Quinquets* (insurrection légitime, car Brutus en avait pris la direction et l'avait conduite avec son courage et son sang-froid habituels), je fis preuve de tant de secret et de résolution, que le lendemain de *l'affaire*, Jean Raymond, renfermé ainsi que moi dans la cachot du collège, me dit en me tendant la main :

— Fernand, si tu le veux, maintenant . . soyons amis. . .

During their school days Fernand is taken by Jean to see his mother, Madame Raymond—the Spartan matron—and who is, of course, a most striking person ; so much so, that the schoolboy of fifteen falls desperately in love with her—though a middle-aged lady of six or eight and thirty—and never loses sight of this "passion de mon adolescence" through life ;

for it survives all the flirtations, more or less grave, of his after life, from "bonnes fortunes" upwards, through all the grades of *amourettes*, "maitresses," "amours sérieuses," "liaisons," &c., and still lives in all its intensity after his first marriage, as will be seen by the sequel.

At Jean's house, whither, by-the-bye, he only goes once, and remains for about an hour in the society of the "adorable Madame Raymond," he finds himself surrounded by a bevy of *conspirateurs*, with whom Jean is quite hail-fellow well met, and among whom is his uncle Godefried. Every thing, down to the very maid-of-all-work who opens the door, is in the most severe simplicity, and forms a most striking contrast to the powdered lacqueys, the polished floors, the snow-white damask, and the profusion of plate at Fernand's grandmother's, where they next dine, and of which he is so thoroughly ashamed by the time he gets there, that he makes a humble apology to Jean for taking him into such a place, and thus meriting his everlasting contempt.

The very family pictures seem discreditable to his new ideas, and he begins to envy in their place the bloody shirt of Jean's father (*martyr de la liberté* under Napoleon), which he had just seen framed and glazed in Madame Raymond's dining-room.

While at school Fernand shews much weakness of character, and on one occasion allows himself to be bribed, by the loan of some "mauvais livres," to betray to a designing schoolfellow named Levasseur all he had seen at Jean's house, in consequence of which indiscretion the whole party are seized: Jean leaves school abruptly, and a separation of many years ensues.

Of Hyacinthe Durand, too, he loses sight for a considerable period. As *au sortir de l'école* he is attracted by the gay livery of *Page du Roi*, and passes three years at Court, whence he emerges into the *gardes du corps*, where apparently, his life is too profligate even for Eugène Sue's pen; for this period is passed *sub silentio*, and we are spared all but a few significant hints as to his pursuits during that time.

His grandmother dies, leaving him heir to considerable property, upon the strength of which, of course, "il se livra sans réserve à une vie de plaisir, de dissipation, et d'oisiveté." At length he accidentally falls in with his former friend and schoolfellow Hyacinthe Durand, and with him his young and fabulously beautiful wife Césarine.

"De grosses larmes roulaient dans les yeux" affectueux d'Hyacinthe. Sa douce figure conservait encore la timide et aimante expression d'autrefois. Il avait à peine grandi depuis sa sortie du collège, et était non moins chétif que par le passé." He asks him, in all the con-

fiding trustfulness of his simple character, to visit the *petit ménage* of a "modeste employé à dix-huit cents francs," and is happy in the good understanding which follows between two beings so dear to him. He studies Fernand's tastes, and thinks no sacrifice of his moderate earnings too great to afford him a welcome reception whenever he visits his humble "appartement." At their first interview Hyacinthe relates to him Césarine's history, and a recital of his noble conduct towards her is drawn from him in a way to touch any heart but that of the abandoned Fernand.

To him no consideration is sacred, no tie inviolable. Incapable of generosity or refinement himself, he is blind to it in others, or loses sight of it in his self-indulgent eagerness to gratify his own inclinations, whatever they may be, and at whatever cost.

Accordingly, he proceeds systematically to seduce the fascinating but unprincipled wife of the devoted and unsuspecting Hyacinthe, and succeeds so well that, by a most reassuring sophistry, the guilty pair at last persuade themselves they are doing nothing wrong.

Here is their

SPECIOUS REASONING.

"A quoi servirait à Hyacinthe le temps que je te donne chaque jour de midi à trois heures pendant qu'il est à son bureau? Négligé-je en rien mes devoirs d'épouse dévouée d'intelligente ménagère? Suis-je moins aimante pour lui que par le passé? Non, car il m'inspire le même attachement. Tu le sais mon Fernand il ne se passe pas de jour où nous ne disions de *notre Hyacinthe*—'Cœur angélique esprit enchanteur!' délicatesse exquise!' Oui demain Hyacinthe soit malade, qu'il ait besoin de moi, que les soins du ménage me réclament; nos rendez-vous seront suspendus aussi longtemps que la nécessité l'exigera. Enfin crois-tu qu'il ait au monde un homme plus heureux plus adoré que *notre Hyacinthe*?"

However, the crisis soon arrives. Meeting after meeting takes place, but only while the husband is at his *bureau*; and as he cannot possibly want his wife at that time, according to Césarine's casuistry, it is immaterial to him how she is employed.

As usual, *inter alia* they discuss the excellent qualities of *notre Hyacinthe*. "Ah, Césarine," says Fernand, "quelle ame! c'est la sensibilité, la tendresse fait homme; comme toi, *ma Césarine*, tu es la beauté, la séduction, l'enivrement en personne . . ."

"Soudain un choc sourd et retentissant venant du cabinet d'Hyacinthe nous fit tressailler."

Césarine gently opens the door—"Mais aussitôt, se rejetant en arrière, pâle, les traits bouleversés elle poussa un cri d'effroi."

Hyacinthe is found stretched senseless on the floor, grasping tightly a superb bouquet he was just bringing in to his Césarine. After due restoratives, he comes to himself, but the shock is irrecoverable. He stammers out a few words, which are his last:—

A STRANGE REQUEST.

— J'étais allé . . sur le quai . . pour t'acheter des roses . . ; en revenant . . , j'ai vu . . en bas . . la voiture de Fernand . . . Alors . . l'idée . . m'est venue . . de vous surprendre . . en entrant, mon bouquet à la main . . Je n'ai pas sonné . . j'ai ouvert la porte . . avec ma clef . . ; j'ai passé par mon cabinet . . ; la porte du salon . . était entre-baillée. Alors . . j'ai tout entendu . .

— Grâce ! . . grâce ! . . murmura Césarine d'une voix étouffée.

Après un assez long silence, Hyacinthe reprit :

— Où est Fernand ? . .

Je frissonnai, le cœur me manqua ; je me sentais cloué à ma place, il me semblait qu'en ce moment l'on m'eût tué plutôt que de me forcer de paraître aux yeux d'Hyacinthe. Il reprit doucement, en s'adressant à sa femme :

— Je te demande où est Fernand ?

— Dans le salon, reprit-elle en sanglotant.

— Qu'il vienne . . , dit son mari.

Un instant après, Césarine, pâle, baignée de larmes, sortit de la chambre, et me dit :

— Il vous demande . . venez.

— Non . . non, m'écriai-je, je n'ose pas . .

— J'ose bien, moi . . , répondit Césarine. Venez.

Et me saisissant par la main, elle me força de la suivre. J'obéis machinalement.

À la vue des traits d'Hyacinthe, déjà livides et décomposés, comme si sa mort dût être prochaine, j'éclatai aussi en sanglots. Je me jetai à son chevet, et cachant ma figure entre mes mains, je m'écriai souffrant, oh ! oui, souffrant toutes les tortures du cœur :

— Pardonne-moi . . pardonne-moi !

Hyacinthe ne me répondit rien ; mais bientôt sa main, déjà défaillante et froide, tâtonna autour de lui, effleura mes cheveux, puis enfin, rencontrant une de mes mains où j'appuyais mon front, il la serra faiblement . .

À cette pression, je relevai vivement la tête. Un sourire navrant errait sur les lèvres décolorées d'Hyacinthe. Ses yeux se fixèrent sur moi, je lus le pardon dans ce regard angélique, et je baisai en pleurant la main qu'il laissait dans la mienne.

Césarine, assise au pied du lit, la tête inclinée, les bras pendants, ne semblait ni voir ni entendre.

— Fernand, me dit Hyacinthe d'une voix éteinte, tout à l'heure je me suis . . senti . . frappé au cœur . . , comme si j'avais reçu un coup de poignard . . Je n'y survivrai pas . . Je vais mourir.

— Non, m'écriai-je en gémissant, non ! tu ne mourras pas.

Hyacinthe continua :

— Les promesses que l'on fait aux mourants sont sacrées, Fernand ! Jure-moi . . de ne pas abandonner Césarine . . lorsque je ne serai plus . .

— Hyacinthe, je t'en supplie, chasse ces sinistres pensées.

— Laisse-moi achever . . , les forces . . vont bientôt . . me manquer . . Fernand, la faute de Césarine . . est excusable ; elle ne pouvait pas m'aimer d'amour . . mais elle m'a comblé des soins les plus tendres ; je lui ai dû les moments les plus heureux de ma vie . . , ajouta Hyacinthe, dont la voix s'altérait de plus en plus. Tu t'en souviens . . je te l'ai dit . . ce mariage . . était disproportionné . . pour moi . . Elle était trop belle . . Mais comme cœur . . comme dévouement . . comme affection . . ; oh ! elle m'a donné . . plus encore que je ne lui ai donné . . Fernand . . , ne sois ni injuste, ni ingrat . . envers elle . . Jure-moi de lui pardonner . . l'amour qu'elle a eu pour toi ! . .

— Que dis-tu, Hyacinthe ? Mon Dieu, je ne te comprends pas . .

— Lorsque Césarine . . après ma mort . . viendra . . te dire : " Je suis libre, consacrons notre amour . . par le mariage . . " jure-moi . . Fernand, de ne pas lui reprocher alors la faute dont tu as été complice . . Jure-

moi . . de . . ne pas repousser Césarine en lui disant qu'une femme coupable d'une faiblesse . . n'est pas digne de porter ton nom . .

— Mais ce serait infâme ! m'écriai-je, douloureusement frappé de l'odieux soupçon d'Hyacinthe.

— Oh . . oui ! . . ce serait bien infâme ; . . car moi, Fernand . . je lui pardonne ; . . car moi, je l'absous . . , au nom de son attachement, de son pieux respect pour moi . . , au nom de ses vertus domestiques dont tu as été témoin comme moi . . Va, Fernand . . Césarine portera noblement ton nom . . Vous serez heureux tous deux ; . . à votre bonheur rien ne manquera : . . vous êtes jeunes, vous êtes beaux . . et vous vous adorez . .

Césarine, immobile, contenait à peine ses sanglots convulsifs ; ainsi que le mien, son cœur débordait d'attendrissement et d'admiration pour l'adorable clémence de cet infortuné, qui s'éteignait sans une parole de reproche ou d'amertume contre nous, ses bourreaux.

— Césarine, reprit Hyacinthe . . encore une fois ta main . . ta belle main . . ; le froid me monte au cœur . . ; ma vue s'éteint . . ; la vie s'en va . . Ta main aussi . . Fernand ; tu me jures que Césarine sera ta femme ? . .

— Oh ! par les remords affreux de tout le mal que je t'ai fait . . Je te le jure !

— Tu me jures . . de la rendre . . heureuse ?

— Oui . . Oh ! oui, pour moi elle sera sainte et sacrée comme ton souvenir !

— Adieu . . Vous m'avez du moins aimé . . tous deux, comme je vous ai aimés . . ajouta Hyacinthe d'une voix expirante ; pensez quelquefois . . à votre ami . . , à votre Hyacinthe . . Jamais il ne vous a fait verser d'autres larmes . . que celles-ci . .

* * * *

Ces paroles furent les dernières paroles intelligibles d'Hyacinthe . .

Son agonie fut longue, mais douce ; il s'éteignit, sans douleur apparente, dans la nuit du dimanche au lundi.

Césarine lui ferma pieusement les paupières.

Even in this transaction, however, Fernand's infamy does not end. He very soon begins to reason with himself as to the "convenience" of a man in his position allying himself to such a wife as Césarine, of whose morals (though her accomplice) he has naturally no very high opinion ; and in the midst of his doubts he is completely determined by a revelation she makes to him, which she naturally supposes would have proved how enchainning were the claims she has upon him.

He repulses her coldly : she withdraws her appeal, with more dignity than he could have expected, and he does not hear of her again for some years.

The next victim of his heartless selfishness is an innocent, peculiarly-gifted girl, just returned from school, named Albine Chevrier, who consents to marry him, very much against her better judgment and inclination, to please her worldly-minded parents, who, although informed of his previous life, press the fatal step upon her because it is an "excellent parti."

Albine, with much feminine tact, seems to foresee her fate, and cannot overcome her aversion for her husband. He, on his part, has never loved her ; but, content with the knowledge that her family is respectable and her fortune considerable, reconciles himself to a

position he had looked upon with detestation, and which he only adopts because his health and his fortune begin to require greater regularity of life. His discontent at the restrictions he is compelled to impose upon himself is vented upon his unoffending wife; and he determines, that because he is *blasé* himself, she shall, at eighteen, never know the pleasures he has ceased to enjoy, and shall lead a retired country life, *au fond du Berry*, in an old château of his family, without any other society than his own.

The day before his marriage, being the commencement of a *vie réglée*, he locks himself into his private room; and there, opening a casket, religiously destroys one by one the souvenirs of his various mistresses, apostrophizing them all in order as he proceeds—"Toi, Annette," &c.: "toi, Amanda," "toi . . ." But it is something like Don Giovanni's catalogue, and may likewise be represented by the numeral *mille . . . être*.

After a year of utter indifference, and during the most complete solitude, to which Albine passively resigns herself, an event takes place at the château. Jean Raymond and his mother once more appear on the scene. They are being pursued as conspirators against the government, in company with a friend of Jean's late father, named Charpentier; and though they do not ask for an asylum at Fernand's château, yet, in the first impulse of pleasure at finding them once more, he presses his hospitality upon them, and, to elude the suspicion of their pursuers, passes them off as the Marquis and Marquise de Breteuil, with their son.

No sooner, however, has he offered them this security, than an unworthy fear crosses his mind. What if Jean should abuse his confidence, and gain the affection of his wife, and betray him as infamously as he had betrayed Hyacinthe? In his haste to prevent such a disaster (for he is as jealous of his wife as if he really loved her, dreading, in his base and narrow-minded policy, to see *his name trainé dans la fange*), he rushes into his wife's room, and whereas she was before indifferent as to her expected hosts, rouses her curiosity and interest in Jean by desiring her to dress to disadvantage, and to be as reserved as possible in conversation with him.

Madame Raymond, who is remarkably clear-sighted and intelligent, at once guesses the state of affairs between Fernand and his wife, and, as opportunity offers, gives them each separately the best possible advice.

Her instructions to Albine are a ray of light to her: she rouses herself from the lethargy into which the complete inaction and luxury of her present mode of life had plunged her, and

determines to do her best to make herself worthy of the husband who despises her.

He is, however, not a man to be touched by any such demonstrations; and not only repulses her efforts, but is base enough, under the sacred protection of his own roof, so far to forget the duties of the hospitality he has bestowed, as to offer his detestable "hommage" to Madame Raymond herself. She repulses him with becoming dignity, and, early the next morning, leaves the castle with her son. Meanwhile the superior mind and commanding character of Jean, his noble courage, and extensive knowledge, have not been without their effect upon Albine, who almost unconsciously has been so irresistibly charmed by his conversation and manners, that she has yielded to their influence, and, without his in any way suspecting it, is desperately in love with him. Her husband surprises a confidential letter to a former schoolfellow of Albine's, in which she *naïvely* confesses her admiration for Jean, but places it in so spiritual a light, that she scarcely regrets his departure, the cause of which she is of course ignorant, and rejoices that she has now at least a consoling thought to cheer her in the solitude of the life to which she is doomed.

Not long after the departure of Madame Raymond and her son, news is suddenly brought of their capture by the Royalists; and the shock of this intelligence produces so visible an effect upon Albine, whose health has been very precarious for some time past, that an explanation ensues, in which Albine candidly admits the charge of loving Jean, and her husband confesses that he is in love with Jean's mother. Her reception of this confidential communication is so thoroughly French, we cannot forbear giving it:—

AN AGREEABLE DISCLOSURE.

— Vous aimez Madame Raymond ! s'écria ma femme en joignant les mains avec stupeur. Vous l'aimez d'amour ?

— Oui d'un amour insensé.

— Et vous l'aimez depuis longtemps ?

— Jamais son souvenir ne m'a quitté. J'avais seize ans, elle a fait battre mon cœur pour la première fois. . . et pour la dernière fois elle le fait battre en le déclinant !

— Et votre amour elle le connaît ?

— Non. Oh ! non m'écriai je en rougissant de honte et baissant les yeux devant Albine ; toujours elle a ignoré . . . toujours elle doit ignorer . . . ce fatal amour !

— Ah ! je n'ai plus le droit de me plaindre de votre indifférence ! s'écria ma femme en me regardant avec une expression de commisération indicible je n'ai plus le droit d'accuser votre cœur. Oh non, non, un tel amour pour une telle femme, cela me fait tout comprendre—tout pardonner ! Je vous avais mal jugé ! . . . Votre main, Fernand . . . de grâce votre main. . .

— Comment . . . pas un reproche ?

— Des reproches pour un amour qui vous honore à mes yeux ! des reproches parce que vous me préférez une femme à qui je ne saurais jamais être comparée ! Des reproches lorsque vous souffrez les tortures d'un amour sans espoir ! . . .

— Mais j'avais cet amour au cœur lorsque je vous ai épousée malheureuse enfant. . .

— Eh! mon Dieu! ne vous ai-je pas moi aussi épousé sans amour? rien ne m'y forçait. . . Si j'avais résolument refusé votre main, si j'avais écouté l'instinct de ma raison qui m'inspirait de l'éloignement pour ce mariage nous n'en serions pas ou nous en sommes aujourd'hui mais que vous dirai-je? les obsessions de ma mère, la coupable faiblesse de mon caractère; que sais-je encore? c'est puéril, ridicule, mais enfin c'est vrai; la vue de la corbeille de noces, le petit orgueil d'être dame de château et puis l'espérance . . . la divine espérance qui n'abandonne jamais un cœur de dix-huit ans, tout cela m'a fait consentir à notre union. C'est ma faute j'en subis les conséquences; et d'ailleurs à quoi bon récriminer contre le passé? Croyez moi Fernand, soyons indulgents l'un pour l'autre . . . rapprochons-nous donc un commun malheur . . . et encore malheur, non. . . La mort prochaine de Jean n'est pas pour moi un malheur. J'éprouve une résignation sans amertume, et si j'en crois mes pressentiments, ce n'est pas véritablement à peine de me mettre à souffrir.

This finale somewhat rouses the husband; but his wife tranquillises his sudden anxiety by urging him to fly at once to succour and console their captured friends, and expresses her determination to accompany him. Her strength, however, is not equal to the undertaking, and, despite her resolution, she is carried to bed, and a skilful physician speedily sent for.

Fernand departs alone for Limoges, gains access to the prison, and is received open-armed by Jean, still in happy ignorance of his friend's treachery. Madame Raymond meets him with becoming dignity, and mystifies Jean considerably by her resolute but polite refusal of any offers of assistance from him. He returns to his château to find Albine—no more.

And so terminates his "Mariage de Convenience!" His remorse is not of very long duration; and, after a short time spent in retirement, he once more plunges into the gay world; and, though so jealous of the honour of his own name, makes no scruple of attaching himself to a Madame de Mèligny, until he is nearly ruined by the absurd extravagance into

which she has led him, and has forsaken him for a *Milord Anglais*, whose equipages are more to her taste.

It is while still under her empire that he again meets with Césarine, now the widow of a rich American banker, Mr. Jefferson, and is wheedled into a marriage with her, which (as she is only seeking vengeance for his former neglect) turns out an entire disappointment to his expectations. This also terminates tragically, as, after a few years of almost impossible villany and hypocrisy on her part, and impotent rage on his, he surprises her with her lover, and kills them both on the spot.

He now retires in earnest from the gay world; but with strange feelings, if we are to judge from the apostrophe which concludes Part II.—

— Telle fut l'issue de mon second mariage. Il ne me restait plus qu'à contracter un mariage d'inclination.

The idea Fernand hits upon to accomplish this is so curious, and his reasons for thinking of it so novel, that we will not spoil the amusement of those who are to read the book itself by entering into particulars.

Suffice it to say, that this volume is as full of absurdities, inconsistencies, and false reasoning, as the others; and the hero, who now considers himself "converti," not only causes the death of his third unlucky wife, but closes his infamous career by an act of suicide.

We could scarcely expect a better end.

The last we hear of Jean is, that "en 1848 il sortit de prison pour assister au triomphe de la République, à laquelle il avait, ainsi que son père, sa mère, et ses amis, voué sa vie . . . aujourd'hui Jean, son oncle Godefroid et Charpentier sont proscrits.

"Madame Raymond les a suivis dans leur exile."

Légendes Democratiques du Nord. Par J. MICHELET. Paris. Garnier Frères, Rue des Saints-Pères, 6.

THE book before us is not likely, by its influence, to mitigate the resentment now universally entertained against the sovereign of Russia; nor has the author any intention of appearing as his apologist, any more than as that of the vast Russian nation itself.

"On devine," says he, "à les voir, la sensible lacune qui se trouve en cette race. Ce ne sont pas les hommes *encore* (!).

"Nous voulons dire qu'il leur manque l'attribut essentiel de l'homme: la faculté morale, le sens du bien et du mal. Ce sens, et cette idée, c'est la base du monde. Un homme qui ne l'a pas, flotte encore au hasard, comme un chaos moral qui attend la création."

We proceed, however, to admit that the Russians are not devoid of many amiable qualities. *Only*, he adds, they have an utter want of all sincerity and morality. "Ils mentent innocemment, volent innocemment, volent toujours." Of a truth, they certainly may crave some

other herald,
Some other speaker of their living actions,
To keep their honour from corruption,
Than such an honest chronicler.

But a wide margin must be allowed to all Frenchmen when they take to dealing in generalities. Take, for instance, the following passage. No one, having any real knowledge of Russia could suppress a smile at such extravagant statements as are here implied.

Du plus haut au plus bas, la Russie trompe et ment: c'est une fantasmagorie, un mirage, c'est l'empire de l'illusion.

Partons du bas, de l'élément qui semble encore le plus solide, du trait original et populaire de la Russie.

La famille n'est pas la famille. La femme est-elle à l'homme? Non, au maître d'abord. De qui est l'enfant? Qui le sait?

Sa commune n'est pas la commune. Petite république patriarcale, au premier coup d'œil, qui donne l'idée de liberté. Regardez mieux, ce sont de misérables serfs qui seulement répartissent entre eux le fardeau du servage. Par simple vente et par achat, on la brise à volonté, cette république. Nulle garantie pour la commune, pas plus que pour l'individu.

Montons plus haut, jusqu'au seigneur. Là, le contraste de l'idéal et du réel devient plus dur encore, et le mensonge est plus frappant. Ce seigneur est un père, dans l'idée primitive; il rend paternellement la justice, assisté du starost, ou ancien du village. Ce père dans la réalité, est un maître terrible, plus czar dans son village que l'empereur dans Pétersbourg. Il bat à volonté; à volonté, il prend votre fille ou vous-même, vous fait soldat, vous fait mineur de Sibérie, vous jette, pour mourir loin des vôtres, aux nouvelles fabriques, vrais bagnes qui sans cesse achètent des serfs, et les dévorent.

The present volume comprises several subjects. The first is a clever sketch of the career of Kosciusko, not, perhaps, in every particular consistent with fact, but still interesting, particularly so in a touching incident that occurred towards the close of his life. As it is told in a few words, we quote those of Michelet.

Il était resté toute sa vie en correspondance avec celle qui eut son premier amour, et qui était devenue la femme d'un prince polonais. Le mari respectait ce saint et pur attachement. Il mourut, et sa veuve écrivit en Suisse à Kosciusko, alors âgé de soixante et onze ans, qu'elle lui appartenait, elle et sa fortune, qu'elle était libre enfin, et venait le rejoindre. Elle le retrouva, mais mort. Il n'eut pas la consolation de revoir dans son dernier jour cette femme aimée si constamment.

How much—what a world of feeling, of mute suffering, of hope, and disappointment, and bitter anguish do these simple lines convey!

M. Michelet's second essay is entitled "The Martyrs of Russia." He commences with an address to the officers of Russia—"Messieurs," he says, "Encore un sacrifice humain. Hier même (le 20 juillet), Varsovie saisie d'horreur a vu, sans cause ni prétexte, quatre prisonniers tout à coup tirés des cachots, jugés et condamnés par vos tribunaux militaires, écrasés sous le bâton.

"Nul complot récent qui explique cet événement atroce. C'étaient d'anciens prisonniers politiques. Leurs familles croyaient que l'arrivée de l'empereur, la célébration prochaine du vingt cinquième anniversaire de son avènement, pourraient leur valoir leur grâce. C'est la grâce qu'ils ont eue.

"Est ce bien vous, messieurs, vu pleins de l'esprit de la France, nourris d'elle et de sa pensée: vous, Français bien plus que Russes, qui pouvez ordonner ces barbares, ces ignobles supplices?

"Nous n'ignorons pas l'épouvantable terreur qui pèse sur vous. Une main de fer vous rive à ces affreux jugements et vous fait signer ces

arrêts. Plus d'un briserait son épée, s'il ne risquait que de mourir.

"Nous vous connaissons, nous savons que, quand vous êtes loin des regards, vous hasardez d'être numains. Je pourrais dire où et comment, mais je ne vous dénoncerai pas. Il est à croire qu'au 20 juillet vous avez réduit le nombre des victimes qu'on vous demandait. De trente-quatre qu'on vous fit juger, trente vivront: ils vont en Sibérie.

"Quel était le crime de ces Polonais? Celui de penser exactement comme vous."

And in this strain he proceeds, through many pages, to apostrophise them, endeavouring unmistakably to urge them to revolt against the power (as he styles it, of Nabuchodonosor) to which they seem so ready to succumb.

Dans une guerre très-récente, un de vos jeunes officiers, arrivant dans une ville du pays envahi, se trouva logé chez une grande dame qui, pleine de ressentiment contre les Russes et la Russie, le fit recevoir par ses gens et refusa de le voir. A grand-peine il réussit à pénétrer jusqu'à elle, et d'abord parla très-haut. Elle, immuable, héroïque, répondit comme eût répondu la Patrie même à l'ennemi... Le cœur du jeune homme n'y tint pas, et, saisi d'admiration:—Madame, dit-il en se jetant à ses pieds et versant des larmes, nous sommes plus malheureux que vous...; et moi-même, que vous voyez, j'ai tous les miens en Sibérie."

Ainsi donc, vous avancez, muets, pâles, l'arme au bras, pour exécuter malgré vous l'arrêt d'une fatalité ennemie. Vous avancez, tête basse, sans regarder derrière vous ni devant vous. Derrière est la Sibérie, peuplée de noblesse russe, la Caucase ou l'abattoir où l'on vous fait massacrer. Et vous n'en allez pas moins.—Derrière est la révolution, à laquelle vous sympathisez, la France et les idées françaises qui sont votre substance même. Et vous n'en allez pas moins.

Ayez pitié de vous-mêmes... Et que risquez-vous enfin, sinon de mourir?

Mais ne mourez-vous pas déjà? Cette vie, n'est ce pas une mort?

Of course there is no lack of atrocities of the most diabolical character, perpetrated by order of the supreme head of the Greek Church, at St. Petersburg.

In 1834, a plot, upon a most gigantic scale, had been concocted amongst the exiles of Siberia, the object of which was to enable them to overcome their guards, and to force their way, if possible, to the free territory of India. Three of the conspirators betrayed their comrades. Sierociuski, the ringleader, was forthwith cast into prison.

At length, after three years of imprisonment, his dreadful sentence arrived from St. Petersburg.

Plusieurs Polonais et un Russe devaient recevoir sept mille coups! sans merci, sans grâce d'un seul! les autres, trois mille, ce qui suffit pour mourir.—On a envoyé exprès le général Gatafiejew pour surveiller l'exécution. Sa férocité indigna les Russes. Au point du jour, deux bataillons complets, chacun de mille hommes, pour compter plus aisément les coups, s'alignèrent hors de la ville. Gatafiejew se plaça au centre de l'opération. Les baguettes étaient des bâtons, et les soldats furent rapprochés, pour mieux appuyer les coups.

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In a commercial point of view it had doubtless been wiser to chain the New Review to the galley, and to make it keep stroke. But this was not the object of its projectors. That object was; to quote the words of a contributor, "to represent the brains, and not the breeches pockets, of literature;" to inform, and not to betray, the people.

The adverse interests are so strong, and their machinery is so complete, that perhaps we should have been daunted from the enterprise but for the facilities offered by the Post Office. It rests now with the public, and with the public only, what Critical Journal they will take, or what books they will buy. The most facile method of obtaining a book or a review is still through the neighbouring bookseller. But, should any Metropolitan influence delay the punctual delivery, it is but the trouble of a note to the publisher, and the dweller at John o' Groat's house, or in any remote village in India, will regularly receive his book or his Number through a Post-office official, whom no publisher can control.

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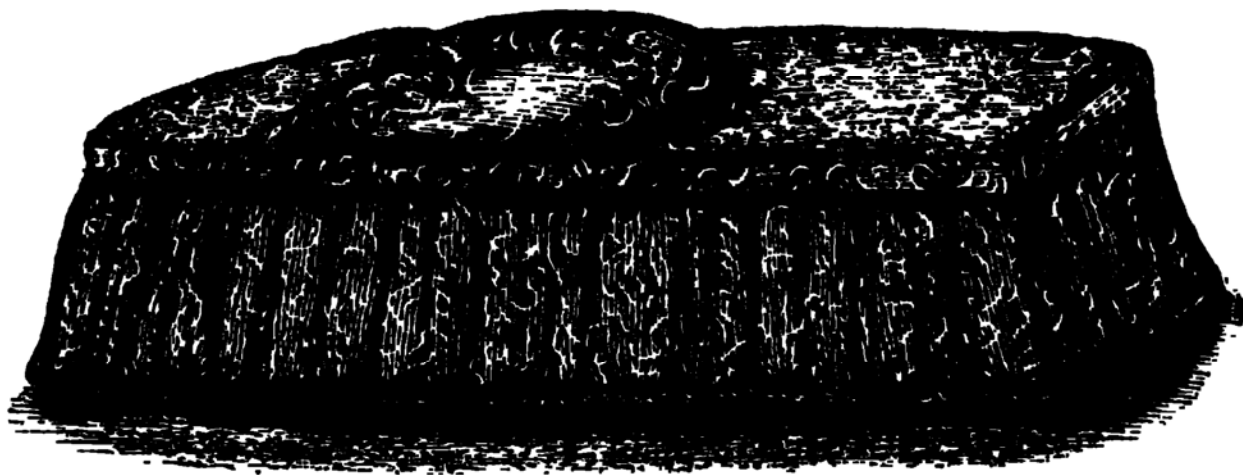
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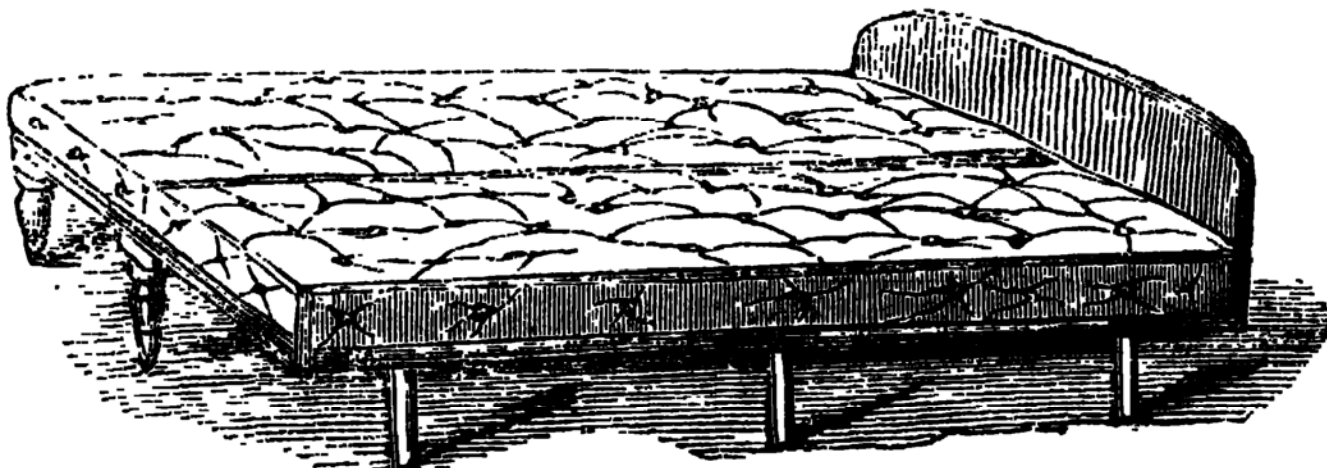
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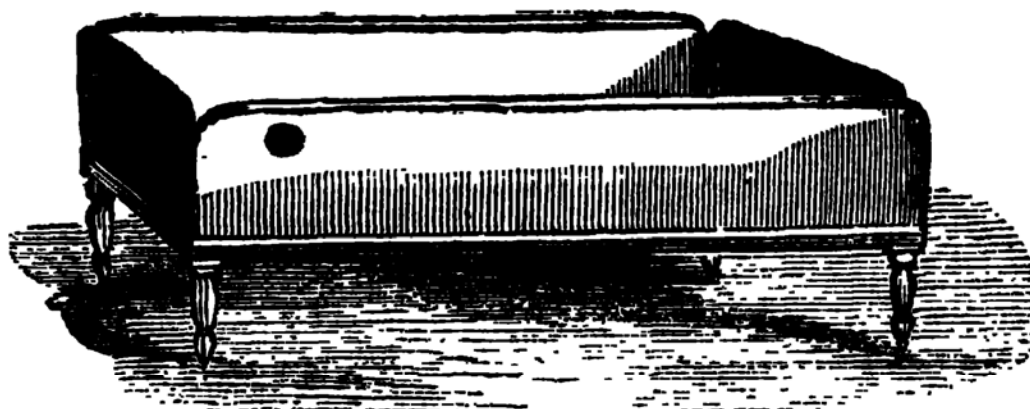


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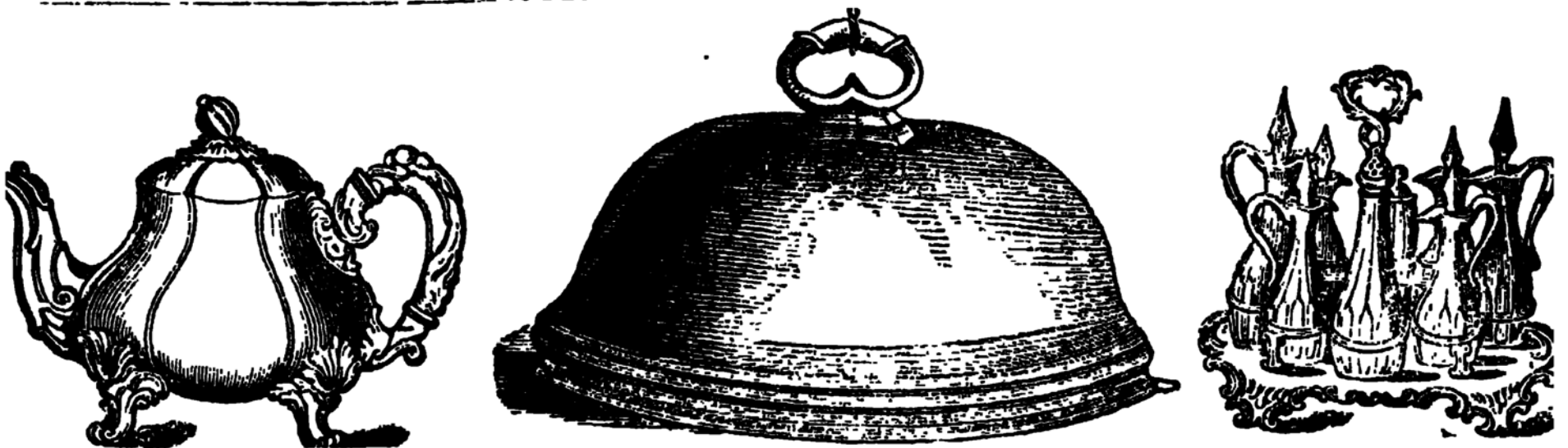
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THE
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No. IX.

his numismatic labours. Of course this volume contains a great deal about Stonehenge. The theory it propounds is, that all the wonderful part of these druidical remains belongs to a time posterior to that of the Romans. We are not going to combat the paradox; but a man has a right of property even in his wildest absurdities. Mr. Post must have known, and ought to have stated, that this notable hypothesis owes its parentage, not to himself, but to Mr. Herbert, who, as we believe, first produced it in his "Cyclops Christianus."

A new library edition of Sir James Macintosh's History of England almost deserves to be considered as a new work. It was time that Macintosh should be separated from the very indifferent company wherein he was placed in the Reverend Dionysius Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia; and that his history should take an individual and independent form. It is true that the work is, as the author declared in his first preface, but an abridgment, a sketch, an outline—"an outline useful as an introduction, and convenient as a remembrancer;" and it is also true, that, even as an abridgment, it is very faulty. For instance, we may search in vain through those three volumes for the names of the kingdoms of the Heptarchy. Even if it were not a mere fragment—the hand of the author was arrested by death while he was tracing the history of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and marking its effect upon the atrocious doings of the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands—even if the author had lived to complete his design, this work could never have done service as an abridged history of England. The facts and dates of history are not clearly and succinctly stated; and those events which every one is expected to know are not always found in the narrative; and they are seldom brought out into their natural prominence. Still there is so much philosophy and sound constitutional information in these volumes that they deserve the careful study of every student of English history.* We have always thought it a great pity that Macintosh ever undertook this book. He was not adapted to the yeoman's service of an abridgment, but he would have written a noble work had he confined himself to some division of the subject, and illustrated it with his stores of thought and indefatigable research. Upon the death of Sir James the Messrs. Longman bought up the manuscripts and memoranda left

by him, so far as they related to English history. Some of these materials have now been utilized, and Mr. Macintosh, who has dealt tenderly and piously with his father's labour, has given it a certain air of completeness by continuing it, with the aid of the collection just named, to the time of the Reformation.

The "*Mémoires pour servir*" are not very numerous. The most important, and also the most amusing, are some letters from the poet Gray to Mason. This correspondence has long since been scanned by a biographer, and, having been bought at a public auction, is now printed, with the explanatory notes of the Reverend John Mifford. It is a pity that Mason did not give us more of them when he composed his Life of Gray. His own letters, which form by no means the least interesting portion of the volume, he of course could not have printed. We see so much here of the inner workings of the poet's mind, and so much also of the art of polishing for which Gray was so famous, and we have so affecting a picture of the loves and sorrows of poor Mason, that we must confess this volume has yielded us great pleasure, and we recommend it heartily to all who can enjoy such reading.

The "Journals and Correspondence of General Sir Harry Calvert" will be very useful and valuable to any one who may be about to write a History of the Walcheren expedition; but despite its large, loose, open type, it is rather a heavy book to get through. We much mistake the public taste if it ever become popular.

The "Memoirs of John Abernethy" are no more than the life of a surgeon, and will interest only the craft. A succession of autobiographies, like those of Moore and Haydon, has accustomed the public to expect, in a book of memoirs, journals rife with sketches of contemporaries, and correspondence interesting in anecdote. Had Abernethy kept a journal, and had Mr. Macilwain printed it, we should have found marvellous entertainment in these two volumes. The reader will, however, discover nothing here but hospital and dissecting-room talk.

Mr. Peter Burke has been detected in doing a little bit of literary patchwork.† His new Life of Edmund Burke is, it seems, taken in great part, without acknowledgment from Dr. Bisset's too-well-remembered volumes. The result has been a show up, for which we are very sorry. Mr. Burke is a very hard-working booksellers' author, and—*what can you expect?*

The "Memoirs of Dr. Pye Smith, D.D.," who was theological professor of the old College at Homerton, is a large book with very little in it. After reading a great deal we found

* We must, however, discharge our conscience by declaring that all the peculiar excellencies of Macintosh's work are to be enjoyed quite as thoroughly by means of the old duodecimo three-volume edition, which may be bought at any old book-stall for seven and sixpence, as they are by means of these more elegant and costly octavos.

† "The Public and Domestic Life of Edmund Burke, Esq.," by Peter Burke, Esq. Ingram Cooke and Co.

we were imbibing more doctrine than biography, and closed it in great drowsiness. There are readers, however, who will perchance think that the career of this learned and energetic man has been very well "improved" by Mr. Medway.

Biographies of living statesmen are almost, we might say *quite*, always catchpennies. "The Right Honourable Benjamin D'Israeli, M.P.—a literary and political Biography," is no exception to the rule, and it superadds a piece of impudence upon its title-page which nothing inside tends to extenuate. We hope this speculation upon public credulity will not be successful enough to create imitators.

There are many other religious and some professional biographies, but we apprehend that our readers will hardly care to be informed of their titles. Those who delight in such things will naturally and very prudently seek information concerning them in the journals specially devoted to such subjects, or in the advertising columns of the *Times*.

The Travellers have been so largely discussed in our after pages that we have nothing to say of them here; except that from the royal preserves of Bavaria and the peaks of the Tyrol, from the forests of Ceylon, from Russia, from Turkey, from Australia, and from the icy North, we have relations of adventure more or less daring, and information more or less new and interesting.

The only book of this description which we have not specially noticed is that of Captain Mayne Reid, who has put forth a second volume of field sports in the American forests, under the title of "The Young Voyageurs." The first volume, "The Boy Hunters," was reviewed by us on its appearance, and the new volume is as interesting in its incident, as exaggerated and improbable in its hairbreadth escapes, as excellent in its descriptions of scenery, and as valuable for its natural history as was the first volume. We think that most boys will consider these little books a very acceptable present.

To those who prefer a set of facts which may form the materials of home-made speculations, we recommend Oliphant for Russia, and Michelsen for Turkey.* The latter is an invaluable book, if its accuracy can be relied upon; for it professes to give us what all Europe wants to know—the actual resources of the power that has dared to beard the Czar. We have no means of testing how far the Doctor can authenticate all the figures he has given; but, even upon the chance of their correctness, we must say this is the book for those who would draw conclusions of their own about this Russo-

Turkish contest. The other and larger class of readers, who prefer to have their facts invented to order, and their conclusions and opinions ready made, have a larger choice. There are the St. Johns, the Urquharts, the Macfarlanes, and a score of others, with a cloud of pamphleteers, each of which is ready to undertake to supply any one with a faith upon this subject.

Mr. Mansfield Parkyn's long promised Account of his residence in Abyssinia has at last appeared; but so late in the quarter that we have been unable to give it that attention it would appear to deserve; and are unwilling to dismiss it with a scanty notice. If a more careful perusal shall confirm our first impression, we shall probably offer some observations upon it in our April Number. Meanwhile we recommend those who are impatient in the quest of literary novelties to dip into these volumes, for they are the work of a man who had great opportunities to become acquainted with the subject whereon he writes, and who certainly has been very deliberate in working up his notes for publication. It is now, we believe, three years since Mr. Murray first announced the book.

Dr. Whewell has put forth a translation of "Grotius," which, so far as we can discern, is useful only to shew how ambitious the Doctor is of acquiring distinction in all departments of knowledge, and how superficial he is in some. Now Grotius was a vast scholar: he wrote the larger part of his great work in prison, without any aid from books; yet he crowded it with such a multiplicity of quotations from every possible author, from Horace to Thomas Aquinas, from Sophocles to Origen, that succeeding generations, when they had recovered from their astonishment at his enormous erudition, accused him of pedantry. Dr. Whewell, also, is a considerable scholar, but as he has never been in prison we do not quite know the degree of affluence of his memory. But Grotius was also a great civilian, and this Dr. Whewell certainly is not. Now, unfortunately for Dr. Whewell, it happens that Grotius has already met with a translator who was a great scholar and also a great civilian. Barbeyrac, whose French translation all Europe has long since agreed to accept as the standard version of the Dutch Jurist, unites all the extensive and profound erudition of the sixteenth century with the large and independent sense of Bentham. He, moreover, has translated and annotated "Puffendorf;" and his annotations upon these two great writers on public law form one integral body of learning upon this science which is almost of equal authority with the text. Barbeyrac's Introduction to Puffendorf is in itself a text-book. Compared with this mighty work, Dr. Whewell's translation, with its meagre

* "The Ottoman Empire and its Resources," by E. H. Michelsen, Ph.D. Simpkin and Co.

notes, sinks to the rank of a cram-book. Every one who engages in such studies as these reads French now-a-days. This translation was not wanted at all. It certainly ought never to have been put forth by any man who has an acquired reputation in other walks of study.

Another not unimportant translation is that of the first volume of Lamartine's History of the Constituent Assembly.* To those who have read the History of the Girondins—and who has not?—we need say nothing of Lamartine as an historian. Eloquent, gorgeous, sentimental, truthful so far as he knows, yet too contemptuous of mere facts to undertake their investigation; noble in his sympathies, high in his aspirations, ever decking common-place acts with the airy colours of his own imagination, ever believing, child-like and poet-like, in the grand, the beautiful, the heroic—and ever stamping as historical, what he feels would have been poetical—Lamartine creates beautiful romance, and destroys sober history. In this volume we have the Court of Marie Antoinette—the story of the Collar of Pearls—the infancy of Mirabeau, Hecker, Calonne, Maurepas, and all those cognate topics which these names will suggest. It is a capital example of Lamartine's style of writing history, that he repeats the story, invented by Mme. Campan, and adopted by Dumas, of the wax-taper burning in the window of the royal bed-chamber during the death sickness of Louis XV., and which, being extinguished, as the spark of life left the frame of the monarch, was to serve as signal to the chief of the stables to prepare the carriages. It has long been objected that Louis XV. died in broad daylight, and that no taper light placed in a window of the palace could be seen from the stables at Versailles; but Lamartine paints the whole scene as though it was passing before our eyes—just as Dumas had done before him. It is a striking and dramatic incident. As to its truth or falsehood—what matter? Every one must read this work; in the original if they can; if not, then in this translation. But let it be read as a romance, for it is not a history.

The novels have undergone a great change in price. One guinea and a-half used to be the magnificent price asked for three small, loosely-printed, hot-pressed volumes, which contained about the same number of words as a *Times* with a double supplement. Mr. Newby it was, we believe, who first reduced the actual price to something below one-half of the advertised amount. As no one buys a three-volume novel except for the purpose of circulating it, it was of very little importance what the nominal price

might be. Mr. Routledge followed on the same tack, but he reduced his price in name as well as in reality, and to such an extent, that the public came in and bought. Mr. Bentley has now announced his intention of publishing his new novels at three shillings and sixpence the volume, but his resolution does not appear to be very firmly fixed, for he has already commenced sliding out of it by adding sixpence in one instance, and a shilling in another. At present the experiment is untried. The works hitherto published are either evident first works, or works by authors who write for their own amusement rather than for that of the public, or translations of foreign novelists of reputation. Got up very cheaply, and with little or no copy-money to pay, the system may possibly answer to a limited extent. At present, however, we should prefer the shilling reprints of Mr. Routledge to the three-and-sixpenny novelties of Mr. Bentley. We wait to see whether he will have the courage to publish a new work by Sir Bulwer Lytton, or Dickens, or Thackeray, on his reduced scale, boldly trusting to the multiplied sale for his reimbursement and profit. When he does this, we shall look upon the new system as a serious enterprise, but not before.

Mr. Thackeray goes on comfortably with his most respectable family of Newcomes. He has got back into his own little kingdom. We were rather nervous about the first two Numbers, for the genealogies of the Newcomes are tiresome: it is to be hoped that the plot does not turn very heavily upon the contents of these fly-leaves of the family Bible, for the lively public has, as we conjecture, hopped and skipped among those early pages. We all lingered, however, to enjoy that wonderful French-English letter—one of those imitations which only Thackeray can indite, and which would itself redeem a great many entangled phrases. In number three the writer gets well into his subject, and has already set the clubs and drawing-rooms a task, to name the society at Mrs. Newcome's small early party. His Highness Rummun Lol, the Indian "Prince," is a capital character, whom we hope to see occupying a fair portion of the ample canvas. In this line of fiction Mr. Thackeray has no rival in talent, and we grudge him no measure of success.

The town has laughed loudly at the predicament which the poor man got into by calling General Washington "*Mr.*" Washington, and his adherents "rebels," and by speaking of their courage as "worthy of a better cause." Every English reader knew that the novelist was representing the talk of the coffee-houses at the date of his novel. But the American public are a more matter-of-fact people. They do not understand irony; and as the author may

* "History of the Constituent Assembly," by A. de Lamartine, Vol. I. Vizetelly and Co. 1853.

possibly take another trip across the Atlantic, the misunderstanding was a serious affair—a joke that might possibly have been repaid by a gratis “plumeopicean” suit—so Mr. Thackeray writes a serious declaration, not quite of independence, in the *Times*. London laughs, and New York growls a sort of sulky acceptance of the apology.

For the great mob of these works of fiction we must, as usual, refer to their particular notices. Several of these three-volume stories have not so much either of reading, incident, or fictile talent as a little story we met with in one of the *Magazines* for December, called “Rachel de Montluc,” and owned by Miss Hume Middlemass—a name, we believe, almost new to literature; but which, if we may judge of a palace by a single brick, must some day achieve celebrity.

The poets have special notice this quarter. The most wonderful thing in the phenomena of human intellect is, that anybody whatever, “gentleman, apothecary, ploughboy, or thief,” should be *able* to write what we are obliged to read. Vanity will account for a foolish fellow fancying himself a genius, and the doctrine of probabilities will account for his not being one. But how a human creature with a brain and a set of senses can try with all his might, to indite verses, and can then prove incapable of producing either sense, or grammar, or rhyme, or common melody, is what we cannot comprehend. Any educated man ought to be able to write verse as certainly, though not so rapidly, as prose. Putting imagination out of the question—and *that* all the poets we are speaking of must perforce do—the only difference between prose and poetry is, that the choice of expression is more circumscribed. We can understand people producing idea-less poetry, and worthless poetry, and common-place poetry; but we cannot understand how they can be incapable of the ordinary mechanical work of verse spinning. Yet so it is. We have, however, spoken sufficiently of these matters elsewhere.

The translations are now a very important portion of our literature, although many of the works they introduce are already known to our readers by reviews of them in their original dress. Of such is the German’s Tour in England, now translated by Mr. Wenckstern, and the novel of Lady Harriet D’Orsay, which appeared under the name of “L’Ombre du Bonheur,” and, in French, was reviewed at length in our second number,* and is now presented as an original work under the name of “Clouded Happiness.” Such, also, will doubtless very soon be the case with an original Swedish novel, whereof a review appears in this number—a

review which will doubtless direct some English publisher to his prey. The public sickens a little of Emilie Carlen, of whom we have nine volumes translated this quarter.

Besides these publishers’ speculations, there are, however, *bond fide* translations which deserve notice; such as a new translation of Calderon, so well done that we would gladly tarry to criticise and extract, but that we are aware how little the British public knows, or cares to know, of Calderon. Ranke’s “Civil War and Monarchies in France” was worth translating, although, like all Ranke’s works, it is somewhat heavy reading. Mr. Bohn has, we observe, just reproduced, in his Standard Library, a new and revised edition of Mrs. Kerr’s most successful translation of Ranke’s “History of Servia and the Servian Revolution.” Of the fidelity with which Mrs. Kerr has executed her difficult task we cannot speak too highly; it is, however, unnecessary for us to say much on this point, since the work originally appeared about five years ago, in a less compendious form, and at that time met with due appreciation from the reading public. To the present issue, however, Mrs. Kerr has appended an English version of Ranke’s “Sketch of the State of Bosnia,” a treatise peculiarly interesting, on account of its containing some remarkable predictions uttered nearly twenty years since, most of which have been, unlike the generality of modern prophecies, literally fulfilled. It gives, moreover, a graphic description of the actual condition of the Christian population in the Turkish provinces. “Sketches of Russian Life in the Caucasus” is, we believe, a translation; but Bowring’s translation of Goëthe is certainly *not*.

The American reprints and importations have been as numerous as snow flakes, and many of them are much more evanescent. Some of these will be found noticed hereafter; but perhaps the volume which has attracted most attention is that which bears the not very felicitous title of “Salad for the Solitary.” It is a sort of common-place book, filled with anecdotes, odd bits of reading, and jottings of every kind and species. Those who love such things have already abundance of good sterling literature of this description. With Montaigne’s essays, the “Anatomy of Melancholy,” and the “Curiosities of Literature,” the solitary will be much more wholesomely fed than by this Yankee olio, wherein we grieve to remark, there are many more errors than truths. We by no means intend to say that this volume will yield no amusement to an unlettered reader, although his taste will be often offended, and his faith in his author frequently betrayed. To expose a tithe of the egregious blunders bound up in this small space would require a

* Vol. i. p. 211.

long article, and *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*.

Of the miscellaneous books, especially those relating to ethnology and natural history, we have noticed so many in our subsequent pages that we have no excuse for a long enumeration here.

The "Last Fruit off an Old Tree" will be welcome to the many admirers of Walter Savage Landor. We doubt, however, the fulfilment of the promise implied in the title. There is so much sap left in this old Tree that it will still blossom and bear in spite of itself. We shall be much disappointed if we find that Mr. Landor is able to cease writing, or even to refrain from printing.

"There is a time when the romance of life
Should be shut up, and closed with double clasp.
Better that this be done before the dust
That none can blow away falls into it."

Such is the aged poet's meditation, and such is the mood wherein this book is written. Yet there are no traces of age in the eighteen imaginary conversations it contains—no want of nerve in his answer to a reviewer in the Quarterly, and no decay of power in his poetry. We do not profess to be finished Landorites, and any praise we could measure out, would look

scant beside the upheaped offerings of our brother critics. Perhaps, therefore, we had better say no more.

The Theological Essays of the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, and *late* Professor of Divinity in King's College, London, have attracted considerable attention by reason of circumstances to which it is beyond our province specifically to allude. They are, in fact, nine sermons preached in Lincoln's Inn, but pointed at Unitarians, "by one who is addressing actual men with whom he sympathises, not opponents with whom he is arguing." They were occasioned by a small bequest left to him by a Quakeress, but with what Mr. Maurice understood to be a tacit condition that he should appropriate it to some work especially directed towards the doctrines of Unitarianism. Upon such matters we offer no opinion, except that, having read these Essays with great interest, we must be allowed to say that no man can be otherwise than improved in sentiment and in intellect, by devoting a few hours to this, we must admit, remarkably able book.

Such is our rapid report of the chief literary novelties of the quarter.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

I. *A Plan of Publishing, to enable Authors to place their Literary Productions before the Public without pecuniary risk.* By ROBERT HARDWICKE. Hardwicke, Carey Street, 1853.

PROFICIENCY in the art of making money would seem to involve some condition whereunto delicately-organized minds have an invincible repugnance. What the condition is no one knows, but every one seems to feel. The result is patent to the world. The man of genius is always positively, comparatively, or superlatively poor. He is honoured and famous, much bepraised and much abused—but he is poor. He is crowned with laurels and pelted with mud; but some nameless middleman, whom no one hears of, gathers up the gold. Young Zeuxis paints a fine picture, sends it to the Exhibition, and sits trembling in his lodging, searching all the journals in vain for some notice of his production. But the Baron Mordecai has managed to be early informed of an inchoate appreciation of the work. He is a great patron of neglected genius is the Baron. In a fit of fervid generosity he buys the picture for 20*l.*, and binds the artist to complete six more at the same price. He sells the seven two years afterwards for 1500*l.*, and has advanced Zeuxis 100*l.* (which Zeuxis cannot repay), upon the score of six new commissions at 40*l.* each. Mordecai does not know an easel from a pair of house-steps, but he has made ten times as much money by these seven pictures as Zeuxis has.

Old Kircher has been labouring throughout a life of poverty at the perfection of a new motive power, getting his bread and cheese meanwhile as a journeyman in the works of Messrs. Flywheel and Governor, who, though satisfied that the poor man is crazy, condescend to glance from time to time at his models. Some fine day, to Kircher's ineffable delight, they give him 100*l.* for those models, take out a patent, and double his wages. Flywheel becomes a baronet and county member, and Governor buys an Irish county. Kircher dies from being caught by the band of the steam-engine while he is ruminating upon the idea of an improved safety-lamp. He is not, however, without his reward. The paper-cap which he wore at the time of the accident has been sold for a large sum to the Dalton Society. The munificence of Sir Cylinder Flywheel is beyond all praise: he has removed the sister of the deceased mechanic from the workhouse, whither she had retired upon her brother's death, and has settled a small annuity upon her; so she is comfortable for life.

Muckledust has spent seventy years upon a Polyglot dictionary:—

But why should we string additional verses

to the old refrain of "*Sic vos non vobis*"? Let us drop at once from illustration to plain fact.

There are at least twenty individuals in this metropolis who make annual incomes varying from five to fifteen thousand pounds a year, and who call themselves publishers. There are, perhaps, about five or six English authors who derive an income of two thousand a year from their writings. Of course there are publishers who go into the *Gazette*, and authors who starve in garrets; but we speak of the prizes of the two callings. This is the text on which we wish to sermonize a little.

"From time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," as the lawyers say, this always has been so. No doubt the brothers Socii got a great deal more out of the works of Horace than the poet got out of *them*. We will say nothing of the notable contract between Milton and Mr. Simmons,* for Mr. Simmons was doubtless a very respectable man in his day, and was only acting in strict conformity with the rules of the trade when he bargained that the fifteen pounds copy-money should be dependent on the sale of three editions of the *Epic*; but we must protest that it was not quite right in Jacob Tonson to pay glorious John Dryden in clipped money and brass shillings, or to set out with an intention of allowing the poet no profit at all on his second subscription of the *Æneid*. Neither, perhaps, was it civil of Dryden to tell Tonson, "Upon trial, I find all your trade are sharpers, and you not more than others, therefore I have not wholly left you;" especially as Jacob Tonson was, *teste* Mr. Nichols, "a worthy man, and respected as an honest and opulent trader." But we must recollect that opulence was certainly not one of the accidents appertaining to poor Dryden; and perhaps Tonson made matters square by setting down the uncivil language in the balance-sheet.

Let us see how things stand at the present day. The few remarks we made in our last Number have drawn upon us a budget of letters, the greater part of which are of a very libellous description. But our business is not

* A somewhat less notorious case is that of Swift. In a letter to Pulteney, 12th May, 1735 the Dean says—"I never got a farthing for anything I writ except once, about eight years ago, and that by Mr. Pope's prudent management for me." Sir Walter Scott explains this exception to have been "*Gulliver's Travels*."

with individual wrongs, or with individuals of either of the two contracting classes. What we propose to investigate is the system; and our correspondents must excuse us if we cut out their names and their dates, and only reserve letters as vouchers for their facts.

A very well known author writes as follows—

"In 1847, having been then about eight months in England, Lady—— gave me a special introduction to Mr.——. I left it at his shop. It was taken in, and an answer sent out to call next day at a certain hour. I called, bringing with me a paper containing several proposals of translations. Mr.—— was engaged, and would see me when he was free. They kept me waiting in the shop above an hour. At the expiration of that time, Mr.—— came down, ready to go out. He walked up to me, took my paper, said he did not like any of the proposals, and walked out.

"He treated me as I would not treat a porter or cobbler, much less if the man were in trouble, and begging for work."

This reminds one somewhat of the story that Swift tells of Curl, only that our modern Bibliopole is more pompous in his vulgarity. But let us proceed with the tale.

"Lady—— gave me another letter to Mr.—— (another eminent publisher). That gentleman was very polite. He listened to my proposal of translating, shortening, and editing a German book; and asked me to call in two days. When I called he was in the shop, but hurried out the moment he saw me. His clerk gave me a letter, in which Mr.—— stated that he agreed to my proposal. The book was to be in two volumes of 300 pages each. These 600 pages to be edited and picked out of a story of at least 2000 pages. For this he offered to pay me twenty-five pounds. I was very poor at that time, and had a wife to support. I had translated two chapters for Mr.——'s inspection, and could measure the time the whole would take. *It would have taken me exactly fourteen hours' labour daily during four months to have earned this twenty-five pounds.*

Surely this eminent publisher must be accustomed to instruct his messengers as Curl instructed his porter, "At the Bedstead and Bolster, a musick-house in Moorfields, two translators in a bed together," or, "Call at Budge Row for the gentleman you used to go to in the cock-loft: I have taken away the ladder, but his landlady has it in keeping." If he is accustomed to pay 25*l.* for four months' labour at fourteen hours a-day, or *threepence half-penny a working hour*, what dens of wretchedness he must ransack for his writers, and what bitter advantage he must take of their necessities.

Next follows an account of a translation, published upon the half-profit system with Messrs.——. Of course the balance-sheet, after two years, shewed that the sales had not quite covered the expenses of printing, paper, and advertising. We forbear, however, from giving any of the details of this case, because there was an advance of a small sum of money to the translator; and although a large portion of the expenses were for advertisements inserted in the publisher's own periodicals, it is

just possible that the law, as interpreted by a jury naturally inclined toward such *opulent* traders, might give them a power of persecuting the author for the return of this advance.

This, be it understood, is not a man who has mistaken his vocation; but an excellent linguist, a well-read scholar, and a remarkably clever writer. He is no longer in necessity, but his comfort does not arise from any dealings with the eminent publishing firms.

Let us cull another anecdote from our budget.

Not very long ago an *eminent* publisher, and a member of a very *eminent* firm, was about to visit a very *eminent* writer, and he asked the person from whom our correspondent received the anecdote to accompany him: they had some business matters to talk over on the way. It was a pretty cottage in the suburbs, and the man of letters had done his best to ornament it with not very expensive, but well-chosen and well-arranged works of art. The interview over, the publisher and his companion came away together; but as they walked through the modest hall the publisher turned round and narrowly scanned the little evidences of elegant comfort that surrounded him. "This man is too well paid," he said, as the door closed upon him. "It is *we* who pay for all this." The bibliopole's own expenditure is certainly not less than three thousand a year. The companion, who was a trader, but not a publisher, was a little disgusted, and told the story far and wide.

These are not fictions: they are actual facts, vouched by living men, and told of living men. We use them for no purpose of raising any feeling against this man or that man, but simply to shew what the relations between authors and publishers are in this year of grace 1853; that the earnings of the brain flow into the pockets of the trader in our own time, just as they did in the worst periods of literature.

It is nonsense to talk of the money that Byron, and Moore, and Scott obtained for their works. It is much worse than nonsense for Mr. Thackeray to stand up at a Literary-Fund club dinner, and tell us that all authors might be comfortable and independent if they pleased. Great writers and very popular writers have not only their full share of the profits of their works, but generally more than their share. Their names are valuable as advertisements to publishers. Large profits are made up of small items, and it is the hard-working middle-class authors who contribute.

Let us not be misunderstood. We by no means intend to champion the absurd notion, that a clever story-teller, or a faithful translator, or a respectable poet, or a smart review-writer, or the editor of a Greek play, or a ori-

tical historian, has any right to special protection or special patronage, or that he is necessarily a man of higher intellectual capacity than the labourers in other professions*: our leaning is rather the other way; nor do we claim for the man of letters a single immunity from any of the ordinary laws of good society, or any of the duties of common humanity. The question we are probing is this—whether authors obtain their fair proportion of the money paid by the public for their productions; whether they are not victimized by a system to which no other professional men are subjected. We shall argue it just as we would the truck system, or any other mischievous tyranny of capital and combination over labour.

And first, what are the duties of a publisher, merely as a publisher? They are of the simplest possible character. He receives the books in bulk from the printer; he announces the work by advertisements; he sends a copy round the trade, and receives a subscription—that is to say, he takes the names of those wholesale houses who are content to speculate upon a quantity of the book in return for a slight additional allowance from the usual trade

* We have here met with some observations upon this subject by a *leader*, which appear to us so sensible, that we must beg our contemporary to lend them to us for the purpose of our argument.

“To write any thing readable requires a certain talent; to write even the old stories which delight the readers of inferior periodicals requires a special talent—small, perhaps, yet *special*—since many a wise and able man will be found perfectly incompetent to write such things. But in crediting a special talent we do not assign its value. The wise and able man in whom it is deficient will not lose one iota of our respect: possessing it, he would possess a talent the more; wanting it, we are not conscious of the loss: he is equally unable to dance on the tight-rope, or to rival Charles Kean in *Sardanapalus*. When, therefore, it is said that ‘authors have infinitely greater talent’ than the members of other professions, an absurdity is uttered: the talent is different, not greater; not, we believe, so great. If, when you speak of authors, you think only of the great names, and mentally compare them with the average professional mind, of course the superiority is sufficiently obvious; but, obeying the conditions of the argument, and keeping in view the mass of writers—the compilers, drudges, annotators, journalists, novelists, dramatists, philosophers—we cannot say that experience justifies us for one moment in proclaiming their superiority. *The Lawyer, Surgeon, and Physician display more intellect in the exercise of their profession, than does the average man of letters in his.* If the majority of the professional men consist of men routinized and not wise, will any one pretend that the majority of writers can boast of being wise, and not routinized? How few men of letters *think* at all! How few think with originality and success! How few do the thing they pretend to do! Literary talent is, strictly speaking, the talent of *expression*; it is frequently the whole budget of an author. Without for a moment ignoring or undervaluing the pleasures and the uses of such a talent, we cannot, in sober seriousness, declare that its possession implies greater *intellectual calibre* than is implied in the successful exercise of the other professions.”

price. He then keeps the book in stock, sells it over the counter when inquired for, collects the debts as they fall due, and receives for his trouble, and for the risk of bad debts, ten per cent. upon the total amount of sales.

This is the legitimate business of a publisher; and against this we have not one word to say. The publisher who takes the fair and proper interest which an agent should take in his employer's success, who charges only his right per centage, and who does not charge twenty-five as twenty-four, except when he has really made that allowance in respect of wholesale sales (otherwise he gets fourteen and not ten per cent.)—such a man is a good servant of literature, a most useful and valuable trader, and an aid which an author of unmercantile habits will not wisely forego.

There are many such; and we are tempted to name some, but are unwilling to introduce the names of persons into the discussion of a system. But these are not the houses that take the town by storm; these are not the publishers who can ensure a certain circulation for *any* work; these are not the powerful incubators who can take the egg of a goose and hatch from it in an hour a full-fledged phoenix. The author who chooses such an old-fashioned method of ushering his book into the world must trust to his own strength to climb the pyramid; and must be content to see many a sham phoenix light upon the apex to which he is slowly ascending. The painted geese will, it is true, topple over and disappear as the first cold blast of real criticism reaches them; but by this time they have done the incubator's work, for he has won his bet.

No: the “eminent houses” are not publishers; they are printers, advertising agents, speculators, and reviewers. Their business is not the simple mercantile operation we have above described. Try any one of them. Tell them your work is printed and is ready for publication; that you will manage your own advertising; but that you shall be obliged by their subscribing your book and conducting the publication. The great probability is that you would be treated in several localities with gross impertinence; in others, perhaps, with a polite refusal; in a few it may happen your offer would be accepted. But rest assured that if the work had been written with an angel's wing, the book would have no sale. It is not improbable that the clerks in the shop would, in a few days, become oblivious that they had ever published such a work, and the accountant might only remember it to charge the annual item of warehouse room. Its natural fate would be to fall still-born. But should it throb, and cry, and shew signs of obstinate vitality, be sure it would be at once strangled and mangled

by a score of reviewers. How this should happen we do not pretend to explain, but the coincidence is peculiarly co-extensive with our observation of such works.

But if their business is not to *publish*, what is the course of business of the "eminent houses?"

It is threefold.

First, to print, publish, and advertise the work at the author's expense, and to account to him for the proceeds, if there should be any.

Second, to produce it at their own expense, and to account to the author for one-half or perhaps two-fifths of the profits.

Third, to buy the manuscript out and out.

The first is usually adopted by authors of much money and little wit. After the bill has been paid, "the house" has only a ten per cent. interest in any sales; and although the domestic reviews are generally very civil, the circulation is seldom large. The "gentleman author" receives his pennyworth of praise, and his object is supposed to be all attained.

The second is the more usual and more important course of proceeding, because it is that usually adopted with authors of acknowledged merit, but whose reputation is not so great as to make a considerable success quite certain. In this *modus operandi* the author and the publisher become partners *pro hac vice*. The printing, advertising, and publication are all in the publisher's, or rather speculator's, hands. It is a gambling transaction, wherein the publisher "stands to lose" if a certain number be not sold—but upon that point he is tolerably sure before he makes the venture—the author "stands to win" exactly whatever the publisher may please to give him, which is almost invariably *nothing at all*.

At this point we fancy we hear a most indignant outcry, and we distinguish exclamations about "the honour of opulent traders," the "honesty of the British merchant," and other large sounds. We beg to say we are speaking of no one's honour and no one's honesty: we are simply stating a fact. Let us refer to our budget of correspondence.

I will not trouble you with my own grievances, for I am a very small author, having published but two books; and so, instead of telling you how those sold off and my half share of the profits was declared *nil* by my partner, the publisher, I prefer to give you a more illustrious example. Thomas Carlyle had certainly achieved his reputation as an author long before the year 1839, when his "Miscellanies" (a collection of original articles and essays in four volumes) were published in the United States. His history of the French Revolution, which appeared in 1837, was already out of print, and a second edition had been called for by the publisher. His earlier works—translations from the German, &c. &c.—were long out of print, having met with a ready sale from the periods of publication, all much anterior to 1839. His pen had been in great requisition amongst all the leading periodicals—the *Old Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Westminster Review*, the *London Review*, *Blackwood's*

Magazine, *Fraser's Magazine*, &c. &c., from 1830 down to 1839, the time of which I am speaking; and, in fact, the "Miscellanies" in question were merely the reprints of his previous contributions to those periodicals. Therefore, if ever there was an author who was likely, from his established position in the world of letters, to have afforded a favourable exception to the common lot, as settled by the booksellers, that author was Carlyle. Mark, then, what I am going to tell you.

I happened to be at his house when the first parcel of "Miscellanies" arrived from the United States. They had been published there by some American admirers of his, upon their own impulse and responsibility, and even, if I remember right, without his knowledge. The sale had been ready and prosperous, and there had been a large and immediate profit. The compilers being men of honour, and enthusiasts for Carlyle, had remitted to him, by the same vessel which brought him the volumes, every farthing of the balance of profits already received, undertaking to send him, in like manner, the next instalment when received. He shewed me the bill for the amount, and said, "You may think it strange what I am going to tell you, but it is nevertheless a fact, that THIS IS THE FIRST FARTHING I HAVE EVER RECEIVED FROM THE PUBLICATION OF ANY BOOK OF MINE." I asked him how that was? and he told me that the simple reason was, that "hitherto he had published on the half-profits principle, and the balance-sheet never shewed any profits to him." It was soon after that conversation, I think, that the Prospectus of an Authors' Publishing Association appeared. The Prospectus was drawn up, I believe, by Mr. Carlyle himself. I know that he was one of the projectors of the Association. Nothing came of it. Perhaps the bibliopoles took the alarm, and granted him a fairer treatment for the future.

Of course we cannot vouch for the accuracy of our correspondent's recollection of this conversation, but we can fully vouch for his own belief in its accuracy. He has sent us his name, and tells us that it is quite at the service of any one who may have a right to feel special interest in knowing it. The statement is quite consistent with Mr. Carlyle's published letter to Mr. Chapman during the booksellers' controversy.

A similar declaration to that now made respecting Mr. Carlyle was given by Professor Owen, who, at the meeting of authors called by Mr. Chapman upon the booksellers' question, delivered a speech upon this subject, which is thus curtly reported:—"Professor Owen then proceeded to allude to works published for him by booksellers, on which, *though they had been sold to the extent of a thousand, he had got no profit.*"* Mr. Babbage also was so prone to deviate into this impertinent and unpalatable topic (for Mr. Chapman, though fierce against restrictions upon free trade, so far as *booksellers* were concerned, had no quarrel with *publishers'* profits) that he "suggested that authors might establish a warehouse for the sale of their own works."†

We do not inquire who Mr. Carlyle's pub-

* A Report of proceedings of a Meeting (consisting chiefly of authors), &c. &c. London: Chapman. 1852.
† Ibid. p. 25.

lishers have been, nor who Professor Owen's, nor who Mr. Babbage's. We do not know, and we have specially forbore to look at the title-pages of their books for the purpose of knowing. Whoever they may be, they have only acted in accordance with the general rules of the trade. We shall be able to demonstrate, that without any falsification of accounts, or any actual dishonesty in the publisher, it must naturally happen, that if the publisher so wills it, no profit will ever arise to an author out of a contract to publish upon half profits.*

The *mot de l'enigme* is this. The author, having done his work, is only a sleeping partner. His co-adventurer, however, is much more. He is not only speculator. but he is also printer, advertiser, advertising agent, publisher, and retail bookseller. Of course he supplies to the partnership his own goods, and he supplies them at what prices he pleases, and in some items to what extent he pleases.

First, let us take the printing. Now, perhaps there is in no single production of labour and capital so enormous a range of varying prices for the very same thing as there is in that of printing. Some houses base their charges upon a two years' credit scale, and perhaps include a commission; and they are quite able to make out a plausible justification by appealing to the tariff prices of the compositors and the margin for capital and superintendence. Others make their estimates upon ready money and no commission. Of course a difference in charge must be expected. But the astounding fact is, that for the very same work the estimates of a dozen printing establishments will be found to vary *from fifty to a hundred and*

fifty per cent. Now the publisher is not bound to be a *cheap* printer.

Then the publisher, if he be an "eminent" publisher, will certainly have a review or a reviewing magazine of his own, and that review receives advertisements. A large sum of money may be very fairly spent in the insertion of copious "opinions of the press" in the publisher's own review; and of course he is not obliged to insert them for nothing, even although they should not contribute greatly to the sale of the book. Perhaps, also, the publisher has a favourite review, which is not his own, *but which is usually tender in its treatment of books that are his own peculiar property.* The co-partnership book may very fairly be largely advertised in this review; and although *this particular book* may be, and very probably will be, savagely cut up, yet the publisher cannot help that.

Then we have the ten per cent. upon all sales to the trade, the four per cent. (twenty-five as twenty-four) upon all sales whatever, the additional twenty-five per cent. upon all retail sales by the publisher.—Surely we have said enough to convince the most sanguine scribe that it is only from mercy, or from shame, or from some view to future co-partnership that any balance-sheet can ever be made to shew a balance in favour of an author.

But we must illustrate this by an example or two; and we beg our literary brethren to lend us their attention, for it will enable them to check the items of these balance-sheets. Let them look out the last they received, if they have not destroyed it in despair, and compare it with our figures.

Our first shall be an account rendered a few years since by a very eminent publisher, and any author who is inexperienced in such documents is quite welcome to a perusal of the original. The work was in two volumes octavo, not quite so closely printed as "Macaulay's History of England."

* Of course we except miracles. If a work have an enormous sale, such, for instance, as Layard's "Nineveh;"—but upon what terms that was published we do not know, only citing it as an example of a large circulation—no expenses that could possibly be incurred upon it could swallow up the returns.

Account of Publication and Sale of a Work entitled —, written by —, Esq., published by —; 2 vols. demy 8vo., by —, on joint account with —. Esq.

Dr.				Cr.			
18—		£	s. d.	18—		£	s. d.
May.	To printing 500 copies of the work, 2 vols. demy 8vo.....	146	14 9	May.	By 500 copies printed, Less 39 presented,		
	Paper,* reams 54½ demy at 24s.	65	11 0		461		
	Paid for Index	4	4 0		273 (sold as 263) at 19s.	249	17 0
	Boarding copies presented	1	8 0		188 remaining on hand.		
	Advertising	61	4 5		Deficit	41	15 2
	Five per cent. on amount of Sales for risk of bad debts	12	10 0				
		£291	12 2			£291	12 2

* As one ream will print 500 sheets, there must have been 55 sheets in the two volumes. The price of printing, therefore was 2l. 13s. 4d. a sheet. The corrections were unusually few.

Now, let us suppose that we had no co-partner in this affair, but had gone, with money in our hands, to the cheapest market. We have before us an estimate for an exactly similar work, supplied by a house of vastly su-

perior resources, inexhaustible magazines of type, and exceedingly careful of their reputation for good workmanship. The account would stand thus:—

Account of Profit and Loss on a Work entitled, &c. &c.

Dr.	£	s.	d.
18—			
May. To printing 500 copies of the work, 2 vols., demy 8vo., as per contract, 55 sheets, at 1l. 12s. 6d.; add for corrections 7s. 6d. per sheet (this is a large allowance, because the work in question was only a reprinted edition)	110	0	0
Paper—reams 54½ at 19s.	51	17	10½
Index	4	4	0
Boarding	1	8	0
Advertising (which would have included more than all the effective advertising).	40	0	0
Publisher's ten per cent.	25	9	2½
	£232	19	1

	£	s.	d.
18—			
May. By 500 copies printed, Less 39 presented,	461		
273 (sold as 268) at 19s.	254	12	0
188 remaining unsold.			
PROFIT!!!	21	12	9

£232 19 1

Thus, after making ample allowance for every legitimate expense, we convert a deficit of 4l. 15s. 2d. into a surplus of 2l. 12s. 9d. To this must be added at least 37l. 12s. for the stock on hand, when sold off at 4s. a copy—a matter which of course no author dare inquire about with the original formidable balance-sheet before him.

This was a very unsuccessful work; yet in a partnership account of less than three hundred pounds there is a difference of 63l. 7s. 11d. between the publisher's charges and the charges at which the same work could have been brought out by employing ordinary tradesmen.

If we take our own most liberal and ample estimate of the actual cost of printing and advertising these two volumes, we shall find it to amount to 197l. 9s. 10½d. If we take our estimate also of what the publisher received (and the two do not materially differ), we shall find that amount to 292l. 4s.* *The publisher therefore realized a profit of 94l. 15s. 10½d. out of a co-partnership which shewed a deficit of 4l. 15s. 2d. to the author.*

If we suppose that additional copies to the amount of 4l. 15s. 2d. had been sold, the publisher's profit would have risen to 136l. 10s. 0½d., and the author's account would still have shewn *nothing* due to him.

Let every man who has written, or intends

to write a book, pause upon these figures, and read them over again. So far from exaggerating, we have very much understated our case.

We have compared the balance-sheet just dissected with others from different publishing houses, and we find that it is a fair average example. Many have additional items for warehouse-room, and coffee-house expenses upon subscription sales.

As we have put Mr. Hardwicke's book at the head of this paper, perhaps we ought to say a word about it. This gentleman is certainly not one of the magnates of the trade, and therefore it is unnecessary to expend much notice upon him. However, as he has appealed to authors in a published pamphlet, we will give him what publicity we can.

Mr. Hardwicke's great discovery "to enable authors to put their literary productions before the public without pecuniary risk or loss of interest in copyright" is the notable old-fashioned expedient of getting up a preliminary subscription list. When this subscription list is got up, the author is to go to Mr. Hardwicke and let him print and publish his book—the publisher taking the commission and the author—the profits.

But we must allow this persuasive gentleman to speak for himself—

Take, as another example, the publication of a Record of Travels, or a Narrative of Personal Adventures, a tale of "moving accidents by flood and field;" the usual extent of a work of this nature is two volumes, post 8vo., comprising about 360 pages each, the price 21s. Suppose that the sale of 200 copies, at 18s. per copy, could be guaranteed by subscription, the price to non-subscribers being fixed at 21s., a profit of considerably more than 100l. would result from the transaction, as the following account will shew:—

* The publisher gives credit for 263 copies, although 273 were sold, taking, therefore, one in every twenty-five: we have calculated that not more than one-half would be sold to the booksellers in twenty-fives. The difference, however, is only 4l. 15s. The receipts, therefore, would be—Sales 254l. 12s.: 188 copies sold off at 4s. a copy, 37l. 12s.: Total, 292l. 4s.

pleasing to the ears of enterprising speculators upon the gullibility of book clubs, and partly because it is suspected that if our reviews were "gutted"—to use the polite phrase of the profession—we should probably print the original and the counterfeit in parallel columns in our next Number. Nevertheless, we have half-a-dozen advertisements now before us, wherein the **NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW** is quoted for some sugary, insipid sentence upon books that appeared long before the "N. Q. R." came into existence, and which were therefore never noticed in our pages. These instances occur in a list we had drawn up with much trouble, and which compares what the different Reviews did really say of certain books, with what they are, in the "Opinions of the Press," represented to have said. We regret to find that its length must exclude it, for it would have shed but little amusement over this dull paper.

The speculating bibliopoles are locusts upon the leaves of literature. They eat up every thing—but do they do any good? Let us hear Thomas Carlyle upon this, for he is a man having experience—

"A century ago there was in the bookselling guild—
'if never any royalty of spirit (as how could such be
'looked for there?)—yet a spirit of solid merchanthood,
'which had its value in regard to the prosaic parts of
'literature, and is ever to be thankfully remembered
'there. By this solid merchant spirit, if we take the
'victualling and furnishing of such an enterprise as
'*Samuel Johnson's English Dictionary* for its highest
'feat (as perhaps we justly may); and many a *Petitot's*
'*Mémoires*, *Encyclopædia Britannica*, &c. &c., in this
'country and in others for its lower, we must gratefully
'admit the real usefulness, respectability, and merit to
'the world. But in later times, owing to many causes
'which have been active, not on the book guild alone,
'such spirit has long been diminishing, and has now as

'good as disappeared, without hope of resuscitation in
'that quarter. The spirit of the book trade, it is mourn-
'fully evident, is that of modern trade generally, no
'better and no worse—a hand-to-mouth spirit, incapable
'of ever again paying for even a Johnson's "Dic-
'tionary;" not what I can call a merchant spirit, but
'(on the great or on the small scale) a shopkeeper one.
'Such is the melancholy fact, so far as my experience
'and observation have taught me to form an opinion.
'If my vote is inquired of in the matter, I grieve to say,
'and am not conscious of either anger or of favour in
'saying, it is authentically this; which leads me, and
'indeed has long since led me, to infer that the Pub-
'lishing Guild, taking large wages for doing indispen-
'sable work, and quite omitting to do it, is in no safe or
'lasting position before the public, and will prove inca-
'pable of standing, unless it can escape being inquired
into."*

Mr. Chapman published this opinion as bearing upon the booksellers. It has nothing to do with the booksellers, and *the booksellers have no community of interest with the great book-speculators and author-grinders of the metropolis*. If these last could be put down literature would flourish in their destruction. Perhaps the time may arrive when the suggestions of Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Babbage may be carried out; and authors, by means of an Association, will distribute their works to the trade without the intervention of any publisher, aided only by the wholesale booksellers, who now, in effect, do all the publishers' work, by supplying the retail trade, arranging terms of credit, and keeping accounts. But if this time be not come, quite sure we are that the best means of hastening it is to lay bare the mysteries of the speculating publishing system, and to explain to authors the hidden things of a balance-sheet.

Report of Meeting on the Commerce of Literature,
p. 7.

ARS LOGICA.

The Art of Reasoning; a popular Exposition of the Principles of Logic, inductive and deductive.
By SAMUEL NEIL. London: Walton and Maberly. 1853.

ALL logicians are agreed that the first requisite to sound logical argument is a perfect definition of the subject-matter to be proved. But no two logicians are thoroughly agreed as to what is the perfect definition of logic.

What the popular idea of logic was in the time of Socrates may be read in the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, where the philosopher is made to put it in a catalogue of unintelligible panderics.

καὶ διάλεξιν—

καὶ τερατείας, καὶ περίλεξιν, καὶ κροῦσιν, καὶ
κατάληψιν.

What Socrates' own idea was may perhaps be read in Plato, although we rather doubt the identity of the Socrates of Plato with the Socrates who existed in the flesh. Aristotle does not venture upon an exact definition, and indeed the "Organon" sometimes trenches upon the territories of grammar and rhetoric. Zeno thought that logic was the right use of reason; the schoolmen mixed up the errors of Zeno, as to the true nature and object of the science, with the true canons of Aristotle. In their hands it became so ridiculous, that Bacon, Descartes, Mallebranche, and Locke, came to the rescue. Aristotle was in danger of being disavowed by the greatest intellects, because he had been misunderstood by the smallest. Sanchez had revived the old scepticism of Pyrrho,

"All that we know is, nothing can be known,"

as Byron translates the doctrine; but remembering, possibly, the capital reply of Lucretius—

—nil sciri si quis putat, id quoque nescit
An sciri possit, qui se nil scire fatetur.

Sanchez boldly accepted the conclusion, "Nec unum hoc scio, me nihil scire, conector tamen nec me nec alios." But we question whether Sanchez meant much more than that logic deals only with probabilities. Aconcio had drawn nearer to the true definition of logic, when he defined it to be "recta contemplandi docendique ratio," than Bacon did when he spoke of it as "spinosæ subtilitatis laqueus ac tendicula;" yet Bacon, as we shall presently see, knew, better than any man who had preceded him, the true practical use of the art.

In this country logic had been maintained in its own modest sphere as "an instrumental art" by the University of Oxford. Scotland had wandered after the Ramian theories, perhaps unconsciously influenced by the fact that Ramus was a Huguenot, and a victim of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Cambridge took little note of the syllogistic system. Oxford

alone insisted upon it as indispensable to every graduate. At the end of the seventeenth century the true logic, according to the Oxford University, was comprehended in a clear and concise treatise by Dr. Aldrich,* who propounded the definition which is now accepted by all sound logicians, that logic is "Ars instrumentalis dirigens mentem in cognitione rerum"—an instrumental art, keeping straight the operations of the mind in the acquirements of knowledge.

Aldrich's treatise was no more an original system of logic than the thirty-nine articles are a new religion. It was an authoritative statement of the true office of the art, and a concise account of the tools wherewith it is worked, and the rules for working. It has been translated by Huish, and expanded by Whatley; it has been undervalued by Hallam, and treated somewhat contemptuously by Mill; but it never has been, and never can be, superseded. Matthiæ and Zumpt are more elaborate grammarians than the Eton grammars which we learn at school, but the tutor will produce but indifferent scholars who shall overlook the importance of fixing the ordinary rules of syntax firmly in the pupil's mind before he takes him among the difficulties of the finer distinctions and more curious elegancies of the Greek and Latin languages.

Thus it is with the art of Logic. Aldrich must be learnt by heart—his *memoria technica* must be well fixed in the mind: when the student has done this, and not before, he will know what the art is, and be in a position to acquire skill in its exercise.

When he has mastered this accidence of logic he will understand the principles upon which every mind *must* operate when a correct syllogism is formed. His terms of art will give him the facility of immediately designating any one of these principles, and also of designating any violation of them. If any one should argue

* Dean Aldrich was a man of the utmost versatility of acquirement, and may be cited as an egregious example that the study of our art is not inconsistent with the liveliest sallies of wit. Not only did he prepare for publication Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, and compare anthems for the service of his Cathedral Church, but he is the author of the celebrated University Epigram, "Causæ bibendi"—

Si bene quid meminî causæ sunt quinque bibendi
Hospitis adventus—presens situs—atque futura
Aut vini bonitas—aut quæ libet altera causa.

He built Peckwater quadrangle from his own designs; he wrote and composed the still well-known catch,

"Hark, the merry Christ-Church bells;"

and, in honour of his own favourite indulgence, he added "A smoking catch," to be sung by four men smoking their pipes.

thus—"The Oxford clay being a middle oolitic formation is therefore necessarily identical with the Coral rag," he will be able not only to detect the presence of a fallacy in this argument, but he will be able to shew exactly where the fallacy lies, and what portion of the argument is faulty. He will reduce it to a syllogism thus—

All Oxford clay is a middle oolitic formation ;
All Coral rag is a middle oolitic formation ;
Therefore

All Oxford clay is Coral rag.

The logical student will know that the middle term of this syllogism, being in each case the predicate of an affirmative proposition, cannot be distributed in either; and he will therefore know, without any reference to what his notions (*dehors* the argument) may be as to the truth or falsehood of the third proposition, that it cannot be a true conclusion from the premises put forward.

This is a very simple example, and will arouse at once the two objections which ignorance always opposes to logic. The first is, that any sensible man would have seen the faultiness of this reasoning without the logic; the second is, that a long life would be too short to settle the commonest dispute, if we were to reduce every argument into syllogisms.

To the first we answer, that our sensible friend might or might not have seen the error. If he happened to have a preconceived notion that Oxford clay and Coral rag are identical substances, he would very possibly have allowed the reasoning to pass unquestioned. A man ignorant of logic can always prostitute his reasoning powers to the defence of his prejudices, and can seldom help doing so; a logician cannot do this without receiving now and then some smart twinges from his outraged art.

We are not addressing ourselves only to logicians, nor do we profess to have the power of compression which enabled Prodicus to reveal the whole mystery of grammar in a single lecture—a page of the NEW QUARTERLY can, we fear, be made in no sense a *πεντηκόντα Δράχμῶν ἐπίδειξις*; but we think that, without giving other and more intricate examples of fallacious argument, every one ought to see that there must be an advantage in being able to test an argument by rules which prejudice cannot ignore or deny.

The second objection is easily disposed of. The logician no more stops to reduce every argument into syllogisms, than a man who has learnt grammar stops to parse every sentence, or than a reader stops to spell every word. The logician, the grammarian, and the reader or writer, reasons, criticises, or reads or writes, with his logic, his syntax, or his orthography, well fixed in his memory. These rules serve

him to avoid an error unconsciously, or to detect it without an effort. Constant exercise in the use of his rules, or rather, perhaps, the constant presence of his rules in his mind, has made them part of his mind: a violation of them strikes like a false note on the ear of the musician, or a false concord on the ear of the scholar.

Those who have ignorantly ridiculed logic—and we fear we must include Dr. Whewell in this category—should extend their disapproval to every art. It is hard to discover how the axioms of geometry could have escaped their sarcasm. On the other hand, those who have learned Aldrich by heart for the purpose of passing the Oxford schools, but who have rested content with this acquisition, and are surprised to find they can reason no better than if they had never learned their "*Quæ ca vel hyp*," are much in the position of a person who, having just learned the characters of shorthand, is surprised that he cannot report a rapid speaker.

Logic, when it has entered into a man's mind, gives him the faculty of *feeling* whether a conclusion does or does not properly arise from the premises stated; or if no premises be stated, it enables him to feel what must be the assumed premises from which only the conclusion could be so drawn. It gives him the instinct of picking out the particular proposition which, if denied, destroys the conclusion; arming him, therefore, with the power, not only of discovering the fallacy of a faulty argument, but also of dealing with that still more common artifice, wherein a conclusion is logically drawn, but some one of the concealed premises is false. Nature has endowed every man with some notions of right and wrong in reasoning: logic gives those notions names, describes them as they appear in minds of the highest order, and stamps them as the canons of man's reason. Even Bacon allows and insists upon the value of logic in this sense—"Neque solum dirigunt, sed et roborant; sicut sagittandi usus et habitus, non tantum facit ut melius quis collimet, sed ut arcum tendat fortiores."

We have no space here to enter upon the wide field of disputation disclosed by the words syllogistic and inductive: rightly understood, there is no difference between the two. The most copious induction in physical subjects must depend upon the truth of a major premiss—that where similar results recur under similar circumstances they prove an universal natural law. Deny that proposition, and your inductions will have no universal conclusion. Upon ordinary matters of human action your inductions will want another major premiss. Thus, suppose we adduce a hundred instances of having met *A* in Oxford Street, at

a particular spot and at a particular moment : this induction is only the minor premiss to a major, which must declare that *there is a probability* that what has occurred in a hundred successive days will recur in the hundred and first. Call it syllogistic, enthymematic, soritic, or inductive, all reasoning is to be resolved into the first principle of comparing two propositions together, and saying whether they agree or disagree, and if so, to what extent.

Does logic go beyond this? We believe not. Nearly all the heresies of the art proceed from this—that indolent word-splitters have tried to make ratiocination do the work of observation. They have called upon logic to determine, not only whether conclusions are true or false, but also whether propositions are true or false. Logic has nothing to do with propositions when they are not presented as conclusions, except to accept them. It is for other sciences to determine upon their truth or falsehood as propositions. Thus if we say

“Every production of an *Acarus Crossii* is a work of aboriginal creation ;

Mr. Weekes produced an *Acarus Crossii*,
Therefore

Mr. Weekes performed a work of aboriginal creation ;

we draw a correct logical conclusion, and we find it identical with a monstrous absurdity ; but logic is not responsible for the truth of either of the premises whence the conclusion is deduced.

When we affirm, however, that logic does no more than test conclusions by ascertaining the propositions that must be admitted or assumed before the conclusion can be warranted—or, which is in effect the same thing, that logic only points out the proper conclusion to be drawn from admitted premises—we do not either deny or undervalue the labours of those logicians who, like Whateley and Mill, have undertaken to investigate “the conditions under which the human mind persuades itself that it has sufficient grounds for a conclusion which it has not arrived at by any of the legitimate methods of induction.” No logical student would willingly forego the advantage of the Archbishop’s chapter on Fallacies, or would leave unread his appended chapter on ambiguous terms. In learning the laws of healthy reasoning, we had also learned the conditions of unsound reasoning, for *contrariorum eadem est scientia*. But in medicine it is useful to name and catalogue our diseases, and note their symptoms, that we may recognise them when they appear, and know their cause, nature, and cure, without the trouble of tracing the exact

anatomical derangement in each particular case. So in logic we catalogue our fallacies ; and a reasoner who has good store of these fixed in his mind will be very much helped thereby in the detection of bad reasoning. Most of those which occur in conversation or in writing will be recognised immediately as old familiar faces. The logician will receive them as a detective would a disguised thief—tell at once his particular class of offence, and call him by his name. But to understand a fallacy, we must understand why it is so ; and for that purpose we must be able to point out the false link in the chain of reasoning, to bring to light the violated rule that is huddled up in the sorites.

When Mill applies logic to the moral sciences we follow him as to a difficult exercise in rules already laid down ; but we see at once the justice of his own observation, that these five chapters of his work are but “a kind of supplement or appendix.” Except as an example of its rules, the chapters on the moral sciences in Mr. Mill’s treatise have no more to do with logic, than the definition of a good man has to do with the propriety of a verb agreeing with its nominative case in number and person.

Modern treatises upon logic are so numerous, that to catalogue them here would be to fill an unprofitable page. To every one of them this observation applies. Whatever use they have must be for those who know all the grammar of logic. No one can read Mill without great pleasure and instruction ; but Mill never yet *made* a logician. This book has improved, or even matured many a logician, but it can only *make* smatterers. So with Mr. Neil’s work, which we have placed at the head of this article as the most recent logic-book. In spite of some pedantry and affectation, it brings together an amount of information upon the subject of the art which will be read with profit, and some of which can be found in no other handy book. But it will not do as a *substitute* for either Aldrich or Whateley.

There is no royal road to logic. It is an art, and *not* a science. We do not mean this absolutely, for of course every art has its rules of art, and these are the science of that art. But the object of logic is to be used as an art—used with a facility that constant practice only can give. Give ear to us, impatient student. Even as you learnt your alphabet before you attempted to read, so learn your Aldrich before you attempt to analyse with Whateley, to pursue connotations with Mill, or to discuss perceptivity with Samuel Neil.

THE CZAR AND THE SULTAN.

- I. *Kismet, or the Doom of Turkey.* By CHARLES MACFARLANE. London: Bosworth. 1853.
 II. *The Russian Shores of the Black Sea.* By LAURENCE OLIPHANT. W. Blackwood.
 III. *The Russian Question; or, the Crisis in the East.* Authorized Translation from the French of L. Léouzon le Duc, late Chargé de Mission to the Courts of Russia and Finland. By J. H. URQUHART. Clarke & Co.
 IV. *The Ottoman Empire and its Resources.* By E. H. MITCHELSON. Simpkin and Co.
 V. *Ranke's Serbia, Bosnia, and the Slave Provinces.* Translated by Mrs. ALEXANDER KERR. Bohn's Standard Library. Bohn.

IN our last Number we gave a summary of the historical events which led to the establishment of the Turks in Europe, and of the subsequent combats which appear to foreshadow their expulsion. It is no part of our vocation to balance the chances of war, or to offer speculations which a telegraphic despatch may perchance either verify or contradict while this Number is passing from the hands of the publisher to that of the reader. Of course every book-maker who can hold a pen is writing for dear life, and every individual who has ever seen the Golden Horn is offering his valuable opinion to the British public, and pointing out the exact manner in which Turkey may be either saved or partitioned.

The first of these is Mr. Macfarlane, the attorney-general of despotism: the gentleman who put down Mr. Gladstone, when the latter could hold silence no longer on the subject of the atrocities of the king of Naples, and who seems to have a special mission to eulogize all that ordinary mortals abhor. We cannot, however, congratulate the Emperors of Russia and Austria upon their advocate. "*Kismet*" appears to be a mere *réchauffé* of a former work on the same subject, and by the same author. We have searched it through in vain for some novelty. There is nothing in it that was not said, and much better said, in the work of Mr. St. John, noticed in our last Number.

Mr. Macfarlane's sole original idea is contained in the following passage:—

As far as the people are concerned, I am persuaded that even a Russian army, preserving good discipline, and carefully abstaining from any insults to the women (there remains little or no religious feeling to offend), would not encounter, in any of the parts of Asiatic or European Turkey I visited, the slightest resistance from the Mussulman population, although the people are all armed.

Even this, however, is not much more ridiculous than the nonsense we used to hear about 50,000 Frenchmen landing at Dover, and the Guards evacuating London. Macfarlane ought to be made guide and Provost-Marshal to this happy Russian army, which is to march unresisted through Turkey. There is a certain Russian prince now commanding in Wallachia who would not be niggard in rewarding such service. The next is not at all new.

The Turk can only be formidable as a Turk: attempt to modernise, to Europeanise his habits, his mind, or even his costume, he will lose all the power, the energy, the grandeur of his native and original character, without acquiring the quickness, the dexterity, the vivacity of that which is so foreign to his nature. The turbaned, the scimitared, the loose-trousered Turk will never fall into the trim and disciplined line of an European regiment: if he does, his movements, instead of being free, majestic, and vigorous, will be awkward and constrained. As he is initiated in modern habits, the staid and solemn dignity of his manners will depart, and what will replace it?

This has been said a hundred times, and has now been contradicted by events. Nor has the following calumnious trash about the officers serving in the Turkish army more foundation in fact, or more novelty in invention.

Of late years some educated officers of various nations have been engaged as instructors, but one, after the other, they have all been driven away in disgust. They found themselves thwarted at every step by the ignorant, indolent, rapacious Turks put over their heads. Shoemakers, pipe-vendors, backals, common boatmen, to-day, and colonels of regiments, generals of division, and Pashas to-morrow: fellows who plundered their men, and who would never be brought to understand the most simple military formation or evolution. Then again, these well-qualified Frank officers were never allowed to take the command, or really to fill the post of officers in the Sultan's service, for these things must be reserved exclusively for Turks and Mussulmans. Omer Pasha, an ex-sergeant and deserter from the Austrian army, has fought in the field with Turks, and has held high commands; but the said Omer, a reprobate in all things, became a renegade and sham Mussulman before he was admitted to such honours.

Again—

Hardly one of these fellows has ever been more than a non-commissioned officer in his own country: here they suddenly become captains, majors, colonels. These are the men the great Pashas prefer. Low-born and low-bred, they can submit to Turkish arrogance, and to treatment which no gentleman can possibly tolerate. One may conceive how competent are these renegades to the conduct of an army in the field. Then, who would answer a single hour for the honour or common honesty of such a canaille? They have deserted their colours; they have deserted their religion! Let Russia, or any other assailant of Turkey, tempt them with a good bribe, and they will desert the Sultan, and sacrifice his troops.

Of course the idea of Mr. Macfarlane is, to partition Turkey, and especially to give Austria a very large slice. Austria is always a very great favourite of Mr. Macfarlane.

It will be a great deal to get the Turks fairly out of Christendom. The populations of Serbia, Bosnia, and

the Turkish portion of Herzegovine (for Austria has already a part of that country) would assimilate, blend, and amalgamate with their neighbours, the slave populations of the Austrian empire. But I would give to the House of Hapsburgh a much larger share in the partition, and secure to her, by an European treaty, and the guarantee of all the great powers, the free navigation of the Danube, from the frontiers of Hungary to the embouchures of the Black Sea.

Russia! How is it that this name, whether it intrudes upon us in print, or assails our ears in conversation, awakens only feelings of repugnance and aversion? Why does the name of Russia "stink i' the nostrils"? The cause is flagrant. In an age when civilization is more widely extending itself than at any former period of the world's history; when the true principles of government are becoming every day better understood, illustrated, and adopted; and the divine light of Christianity is still more and more diffused; at such a time the great potentate whose dominion stretches over the half of Europe and a third of Asia, instead of bending all the energies at his command towards developing resources vast as his empire, appears upon the scene as a second Alaric; aye, even outdoes his prototype of the fifth century. That ruthless marauder was but the exponent of the ferocity of the savage tribes he led to rapine and slaughter, while he of the present day, in the midst of enlightenment, would fain thrust us back into the barbarous ages, under the darkness of which alone, could he hope to prosecute such designs as his with impunity. The Russian Czars, as we recently shewed, affect to be lineally descended from, and therefore rightful heirs of, the Greek emperors. The present self-styled representative of the Cæsars, however, will scarcely put himself in comparison with the first of that glorious line. When the great Julius led his enthusiastic and devoted legions across the *Rubicon*, to oppose and thwart those pseudo-patriots who, jealous of his renown, sought to imbue their countrymen with their own baseness and ingratitude, he thereby laid the foundation of the mightiest empire the world ever saw, the triumphs of which in art, literature, and arms, will be felt and recognised in their ennobling effects so long as the earth endures. The modern successor of the Cæsars, on the other hand, when he sent his invading hordes across the *Pruth*, did but "cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war!" His manifesto issued on the occasion manifested nothing but his resolution to set at nought all considerations of justice and political morality. The transaction itself may be regarded as the most recent and most unblushing illustration of the old fable of the wolf and the lamb, with the important exception that, in this case, the supposed lamb has shewn both teeth and claws, and good dis-

position to use them. One cry, and that a cry of exultation, arose throughout Europe when it became known that the Turks, so far from permitting themselves, as had been anticipated, to be trodden under foot by their invaders, had crossed the Danube under the conduct of their daring and skilful general at four different points simultaneously, made a successful advance from Kalifat, and gained a signal victory at Oltenitza over the marauding enemy, who thus received, what we did hope, would have proved, only the first instalment of the punishment due to his misdeeds.

Strange, indeed, that satisfaction should be the universal sentiment where Mahometans were the victors and Christians the vanquished. But the problem admits of a double solution; firstly, the ancient maxim that must be ever deeply imprinted in the human heart, *Ubi iustitia ruat cælum*; secondly, the fact, unwelcome as it is incontestible, that the progress of civilization and Christianity would be obstructed, rather than aided, by the extension of Russian rule to the Turkish provinces.

As regards the first point, whether civilization would be advanced under Russian auspices, the notoriously vicious system of the government of Russia is amply illustrated by Mr. Oliphant in the vivacious and instructive volume he has here given to the public. Starting from St. Petersburg, he went by railway to Moscow, thence making his way to Nijni Novgorod at the time of the great annual fair, of which a very animated picture is presented. Embarking there on the Volga, he descended that river, per steamer, as far as Zaritzin, where he traversed the intermediate country of the Cossacks to the Don; travelled along its banks to Rostov on the sea of Azof, crossing which to Kertch, he made a tour of the Crimea, visiting all its remarkable towns and antiquities, and returned homeward by way of Odessa and the Danube. Mr. Oliphant took full advantage of the opportunities afforded him by this varied route to make himself acquainted, not only with the scenery, but with the moral and political aspect of the country through which he passed. In the performance of this undertaking he proves himself an acute and impartial observer, and one whose opinions and deductions from what he saw, are worthy of serious attention at the present time, both by statesmen and by the public generally. His account of the actual state of Russia is, as we have intimated, of the most unfavourable character. Corruption of the grossest kind is the grand substratum of the government system; bribes, the order of the day from the highest officials to the lowest. As regards the mass of the people, education, so far from being encouraged, is absolutely prohibited, excepting in the large towns, which are very few and far between.

"Russia," the author remarks, "is almost devoid of an urban population. St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Odessa are the only cities where the populations exceed 100,000; indeed, there is some doubt whether that of Odessa reaches this figure. There are only four towns containing more than 50,000 inhabitants each, and eighteen or twenty with populations exceeding 25,000. In fact, it has been computed, from official reports, that there is only one town with an average population of 7000 in an area of 130 square miles."

A fitting adjunct to the prohibition of education, is the licence awarded, or rather the encouragement given, to the people to indulge in drunkenness, in order that an increased revenue may thus be derived from the duty on intoxicating liquors.

It seems* that men, while in a state of intoxication have, in this country, an especial claim upon the protection of the government, since the sums drawn from the monopoly of Vodka form an important item of the revenue. That there was a due appreciation of the obligation conferred by either party, I learned from a Russian gentleman, who told me that the police had strict orders not to take up any person found drunk in the streets. The numbers of tipsy men who reeled unnoticed about the large towns seemed living testimonies to the accuracy of this statement.

In excuse of these regulations, it may indeed be urged that the Russian peasant is so degraded, at any rate, that it amounts to much the same thing whether he be in a state of cultivated intoxication or natural incapacity.

The restrictions imposed upon trade, argue a degree of infatuation and narrow prejudice difficult to be understood. Trade, indeed, may be said to be confined to the annual fairs, and, with those exceptions, to be designedly crippled by the most vexatious exactions. Those only are licensed to engage in foreign trade who belong to the first and second guild of merchants, and who pay a heavy tax for the privilege. As residents in towns they are subject to other burdens, whence the anomaly arises that, at the fair of Nijni, Sheffield cutlery and other foreign goods may be obtained at a considerably lower price than at St. Petersburg, notwithstanding the expense incurred of conveying them upwards of 500 miles over a country offering no facilities of transit. Well does our author observe on this subject—

To explain this, it is necessary to discover the real principle upon which the government acts; for it is absurd to suppose that it can be so infatuated as to believe that the protective system which it now pursues can ever advance the commercial interests of the country. Projecting into the heart of Asia, while it monopolises more than half the continent of Europe—possessing means of communication with the East by way of the Caspian, denied to any other European power—intersected by rivers expressly adapted to connect the ports upon the four seas between which she is situated—Russia might become the highway of nations. The wealth of Europe and Asia would thus pour into the coffers of the country through the various channels which it alone could so advantageously offer for the commerce of the world; and

the only reason why this result has not long since taken place, is the virtual prohibition by the government of the existence of such a state of things, by its denying to all foreign goods, the right of transit through the Russian dominions. As a necessary consequence, the produce of the East passes through Smyrna and Trebisonde, instead of through Tiflis to Redout Kalé on the Black Sea; or—if there were a canal between the Volga and the Don—by water all the way from Astrabad and the intermediate ports to Taganrog, *via* Astrakhan and Tzaritzin, or to St. Petersburg direct. Thus have those brilliant commercial designs cherished by Peter the Great, and founded upon an anticipated extension of his eastern frontier, been destroyed by a policy unworthy the successors of so enlightened a monarch; and those ports on the Caspian, in attempts to acquire which he sacrificed his political reputation, are sinking under influences utterly blasting to their prosperity.

From a consideration of these circumstances, and in spite of the anxiety of government to induce an opposite belief, we are constrained to suppose* that it is only solicitous for the prosperity of the nation, so long as this prosperity can coexist with the permanent state of gross ignorance and barbarism in which the people are kept; for it is evident that an extensive intercourse with European nations would open the eyes of this enslaved population, and introduce those principles of freedom which would soon prove utterly subversive to the imperial power as it at present exists. In order, therefore, that the traveller may duly appreciate the system of political economy practised by the government, it is necessary he should remember that its interests and those of the people are diametrically opposed to one another. He will then cease to wonder that men-of-war, instead of merchant steamers, regularly navigate the Caspian. The most wretched craft are freighted with the rich fabrics of Persia, while iron steamers are appropriated to the transport of precious soldiers.

The great political and social plague-spot of Russia is, however, serfdom. In that word is comprised whatever can tend to depress the energies of a nation, to paralyse its industry, to demoralise and degrade it in every way. The Russian serfs are, in fact, in a far worse condition than the negro slaves of America; for these latter may, by thrift and persevering in good conduct, work out their freedom; but no such hope can shine upon the hapless Russian, his sole portion being a patch of land, on the produce of which he is expected to maintain himself, though the amount of labour frequently exacted by his master precludes the possibility of his devoting adequate attention to it. Possibly the wretched serfs, indurated to their lot, may indulge no higher aspirations. They are, indeed, regarded and treated as so many head of cattle, the keeping up the breed of which, is encouraged by their owners as a main source of profit. Hear Mr. Oliphant on this subject—

Whatever may be the morals of the peasantry in remote districts, those living in the towns and villages on the Volga are more degraded in their habits than any other people amongst whom I have travelled; and they can hardly be said to disregard, since they have never been acquainted with, the ordinary decencies of life. What better result can indeed be expected from a system by which the upper classes are wealthy in proportion to the number of serfs possessed by each proprietor? The rapid increase of the population is no less an object with

the private serf-owner, than the extensive consumption of ardent spirits is desired by the government. Thus each vice is privileged with especial patronage. Marriages, in the Russian sense of the term, are consummated at an early age, and are arranged by the steward, without consulting the parties—the lord's approval alone being necessary. The price of a family ranges from 25*l.* to 40*l.* Our captain had taken his wife on a lease of five years, the rent for that term amounting to fifty rubles, with the privilege of renewal at the expiration of it.

Finally, as a fair sample of the deteriorating effects of Russian misrule, the following account of the province of Bessarabia may be cited—

The principal port of a very fertile province, Ismael carries on a considerable trade; but the resources of Bessarabia are but feebly developed, and it is in a far more depressed condition than the neighbouring districts. The Russian political economist contends that this is owing entirely to the abrupt emancipation of all the serfs, and regards the result as a triumphant vindication of the system of serfdom. But a very slight consideration of the circumstances under which this wholesale liberation took place is sufficient to shew the unsound nature of the argument, and to prove that a measure, though indisputably beneficial in itself, must ever be greatly influenced in its practical effects by the motives which prompt it, and may be so carried out as to produce widely differing results. And where a measure such as this has originated, not in a desire on the part of the government to give freedom to the agricultural population, but to ruin their owners, the Moldavian Boyars, or old landed aristocracy, its wholesome tendency must be to some extent neutralised; while the mal-administration of the local government, the intrigues and chicanery of the Russian *employés*, and the introduction of the prohibitive system of the empire into a country previously enjoying a liberal commercial policy, form a combination of evil influences more than sufficient to account for the unhappy state of this poverty-stricken province.

It is interesting to observe the present condition of Bessarabia, as affording us some idea of the probable result of the annexation of the Danubian principalities by Russia, should that event ever take place. We have only now to look at the prosperous state of those provinces, as compared with Bessarabia, to perceive how disastrous must be the effects of such an occurrence.

It is not to be wondered at that the inhabitants of Moldavia and Wallachia dread the day when the blighting influence of Russian administration will be extended along the shores of the Danube as far as the Austrian frontier; for in the past history of Bessarabia they foresee their own unhappy future. Should the Emperor grant them a constitution, they can compare it with that which Alexander granted to the Boyars of Bessarabia, and need be under no uncertainty as to the extent of its duration. Should he accord them *special privileges*, they will at once be able to estimate them at their true value, to anticipate their fatal effects, and to calculate exactly how long it will be before protection in trade shall reduce them to a state of Bessarabian depression.

In like manner we hear of the Crimea, a highly-prosperous and flourishing district while the Moslems had possession of it, that—

whole tracts of country, susceptible of a high state of cultivation, and once producing abundantly, are now lying waste; their manufactures deteriorating, their territorial wealth destroyed, their noble families becoming extinct, their poor ground down by Russian tax-gatherers, and swindled out of their substance by dishonest sub-officials.

Having thus sufficiently seen what the pro-

spects of increased civilization would be, in the event of Russian dominion extending itself, let us consider what would be the state of the case as regards the interests of Christianity. That the Christian subjects of the Porte desire no Russian sympathy or interference is evident from the recent address of the Greek Patriarch to the Sultan, in behalf of himself and his brethren of the Armenian and Greek communions, acknowledging thankfully the liberty secured to them in the exercise of their religion, and the other immunities they enjoyed.

In both Principalities a decidedly hostile feeling existed against the invaders, and was manifested in two remarkable instances. A large number of young men of the best families, constituting the Wallachian militia, rather than submit to be incorporated into the Russian army at the command of Prince Gortschakoff, withdrew to the mountains, and ultimately, as guerillas, transferred their services to Omer Pasha. Again, the two Hospodars of Moldavia and Wallachia preferred exile to the renunciation of their allegiance to the Porte. Frantic with rage at this contumacy of the Hospodars, the Prince, effectually to deter all others connected with the government from following their example, sent a message to the Executive Council, that, if any one of them should quit his post or meddle with politics, or say or do aught hostile to Russia, he would hang him without mercy! Demonstrating pretty plainly how little sympathy existed between the Christian subjects of the Porte and their *soi-disant* friends who came to vindicate their rights. The threat of Prince Gortschakoff to hang without mercy such of his fellow-Christians as happened to differ from him in their political views, and the endeavours of the Emperor, his master, to excite a furious fanaticism in his people and army, present a somewhat unfavourable contrast to the exemplary forbearance of the Sultan, who, under the most grievous provocation, refrained from any retribution upon his Christian subjects, shewed no disposition either to persecute them or raise any hostile feeling against them, but, on the contrary, took measures to secure them against all molestation.

The question which of these two manifested, in their conduct, the more Christian spirit, admits but of one answer. Take another example. The following account of the treatment experienced by the little German colony established at Sarepta on the Volga will sufficiently shew that the affected solicitude of the Emperor for Christians in Turkey, is utterly at variance with his policy in regard to the spread of Christianity among the heathens of his own dominions, for this he impedes rather than encourages.

Surrounded by tribes of barbarous Calmucks, and visited only by scarcely less barbarous Russians, the inhabi-

tants of Sarepta maintain the genuine old Saxon character—adhere to their native tongue, and to the simple manners of their fatherland. Uncontaminated by the indolent and vicious habits of those amongst whom they are situated, they are a prosperous community, reaping the rich harvest of that industry and frugality which are the characteristic of their race.

The colony was established in 1769, during the reign of the Empress Catharine, and consisted of but thirty individuals of both sexes. This little band belonged to the Moravian persuasion, and was under the guidance of some worthy missionaries, whose chief object in choosing so remote a locality was the conversion of the Calmucks.

No sooner had some symptoms of success, however, attended the efforts of these noble-minded men, than the Greek clergy interposed, and insisted that the converts should be admitted into their Church. Thinking, perhaps, that the Calmuck was as enlightened an individual while a Buddhist, as he would be after he joined the Greek Church, the Moravian missionaries did not persist in their efforts at evangelization. The government, as in duty bound, supported the priests in their opposition, and may thus be congratulated on having aided and abetted a Christian Church in its successful attempt to deprive a whole nation of the blessings of the Gospel.

No effort is made to atone for this wanton bigotry, by the establishment of missions by the Greek Church among these wandering tribes. Denying to them the means of acquiring a knowledge of those important truths which the Moravians so earnestly desired to impart, it yet supplies no substitute for them:—an omission which is tantamount to positively prohibiting the Calmucks from attempting to reach heaven at all.

Let the Moravian missionary but extend his efforts to those territories which own the spiritual jurisdiction of the Dalai Llama, and seek to convert the Calmucks there; he would certainly find more toleration in the headquarters of Buddhism than he has met with hitherto amongst the followers of the Greek Patriarch. Meanwhile, this little colony prospers under the wholesome influences of its faith, and by reason of the industry and integrity of its inhabitants. Unable more directly to benefit the surrounding savages, these honest Germans are living examples of the practical power of their religious principles, and form a striking contrast to the Russians of the neighbouring towns.

But the Emperor's memorable manifesto of November 3, to which we have already adverted, stands disgracefully foremost among the evidences of the utter invalidity of the title, he would assume to himself, of champion of Christianity. Not to return railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing, is one of the most prominent Christian precepts; and though its strict fulfilment may be, for the most part, unattainable by man, yet assuredly bitter and acrimonious railing, where no offence nor provocation of any kind has been offered, and this, too, as the pretext for grievous oppression and wrong, is the most direct and presumptuous contravention that can be conceived of the true spirit of Christianity. In this unparalleled document, put forth in support of "the sacred rights of the orthodox Church," Russia speaks of her "amicable persuasion," her "sentiments of equity," "faithful observance of treaties," and "moderate demands;" all assumptions notoriously at variance with facts, and far more applicable to

Turkey than to her insidious enemy. Not content, however, with arrogating to himself merits to which he has not the shadow of a claim, the Czar unscrupulously launches against his intended victim a series of accusations yet more baseless and visionary. What could be conceived more monstrous than to charge upon the Ottoman government delinquencies of which he himself had been glaringly guilty in the face of the world—"false accusations," "blind obstinacy," and "the commencement of hostilities?" This last charge advanced against the Turks after many months' hostile occupation of their territory by his armies, is indeed a fitting climax to all that precedes it. But no! there is in the lowest depth a lower still. The appeal made to the God of all truth, in scripture language, to attest a series of falsehoods, how can we designate—but as unmitigated blasphemy? From the various considerations we have now reviewed, may be estimated the prospects opened to civilization and Christianity by the further territorial aggrandizement of Russia. Fortunately the means of offence possessed by the Czar, as we learn from Mr. Oliphant, are not commensurate with his aggressive designs. The jobbery and corruption pervading every public department does not spare the army and navy. Of the latter service we have the following hopeful account. After noticing the extraordinary number of hulks in the harbour of Sevastopol, he thus gives the *rationale* of the phenomenon—

The hard service which has reduced so many of the handsomest ships of the Russian navy to this condition, consists in lying for eight or ten years upon the sleeping bosom of the harbour. After the expiration of that period, their timbers, composed of fir or pine wood never properly seasoned, become perfectly rotten. This result is chiefly owing to inherent decay, and in some degree to the ravages of a worm that abounds in the muddy waters of the Tchernoi Retcka, a stream which, traversing the valley of Iukerman, falls into the upper part of the main harbour. It is said that this pernicious insect—which is equally destructive in salt water as in fresh—costs the Russian government many thousands, and is one of the most serious obstacles to the formation of an efficient navy on the Black Sea.

It is difficult to see, however, why this should be the case, if the ships are copper-bottomed; and a more intimate acquaintance with the real state of matters would lead one to suspect that the attacks of the naval *employés* are more formidable to the coffers of the government than the attacks of this worm, which is used as a convenient scape-goat, when the present rotten state of the Black-Sea fleet cannot otherwise be accounted for. In contradiction to this, we may be referred to the infinitely more efficient condition of the Baltic fleet; but that may arise rather from their proximity to headquarters than from the absence of the worm in the northern seas.

The wages of the scamen are so low—about sixteen rubles a-year—that it is not unnatural they should desire to increase so miserable a pittance by any means in their power. The consequence is, that from the members of the naval board to the boys that blow the smiths' bellows in the dockyard, everybody shares the spoils obtained by an elaborately devised system of

plunder carried on somewhat in this way:—A certain quantity of well-seasoned oak being required, government issues tenders for the supply of the requisite amount. A number of contractors submit their tenders to a board appointed for the purpose of receiving them, who are regulated in their choice of a contractor, not by the amount of his tender, but of his bribe. The fortunate individual selected immediately sub-contracts upon a somewhat similar principle. Arranging to be supplied with the timber for half the amount of his tender, the sub-contractor carries on the game, and perhaps the eighth link in this contracting chain is the man who, for an absurdly low figure, undertakes to produce the seasoned wood.

His agents in the central provinces accordingly float a quantity of green pines and firs down the Dnieper and Bog to Nicholaïeff, which are duly handed up to the head contractor, each man pocketing the difference between his contract and that of his neighbour. When the wood is produced before the board appointed to inspect it, another bribe seasons it, and the government, after paying the price of well-seasoned oak, is surprised that the 120-gun ship, of which it has been built, is unfit for service in five years.

The rich harvest that is reaped by those employed in building and fitting her up is as easily obtained; and to such an extent did the dockyard workmen trade in government stores, &c., that merchant vessels were for a long time prohibited from entering the harbour. I was not surprised, after obtaining this interesting description of Russian ingenuity, to learn that, out of the imposing array before us, there were only two ships in a condition to undertake a voyage round the Cape.

If, therefore, in estimating the strength of the Russian navy, we deduct the ships which, for all practical purposes, are unseaworthy, it will appear that the Black-Sea fleet, that standing bugbear of the unfortunate Porte, will dwindle into a force more in proportion to its limited sphere of action, and to the enemy which, in the absence of any other European power, it would encounter. There is no reason to suppose that the navy forms an exception to the rule, that all the great national institutions of Russia are artificial.

So much for the ships: now for the seamen.

The seamen reared in such a nursery as our mercantile marine affords must ever be a very different stamp of men from those reared in the dockyard of Sevastopol. It is maliciously said, that upon the few occasions that the Russian fleet in the Black Sea have encountered a gale of wind, the greater part of the officers and men were always sea-sick.

It is certain that they have sometimes been unable to tell whereabouts they were on their extensive cruising-ground; and once, between Sevastopol and Odessa, it is currently and libellously reported that the admiral was so utterly at a loss, that the flag-lieutenant, observing a village on shore, proposed to land and ask the way.

The army has not much to boast of in comparison with the navy. It is a neck-and-neck race between them in corruption and abuses of all kinds.

In addition to the natural impediments presented by the configuration of the country, the absence of roads, and the rigour of the climate, all military operations are crippled by that same system of wholesale corruption so successfully carried on in the naval department.

Indeed, it would be most unfair if one service monopolized all the profits arising from this source. The accounts I received of the war in the Caucasus, from those who had been present, exceeded any thing of the sort I could have conceived possible. The frightful mortality among the troops employed there, amounts

to nearly twenty thousand annually. Of these, far the greater part fall victims to disease and starvation, attributable to the rapacity of their commanding officers, who trade in the commissariat so extensively that they speedily acquire large fortunes. As they are subject to no control in their dealings with contractors for supplying their requirements, there is nothing to check the ardour of speculation; and the profits enjoyed by the colonel of a regiment are calculated at 3000% or 4000% a-year, besides his pay. It is scarcely possible to apprehend at a glance the full effect of a process so paralysing to the thews and sinews of war; or at once to realise the fact, that the Russian army, numerically so far superior to that of any European power, and supplied from sources which appear inexhaustible, is really in a most inefficient condition, and scarcely worthy of that exaggerated estimate which the British public seem to have formed of its capabilities. It is not upon the plains of Krasna Selo or Vosnesensk, amid the dazzling glitter of a grand field-day in the Emperor's presence, that any correct notion can be formed of the Russian army. The imperial plaything assumes a very different appearance in the remote Cossack guard-house, where I have scarcely been able to recognise the soldier, in the tattered and miserably equipped being before me, or on a harassing march, or in the presence of an indomitable enemy.

The sort of tenure by which governors of districts and other high functionaries hold their offices is another curious sample of Russian political morality.

When we returned to Sevastopol, it was said that the late governor, in a significant white costume, was employed with the rest of the gang upon the streets he had a fortnight before rolled proudly through, with all the pomp and circumstance befitting his high position. No dilatory trial had reduced him to the condition in which he now appeared before the inhabitants of his late government. The fiat had gone forth, and the general commanding—became the convict sweeping. I was very anxious to discover what crime had been deemed worthy of so severe a punishment, but upon no two occasions was the same reason assigned, so it was very clear that nobody knew; and probably no one found it more difficult than the sufferer himself to single out the particular misdemeanour for which he was disgraced. The general opinion seemed to be, that the unfortunate man had been lulled into security in his remote province, and, fancying himself unnoticed in this distant corner of the empire, had neglected to practise that customary caution, in the appropriation of his bribes and other perquisites, which is the first qualification of a man in an elevated position in Russia, and without which he can never look for promotion in the army, or make a successful governor. At the same time, the expenses attendant upon this latter position are generally so very heavy that it does not answer to be too timid or fastidious.

I think it is De Custine who says that no half measures in plundering will do here. If a man has not, during the time of his holding an appointment, sufficiently enriched himself to be able to bribe the judges who try him for his dishonest practices, he will certainly end his days in Siberia; so that, if the fraud has not been extensive, the margin left will barely remunerate him for his trouble and anxiety. The probability is, that General — had calculated upon the usual court of inquiry, and was consequently quite unprepared for the decided measures of his imperial master.

But whatever the malversations of the Russian administrative service, her aggressive powers are nevertheless of a formidable cha-

racter; and no less so is her disposition to bring them into action. Such has been her policy from the earliest period of her settled government; and every successive appropriation of neighbouring territory has been but an incentive to further aggression. Since her acquisition of the important province of Bessarabia, the four eyes of her double eagle have been intently and eagerly gazing at Constantinople, upon which the voracious bird of prey has been ever ready to pounce. Notably, during the negotiations relative to the war of independence in Greece, in the year 1828, nothing but the firm attitude assumed by England, saved Constantinople from a Russian attack, under pretence of thereby forwarding the objects of the triple alliance. "We propose," said the despatch, "to send an army across the Pruth, and to occupy Moldavia and Wallachia in the name of the three powers; and, if our allies should be disposed to strike a holder blow, to penetrate even to Constantinople, and there to dictate peace under the walls of the Seraglio." To Lord Dudley is due the credit of having effectually impressed upon the states of Europe the overwhelming calamities that might, and probably would, result "from the first march of great armies, and the first collision of mighty empires;" and of having, by his temperate yet resolute remonstrances, deterred the Czar from the attempt to carry his threat into execution. Such calamitous consequences as the British government then foresaw and averted now again impend over Europe, and would inevitably fall with crushing weight, but for the effective combination of four of the great powers against the unscrupulous ambition of the fifth. So long as this happy co-operation subsists (and that it will subsist in all its present cordiality we cannot doubt, after passing through the dangerous crisis at Olmutz), so long is the independence of the Turkish empire secured. Not that the Christian Powers desire the maintenance of a Mahomedan state, as such. While they are

resolved not to suffer the most vital principle of international law to be violated, but, by their united action, to preserve Europe from the incalculable evils which must ensue from any disturbance of the balance of power, they nevertheless know and recognise the sure word of prophecy, and not only hope for, but faithfully confide in, its ultimate fulfilment.

The universal diffusion of the light of Christianity is the great consummation to which all things tend, and its progressive development is patent to all who have eyes to see. The wondrous revolution in China—the effete condition of Persia—the predominating influence of England throughout India and the East, and in the southern and western parts of the African continent—these may be regarded as later, though equally certain, instalments of the vast account; but the dissolution of the Turkish empire is the page of prophecy about to be turned, and that which records its extinction in Europe is already open before the world.

The superiority of the Greek over the Turkish population, throughout the European dominions of the Sultan, in energy, intelligence, and wealth, no less than in the decisive preponderance of numbers, leaves little room to doubt that the days of Mahomedan sway in Europe are numbered, and its history "as a tale that is told." The decrees of Providence, manifested as they are in this conjuncture, are beyond the control of man and his passions; but we are warranted, by the experience of all ages, in believing that there are chosen instruments for their accomplishment. What may be the special means appointed for finally carrying them out, it is not for us to determine; but of this, at least, we may feel assured, that those means will not be the lust of dominion and insatiable ambition of any potentate, however overweening his pride, however countless the warring hosts he may array around him, or however formidable and irresistible the aspect they may assume.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO INDIAN HISTORY—NAPIER.

- I. *Defects, Civil and Military, of the Indian Government.* By Lieutenant-General Sir CHARLES JAMES NAPIER, G.C.B. Edited by Lieutenant-General Sir W. F. P. NAPIER, K.C.B. London: Charles Westerton. 1853.
- II. The Hon. JOHN WARDEN *On the Administration of Justice in India.* Printed by S. Taylor, 5, Graystone Place, Fetter Lane. 1853.
- III. *The Three Presidencies of India. A History of the Rise and Progress of the British-India Possessions, from the earliest records to the present time.* By J. CAPPER, F.R.S., late Editor of the Ceylon Examiner. London: Ingram, Cooke, & Co. 1853.

It is not our intention to return for the present to the Indian question. It is more than probable that, in our next Number, we shall have much to say on that all-engrossing subject. At this moment we are not called upon to do more than register the melancholy fulfilment of our forebodings of October last.

The state of affairs in "our recent acquisition of Pegu" is war without honour. We are at war there; we have never ceased to be at war there: the ridiculous proclamation of Lord Dalhousie, far from taking, as he fancied, the place of the Treaty of Peace denied him by the barbarians of Ava, did not even purchase him an armistice. Mail after mail we receive from Pegu the same melancholy intelligences: a general and increasing mortality amongst our troops; every one of their positions menaced, insulted, endangered; the enemy stronger than ever; their growing audacity justified every hour by new successes; the wretched Peguans everywhere abandoned to their mercy by the Company's Government—ineffectual to protect, potent only to oppress*—their towns de-

serted, pillaged, and burned; their fields a wilderness; their industry extinguished; and famine, rapine, and bloodshed rampant over the face of their land. With all this, "our servants in India"—instead of renouncing their bad bargain in favour of their ally of Siam, or even of him of Ava, as they would do if they were sane—are actually plotting new campaigns, conquests, and disasters—untaught by those of 1842!—at the opposite end of their unwieldy empire; where 25,000 men, it is said, are being assembled to re-enact the capture of Ghazni and Candahar, of Kelât and Câbul! The pretext is said to be the security of Peshawur. Nobody, we are told, can hope to hold "our recent acquisition of Peshawur," unless he is also master of Affghanistan to the frontier of Persia! For God's sake! Mr. Lowe—thou sole capable at the India Board—spare us a second disgrace in that quarter! Consider our territory, that it is too great, and our soldiers, that they are even now overwrought and in-ufficient. Their bravery we never doubted. We will even go so far as to presume, that this time they will have some one at their head fit to command. But the enterprise is base, and its best success will be but transient. And the destiny of the army, which is charged with the execution, may be prognosticated with almost the certainty which has recorded that of the regiments who perished with Burnes in the streets of Câbul, and with Elphinstone in the Tezeen pass. "En Varus! et eodem iterum fato victæ legiones!"

A rumour had reached Bombay of the violent death of Mr. Luard, the dauntless accuser of its government, of whose evidence in the case of "the great Surat robbery" our last Number contained an abstract. This apocryphal event, —said by the *Bombay Telegraph* to have occurred at a tiger-hunt in Salsette, but attested by a communication of which the authenticity is not, we may hope, quite ascertained,—appears to be regarded at the India House as a God-send, to supersede the necessity of investigation into the startling evidence produced by that intrepid public servant; and by which all the world, the India-House not excepted, have long ago been satisfied that the corruptions alleged to exist in the highest, as well as in the

* The *Bengal Hurkaru* candidly admits that, "contrary to all practice, the Company have commenced their rule in their newly-acquired provinces of Burmah by levying the highest rate of duties on all imports, thereby actually checking the tide of commerce towards a country, the consuming capabilities of which we have had no opportunity as yet of trying. Instead of encouraging the consumption of British manufactures by extending trade to the remotest part of Burmah, we actually have adopted measures which must have the effect of checking it." An inexperienced! military servant of the Company, writing to the same journal on the 21st of October last, from some place in Pegu, called Yandoon, affords some further information of the fiscal doings of the Company. He asks, "Can you kindly inform us of the use of THE CAPITATION TAX? Is it to DRIVE THE PEOPLE FROM THE VILLAGE? If it is, it works well. The Goung duns the starving wretches; they pack up and leave the village, and leave us without our customary food for dinner (!) I think it would puzzle the people to raise the wind to the next extent of 100 rupees. One man sold his silk putso yesterday for four rupees, and another has been hawking his cot about for sale to-day, to say nothing of child-selling."

The *Friend of India* (an Indian Government journal) also confesses to have been informed by a "correspondent" familiar with the feelings of the natives around Prome, that the poll-tax "has exasperated the population until they are ready to cross the FRONTIER TO ESCAPE FROM A RULE SO RECENTLY DESIRED."

lower tribunals of justice in Western India, are not individual, but general—not accidental, but inherent. This being so, we cannot see how, as the India-House authorities have contrived to flatter themselves, the supposed death of Mr. Luard can make the smallest difference in the necessity of inquiry. A few days before his reported death, that gentleman had received two letters, of the 12th and 17th of September last, from the Secretary to the Bombay government, requiring him (by order of the Court of Directors, dated the 2d of August) to specify his charges and evidence against the corrupt judges of the Sudder; and in compliance with that unmeaning requisition—unmeaning, because Mr. Luard had for years been specifying those charges to his “honourable masters,” and placing the evidence in their hands—he immediately sat down and prepared and sent in two letters, of the 14th and 18th of September, taking the precaution at the same time to publish them, together with those to which they were a reply, in the columns of the local press. This was his last official act. It remains to be seen on what ground the Court of Directors mean to pretend that the casual decease of any single witness can supersede the right of the people who have been oppressed, and of the law which has been violated and polluted by the iniquitous and the venal. Let Parliament see to this; and, above all, let it shew itself more in earnest this time, than it did in the matter of the Khutput papers last Session. The order for production is disobeyed to this hour. The Court of Directors are sagacious enough to argue that, where Parliamentary censors are not earnest, impunity will be vouchsafed to disobedience.

Our last Number had scarcely appeared, when an additional and important testimony to our opinions on the general subject of Indian government issued from the press. The late Sir Charles Napier’s “Defects, Civil and Military, of the Indian Government,” the work to which we allude, is by far the most remarkable of all the treatises to which the present crisis in the Company’s affairs has given birth. It is the last service rendered to his country by the greatest, after Wellington, among the military commanders who led the veterans of Waterloo. Posthumous, unfinished, and with even the errors of the pen untouched by correction, the legacy is here before us exactly as NAPIER left it. Only one duty devolved upon his brother and literary executor, and that duty has been faithfully performed. Sir William Napier, in publishing the pages as he found them, has fulfilled, and more than fulfilled, the intentions of the dead, and the expectations of the living.

The design of this volume may best be

gathered from the pithy and precise “Dedication” prefixed by the editor. We give it in its integrity.

DEDICATION.

The author of this work is dead. The care of putting it through the press is mine. And to the people of England it is dedicated; because it exhibits faction frustrating a great man’s efforts to serve the public; and shews how surely the Directors of the East-India Company are proceeding, in the destruction of the great empire unwisely committed to their misgovernment.

W. F. P. Napier, Lieut-General.

We cannot venture upon an examination in detail of this wonderful work. To do so with effect would be to recapitulate, in the brief compass of a single paper, all that we have said already in our five papers on that enormous subject, the misgovernment of India, and much that we have left unsaid; and from what is impracticable we must retire. One or two extracts must be our justification in this respect, as shewing best, from the structure of the work itself, the impossibility of doing it justice by any analysis within our range. In doing so, we shall take the opportunity of quoting those passages of Napier’s testimony, which relate to subjects, on which we are already familiar with that of his antagonist, Colonel Outram, and the friends of that gallant officer. It will be seen how remarkably they concur.

NATIVE OFFICERS.*

A certain class of Europeans in India treat them with a lightness and contumely which, exclusive of its vulgarity, is undeserved. They forget what marvellously able men have been among these Eastern races: Akbar, Baber, Aurengzebe, Sevagee, Hyder Ali, Runjeet Sing, Goolab Sing, and many more; such as the extraordinary Nanuk, who, if what is written of him be true, must have been one of the most perfect of human beings. The Eastern intellect is great, and supported by amiable feelings; and the Native officers have a full share of Eastern daring, genius, and ambition; but to nourish these qualities they must be placed on a par with European officers.

The veteran Soubadar (Captain) and Jemadar (Subaltern) must not be commanded by a fair-faced beardless Ensign, just arrived from England with a gold-laced cap hanging over his ear, but entirely ignorant of military matters. This youngster will lead an assault like a devil incarnate, and under fire will stand like a rock, or go on like a rocket, exactly as he is ordered: he has the *makings* of a first-rate soldier:—so have the Native Indian gentlemen at his age;—but to give him command over the dark veterans of thirty, forty, or fifty years’ service is the imposition of conquerors; one which the Native gentlemen feel deeply, and silently resent.

Some European officers think it would be good to abolish the Native officers altogether. They do not cast their thoughts back: they see those Native officers almost passive, and judge them as *they are*, not as *they ought to be*, as *they once were*, and as *we may be sure they will be again ere many years pass!* The rising spirit of justice in England towards the misgoverned people of the East will soon teach the latter how to display strength; the “*Purdah*,” or curtain, behind which the old ladies

* “Defects, &c.” pp. 255—258.

of Leadenhall Street, with Zenana-like modesty, conceal their intrigues, is being roughly torn away. *Association* in India means *combination*, and when one hundred and fifty millions combine, the game is over.

Our best men have said,—the natives should be associated with us in civil service, and they are dropping in one by one: ere long the influx will be great, and in the general advance the army will not lose its place. But civilians, all powerful, and frequently insolent, trammelled by no fixed rules, ignorant of English as they are of Indian law, with a slender, or no knowledge of the language, have so bullied the people of the East, that it is evident they are resolved to bear it no longer. These censures of “the civil service” are supported by Munro, by Shore, and Norton.

Those who would abolish the Native officers should consider, that it will blast the hopes of 200,000 armed men; for every soldier in the Indian armies looks forward to be an officer. The abolition of the Native officers would go through the whole army like an electric shock: every man in it would think he had lost the pension of a Soubadar: hope would fly, and mutiny take its place. Equality between Native and European gentlemen is being ceded in the civil service; so it must be for the military. There is danger, but it is better to encounter that with justice than with a coward conscience.

There are people to say, “*This should not be put into their heads.*” It is in their heads already! It is talked over in every guard room and bazaar in India, and has been for years! The objection is of a piece with that against the great Duke’s letter: “*It taught our neighbours how weak England’s defences were.*” Danger is not removed by concealment, but by preparation, and that noble justice which makes power scorn exclusive privileges, and gives to weakness all its rights.

“Bombay Briberies” form the subject, and even the title, of an entire chapter. Sir Charles Napier knew well that Presidency. Before he was Commander-in-Chief of the Indian army he had commanded the forces of Bombay; and, in his capacity of governor of Scinde, he had also much to say to the Bombay government in its civil capacity, and much, likewise, to do, and eke to suffer. Let us hear, then, what Sir Charles Napier says of Mr. Anstey’s pamphlet, more than once noticed in these columns.

“BOMBAY BRIBERIES.

The third edition of a pamphlet thus headed, and signed “Indus,” has recently appeared. Being well acquainted with the characters there justly held up to public scorn, “Indus” has told me nothing new: I could add to his information; but I will not give the Lord Chief Justice occasion to shew, that he can make his law *insufficient to protect an honourable man against libels, yet sufficient for the protection of such characters.* Lord Campbell, from the bench, sincerely advised me, when vainly seeking justice at his hands, to write my own commentaries in imitation of Cæsar! The first chapter shall be headed with the following remarks made by Lord Denman upon Lord Campbell’s decision in that case.

“*Lord Campbell’s law is not the law of England. It gives a licence for any slander. No public servant has any protection from libel under such law. It is not the law of England. And if Sir C. Napier is not satisfied with the article in the ‘Times,’ commenting on the trial, I have no hesitation in advising him to go to another Court, where Lord Campbell’s law will not prevail.*”

“Indus” has dealt only with direct unscrupulous bribery; but there are various ways in which money may be officially obtained. The following papers came to my

hand in a private—not a secret—mode, and broadly they shew what manner of men the Scinde Quarter-Master-General, Major McMurdo, and myself, had to deal with at Bombay, in defence of the public interest. The transaction took place a few weeks after my departure.

“Bombay, 15th November 1847.—*I have been desired* “to write to Colonel Dundas, as you will of course see “that *the Government are desirous* of using the private “steamers for troops, in preference to country vessels, “even if the charge should be higher. They are now “only commencing, and will have more steamers out “soon, when I hope we shall be able to dispense alto- “gether with the clumsy, beastly country boats. I hope “you will lend your aid, as far as possible, and, in case “you have not *concluded* a contract for boats for the “18th regiment, see if you can send them down by two “companies at a time on the private steamers, and the “same with the 7th Native Infantry. I do not expect “the aid of another of the large steamers for some time “to come, if at all, and the letter I have sent to Colonel “D. will warrant your acting as I propose.

“Signed, J. HOLLAND.”

The expression, “*I have been desired,*” gives this letter a demi-official character; and, as the writer is the Bombay Deputy-Quarter-Master-General, it must be taken as coming from the head of that office. “*The Government are desirous*” is another plain indication of the original source of the transaction. Now, at that time Willoughby and Reid, whom “Indus” has made such prominent characters, were members of Council, and chiefly directed the government of Bombay; and here we find that government, through the Quarter-Master-General’s department, striving to force Colonel Dundas, now Lord Melville, the Commander at Kurrachee, and Major McMurdo, his Quarter-Master-General, to ship the troops in *private steamers*, and break off their transmission by native boats between Kurrachee and Bombay.

The stern official answer follows:

“Colonel Dundas considers that in despatching any “considerable body of Native troops from Scinde, the “employment of country craft is more expedient in point “of time and expense, for the following reasons, viz.

“1st. As regards time: a Native regiment can embark “in boats at Kurrachee, and reach Bombay in from four “to five days, when the whole regiment may land effec- “tive; whereas, by adopting the transport by the Steam “Navigation Company’s steamers, not more than two “companies could embark together, which would occupy “a period of five weeks in the transport of one regiment “to Bombay.

“2d. As regards expense: the 18th Native Infantry “now under orders to Bombay may be taken as an in- “stance: the tonnage by boat required for this corps “will amount, probably, to 3545 caudics, which, at ten “annas a candy, will cost 2215 rupees; whereas, in “sending the regiment as proposed, the cost would be as “follows:

7 European officers at 107 rupees each	—	749
892 Native officers and non-commissioned rank and file at 8 rupees each	.	— 7136
75 Public followers at 8 rupees each	.	— 600
165 Wives at 8 rupees each	.	— 1320
155 Children at 4 rupees each	.	— 620
3 Horses at 25 rupees each	.	— 75

The Native Infantry would cost rupees — 10,500

“Under these circumstances, I am desired to say the “contract for the supply of boats for the conveyance of “the 18th and 7th regiments will not be relinquished.

“M. McMurdo, &c.”

This attempt to have troops transmitted by a *private company*, with great loss of money, greater loss of time, and other public injuries, without a single counteracting advantage, is a proof either of gross ignorance, or reckless disregard of the public good. But Messieurs Reid,

Willoughby, and Holland, have spent their lives in their respective departments, and such a degree of ignorance is incredible in them. Yet a motive there must be. Why were those gentlemen so zealous for a private company's emoluments, to the great injury and loss of the public? The answer involves another question. Were Messieurs Reid, Willoughby, and Holland, *all large holders of shares in that private company?*

It were better not to examine too minutely into questions in Bombay, if *suspicion* is to be taken as proof. Suspicion! Why Willoughby and Reid are not only pointed at, but absolutely and distinctly declared by natives of Baroda to be the recipients of bribes from the Guicowar, and that declaration, with the sums specified, are to be found in the Parliamentary Book on Baroda affairs!

The recent assassination of Colonel Mackeson, by the hands of an Affreedee fanatic, is a terrible commentary on the following passages, in which Sir Charles Napier gives a most conclusive testimony in favour of Saadut Khan, and in entire conformity with the statement which we made of the origin of the frontier war, still raging between the Company's forces and the Affreedees, Momunds, Eusofzyes, and Swats, headed by that gallant patriot. Let it be borne in mind that Sir Charles Napier was one of the generals charged with the task of reducing them—a task yet to be fulfilled!

† The Affreedees' explanation of this matter was communicated [in 1850] by one of their chiefs living in Peshawur. He thus told his story:— "You began making a road through the pass in the mountains between Peshawur and Kohat, a pass the Sikhs never conquered; and their overthrow gave you no right to the Affreedee territory. Still the Affreedees submitted in silent discontent, until you put a tax on salt at the Sikh mines, amounting to MORE THAN SEVENTEEN TIMES WHAT WAS EVER BEFORE PAID! and, as the Affreedees chiefly live by the carrying and selling of salt in Afghanistan, this tax destroys their traffic, and starvation stares them in the face. *It is better, say they, to die sword in hand than by hunger.* So they declared, a few days ago, by killing your detachment." My answer was—"As you think, so do I. WE HAVE ACTED WRONGLY IN THIS MATTER. And had your tribes waited for my arrival, instead of murdering fourteen soldiers, all you have said would have been laid before the Governor-General, who

would have done you justice." *I have since had reason to believe he would not!* Let the men of Swat and the surrounding tribes speak to this point. The war still goes on, and may possibly compel us finally to *abandon Peshawur*. During its progress, we have cruelly burned beautiful villages, and devastated the land, founding our claim to do so on a nominally assumed sovereignty of the Sikhs, who neither did nor could conquer the tribes in possession. Lord Dalhousie has saddled the Company with a costly contest by **BAD ADMINISTRATION**. The danger of exorbitantly taxing the Affreedees' means of living was vainly urged by the Deputy-Commissioner at Peshawur, Lieutenant-Colonel George Lawrence. "The old rate of tax [under the Sikhs] was from twelve to eighteen maunds for one rupee [a maund is about eighty pounds]: the present rate is **ONE RUPEE PER MAUND**;" that is, Government forbade the Affreedees to live! The Affreedees will be avenged. Above 100,000 well-armed mountaineers are around Peshawur, without including the forces of the hostile King of Cabul. It has been said in England that the Affreedee villages were burned by me. That iniquity emanated entirely from the Punjab administration, and my reprobation at the time was unmeasured; unavailing, indeed, against the civil authorities, yet openly and officially expressed when it could avail with the troops, as the following documents prove. The memorandum was forwarded officially through the General of Division, that all might know such savage proceedings should not be tolerated. **TROOPS MADE TO ACT AS ROBBERS SOON BECOME ROBBERS, AND ARE EASILY DEFEATED.** . . . The civil authorities were the burners of villages. I said Lord Dalhousie should be told of the disobedience of his directions, viz. "resistance should be put down severely, but **WITHOUT UNNECESSARY HARSHNESS.**" The orders given to Colonel Lawrence at Kohat, two months after, proved that Lord Dalhousie thought burning villages no "unnecessary harshness." He indirectly approved of such savage orders by **THANKING** the civil authorities! He and his "Politicals" mistook rigour with cruelty for vigour! A man of good sense might so deal with them as to make up a peace with advantage to both parties. But, if we destroy their crops, I do not think this will be easily done."

And much more to the same purport. We strongly urge our readers to master this admirable work. There is not a branch of Indian misrule which they will not find there abundantly illustrated. Upon this body of testimony from a great man's grave, we are well contented to rest the issue of the mighty question—"HOW SHALL INDIA BE GOVERNED?"

† "Defects," &c. pp. 67—125.

A WORD ON BEHALF OF FRANKLIN.

- I. *Chart shewing the North-West Passage, discovered by Captain R. de Mesurier M'Clure, H. M. S. "Investigator;" also the Coast explored in search of Sir J. Franklin, by Captains Ross, Richardson, M'Cure, Austen, Penny, Rae, Kennedy, Inglefield, and Belcher.* By E. A. INGLEFIELD, Commander H. M. S. "Phoenix," Hydrographic Office, Admiralty. 14th October, 1853.
- II. *Discoveries in the Arctic Sea up to 1853; Soundings in Fathoms.* Hydrographic Office, Admiralty. 1853.

A NUMBER of maps and charts, to which the recent discoveries had given birth, have reached our hands, but we find it hard to say a word in their favour. They give no true notion of the North-west passage of M'Clure, and still less of the small discoveries of Belcher, which, indeed, are not to be found at all, either in Arrowsmith's "Chart illustrative, or the Voyages and Travels," &c. &c., or in Collins's "Chart of the North-west Passage," or in "Betts's Map." We cannot conscientiously recommend our readers to consult any of them. But the two Admiralty charts, which we have prefixed to this article, are in every respect most excellent, and ought to be in everybody's hands, and these shall be our guide in the course of our few observations.

For three hundred years has our Government been engaged in the attempt to discover a navigable communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, to the northward. The problem is now solved. In October last Lieutenant Cresswell, of H. M. S. *Investigator*, who sailed from Woolwich in December 1850 in search of Sir John Franklin, returned to that port, having, in the interval, circumnavigated the Americas, by way of Cape Horn, Behring's Straits, and Baffin's Bay, and thereby accomplished, in his north-east course, the long-imagined "North-west passage," as we, in our temperate zone and Greenwich meridian, are wont to call it.

He brings tidings of his commander, Captain M'Clure, and tidings of Sir Edward Belcher and his squadron. The former was ice-bound on board the *Investigator*, on the north-east side of Baring's Island (latitude 74° 6' 30" N., longitude 118° 15' W.). The latter—strange to tell! was, with his ships, "on return to Beechey Island," after verifying Captain Penny's discoveries of 1851, and discovering for himself an "open water," into which he did not venture; a somewhat poor result for a squadron of four sail and a two-years' expedition!

Of Captain Collinson and H. M. S. *Enterprise* nothing had been heard.* The same can

scarcely be said of Sir John Franklin's missing expedition; for the *negative* evidence obtained by the *Investigator* is important, and might, one would think, dispose even Sir Edward Belcher, instead of "returning to Beechey Island," to seize the occasion of "open water," and launch his barks a-new in that direction, where alone, as Penny proved long ago, the gallant Commodore and his men are to be sought with probability of success. We have read Sir Edward's confused and stammering despatches without any very clear idea of the reasons which urged his "return." We have read the letters of Captain Kellett, and those of Captain Pullen, and we feel assured that, if the result of the bickerings and animosities which are said to prevail wherever Sir Edward Belcher has a command, were to end in either of those gentlemen being selected to succeed him, there would be better chance of some result, adequate to the means supplied, and worthy of the expectation of the public.

The first expedition in quest of Franklin was sent out in 1849, and it consisted of a squadron commanded by Sir James Ross. This officer—disarmed by w-dlock—effected as little as Sir Edward Belcher seems likely to effect; but his few discoveries did service in this way, that they tended to disabuse people here of an erroneous impression then prevalent, as to the quarter in which the search should be made. Captain Austen's unhappy jealousy of Captain Penny, and Captain Penny's not less unhappy sensitiveness of insult, defeated, in a great measure, the good hopes to which the discoveries made by Penny in 1851, of Sir John Franklin's first winter-quarters, gave rise; and Austen's refusal to "go up Wellington Channel," most unaccountably acquiesced in by his indignant colleague, frustrated for that season, as Belcher's hesitation is again doing, a very practicable solution of a problem not otherwise, we fear, to be solved at all. Penny's *positive* discoveries proved, that in 1845-46 Sir John Franklin's ships wintered in Erebus Bay (latitude 74° N., longitude 91° 30' W.), on the west coast of North Devon, and at the very opening of Wellington Channel, and the "open water" to the northward. This is all that is *positively* known of the missing squadron from the date of Franklin's last despatch. But the *negative* discoveries made by Penny, Aus-

* Since the above went to press, H. M. S. *Amphitrite's* despatches from San Francisco have been received. They bring intelligence of the *Plover*, again in winter quarters for 1854, at Point Barrow, but none of Capt. Collinson, or the *Enterprise*.—[Ed. New Quarterly.]

ten, De Haven, Kennedy, Forsyth, Ross, Snow, Inglefield, M'Murdo, M'Clintock, and Osborne, had also proved that Sir John Franklin, in the summer of 1846, after breaking up from those winter-quarters, passed neither to the east, north-east, nor south-east; neither to the south, south-east, nor south-west, nor yet to the north-west of their position; and that, if the vessels did not penetrate far to the then unknown westward, their course must have been that which, on physical grounds alone, appeared the more probable one—the northern course up the Wellington Channel and into the “open water.” Thus narrowed, the question ought not, we think, to have been one of difficulty to Sir Edward Belcher. What shall we say, then, when we find him, not still hesitating, but even retracing his steps to Beechey Island; abandoning the “open water” to the northward, and all but renouncing the honourable enterprise, after the fortunate arrival of the *Investigator* from the southward and westward—corroborated by the earlier discoveries of Pullen, Rae, and Richardson, in the neighbourhood of Behring's Straits—had satisfied him, and everybody else, that no traces of the missing squadron existed in that quarter; and that of those two possible courses indicated in 1851 by Penny—that of Wellington Channel and the wholly unexplored, yet still “open water”—was the only one by which Sir John Franklin did actually pass? That a few islands in the Victoria Channel of Penny have been christened “Exmouth,” “Sentry-box,” “North Cornwall,” and so forth; that the name of the reverend and grateful Mr. Gell (whom his correspondence with the *Times* has made painfully immortal) has been given to some spot in the same channel, cold and icy, like the reverend man's own zeal for these enterprises; and that “the *visual* (!) discoveries of Penny have been *evinced*, by our longitudes, &c., to be not in the right direction” by a mile or two; are, perhaps, results in their way, but surely not commensurate with what Sir Edward Belcher's squadron might have obtained, by following up the same Penny's investigations to the northward, as Penny himself had pointed out. We believe that there is but one man in that squadron who entertains a different opinion from ourselves on this point, and it is the Commodore himself. What, in particular, are the sentiments of Captain Kellett, the world have had an opportunity of judging from his letter to a friend, lately published in the *Times*. The veteran bitterly contrasts the splendid achievements of the *Investigator*, won by the wisdom and intrepidity of her gallant commander and crew, with the results of Belcher's expedition, which, as he takes occasion to remark, had in fact added nothing to what Parry obtained so long

back as 1819 in the same regions. Let us hope that the honourable zeal of the subordinate commanders may yet overbear the crotchety infatuation of their chief.

That infatuation appears the more unaccountable when we peruse his own account of a remarkable discovery made in latitude 76° 55' N., long. 96° 30' W. (about 250 miles N.N.W. of Erebus Bay), by his own boat, at the early date of the 25th August 1852. We quote from his despatch of the 22d September 1852.

It is immaterial now to mention particulars, but on the 25th we landed on a low point, where the coast suddenly turns to the eastward, and discovered the remains of several well-built Esquimaux houses, not simply circles of small stones, but TWO LINES OF WELL-LAID WALL IN EXCAVATED GROUND, filled in between by about two feet of fine gravel, WELL PAVED, and withal presenting the appearance of GREAT CARE—more, indeed, than I am willing to attribute to the rude inhabitants or migratory Esquimaux. BONES of deer, walrus, seals, &c., NUMEROUS. COAL FOUND.

His next despatch, and also his last—“a very hurried despatch” he calls it—is dated (with great precision) “H. M. S. *Assistance*, on return to Beechey Island, westward of Baillic Harbour, and about ten miles east of Cape Beecher, July 26, 1853;” and it touches upon topics, some of which are of no great interest; but of the discovered village it gives no further particulars, nor, indeed, does it contain the slightest allusion to the matter. All this is very painful and very sad!

There is yet hope in another quarter. Sir James Graham's generous sympathy with the cause, which he so nobly vindicated at the “Bellot meeting” in November last, is still, amid discouragement of every kind, the mainstay of our expectation. The Admiralty have notified that, on this our day of publication, supplies and despatches will be forwarded to the vessels in Behring's Straits. We hail the announcement as a good augury, and we trust that the enterprise in that quarter will be now pushed with a vigour which a nearly untried but most hopeful experiment deserves. It was there, and not elsewhere, that Franklin, when he quitted these shores, expected to be met:—“This time five years, Kellett,” addressing the captain of H.M.S. *Herald*, “you may be looking for me, and I trust to meet you in Behring's Straits.” If it should happen that, in 1854, the passage from Victoria Channel to Behring's Straits is intercepted by adverse gales, and currents sweeping fields of impenetrable ice before them, the opposite passage from Behring's Straits to Victoria Channel will at the same time be thereby set free, and *vice versa*; and the advancing squadron, after exploring the intervening seas and shores, hitherto altogether unvisited, and gathering up, let us hope, the relics of the

long-lost expedition of Franklin, will make their way with comparative ease to the winter quarters of their wind and ice-bound consorts. Less than this will not satisfy the exigencies of the case, as stated by men like Parry, Sabine, Inglefield, and Murchison; nor content the expectations of the public.

Neither let it be forgotten, that at this very moment H.M.S. *Enterprise* is actually engaged in the search from Behring's Straits to the eastward, without aid or consort, and that every chance of the same narrow and difficult passage being open to her, which the *Investigator* was lucky enough to find open, is against her. If it were only for *her* safety, steamers—for sailing ships are nearly useless in the ice—ought to be despatched immediately on the same track. The only steamer at present engaged is the *Isabel*, commanded by the gallant Kennedy—one of Mr. Gell's "needy, if not unprincipled adventurers." But this little steamer, which belongs to Lady Franklin—the *Isabel*—is now detained at Valparaiso; and, in her equipment for that voyage, the heroic lady is understood to have expended the last farthing of her resources, much dilapidated by previous expeditions of the same kind, and to have reduced herself to an honourable penury, such as never before was suffered to escape thus long the consideration of a British Government. We regret to hear that the mutiny at Valparaiso of the *Isabel's* crew has been followed by a refusal, on the part of our own naval authorities, to allow an officer of H.M.S. *Dido*, now on that station, to volunteer his services in taking her on to her destination.

If the Admiralty are distrustful of these private expeditions, let them take measures to render such superfluous. But, so long as a corner of Arctic ground remains for hopeful enterprise, and the Admiralty hesitate to occupy it, Mr. Gell's "needy, if not unprincipled adventurers," such as Kennedy, Bellot, Forsyth, Inglefield, Snow, Sir John Ross, De Haven, and M'Cormick, who supply by voluntary endeavour the inaction of the Admiralty, are to be commended and encouraged to the uttermost. Nor should it be forgotten that it is to some of these "private expeditions"—whose equipment, defrayed, as it cannot be too often observed, out of Lady Franklin's purse, remains a debt of honour against Her Majesty's Government—that we owe some of the most signal discoveries which have been lately made in the interests of science; and—if the whale fishery be still a matter of national concern—of our maritime industry and commerce. The first voyage of her steamer the *Phoenix*, under Captain Inglefield, to the northward of Baffin's Bay, opened to geography and navigation coasts and seas and

rich fishing-grounds, unseen since the days of Elizabeth, whose existence the learned had begun to deem fabulous. The discovery of "Bellot's Strait," between the islands of North Somerset and Boothia Felix—a practical refutation of Ross's erroneous theory on the level of Arctic waters—was accomplished in the second voyage of Lady Franklin's *Prince Albert*, under Kennedy, assisted by the lamented Frenchman whose name it bears. Nay, the Queen's Government itself has had to confess its obligations to these same UNPAID and UNREQUITED expeditions of Lady Franklin. In 1850 the *Prince Albert*, returning from her first voyage, brought home the intelligence of Penny's discoveries, made in the same year, of the traces of Sir John Franklin's first winter-quarters, and that of the position of Captain Austen's ships, and their necessities. The same good service was rendered, in 1852, by the same vessel in her second voyage, and also by the *Phoenix*, on her return from her brilliant voyage of discovery to the north and north-west of Baffin's Bay; and the despatches which they brought home, from Belcher's squadron, again enabled the Admiralty to detach transports with supplies of provisions and men for the preservation of ships and crews in Her Majesty's service. That these truths have not yet been told at the Admiralty is owing, perhaps, to the constitutional timidity with which that noble woman—so courageous against every real trial—shrinks from the imaginary danger of self-praise. But this only enhances on the Admiralty its duty to do justice, and on all lovers of justice the determination to see that duty fulfilled.

But the main point of interest is Franklin. Let us not despair of that gallant officer, nor of his expedition. His ships, perhaps, have been ice-bound—wrecked—destroyed; and hundreds of miles of that unexplored "open water" may at this moment sever the survivors from those who are in their quest. But the human frame is capable of adapting itself to the extremes of heat and cold; and the concurrence of all modern discoveries has at length established the profound observation of Sir John Barrow, that the higher Arctic latitudes, less inhospitable than those first attained, are favoured with a comparatively mild temperature, seas unlocked by ice and teeming with fish, and land producing timber, and coal, and anti-scorbutic herbs, and abounding in animal food. Five shipwrecked seamen, with no provision but a rusty firelock and an axe, maintained themselves for seven years on the northern shore of Spitzbergen, until they were rescued by the passing whaler which brought them home. The absence of mortality, and even of sickness, is one of the most noticeable in the results of Arctic

adventures during the last three centuries. We have heard it plausibly accounted for by Kennedy and Bellot, whose terrible experience, acquired in the winters of 1851-52, well entitled them to our confidence. According to those navigators, the chief, if not the only formidable causes of mortality in Arctic regions are famine and the scurvy. In the higher latitudes, fish and flesh are to be had in quantities more than sufficient to avert the chance of starvation, yet not so superabundant as not to demand the constant exertion of all the faculties, mental and bodily, in order to ensure a supply; and, so long as the mind and body are thus occupied, there is no danger of the scurvy. To the same effect writes Captain M'Clure, on the 5th of April 1853, in the third year of his hiemal captivity.

TO THIS PERIOD WE HAVE NOT LOST AN INDIVIDUAL OF OUR CREW, EITHER BY ACCIDENT OR DISEASE: the officers particularly have enjoyed an immunity from sickness which is surprising, with the exception of Mr. Sainsbury, mate, who, since the winter of 1850, has suf-

fered from a pulmonary complaint, that has entirely prevented his participating in the arduous duties of the travelling parties, or in the more exciting but not less laborious occupation of hunting over this rugged and severe country; and Mr. Paine, clerk in charge, who had been a great invalid from rheumatism until this last winter, when he has made a most rapid and wonderful recovery, and at present is in the enjoyment of more robust health than when he quitted England. I can attribute our excellent salutary state to the causes previously alluded to in this narrative,* in conjunction with THE BOUNTIFUL SUPPLY OF GAME which a merciful Providence has aided us with, and has SO MATERIALLY ADDED TO OUR OTHERWISE SCANTY RATIONS, as well as the excellence of all species of our provisions, which are certainly of the best description I ever met with, &c. &c.

Words of comfort, and encouragement not to despair even of the long-lost Franklin, but to hope on—and TO WORK.

* The excellent ventilation of the ship by means of "five vapour funnels, of which those over the hatchways, being NEVER closed, carry off all impurities, so that we enjoy a clear wholesome atmosphere below." A hint for passenger ships and short-trip steamers!—ED. NEW QUARTERLY.

A RAID AMONG THE POETS.

- I. *The Hero's Child*; and other Poems. By ANNA M. DEBENHAM, Langley, Stamford.
 II. *Ruins of many Lands*. A Description.
 III. *Poems*. By NICHOLAS MICHELL. Fourth Edition. William Tegg and Co., Queen Street, Cheapside.
 IV. *The Plaint of Freedom*. Richardson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
 V. *Poems*. By MATTHEW ARNOLD, Author of "Poems by A." Longmans.
 VI. *Letters of Laura D'Auverne*. By CHARLES SWAIN. Longmans.

IN our consideration of these volumes we, of course, as gallant reviewers, give the precedence to the lady. Aware as we are that the expression of our candid opinion on the poetasters and poetlings of the day has given us the reputation of being severe critics, we are disposed on this occasion to as much gentleness and leniency as our conscience will admit. We have not read the "Hero's Child" through. To admit that we had so done would in itself be high praise to any poem of any length nowadays. But we have dipped into the lady's Helicon, and skipped over her Parnassus, and cut the leaves of her flowers of poesy. Now, what shall we say? Who can find fault with this book earnestly and affectionately written, and modestly proffered to the public? Lives there the reviewer "so savage and Tartarly" as to take a pleasure in destroying the dreams which the authoress (p. 117) declares are the "life of poesy?" No, rather let us seek to cull what there is really of good in this little volume, than find fault because its blank verse is not Miltonic, nor its lighter pieces invested with the curious felicity and power of Hood. Why should they be? A woman's mind is rarely creative. Much sweetness of imitation she may possess, much tenderness, much melody; but originality is not her forte: we have no feminine epics—and we want none. Such, however, is the originality of most of the "original" male, not masculine, poets of the present day, that compared with them this may be a merit. Hush! Have we not the "mystic numbers" of Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning? This thought makes us revert still more kindly and pleasantly to the feminine verses before us. The "Hero's Child" we presume illustrates something that the authoress has met, or fancied that she met with, in life. The poetess falls in with a lady in bad health, who is "resting upon the footstep" of a stile, and enters into conversation. The unknown lady is the daughter of a HERO, who, we are told, "nobly for his country fell." She was one of the numerous daughter-of-an-officer class. She loved somebody with an ennobling love, which was returned; but some treacherous female friend, or foe—we have heard wicked wags say the terms are synonymous—told him prematurely he was loved, and so she rejected

him when he wooed, and he went away, and she pined for him. So far we may understand a woman making herself unhappy without any very good reason. But we are next told of a blighting calumny of the most indefinite description, which strengthens her resolution to be unhappy, and to make her lover unhappy, and this, mixed with a little fervent religion, makes her own unhappiness endurable. So she dies, and thus the plot ends. Of course she never thinks of denying the groundless calumny. She is too proud, or too heroic, or too stupid, or too happy in being miserable. She thinks, if she married *him*, that—

Perhaps in future years
 His children—*his* and mine—may hear those words,
 Those words of foulest wrong.

As we do not know any thing about the nature of the scandal, all we can say is, that we have very little sympathy for the sorrows of the "hero's child." In the female heart, however, this lament over her, may find an echo. Our authoress writes tolerable blank verse, with here or there a palpable want of rhythm. For instance—

"Suffer young children to come unto me"
 might be excused as a quotation, were it strictly given; but it is not blank verse, although certainly decasyllabic.

With the following sentiment we are inclined to coincide. There are some "heroines" of the present day who might lay it to heart. It comes with peculiar grace from a female writer, in spite of the little contradiction involved in it—

A woman's name is sacred, and should ne'er
 Be heard beyond the precincts of her home
 And the true circle of admiring friends.
 It is a curse to woman to be praised
 And made the talking-stock of idle tongues:
 E'en of her virtues we should never hear,
 Save in the midst of those fond kindred hearts
 Who, in the shadow of the blessedness
 She flings around her, blissfully repose;
 And even there, affection oft is mute,
 For truest happiness is ever still.—(P. 24.)

This is very good sense, and by no means indifferent poetry. There is a Latin epitaph on a good wife—"Domi mansit—lanam fecit;"* and there is a passage in the funeral oration of Pericles, when he says—"Τῆς τε γὰρ ὑπαρχούσης Φύσεως μὴ, χείροσι γενέσθαι, ὑμῖν μεγάλη

* She stayed at home and plied her crochet.

ἡ δόξα, καὶ ἥς αὖ ἐπ' ἐλάχιστον ἀρετῆς πέρι* ἡ ψόγου ἐν τοῖς ἄρσεσι κλέος." So also Tacitus; but we will spare Miss Debenham's further classical quotation.

There is high authority in all ages and all languages for the sentiment conveyed in the quotation from our authoress, and the opinion of Pericles, or rather Thucydides, upon this subject, might be matched with a hundred parallel passages: and we beg to intimate that when we profess approval of the old Latin epitaph, we hold that a lady might stay at home and ply her crotchet needles, and yet be a highly intellectual companion to her husband, and a capital hand at quizzing dandies.

We now come to "Ruins of many Lands." Whatever may be its intrinsic merit, this poem presents one very remarkable feature to our view. This is the *fourth* edition; yet, to the best of our knowledge, we never heard of it before.

"Ruins of many Lands" is a fine subject, perhaps as fine a subject as a poet could propose to himself. The author has performed his task respectably; but he is not a poet in the higher sense of the word. It is throughout pleasing and melodious enough. The style is about equal to an average Oxford Prize poem. It is never below mediocrity, and seldom, very seldom, soars far above it. The notes are perhaps as desirable reading as the poetry. We shall give a specimen or two of the latter, and then pass on, after stating our gratification that the publication of this respectable work has caused profit to the author, and let us hope also to the publisher.

The following undoubtedly suggests Byron; but how? Cleopatra is the subject of the lines—

O'er the fall'n chief she bent; so mute, so fair,
She seemed as turn'd to stone by that despair;
Save that her tears fell slowly one by one,
Like drops from heav'n, when thunders have begun.

Or, like the blood of the "dying gladiator," we suppose. When reading Mr. Michell's book—to use the words of the *other* greatbard—

"We start, for soul is wanting there."

No, we don't. We lay the book down. There is no start whatsoever elicited from us.

In the "Ruined cities of America" Mr. Michell was provided with almost virgin ground. Let us see what he has done. In the opening we get a reminiscence of Milton and something else.

* It is your chief glory to maintain the virtues which are the characteristic of your sex, whose fame is to be spoken of by men as little as possible, either in praise or blame.

Whether from Eastern waves the sun upspring
With flaming forehead, and, on rosy wings,
Climbs, like a god, the sapphire-vaulted height.

Milton writes that the sun

Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;

but we cannot sanction such imagery as a god climbing on rosy wings.

We shall conclude our notice of this fortunate book with a sample quotation. The subject is the fount of Castaly. Listen to the gush of song—the bubbling limpid spring.

But yielding mystic interest ne'er to die,
Charm of the scene, Castalia's fount draw nigh;
That limped spring, which years nor crush, nor dim,
Still bubbling forth, o'erflows its basin's rim;
The temple falls, the gods forsake their cave,
Empires decay, but lo! that gushing wave!—
Peace-breathing spot! the tall rocks from above,
A fig-tree bends close by, as if in love,
Chequering with shade the fountain's shining face,
Where azure skies and jutting crags yo trace,
While flowers, that hang their petals 'mid the calm,
Rise banked in moss, and fill the air with balm.

But, ere we part from our poet, we would observe that there is a portrait of the author which might well be dispensed with. We hate the custom. Why not have given us a "ruin?" We could furnish a choice of sub-jects. 1. Paternoster Row in 2853; in which should be depicted several heaps of rubbish, supposed to denominate the site of the Temple of Ignorance near the great Dome of Mammon. 2. Publishing office of the "*Old Tartarly*," with fossil remains of a *Deinobore-on* and the skeleton of a *Rogeytherion* lying in the back-ground. We could furnish several other subjects for illustration, besides Thebes, Persepolis, or Holyrood Palace. But we do not like the portrait of a living author—especially before fame is won.

We now leave Mr. Michell. Great praise is due to him for his industry and the pleasing form in which he has clothed many facts and some ideas. If the latter be not original, it is not his fault—nor ours.

ANOTHER, yet another! Criticism here is out of the question. Specimens can be had on application. Behold them here! The first poem is the "Uncut Volume." It should be the title of the book.

Virgin yet immaculate, treasure unrevealed,
Say what Wit or Wisdom lies in thy full heart conceal'd?

Such is the opening! Again—

Here may aged Science dwell feeling forth for truth,
Bless'd in one added grain pluck'd from his wither'd youth;
Or meek Religion, well-contented caged Dove,
Bring forth her brood in peace with endless songs of love;
Or calm Philosophy, clear-eyed, with equal mind,
Instructive, on her height contemplate human kind.

We give a passage from a poem called "Leonard and Alice," and then our business, and Mr. PAYN's also, might, we think, be fairly considered as done.

He went ; what honest had not gone,
Though how forbidden, how encased
In pride and wrath, where that light shone
Though all undimm'd, unwavering, chaste?
They met : her father gave him blows,
The mad foul things no man can take,
And he such, and the hot blood rose
To fall in quiet for her sake.
Thus quell'd, perchance it coursed his veins
All poison, such as in brief time
Flows darkling to the heart, and stains
The tablets of the soul with crime ;
Or madness for the love of her ;
Or pity for the mute distress
Of those dear eyes, which changeless were
In their unjoyful tenderness ;
Or sheer despair impell'd his hand,
And carelessness of any fate
Save one :—he broke the law of the land,
He fell within the reach of hate !
He forged the old man's name : be sure
That gold, white-molten, could not sear
His shrunk hand worse ; he had been poor
Next day and honest, never fear ;
Wife Alice round his neck will fling
The white arms in some humble home,
What time without the clear bells ring,—
Ah, none of this was e'er to come !
While in the wedding garments clad,
And while he stood beside the door,
Men came with gyves and bound the lad,
And she shall see him never more.

Yet even amid the twaddle of which this volume is chiefly composed there are one or two little poems and some passages, which, having in them some sense expressed, some pleasing scintillations of idea, and actually some rhythm, puzzle and confound our criticism. Were they written or polished by another hand? We would instance, "Before the Thunder," p. 124; "The Mountaineer," p. 128; "Indifference," p. 129. The "Old Man's Bride," p. 132, is melodious enough, and by no means devoid of a sort of curious merit.

The "Day of Trial," in five cantos, might be disposed of very summarily indeed. To the title-page is gummed a little printed critique, which runs as follows—

"That the work abounds in merit there can be no question whatever."—Rev. G. FISK.

Now this mild method of anticipating the office of the reviewer would induce us to pass the "Day of Trial" with very slight notice, even if we did not entirely dissent from the reverend critic. Our *dictum* is—

"That this work has no merit, is apparent to any one capable of giving an opinion on the matter."

This poem is religious. It is possible that the author may write very good sermons, but he does not shine in rhyme. The scene of the "Poem" is laid on the ocean; there are fri-

gates, cutters, pirates, rocks, reefs, and a sea-serpent! It might have been written by the chaplain to one of the Royal Yacht Clubs, if there be such an ecclesiastic. Certainly his religion, as well as his poetry, appears to be at sea. There is a controversial part, which reminds us of the "Hind and the Panther," merely as being controversial, certainly not in power or merit. However, we give our author credit for more sincerity than Dryden.

According to our wont, when we condemn, we proceed to justify our remarks by a specimen. Captain Pertinax, of the "Infallible," bound for the "celestial port," argues with Gratian, the hero, the said Pertinax being a "Romish Priest." Pertinax of course has the worst of it, and the "Poem" ends triumphantly.

"Stay, heretic," then Pertinax replied,
"Your words with errors vain of reasoning pride
"So much abound, that scarcely do I know
"How best their fallacies to overthrow.
"Christ dwells in yonder frigate! know vain youth
"That Christ's in heav'n, so speaks the word of truth ;
"And he has left vicegerent of his pow'r,
"The Roman Pontiff, till that awful hour
"When in the clouds of heav'n he will come down
"To punish sinners, and receive his own.
"Know then the Pope as God should be obey'd ;
"And his decrees infallible are made,
"Thro' the viceregal dignity he owes,
"To bless the righteous, and condemn their foes.
"Then, if the will of Christ you seek to know,
"The Pope's his representative below,
"And those whom he appoints are only meet
"To tend Christ's flock, and sit in judgment seat."

I answer then—" 'tis certainly a truth
"That Christ's in heav'n, and will appear in wrath
"At the great judgment-day to rebel men,
"But is his Deity extinguish'd then?
"Like earthly great ones, circumscrib'd by space
"Or scanty time, to one fixed dwelling place?
"No! in the centre of his Church he stands,
"And spreads to sinners his benignant hands,
"Supps with his chosen, and to them makes known
"Perfections only to the faithful shewn,
"Yes! he can rule in earth as well as heav'n,
"Vain thought that to a sinful man is giv'n,
"The proud supremacy you vainly claim
"For Romish Priests! Sure am I that the name
"Of Father, and of Master, in the sense
"The Papists use it, is a vain pretence,
"Strictly forbidden by God's sacred word,
"Who is alone our Master and our Lord."

"And know you not," then Pertinax replies,
"That in the Church alone salvation lies,
"St. Peter founded it in ancient Rome,
"And Catholic 'tis term'd, for all must come
"Within her sacred pale, would they aspire
"To heav'nly joys, or shun th' eternal fire."

"And here again the Scriptures you pervert,
"Sighing, I said may heav'n your soul convert!
"Whether St. Peter ever trod the coast
"Of Italy, seems doubtful at the most,
"Grant that he did, and founded there as true
"A Church, as Christendom e'er knew."
&c. &c. &c.

Really such subjects should not be exposed

to the ridicule which cannot fail to attach itself to such exploits.

The "Plaint of Freedom," beautifully printed, adorned with red-lettered capitals, and dedicated to the memory of Milton, is given away, not sold. It is an unequal, but by no means common-place performance. The opening and the close are extremely good; the body of the poem lacks vitality. It is difficult to believe that the same hand penned the first nine or ten pages, and *l'envoi* of four verses at the end, and also the intervening mass of mediocrity. The conception of the whole poem is an admirable one, but it required the highest and most mature genius to carry it out. The author, after an invocation to the soul of Milton and the spirit of Freedom, endeavours to give a series of brief and terse descriptions of England's heroes and heroic deeds—a kind of picture-gallery; each picture being painted in sixteen lines, and placed in the panel of a single page. In this he is scarcely more than once or twice successful. In his choice of metre, too, we consider him peculiarly infelicitous. It is that of Tennyson's *In memoriam*, which may have been admirably suited to its subject, and to Tennyson; but which is by no means destined to become a standard English metre: it is artificial, and does not fill the ear. Moreover, we are of opinion, that when a decidedly new style is invented by a poet, a patent should be secured to him for at least twenty years by common consent. Every rhymester has been dinning his imitations of the Laureate into our ears, until, were we to read the very original, it would sound like a parody upon itself. The "Plaint of Freedom" is ultra-democratic and ultra-querulous; but this is allowable in poetry. We shall not question its politics, nor discuss the subject-matter of its plaint. Suffice it to say, there is truth enough in the lugubrious view taken by its author on which to found poetic description and poetic regret.

Let us now give a specimen of the commencement, which promises so boldly and so well.

Revolt his storm-flag hath unfurl'd.
And New and Old (like giant foes
Who, tired of distant threatenings, close)
With desperate grapplings shake the world.
And thunder-voices rend the air,—
For God and Right, for Elder Wrong:
The clangour of a battle-song
Flung heavenward in the lightnings' glare.
And Change leaps like a springtide o'er
The landmarks of the ancient sway:
The fierce waves hunger for their prey;
And monarchs tremble at their roar.
Their echoes break upon our coast—
The isle that Freedom loved so well;
But stir not Freedom's Sentinel,
Asleep on his neglected post.

The watchman sleepeth, and the fire
Of Freedom dwindles at his side,—
The beacon, in old days espied
By farthest lands, will soon expire.

He sleeps as life was all forgot,
And lower, lower sinks the flame;
And war-cries of his youthful fame
Peal in his dreams, but stir him not.

He sleeps, though nations shout his name;
The sea-winds gathering far and near,
Shriek vainly in his drowsy ear;
And lower, lower sinks the flame.

The storm is hush'd a breathing-space,
And Freedom's quivering cleaves the gale:
Ho, Saxon England! canst thou fail?
Shall younger warriors take thy place?

Of old my name had been a spell
To rouse thee from profoundest trance;
The shadow of a winged lance
Hail warn'd thy slumber, ere it fell.

Then blazed upon thy loftiest cliffs
My fires, reflected in the tide
Which gulf'd the Armada's lofty pride,—
Scatter'd before our English skills.

Yet higher soar'd the flame divine,
Whose rays illumined distant lands,
When Milton utter'd my commands,
And Cromwell set his foot by mine.

But now no beacon marks thy shore;
The old undaunted soul is fled:
White Land! canst thou be pale with dread
That Freedom needeth thee once more?

Again—

No wonder that thou dar'st not pile
My beacon-fire: 'twould light the world
To see the hydra-slavery curl'd
In thine own heart, Unhappy Isle!

The town is thick with loathsome graves;
Yon fence, that girds a thousand fields,
Shuts out the serf,—their harvest yields
No harvest unto landless slaves.

The weaver starveth at his loom;
The reaper faints for lack of bread;
White Age may nowhere lay its head;
Decrepid Childhood hath no bloom.

O English Girl, unsex'd with toil!
O English Matron, gaunt and wild,
That starest on thy strangled child,—
And there is none to loose the coil!

And in the halls where Vane was heard
Some rascal Shopman, drunken-brave,
Babbling of State, while Fool and Knave
Applaud a lie in every word!

But we must especially condemn a sneer contained in a stanza we have omitted: it is needless, as it is unfair.

The leaf hath fallen, the pool is stirr'd:
Spread, ye slow circles! far and wide,
And reach the shore on every side.
So falleth my unnoticed word.

None answer: yet by that lone voice
The waves of air are moved, to be
Moved yet again, eternally.
Dying unheeded, I rejoice.

Long grasses hide a nameless stone ;
 The poorest grass-root hath its seeds ;
 What care, though triumph's growth proceeds
 From vile remains of one unknown ?
 Thou, GOD ! art living. At thy side
 Truth sits, serenely waiting till
 The glass of Destiny shall fill,
 And Victory mount to claim his bride.

We have quoted the last lines of the poem, and, having done so, must express our regret that the author has only shewn the foot of Hercules. There is a simple strength and elegance in these few lines which cause us to opine that the writer has slurred the main portion of his work, and that he could have produced something far better as a whole. He has, it is true, voluntarily chosen to wear poetic shackles while writing of Liberty. He has proposed to himself a task which might baffle the greatest master of the lyre—to place the grandest scenes of our "island story" in a picture gallery of miniatures, when all the breadth of tapestry and boldness of cartoon-drawing or fresco-painting are needed,—and he has failed ! If this be a young poet, we recommend him to forget Tennyson, and to study the great masters of antiquity and the middle-ages more. He has endeavoured to simplify, without displaying richness. Still there is promise of manhood in this young 'Plaint of Freedom.'

Mr. ARNOLD must by no means take offence if we review him here among these minor poets. Infinitely superior to most of the company in which he finds himself, and indeed not to be named in the same day with some of the small deer whom we have been slaughtering, still even he has by no means displayed the genius and power of a great poet. Looking around, let us ask who is there to whom this would not apply ? Tennyson is the founder of a school. He constitutes a belief and a faith. Of his admirers, all that can be said is, that they worship his faults even more than his beauties. Besides, he is the fashion and the—Laureate ; and therefore, when Tennyson shall write a new poem, we shall probably give him a separate review to himself. We reviewed Alexander Smith at length on account of the excessive praise lavished on him by the panders to bad taste and purveyors to the *gobe-mouche* of the coteries. Mr. ARNOLD is as superior as a scholar and as a poet to Alexander Smith, in what they have respectively done, as Bulwer is to Lady Bulwer, Macaulay or Aytoun to Martin F. Tupper, "Ion" to a burlesque, or any thing else that is sterling, solid, and true, to that which is vulgar, hollow, and meretricious. Still Mr. Arnold has not yet written enough, or well enough, to entitle him to a wreath. Even the volume before us is disfigured with mannerisms and blotted with absurdities, of which all that we can say in their excuse is, that they are the

faults of a scholar, and the delusions of a man of taste. In our opinion, there are but two real poems in the book. There may be two or three passages in the other poems of some merit, and also one or two sonnets that ring like sterling metal ; but as separate poems there is very little in the volume worth printing or preserving, save "Sohrab and Rustum," and "Tristram and Iseult." It must be added that these are the two most sustained efforts of our poet. Let us, before proceeding to the examination of these, make a few general remarks upon the poetic style and individuality of Mr. Arnold. He has been said to be a compound made up of imitation of Tennyson and Landor. The choice of one or two of his subjects has led to the first comparison, and his frequent attempt to model our language in classical mould to the second. Neither is true. He exhibits occasionally one of the faults of Tennyson—obscurity of idea, amounting to a mere suggestion of sense ; and his classicality is sometimes fully as tiresome as that of Mr. Landor. But the latter is the natural consequence of an endeavour to form our irregular language into a mould for which it is totally unfitted. Thus, Mr. Arnold's original strain not unfrequently resembles the bald, dry, bad translation of a Greek chorus. In spite of all he may assert in his preface, Mr. Arnold is wrong in advising a modern writer to cultivate any style, or form himself upon any model whatsoever—whether Sophocles or Shakespeare it matters not. A poet should read abundantly in the present day—as who should not ? but so far from borrowing a single form, classical, mediæval, or modern, should distil every thing in the alembic of his own mind, and then, if he have originality, chance and taste will direct the new pattern issued to the world. In a preface discussing what modern poets should aim at, Mr. Arnold accuses Shakespeare, on the authority of Hallam and Guizot, of language-torture and artificiality. He forgets that this was spontaneous—that even words, as well as ideas, were flung lightly by this master-genius into shapes which the labour of other men cannot imitate ; and then, after saying this, Mr. Arnold himself weaves an obscurity of phrase out of the very scantiness of material he allows himself ; and calls it—classical. Now, we know what Voltaire and his disciples thought or said of Shakespeare, and we know what was the triumph of all their classicality of plot and action, execution and design. We must protest against Mr. Arnold's attempting to turn good Anglo-Saxon into Spondees, Dactyls, Anapæsts, Tribrachs, Bacchics, Anti-bacchics, or any of the rhythmopœia of antique song. Our language loves none of these recitatives to strict classical measure ; nor, in the language of Pythagoras, can it afford to

divorce the male rhythm from the female melos. To our ears there is nothing more detestable than English hexameters; yet how well suited are they to the genius of the classical languages! It would puzzle M. Jourdain to define some of Mr. Arnold's poems. They are neither verse nor prose; but consist of words stuck, glued, pasted into sentences; of sentences disjointed, dislocated, on stilts of unequal length; of dry skeletons of passages unpleasing to the ear, and sometimes not only disagreeable in sound, but barren of sense. Of this kind is the "Strayed Reveller," from which we shall give a passage or two in illustration of our *dictum*, that, though it be the work of a scholar, it is most scholar-like trash. The *dramatis personæ* are "a youth," "Circe," and "Ulysses." The diction resembles that of a poem composed in a classical dream, inspired by Smart's Horace and bad Oxford Port. Circe is asking a youth whence he comes, and he answers—

Quick I pass'd, following
The wood-cutters' cart-track
Down the dark valley;—I saw
On my left, through the beeches,
Thy palace, Goddess,
Smokeless, empty:
Trembling, I enter'd; beheld
The court all silent,
The lions sleeping;
On the altar, this bowl.
I drank, Goddess—
And sunk down here, sleeping,
On the steps of thy portico.

What a line is the last! *Τό πᾶν παρὰ μουσικοῖς ὁ ῥυθμὸς*. Quintilian attributed the first production of poetry to the natural mensuration of the ear. Shall we have to attribute its decline to the substitution of pedantic art for this natural guide? Our nerves would actually suffer, were we to read the "Strayed Reveller" through, aloud. Away with him!

"These things, Ulysses,
The wise bards also
Behold and sing.
But oh, what labour!
O Prince, what pain!"

Of "The Church of Brou" we cannot say much in commendation: it is of mixed spurious architecture, more romantic than classical, and more *cockneyfied* than either. The conclusion of Part I. reminds us of the ballad of Lord Lovel. The Neckan reminds us of the German poet Heine: it is very much in his abrupt, romantic, and suggestive style. It is, however, only like the husk of the German: it lacks Heine's deeper allegory or double meaning. With the "Forsaken Merman" we have no sympathy: the ill-terminated scaly gentleman may lament for ever in his *faubourg poissonnière* without touching our human hearts. Besides, neither the idea, nor the treatment of this poem is original. Here is a very short

specimen of the severe in art. We give it all—the whole poem: it is called "Richmond Hill"!!! It might as well be called Bayswater, or Cheapside; indeed, much better, because we could then imagine it to be the confused utterance of a soul goaded into momentary blankness by a plethoric din of omnibusses and a general superabundance of noise and fog.

RICHMOND HILL.

Murmur of living!
Stir of existence!
Soul of the world!
Make, oh make yourselves felt
To the dying Spirit of Youth!
Come, like the breath of the Spring!
Leave not a human soul
To grow old in darkness and pain.
Only the living can feel you,
But leave us not while we live!

Let us now proceed to a little hearty commendation. The opening poem of "Sohrab and Rustum" is manly, tender, and heroic. The story is the well-known eastern legend of the warrior Rustum, a kind of Mahomedan demigod of romance, who was doomed, according to the old Greek tragic fate, to slay his own son. Rustum, in his youth, had wooed and won a princess in a distant land. She bore him a son, but sent word it was a daughter, lest he should train him up to arms. The child grows to manhood, and himself becomes renowned in arms. He goes forth with a double mission—to seek his father Rustum, and to fight his country's enemies. He meets with the former, who denies his identity, lest the youth, who was instinctively unwilling to fight, should boast he had met Rustum, and that they had parted on equal terms by mutual agreement. The fight takes place, and Sohrab has at first the advantage; but is disarmed by the mysterious feeling of relationship, and Rustum mortally wounds him: then the discovery takes place. This is a fine dramatic situation, and Mr. Arnold has dealt well with it. The simplicity of his style here suits the antiquity of the subject, and his blank-verse is easy and melodious. Sohrab and Rustum are fighting—

And you would say that sun and stars took part
In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud
Grew suddenly in Heaven, and dark'd the sun
Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose
Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,
And in a sandy whirlwind wrapp'd the pair.
In gloom they twain were wrapp'd, and they alone;
For both the on-looking hosts on either hand
Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,
And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.
But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes
And labouring breath.

Sohrab has the advantage, and Ruksh, the fabulous steed of Rustum, cries aloud, like a

"pained desert lion, who all day has trailed the hunter's javelin in his side."

The two hosts heard that cry, and quak'd for fear,
And Oxus curdled as it cross'd his stream.
But Sohrab heard, and quail'd not, but rush'd on,
And struck again; and again Rustum bow'd
His head; but this time all the blade, like glass,
Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,
And in his hand the hilt remained alone.
Then Rustum rais'd his head: his dreadful eyes
Glar'd, and he shook on high his menacing spear,
And shouted, *Rustum!* Sohrab heard that shout,
And shrank amaz'd: back he recoil'd one step,
And scann'd with blinking eyes the advancing Form:
And then he stood bewilder'd; and he dropped
His covering shield, and the spear pierc'd his side.
He reel'd, and staggering back, sunk to the ground.
And then the gloom dispers'd, and the wind fell,
And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud; and the two armies saw the pair;
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.

Then comes the discovery dawning gradually on the conqueror. At first he believes that Sohrab is deceiving him—

So deem'd he; yet he listen'd, plung'd in thought;
And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide
Of the bright rocking Ocean sets to shore
At the full moon: tears gathered in his eyes;
For he remember'd his own early youth,
And all its bounding rapture; as, at dawn,
The Shepherd from his mountain lodge describes
A far bright City, smitten by the sun,
Through many rolling clouds;—so Rustum saw
His youth; saw Sohrab's mother, in her bloom;
And that old King, her father, who lov'd well
His wandering guest, and gave him his fair child
With joy; and all the pleasant life they led,
They three, in that long-distant summer-time—
The castle, and the dewy woods, and hunt
And hound, and morn on those delightful hills
In Ader-baijan. And he saw that Youth,
Of age and looks to be his own dear son,
Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand,
Like some rich hyacinth, which by the scythe
Of an unskilful gardener has been cut,
Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed,
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
On the mown, dying grass;—so Sohrab lay,
Lovely in death, upon the common sand.

The conversation between them, and the death of Sohrab, are touchingly told. He dies thus—

He spoke; and Sohrab smil'd on him, and took
The spear, and drew it from his side, and eas'd
His wound's imperious anguish; but the blood
Came welling from the open gash, and life
Flow'd with the stream: all down his cold white side
The crimson torrent pour'd, dim now, and soil'd,
Like the soil'd tissue of white violets
Left, freshly gather'd, on their native bank,
By romping children, whom their nurses call
From the hot fields at noon: his head droop'd low,
His limbs grew slack; motionless, white, he lay—
White, with eyes clos'd; only when heavy gasps,
Deep, heavy gasps, quivering through all his frame,
Convuls'd him back to life, he open'd them,
And fix'd them feebly on his father's face.

The hostile armies both move away, and leave the father mourning o'er his son.

And night came down over the solemn waste,
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
And darken'd all; and a cold fog, with night,
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
As of a great assembly loos'd, and fires
Began to twinkle through the fog: for now
Both armies mov'd to camp, and took their meal:
The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward; the Tartars by the river marge:
And Rustum and his son were left alone.

But the majestic River floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there mov'd,
Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasmian waste.

The elaborate description of the river Oxus reaching Ocean, which closes the poem, is strictly in accordance with classical taste: it gives the finish to the picture, and gently helps to unstring the fancy. It is like a few bars of music played after the finish of a song.

The gem of the book is, however, "Tristram and Iseult." The story, in as few words as possible, is as follows:—Tristram loves the dark-haired Iseult of Ireland, whom he has been sent to woo by proxy for his uncle, King Marc of Cornwall. The mother of Iseult gives a love-potion to her daughter's attendant, to be drunk by Iseult and her husband on their wedding-night. By mistake, she and Tristram drink it on their voyage: it burns through their veins for life. Tristram has to fly from Cornwall and his guilty love. He marries Iseult with the "White Hands," of Brittany. He never loves her with the early love he felt for the other Iseult, and, when sick and wounded on his death-bed, he sends for the latter. She comes, and dies with him, and the fair and patient wife mourns over them both. The poem opens beautifully with the fevered longings and ramblings of Tristram dreaming over the most cherished events of his life. The whole of this is exquisite. No living poet whom we know, could exceed it in beauty, and none of the past might be ashamed of owning it—a bold and somewhat uncritical assertion; but let it pass. It possesses the true romantic charm. Had we been told it was the composition of Longfellow we should not have been surprised; but we should have said it was written in the happiest mood of the American lyric poet.

The wife Iseult is nursing the knight—

What Lady is this, whose silk attire
Gleams so rich in the light of the fire?
The ringlets on her shoulders lying
In their fitting lustre vying
With the clasp of burnish'd gold
Which her heavy robe doth hold.
Her looks are mild, her fingers slight
As the driven snow are white;
And her cheeks are sunk and pale,

* * * *

Who is this snowdrop by the sea?
I know her by her mildness rare,
Her snow-white hands, her golden hair;

I know her by her rich silk dress,
And her fragile loveliness.
The sweetest Christian soul alive,
Iseult of Brittany.

He is dreaming of the other.

Ah, sweet angels, let him dream!
Keep his eyelids! let him seem
Not this fever-wasted wight
Thinn'd and pal'd before his time,
But the brilliant youthful knight
In the glory of his prime,
Sitting in the gilded barge,
At thy side, thou lovely charge!
Bending gaily o'er thy hand,
Iseult of Ireland!

And she too, that princess fair,
If her bloom be now less rare,
Let her have her youth again—
Let her be as she was then!
Let her have her proud dark eyes,
And her petulant quick replies,
Let her sweep her dazzling hand
With its gesture of command,
And shake back her raven hair
With the old imperious air.

Poor Iseult of Brittany! He bids her kiss
the children and go to bed.

She left the gleam-lit fire-place,
She came to the bed-side.
She took his hands in hers: her tears
Down on her slender fingers rain'd.
She rais'd her eyes upon his face—
Not with a look of wounded pride,
A look as if the heart complain'd:—
Her look was like a sad embrace;
The gaze of one who can divine
A grief, and sympathise.
Sweet Flower, thy children's eyes
Are not more innocent than thine.

Tristram dies, and the raven hair of his first
Iseult is spread over his couch. She, too, is
dead. The following is most poetical and fan-
ciful:—

The air of the December night
Steals coldly around the chamber bright,
Where those lifeless lovers be.
Swinging with it, in the light
Flaps the ghost-like tapestry.
And on the arras wrought you see
A stately Huntsman clad in green,
And round him a fresh forest scene.
On that clear forest knoll he stays
With his pack round him, and delays.
He stares and stares, with troubled face,
At this huge gleam-lit fire-place,
At the bright iron-figur'd door,
And those blown rushes on the floor.
He gazes down into the room
With heated cheeks and flurried air,
And to himself he seems to say—
“What place is this, and who are they?
Who is that kneeling Lady fair?
And on his pillows that pale Knight
Who seems of marble on a tomb?
How comes it here, this chamber bright,
Through whose mullion'd windows clear
The castle court all wet with rain,
The drawbridge and the moat appear,
And then the beach, and, mark'd with spray,
The sunken reefs, and far away
The unquiet bright Atlantic plain?—

*What, has some glamour made me sleep,
And sent me with my dogs to sweep,
By night, with holsterous bugle peal,
Through some old, sea-side, knightly hall,
Not in the free greenwood at all?
That Knight's asleep, and at her prayer
That Lady by the bed doth kneel:
Then hush, thou brist'rous bugle peal!”—*

The wild boar rustles in his lair—
The fierce hounds snuff the tainted air—
But lord and hounds keep rooted there.
Cease, cheer thy dogs into the brake,
Oh Hunter! and without a fear
Thy golden-tassell'd bugle blow,
And through the glades thy pastime take!
For thou wilt rouse no sleepers here.
For these thou seest are unmov'd;
Cold, cold as those who liv'd and lov'd
A thousand years ago.

We must leave poor Iseult of Brittany to
teach her children over her husband's and her
rival's grave.

O si sic omnia! Had Mr. Arnold written all
like this!

The “Letters of Laura D'Auverne” are a
series of epistles of a somewhat namby-pamby
description from one lady to another, written
in the metre of Tennyson's “Locksley Hall.”
At the same time there is a large class of
readers to whom they will prove interesting,
and there is much pleasing cleverness, as well
as considerable smoothness about them. If we
mistake not, this story of “Laura D'Auverne”
which gives a title to the volume, as well as the
numerous minor poems which follow it, have
already appeared in various cheap periodicals.

Mrs. D'Auverne is a young married lady,
who confides to a dear friend of her own sex
all about herself and husband. She begins by
complaining of *his* ill-humour and pride, and
that he will not allow her a horse!

“If I have a passion, Bertha, 'tis to mount the graceful
steed,
Curb his haughty paces elastic, check his hot and
dashing speed.”

We can readily imagine, if she had been in-
dulged according to her fantasy, how she would
have cantered some “love of a horse, with
such a beautiful mane and tail” along a very
hard road, down hill on a hot summer's day,
“checking his haughty pace” ever and anon,
to the horror of her groom, by a sudden tug
at the curb, in the most unsophisticated man-
ner. We can fancy all that. But Mr. D'Au-
verne, it seems, did not. Perhaps he could not
afford it; perhaps *he* could not ride; perhaps—
but it is needless to conjecture. However, his
wife gave him credit for meanness.

“—Truth is, dear, he hates expense!”

So they quarrel, and she

“proudly left the room.”

Then her soul is imbued

“With a colour, stern of purpose.”

She will not eat humble pie—

"Never—never! sooner wither 'mid this winter of the brain!"

Then she holds converse with "De Montfort," a lady who does ride on horseback and sneers at *his* pretending that it was the *danger* he feared on her account.

This gives her strength to bring matters to a climax. Having wished herself dead in the manner of Miss Queers—

"Miserable am I—wretched!—who are happy save the dead?"

her husband, disgusted, tells her that he, like Lord Bateman, is going to leave for travel; that she had better "stay with her parents;" for he don't know how long he may remain away. "May you *never*" says he

"know the anguish I have known."

They find her "fainting, bleeding on the floor." She determines, however, to be first, and so packs up and writes him a letter. Her heart melts whilst about to apply the adhesive envelope to her lips, but she hears him "answer sharply" to the boy in buttons (we know it was a "button," and not a butler) that

"He should not return from town."

So she leaves the house early, and becomes a wanderer. Something is said of Scotland, his "mother's birth-land," and a torrent, and a stage-coach, and a dream, and somehow or other she gets to her mother, or his mother, or somebody else's mother, and is

"Waken'd—kindly waken'd—by a kiss!"

Then *some one* comes, need *we* say it is *he*—"pale, but with a look so sweet" and he tells her

"All his sorrows, when he found that I *had fled*;
How he trembled every moment, lest a crowd should
bring me dead."

Oh! it is *her* father, not *his*, we perceive, and *she* takes *him* for *her* son, and Laura D'Auverne is saved from the consequences of her folly—

"With a spirit taught submission—better Christian,—
better wife!"

Long may she remain so! For should she ever run away again, she *might* write more letters to Bertha; which we hope, as Reviewers and sensible men, to escape. *Facilis descensus Averni*; meaning, there is an easy style of bathos in the story of D'Auverne, which the most abandoned use of Italics will not save from being extremely common-place.

The rest of the poems are chiefly in the *progress* line. They are adapted for corners in the *Family Herald*, or *London Journal*. Some, however, are distinguished by a sort of attenuated playfulness. "What is noble?" "Work," "Village Courtship," "Perseverance," "Don't say one thing and mean

another," "Epitaph on the late Salis Schwabe, Esq."—who was he? could he have been the great soda-water maker?—"The Wayward One," "Judge not in haste," "Words and hearts," "Mind you that," "Humble Happiness"—these are some of their titles, which may afford the reader an idea of their style. For ourselves, we abjure all *progress* poetry. We feel, however, bound to give a specimen. We select

PERSEVERANCE.

Take the spade of Perseverance;
Dig the field of Progress wide:
Every bar to true instruction
Carry out and cast aside;
Every stubborn weed of Error,
Every seed that hurts the soil,
Tares, whose very growth is terror—
Dig them out, whate'er the toil!
Give the stream of Education
Broader channel, bolder force;
Hurl the stones of Persecution
Out where'er they block its course;
Seek for strength in self-exertion;
Work, and still have faith to wait;
Close the crooked gate to fortune;
Make the road to honour *straight*!
Men are agents for the Future!
As they work, so ages win
Either harvest of advancement,
Or the product of their sin!
Follow out true cultivation,—
Widen Education's plan;
From the majesty of Nature
Teach the majesty of MAN!

"What is this save words?" The "Old, old Clock" is a favourable specimen; but we have not room for its tick. "At the parting of Day" reminds us forcibly of an old song "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" Burns is evidently the poet from whom Mr. Swain has drawn most of his inspiration. One of his prettiest songs, "I wish my love were some fair stream," is a manifest adaptation of "I would my love were yon red rose."

We do not wish to be ill-natured. There is melody, which is a great point; some power of versification; some occasional eloquence and much good purpose and feeling in Mr. Swain's verses. We believe that many will esteem them highly. To thousands who smile and chatter, week-days and Sundays, on board the Ant and Bee, the Bachelor and Bridegroom, those river steamboats of cockney life, they will be as dear and acceptable as Burns to a Scotchman, and far more appreciated than loftier strains. Many a gentle bosom, many a fond and innocent heart, will find something it can understand and cherish in this volume; something that touches the little every-day key of its happiness or sorrow. So, although we *hate* that which may be termed the poesy of progress, still we wish well to Mr. Swain and his tea-garden and workshop Parnassus. He is far too good to be a Manchester Laureate. We believe that he has done, and can do, far better things.

CONTINENTAL GUIDE BOOKS.

- I. *Handbook for Travellers in France.* Murray, 1853.
- II. *A Handbook for Travellers in Central Italy—Rome and its Environs.* Murray, 1853.
- III. *Handbook for Travellers in Southern Italy.* Murray, 1853.
- IV. *Bradshaw's Continental Guide.*
- V. *Mrs. Starke's Information for Travellers in Italy.* Paris: Galignani, 1845.
- VI. *Förster Handbuch für Reisende in Italien.* Munich: 1848.

"GUIDES," or "Handbooks," as they are now called, are become a very important part of our practical literature. They exercise considerable influence, not only upon the comfort of our English public in its autumnal peregrinations, but also in determining the point of view in which Englishmen regard the nations of the Continent. It becomes, therefore, a very necessary part of the duty of a critical journal to examine, from time to time, the degree of accuracy with which such works are prepared, and to stimulate their writers and publishers to the employment of due care, honesty, and impartiality in their compilation.

Two of these books, professing to introduce us to sunny Italy, have appeared quite recently, and we will, in this article, glancing only slightly at France, journey with these guides "from Oxford to Rome," and see how, with their help, it fares with us on the way.

Roderigo's advice to Iago—to begin by putting money in his purse—is even more indispensable to a traveller than to a lover. Our guide tells us that the "safest, most economical, and most convenient mode" of doing this is "in the shape of circular notes." Now we assert, as the result of some experience, that this is singularly bad advice to travellers in most countries, and particularly so to those in Italy. As a body, a more dishonest class than the continental bankers does not exist. It is a great mistake in the English to transfer their notions of the respectable English banker to the pettifogging retailer of base coin, who calls himself "banquier" on the Continent. Lord Byron says somewhere that the Turks are the only bankers who will not extract money from the traveller under some dirty pretext of commission, debased paper currency, &c. &c. The experienced traveller knows perfectly well that the promise which some of the London bankers make of granting circular notes without deduction, is a mere pretence, the difference being always made up by the foreign banker giving less than the current and quoted rate of exchange, or by some other mode. At Rome, last summer, we had to submit to a deduction of 9s. out of a note for 10l., because the banker chose to pay us in silver, though he must have known perfectly well that paper was freely taken at the shops and hotels; and at Mar-

seilles five sous were actually deducted from each Napoleon *below* the quoted exchange of the day. Neither is there any *safety* in such instruments. A recent Act of Parliament (of which our guide is doubtless innocently ignorant) enacts, that a banker is safe if he pays a bill to an indorsement which *purports* to be that of the person rightfully entitled, and has thereby quite destroyed the small security that ever existed in these matters. Next time you travel, gentle reader, we advise you to take Bank-of-England notes, or sovereigns—it matters not which—as far as Paris; then change them for Napoleons, and you will travel over Italy just as safely, more economically, and with quite as much convenience, as with your pet circular notes.

But we will hasten on our journey.

Giving a passing anathema to two hotels—*Dessin's* at Calais, and the *Hotel des Bains* at Boulogne, both of which our guide most unaccountably recommends—we fly on the wings of steam to Lyons, where we just stop to remark that the "English comforts," which our guide talks of at the *Hotel de l'Univers* there, mean high prices and a bad dinner. A Roman emperor condemned an unlucky *artiste* who invented a bad dish to live on nothing else: we wish we could compel our guide to live a month at the *Hotel des Empereurs* at Marseilles. This is, in our opinion, without any exception, the worst, the dirtiest, and the hotel most distinguished for its absurd "pretension," in France. The indignant comments of hundreds of English travellers in the "Common-Place Books" kept at most of the hotels in the south of France, might have made Mr. Murray at least pause before betraying his countrymen to such a place.*

Before, however, we quit France, we must most energetically protest against the false notions of history which are sedulously inculcated in the handbook for that country. Even the pompous Alison is *out-Alisoned*, for he allows

* At this hotel we were told that the *table d'hôte* was to consist of (if we remember rightly) twenty-five dishes. Upon expressing our surprise how, after a very bad dinner, this promise could have been kept, we were coolly told we had not reckoned the pats of butter, the pickles, nor the three or four small plates of radishes.

that there might have been a small amount of oppression on the part of the nobility to justify the first revolution; but in Murray's handbook every horror that was enacted *on one side*, in the Vendean war, is sedulously brought into notice, in connection with the locality where it was perpetrated; but the heroic deeds done to uproot from the soil of France the *corrèes*, the *parc aux cerfs*, and all the frightful oppression of a corrupt court and a profligate nobility, is as sedulously kept out of sight.

We have not space to do more than mention two instances of the sort of false history conveyed in these volumes. In p. 445 of the French handbook we have an account of the atrocious massacre, called the *Glacier of Avignon*, when sixty unfortunate wretches were poniarded, and then hurled, by a band of democrats, into a dungeon of the old papal palace: this occurred in *October 1791*. Two pages *further on*, we are told that in *June 1791* the royalist party put to death Lescuyere, the chief of the democratic municipality, women even "tearing out his eyes with their scissors." Now the first-mentioned of these atrocities was in retaliation for the second; but this is carefully kept out of sight, and, indeed, a casual reader of the handbook would never suspect that there was any connection between the two.

Again, in p. 238 of the handbook for Rome, we are treated with a Jeremiade of lamentations on the "barbarous and wanton waste" committed upon the grounds of the Borghese Villa at Rome by the republican commission of defence during the siege in 1849, "under the pretence that the trees interfered with the defence of Rome." Now surely, our guide must have written all this in a back room in London, for he cannot possibly have visited these grounds as lately as the new edition would imply. The fact is, a few trees were cut down near the wall of the city, not "under pretence," but because they really would have afforded shelter to the French sharp-shooters. But the description of the traces of this destruction are quite inaccurate as applied to the present time: the truth is, no such traces would be noticed at all now, by a casual observer, but the description of them formed a tempting episode in the edition four years ago, and, whether from carelessness or design, they have been allowed to stand in the present.

These things are scarcely worth mention. But it is gross impertinence in a writer of a guide-book—a literary *lacquais de place*—to force his bad history and his foolish politics upon his employers. "*Damnatos odit*" is the motto of all flunkeydom; but let him point his wand, and tell his story, and keep his hatreds to himself. Of what earthly consequence can it be

to any educated English traveller to know how Mr. Murray or his *commis voyageurs* may loath and detest the men who dared to contemplate the enterprise of delivering classic Italy from the despotism of the fat-brained barbarian Austrian?

But we will suppose ourselves standing on that world-storied spot—the heart and the centre of the power of old Rome—

—"And cold were he
Who there could gaze denying thee!"

But we are perplexed with its localities. No two antiquaries agree in the names they assign to its eloquent ruins. In the simplicity of our hearts we were confident that our guide would settle all disputes about the Roman Forum. With the handbook of 1850 in our hands, we were consoled by finding it most dogmatically asserted that "the Chevalier Bunsen has *most ably* carried out the views of the *great* historian (Niebuhr); and has been enabled, by the discovery of the *Milliareum aureum*, and the steps of the Basilica Julia, in 1834, to reconcile Niebuhr's views with the actual antiquities." There is comfort. But, in the mean time, Chevalier Bunsen writes books which Mr. Murray perhaps does *not* publish—certainly does not approve of; and accordingly the last edition of the handbook changes, in the above sentence, the words "*most ably*" into "endeavoured to," and "*great*" into "Prussian." A few pages further on, we are told that "the German antiquaries systematically oppose all that has been done before them;"—a remark that has much more truth than courtesy to recommend it, but scarcely comes well from one who, three short years before, had required us implicitly to believe that Messrs. Bunsen and Co. had, with the help of the *Milliareum aureum*, conclusively settled every thing.

Before the first edition of this handbook appeared, the fecund womb of Rome had added another to her long progeny of antiquaries; but Bunsen was then the north star to our guide, and the splendid work of Canina, entitled *Roma antica*, though published before, was in that edition left unnoticed. One of the most striking objects of the Forum, as we now see it, are the three fluted Corinthian columns, so well known by the numerous pictures and engravings scattered over Europe. The first edition of the handbook tells us, in a tone of supercilious contempt, that "Canina *asserts* that these belong to the Temple of Vespasian," but that "Niebuhr considered them to belong to the Temple of Saturn; *an opinion since confirmed by the discovery of the Milliareum aureum at its base.*" Nothing more has been done to elucidate the subject since 1850; but the present edition

changes the "*asserts*" into a dogmatical "has shewn," and omits altogether the words printed in italics. Really, Mr. Cicerone, it is hard to require us thus to change our faith at a moment's notice, and without a reason. But we will not further follow our "guide" in such perplexed ground as the Forum; we prefer waiting for a third edition, which, if it agree with either of the former, will give us two opinions to one in favour of *something*; but if, as is more likely, the name of every ruin be changed a second time, we fear we shall end in believing nothing, except in the utter worthlessness of our guide.

In a guidebook, convenience of reference is one of the very first requisites; but our guide is, in many respects, most troublesome and perplexing. For instance, in passing through a picture gallery, naturally expecting to find the works of art therein successively noticed, we discover to our annoyance that reference must be made on every occasion to the chapter, in another part of the book, wherein the school to which each painting belongs is described, and we then have to commence a new search for every individual picture. A faint idea of the operation can only be formed by those who have had a long day's hunt through the Museum catalogue, or have insanely attempted to decypher the hieroglyphics of a recent "Bradshaw."

The uninitiated may look in vain amongst the churches for the Lateran, or even for St. Peter's itself. This is a defect which becomes doubly inconvenient when it operates with respect to *each* church described. The conventional mode of describing such an object, in every guidebook we ever met with, except this one of Rome, is, to begin with the object of interest *on the left hand* nearest the door; then to proceed regularly *round* the church, as though following the sun.

Our guide, however, in his affectation of singularity, will not let you see the objects nearest the door first: on the contrary, when the building is particularly large, as in the case of St. Peter's, he seems to take a malicious pleasure in making his victim walk the whole length of the building to the *balderchino*, and then in bandying him about from one side of the immense cathedral to the other, until his admiration is well-nigh lost in weariness. The description of the church of *St. Pietro in Vinculi*, and that of the Basilica of *Santa Maria Maggiore*, are flagrant examples of the same fault.

But however bad its plan, and impertinent its spirit, a guidebook ought at least to describe *every* object of interest. Herein we trusted, and were deceived. Had we not met with a better guide than our Albemarle Street cice-

rone, we should have missed some of the most interesting objects in Rome. For the benefit of others, we will note a few of these omissions.

In the account of the Post-office (p. 7), no mention is made of the interesting fact, that the sixteen marble columns of which it is partly composed, were taken from the ancient Forum of Veii. Nor is it anywhere mentioned that the celebrated terra cotta statue of Juno from that city, which was said to have bowed her head in acquiescence, when Camillus implored her to remove to Rome, was transferred to the Aventine, and placed there in a temple of Juno Regina, now occupied by the site of a convent.

In the description of the Forum no mention is made of the *Ara Maxima*, the cow of *Myron*, or the statue of Hercules Victor, still preserved in the saloon of the Capitol.

The temple of Ceres, Proserpine, and Bacchus, now forming part of the church of *Santa Maria di Cosmedin*, is metamorphosed into the temple of Ceres and Proserpine only; and Mr. Murray omits to tell us, in his description of the church, the very interesting fact, that this occupies the site of the *Carcers* of the Circus Maximus. This is an omission the more serious, for *some* remains of the other extremity of this celebrated circus may be distinguished near the Baths of Caracalla; and thus a spectator from the Palatine Hill might conceive a tolerably accurate idea of its extent. We know not how to excuse all mention, in the description of the church of *Santa Maria Egizziaca*, formerly the temple of *Fortuna Virilis*, of an exact model, in the left of the nave, of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem, the same size as the original. This, at least, is most interesting to every Christian, and may easily be passed over when his attention is directed only to pagan architecture. So, though we are told the temple of the Sun was built by Aurelian, the interesting fact that it was built to contain the spoils of Palmyra, when Zenobia was led captive to Rome, is unaccountably suppressed. Again, we are told the *Meta Sudans* was "intended for the use of the gladiators after the labours of the arena." This is about as likely as that the fountains in Trafalgar Square were erected for the use of the privates of the Queen's Guards. It is just the mistake which an ignorant person, who looked out in his Latin Dictionary the word *sudans*, and found it meant *sweating*, would be likely to commit. We have a representation of this magnificent fountain on a still existing coin, and the name is evidently derived from its appearance; just like the *Staubach* in Switzerland. No one conversant with the matter doubts for a moment that it was an appendage of Nero's Golden House, or rather of the miniature lake

belonging to it, upon whose site now stands the Colosseum.

In the description of the celebrated statues of Castor and Pollux, on the *Monte Cavallo*, or Quirinal Hill (one of which, by the bye, was closely copied by Westmacott in his statue of Achilles in Hyde Park), we think we ought to have been informed that they once stood on the mole of Alexandria, and were removed thence by Constantine; nor should we have blamed our guide's prolixity if he had told us that the church of *Santa Agata*, in the *Via dei Serpenti* (the ancient *Vallis Quirinalis*), occupies the spot where the ghost of Romulus is said to have appeared to Julius Proculus, and foretold the future might of Rome,—an incident beautifully described in those well-known verses of Ovid:—

“Pulcher, et humano major, trabeâque decorus,
Romulus in mediâ visus adesse viâ.”

We humbly submit, also, that we ought to have been told that the church of *Santa Maria del Priorato*, on the *Aventine*, stands on the spot where was the temple of the *Bona Dea*, into which Publius Clodius gained admission, in the disguise of a singing girl, in the pursuit of the wife of Julius Caesar. The celebrity of the lines in the sixth Satire of Juvenal in allusion to this incident, “*Nota bonæ secreta Deæ, &c.*,” might at least have saved this locality from oblivion.

The church of *St. Anastasia* at the western foot of the Palatine Hill, is altogether omitted; and yet in this church is one of the most beautiful, if not *the chef d'œuvre*, of modern sculpture;—we allude to the exquisite statue of the saint by Ercole Ferrata, represented as a young and beautiful female lying extended on a heap of faggots at the precise moment when the flames of martyrdom reach her. The expression of agony here is wonderful. This statue is very celebrated, and the omission of all mention of it perfectly inexcusable.

Several other objects in the churches, and, indeed, some churches themselves, are also omitted. Thus we have not the slightest account of the different marbles, a knowledge of which adds so much to the interest with which these edifices are viewed. The reader is told of columns of *pavonazzetto*, of *verde antique*, of *cipollino*, of *occhio di pavone*, and of many others, as if these words presented as familiar ideas to an Englishman as the words “roast-beef” or “plum-pudding!” All this has been well accomplished by Sir George Head, in his “*Tour of Many Days in Modern Rome*,” a work as replete with accurate detail, as Murray's is deficient in that respect: we take this opportunity of strenuously recommending it to all who really

wish to make themselves masters of the curiosities of Rome.*

Though many *relics* of a secondary nature are put prominently forward, some, doubtless of intense interest to those who value such things, are altogether passed over. Thus no mention is made of the veritable skull of St. Paul, which is carefully preserved in the church of *St. Bartolomeo*, in the Island of the Tiber, and which there is no difficulty at all in seeing. Neither is there any allusion to the celebrated *Madonna del Archetto*, near the Piazza degli Apostoli, which certainly *does* wink, whether from the mode in which the light is made to fall upon it, or from supernatural causes, we do not assume to decide.

The description of the Pontifical Palace on the Quirinal Hill is also singularly deficient. Nothing is said of the very curious picture there of the splendid church in Bengal, erected by the Begum of Sirdanach, the mother of Dyce Sombre, who bequeathed a large sum to the Pope to be expended in masses for the repose of her soul. This picture of the consecration of the church, together with the original Italian letter of the Begum herself to the Pope, is extremely curious; and how Mr. Murray could have missed it, if he has really been to the place within the last five years, is very strange. The vanity which oozes out of every line of the above epistle is a curious commentary on human nature: for example, referring to the figures one by one, she says, “this person dressed so and so is I;” “that person on his knees at my side is my son, David Ochterlony Dyce Sombre,” &c. no mention either is made of the curious iron cage, or of the beautiful casino in the gardens or of the magnificent artificial grotto. Indeed, any one would think, from Murray's description, that there is little or nothing to see in these gardens! In short, the description of nearly all the palaces in Rome is very scanty and insufficient, the *numbers* of the pictures being, in some instances, altogether omitted, though it is well known they are never changed, and there could be no difficulty whatever in procuring them.

Perhaps we ought not to criticise the *style* of a handbook; but bombast is always a serious annoyance to a man who wishes to commune quietly with the masterpieces of art, and to meditate sedately upon the fields of history. Sooth to say, *rigmarole* is very rife in these books: they are full of pinchbeck fine writing. Mr. Murray should say to his sub-hacks, as Talleyrand said to his sub-diplomates, “*Et surtout point de zèle.*” As a specimen of what

* “*Rome; a Tour of Many Days*,” by Sir George Head. 3 vols. 8vo. 1849.

we mean, take the following description of the ordinary egress from Rome on the route to Naples, addressed, be it observed, to a traveller who is supposed already to have seen Rome, and who must therefore have passed through the streets here described, almost every time he left his hotel:—

It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the effect produced upon the traveller by the first two stages of this route. Classical enthusiasm in this instance is not exclusive, for even the most ordinary mind cannot be insensible to the impressions excited by the aspect of the desolate Campagna," &c. &c. &c.

People who buy this book for a practical account of the sights of Rome, do not want such stuff as this.

For hearty classical enthusiasm, and for grouping together many classical associations by apt quotations from the ancient authors, give us Eustace. Mr. Tegg has recently republished this work in a cheap and portable form; and if it were adapted more to the modern state of Italy, we should say it was the best book for this department of a traveller's wants.

"Bradshaw's Continental Guide" contains some useful information, more particularly the time-tables of all the railroads, and the list of diligences, both which are omitted by Murray; but the style and language certainly is not to be commended. We are told, for instance, that such an hotel "is an excellent house," or that it is "a genteel" one—that such a place "will repay a visit," &c. One part of this book is so disgraceful, that we cannot pass it unnoticed. Most of the hotels mentioned, many of them very second-rate, are lauded to the skies, and several of the best are omitted. Turn to the advertisements at the end of the book, and you will find the key to this: *not a single hotel all over the Continent, is even alluded to, in the body of the work, that has not paid these conscientious publishers for the insertion of a puffing advertisement!* Of this dishonesty Mr. Murray professes to have kept his book entirely clear, and we entirely believe his profession. That being so, we are sorry to observe that a puffing advertisement at the

end of the handbook for France, coincides with an utterly undeserved recommendation of the same *Hotel des Empereurs* at Marseilles in the body of the book.

Having said thus much of errors and omissions, which have sometimes occasioned us great trouble or discomfort, we must add that we are by no means disposed to deny that the work has very considerable merit as a compilation from better, but more voluminous, works.

But what has become of Mrs. Starke's "Information for Travellers in Italy"? a work which, for the time to which it applied (about thirty years ago), is worth all Murray's handbooks put together. How does it happen that no new edition of this excellent book is published, though the old editions have been long out of print? The English residents in Italy say that the copyright belongs to an English publisher, who does not think it worth his while to reprint it. If so, it is well to know that this copyright must expire very soon, even if it have not already done so; and English travellers will, we feel assured, thank us for the information that a copy of Mrs. Starke, may at any time be purchased at Galignani's at Paris.

But there is another work, which, if it be translated into English, and adapted somewhat to English tastes, will fall like a shrapnel shell among the handbooks. We allude to the very portable, very accurate, and very complete, German guidebook of FÖRSTER, comprising the greater part of Europe. If we mistake not, a French translation of this has recently appeared in Paris. It is incomparably superior to any English handbook yet printed.

We have lingered so long in the Eternal City, as being by far the most important and the most interesting part of the ground taken possession of by Mr. Murray, ~~that~~ we have left ourselves no space to devote to the other handbooks. We may possibly return to this subject at a future time: meanwhile, we will merely say, that, so far as we have yet tested them, very few are better, and many much worse, than those we have been now reviewing.

WORKS ON ETHNOGRAPHY.

- I. *The Native Races of the Indian Archipelago Papuans.* By George Windsor Earl, M.R.A.S. London: Hippolyte Bailliere. 1853.*
- II. *Lectures on Ancient Ethnography and Geography.* By B. G. NIEBUHR. Translated from the German Edition of Dr. Isler, by Dr. Leonhard Schmitz, F.R.S.E. 2 vols. 8vo. Walton and Maberly, 1853.

WE remark on this volume, not only that it is a good work on an important subject, but that it is a good commencement of an important series. Perhaps this may be called the first ethnological monograph that has been laid before the London public. We say the *London public*, because the *Indian* press has been somewhat more prolific than our own, thanks to the energy of Brian Hodgson of Nepaul, Mr. Logan of Singapore, and others. The work of the former upon the "Koch, Bodo, and Dhimal" tribes of India is an excellent treatise. The labours of the latter have yet to take a systematic form, being at present distributed over several numbers of the "Journal of the Indian Archipelago."

These monographs, or systematic essays on definite and isolated departments of the science, should be encouraged. We hope the present may be the forerunner of many of them. The management is in eminently good hands—those of Mr. Norris of the Asiatic Society, and translator to the Foreign Office; a man whose quiet and unpretending labours have yet to receive their due recognition, both here and abroad. The subject, too, is as well selected as is the author who has to deal with it. For the *terra incognita* of New Guinea we want Dutch and Malay scholars, since it is from these two languages that nine-tenths of our information is to be derived. Mr. Earl is known to be well versed in both these tongues.

The particular variety of the human species which he illustrates is called "Papua," or "Curly-headed." New Guinea, and the range of islands extending thence to New Caledonia, is its arca; an area which overlaps (so to say) the eastern coast of Australia. The Papuan stock, by some, has been considered to have peopled Van Dieman's Land, though this is not what we expect *à priori*. But *à priori* reasoning is out of place in ethnology. We should expect Iceland to have been peopled from Norway rather than Greenland; but Greenland certainly was the fatherland of the Icelanders. We should not expect Madagascar to have been peopled from Sumatra rather than Africa; but so it certainly is. And so it may be with Van Dieman's Land, inasmuch as, in many

parts, the Tasmanian differs from the Australian, and agrees with the New Caledonian.

A black skin and a frizzly head of hair make the Papuan. The former causes him to differ from the Malay; the latter from the Australian. There are other characteristics, but these are the chief.

There is no such thing now existing as a true *arboreal* race of human beings, however much a certain school of ethnologists may delight in the term. The nearest approach to it is found in those countries which are, at one and the same time, tropical in respect to climate, and swampy in regard to soil. In such cases, when the water gets on the land the landowners get on the trees. Such is the case with

THE TREE-MEN.

On the afternoon of the day in which the encounter took place the Naturalists, well armed, returned to the creek at high water, and saw a spectacle, which was also witnessed by those on board with the aid of telescopes; namely, the trees full of natives of both sexes, who, with weapons on their backs, sprang from branch to branch like monkeys, making the same gestures as in the morning, and shouting and laughing in like manner, without our people being able to tempt them out of the trees by throwing presents towards them, so that they returned on board again.

On the morning of the 23d, several well-armed natives made their appearance on the beach, dancing, shouting, and making the same gestures as on the preceding day. After them came a number of women and children, carrying in their hands branches of trees, and, as we supposed, fruit also. They shouted to us as loud as they could, probably to invite us on shore; but we did not comply with their wishes, as we weighed towards morn, and beat up the strait to another anchorage.

Leutenant Modera of the Dutch Navy is answerable for the fact: Mr. Earl for the

REMARKS.

Mr. Modera's account of the monkey-like gambols in the trees may probably excite a smile of incredulity in the reader. Nevertheless, the fact of the Papuans being able to proceed with wonderful rapidity through the mangrove thickets which line the sea-shores, is well authenticated, and has been long known to those acquainted with the habits of the wilder tribes; but no British traveller, with the fate of Abyssinian Bruce before his eyes, would have ventured to promulgate such a statement, unless he could bring forward incontestible evidence to support it.

The sea-coasts of alluvial districts in tropical regions are invariably lined by belts of mangroves, which sometimes extend into the sea for miles beyond the level of high water; and in New Guinea, as well as on the northern coasts of Australia, the mangroves assume the character of forest-trees about the upper parts, while the

* This work is the first of a series, entitled the "Ethnological Library," and edited by Edwin Norris, Esq.

lower consist of a network of strong fibrous roots, which absolutely impenetrable without the aid of an axe; and even then it is impossible to proceed unless the mud has sufficient consistency to support the weight of the body, which is rarely the case, except at dead or low water. As the coast tribes, who derive their chief subsistence from the sea, have to cross this belt almost daily, they naturally prefer scrambling through the upper branches, which are strong enough to afford secure footing, while, at the same time, they intertwine with each other in so peculiar a manner, that, with a little practice, this singular mode of travelling can even be adopted by Europeans. Indeed, the writer, on more than one occasion, has seen a file of marines, with muskets on their shoulders, steadily making their way over mangrove swamps in this manner, although they certainly did not display the monkey-like agility that Mr. Modera has so graphically described.

Perhaps the pride of man may be wounded on finding how closely his species may approximate to that of the quadrumanes; but a little consideration will induce him to regard with admiration the wonderful adaptation of God's creatures to any circumstances under which they may be placed. It is a singular fact, that on the south-west coast of New Guinea the kangaroo, apparently the least suited of all animals for the process of climbing, has adapted himself to the half-drowned nature of the country by becoming an inhabitant of the trees.

This is reasonable. At the mouth of the Orinoco, where the sun is as hot and the sea as intrusive as in New Guinea, the Warows are the men that get compared to monkeys. They sleep on tree-tops, eat on tree-tops, and cook victuals on tree-tops—in the rainy season, i.e. as men under the stress of circumstances, not as apes, from choice and instinct.

For the western coast of New Guinea the Dutch are our chief authorities; and in the work before us, the Dutch authors generally speak for themselves. Extracts, therefore, are abundant—so abundant, that it is just possible Mr. Earl has not done himself full justice. He might have spoken as an independent observer oftener than he does. As it is, all his extracts seem to represent *bona fide* work. They are all from the Dutch; translated by Mr. Earl himself, and verified by his own research.

The word "Papua" should be limited to populations ethnologically allied to New Guinea. Blackness alone will not make a Papua. The negro, as his name denotes, is black. Nor does frizzly hair make a Papua, nor yet an eastern locality.

Now the Andaman islands lie in the Bay of Bengal. Why should their inhabitants be considered as Papuans, when the Bengalese of the continent are not? The only answer to this is in the fact of every one having done so. Their language connects them with the Indo-Chinese peninsula.

Again, there are blacks in the Philippines. Their language connects them with the other inhabitants. Why disturb this? The simple truth is, that the question of colour is a matter of "more or less;" and no brown inter-tropical family is without a whiter deviation and a

blackier deviation from the average hues. We submit that, if the word "Papua" is to have value as an ethnological term, it must mean the occupants of New Guinea, and the tribes allied to them, even though straight hair and fair skins be found amongst them, and black skins and curly hair occur elsewhere. The "alliance" is determined by the general evidence of the characteristics *en masse*.

The south-eastern parts of New Guinea still stand over. The authorities here will be English—Jukes, M'Gillivray, &c.; for some points, Mr. Earl himself. The necessity for care in the composition will thus become increased, inasmuch as the amount of extract, that is perfectly justified when taken from the Dutch, is scarcely safe or proper with English works. In respect to the judgment shewn in the selection of statements we suggest no improvement.

With respect to the second book that appears at the head of this article, we think this is pushing the old trade of literary resurrection-men too far. It has long been the custom, that, when a writer of any mark dies, a host of small fry, who were his correspondents or his listeners while he lived, flock to the booksellers, and strive each to gain the best price for a volume of "Reminiscences," or "Letters," or "Conversations," &c., as the case may be. This is turning the dead man's remains into money; of course under the pretext of a desire to pay him respect, and to benefit the public. Now and then a good or an amusing book is certainly called into existence in this manner; but in nine cases out of ten, these publications are alike worthless to the reader and injurious to the memory of the deceased. Niebuhr was in the world of classical literature unquestionably a great man, though not a little paradoxical in design, and sometimes rash and inconsistent in performance. His fame might have been well suffered to rest on the volumes of Roman history which he himself published: but since his death his disciples have given us (besides a life and memoir) two volumes of his Lectures on the History of Rome from the first Punic war to the death of Constantine; one volume on the previous Roman history (that being the very subject of Niebuhr's own published history); three volumes of his Lectures on the nations of antiquity, exclusive of the Romans; and now we have two smart and showy volumes put forth as the great man's Lectures on Ancient Ethnography and Geography. It must not be supposed that any of these lectures were written by Niebuhr himself. Niebuhr never wrote his lectures down at all. The youths, who attended him, took notes of what he delivered *extempore*; and it is from these "confused, fragmentary, and some-

times unintelligible notes" (as Dr. Schmitz himself terms them*) that eight volumes have now been constructed. Some of them contain unquestionably valuable matter; but all that is useful might have been condensed into half a volume: the other seven and a half are mere heaps of book-making; and these two last volumes are the worst of the Niebuhrian series.

It is peculiarly unfair towards Niebuhr himself to put the indiscriminate rakings from his old pupils' note-books before the world as Niebuhr's opinions. A pupil in a lecture-room is always apt to note down striking expressions and bits of sparkling paradox, and to omit the qualifying remarks with which the lecturer accompanies them. Moreover, an *extempore* lecturer must (like an *extempore* preacher) be very unequal. He must at times be dull, be inaccurate, and fall below the mark both in spirit and in sense. No man who is bound to deliver regular courses of lectures at stated times, and not merely to address an audience when he is in the vein for it, would like to be told, as he looks at his class, that —

"A chiel's amang them taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it;"

and we suspect that Dr. Isler and Dr. Schmitz would have heard very little ethnography and chorography from Niebuhr at Bonn, in 1827, if he could have foreseen the peril of Dr. Isler's publication at Berlin in 1851, and Dr. Schmitz's at London in 1853.

These two volumes of the two Doctors whom we have named are made up principally of a tediously long and minute description of Greece and Italy, with a less copious account of other districts, which the "*Orbis Veteribus notus*" contained. We decline to consider this book as a work of Niebuhr's. We are perfectly sure that he never would have published it thus: and, even if it correctly reports his lectures, the only legitimate inference is, that Niebuhr had an unusually dull class before him when he gave them, and that he was forced to adapt his discourse to his audience's capacity. A great number of anecdotes, of criticism on character, of philological and other maxims, are intermingled with the regular geographical parts of the lectures. Some of these are valuable, and shew the spirit of Niebuhr; but the majority are worse than worthless; and we hold it an injury to Niebuhr to attempt to affiliate them on him. For example, at p. 171, Vol. I., on Achæians in Phthiotis being mentioned after Achæians in Peloponnesus, we find this sentence—"A thoughtful ethnographer is content with the observation that people of the same

name lived in both countries, and that accordingly they were of the same origin; but he refrains from the attempt to explain the particular manner in which they were connected." Now we unhesitatingly assert that "a thoughtful ethnographer," whose thoughts are good for any thing, experiences no such content, and draws no such inference, when he finds identity of names in two separate nations. He knows that such assonance is most fallacious as evidence of their community of origin; but that it is an instrument which, if carefully worked with, may give important discoveries as to some nation which extends, or has extended itself between them. Thus we have the Welch in Wales, the Walloons on the Ardennes, the Wallachians in Wallachia; and (if we go to the German) we find the Italians called Welsche also. This does not shew that these four races, or that any two or three of them, are identical; but it *does* shew that Germanic populations have spread so as to come into contact with each of the four, and that each has received from its Germanic neighbours a German name which means "foreigner." Again, we find Caffres near our settlements at the Cape of Good Hope, and Caffres in Cafferistan, near the Hindoo Koosh. There is no affinity between these tribes; but the identity of name, Caffre (*i. e.* infidel), is a marvellous proof of the extent to which the Mahometan creed has been diffused over the vast tracts of country that lie between these two places. The same rule applies when arguing from the similarity of the names of places. It is frequently no proof at all that the places were inhabited by the same race; but it may be very clear evidence of the extent of dominion of some neighbour of them all. Thus, if you open a map of Spanish America, you will find in almost every part of it, from the Rio Negro to the Orinoco, names ending in "agua": as Omagua, Payagua, Achagua, &c. These names merely shew that tribes speaking the Guarani language came in contact with all these places.

We have dwelt particularly on this subject, because the effect of the publication of these lectures, as containing Niebuhr's opinions, is to make a great name honour a great delusion on this point, and also to discourage the use of the best key which the ethnologist can frequently obtain.

Turning to other subjects, we find, at p. 186 of the second volume, the following opinions on character imputed to Niebuhr—"Tarentum produced an Archytas, who was perhaps the greatest philosopher, mathematician, and statesman in all antiquity, unless we may except Thucydides, who, if he had wished it, might have become equally great in the sciences, but

* See preface to the Lectures on Roman History after the First Punic War.

he took no interest in them." Now, if Niebuhr really taught his pupils this, he committed the unwarrantable fault of asserting things to be historical facts without any evidence. Archytas is a very shadowy personage; but there is not the slightest proof extant, as to whether Thucydides loved the Sciences or not. He may, for all we know, have floundered at the Asses' Bridge before he made a mess of his operations on the Strymon. He may, on the other hand, have been bracketed with Meton for the silver medal in some Attic tripos, and may have astonished the natives by his astronomical observations, when he was rustivating in Thrace.

But in this, as in many other parts of the so-called "Niebuhr's Lectures," we think the report is inaccurate, rather than that the judgment is wrong. Sure are we that Niebuhr could not, when speaking of Melos (Vol. I., p. 189), have softened down the Melian massacre, that dark spot on Athenian history, by merely saying that "the inhabitants of Melos were sold as slaves." Nor can we believe that Niebuhr really uttered such a twaddling truism as that assigned to him at p. 308 of the same volume—"Epidamnus was the *causa contingens* of the Peloponnesian war. *It usually happens that a thing, when called forth by the force of circumstances, must in the end come to pass.*"

We have said that these hashings up of the scraps that fell in Niebuhr's lecture-rooms sometimes contain good matter, and we willingly conclude our notice of this book with a few extracts of the better quality. The following classification of history at the opening of the work is well put—

All history resolves itself into a knowledge of the circumstances in the midst of which events occur, and of the events themselves; in an abstract point of view the two are conveniently kept apart, although concretely they can never appear separated. A history which does not enter into the development of circumstances at all, and altogether presupposes them to be known, is scarcely conceivable, unless indeed it were written for contemporaries alone. Nevertheless, however, the one side or the other predominates, according to the predilection of the individual historian. Livy gives scarcely any thing but the narration of events; earlier historians were fond of occupying themselves with the description of circumstances; and the more ancient the historian the more striking is this peculiarity. Thucydides, the greatest of all historians, whenever he has an opportunity, as in his description of nations, dwells upon the representation of circumstances. In the earliest times, therefore, ethnography and chorography were always the principal objects of attention, while subsequently this tendency decreased more and more, and the narration of events alone was attended to. The two, however, ought not to be separated, for without a knowledge of the circumstances in the midst of which events take place, the study of history is altogether useless. The mere knowledge of a country, however, is not sufficient; the peculiarities of its inhabitants, its products and the like, must be well known to the student, and without this history has no life. On the other hand, we are often unable to picture to ourselves even modern European nations from a mere narra-

tive of events, unless we have at the same time some insight into their manners and customs. But the history of ancient nations more particularly cannot be understood without a knowledge of the circumstances arising from the peculiarities of their country. Philological knowledge is the *conditio sine quâ non*; but were a man ever so great a philologist, unless he be at the same time acquainted with the ancient constitutions, the political divisions, and the soil and climate of the countries, his ability to interpret the ancient authors would be nothing but "a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal"; he would be in the same condition in which we find the wretched grammarians of old.

There is great value in the suggestion which is given in the second volume, p. 140, to the philologist to trace the remains of ancient Greek in the modern Italian. "Traces of Greek words still exist in the Neapolitan dialect. The Italian word *Golf* is evidently from *κόλπος*."

We are not sure that the application of the following comment on the effects of too much study is correct, so far as regards either Pliny or Heyne, but the general shrewdness of the remark is unquestionable: it is peculiarly valuable when made by such a scholar as Niebuhr—"Pliny is one of those men, who, by immense industry, have made themselves dull: he is originally not deficient in intelligence and judgment. Many people carry reading and writing to excess. Heyne, for example, would have become a good philologist, had he not undertaken too much, and had he not thereby been obliged to cut many a knotty point without solving it." (Vol. II. p. 39.)

In speaking of the Roman cities in Spain, Niebuhr is led into some remarks as to Augustus, which are not only true as to that emperor, but have a wider interest and application. He says—

Spain is the real country of the great and flourishing military colonies of the Romans; Gaul had but few of them, such as Cologne, which, however, was of a mixed character, as Germans there dwelt together with the veterans. Cologne and Lyons were national towns rather than real military colonies of the Romans; but those in Spain were pure military colonies, differing from those of Italy in the fact that the latter, with the exception of Placentia and Cremona, were established in towns which had existed before, whereas those in Spain consisted of newly-built towns. These foundations of towns belong to the age of Augustus and his successors. Augustus evidently had a twofold object in view, first to reward his veterans, and secondly to Romanise the Spaniards. The population in those parts had been almost annihilated during the unfortunate wars, and hence Augustus sent out whole legions to establish themselves there. In this manner arose *Emerita Augusta*, the modern Merida, which must have been an immensely large town, for it contained the veterans of three legions. He gave them extensive estates, so that the territory of the town must have been a whole province, and the ancient inhabitants could not possibly till their lands. The veterans became the lords of the soil. *Cæsaraugusta* was a town of this kind. Augustus was a distinguished man, whatever we may think of him; in regard to intellect and talent we may rate him very low, and I believe that he even deserves to be ranked lower than is generally done; but he was a ruler of great ability; and the fact that the time

in which he lived was deplorable and full of confusion, must not induce us to be unjust towards him. The age in which he lived was morally bad, but the cause of this lay in the period which preceded it, just as the horrors of the French revolution must be set down to the account of those who had the power in their hands before it broke out: had these men been better, the ferment of the dregs of the people would have met with quite a different resistance. But the whole fabric was rotten and in a state of dissolution. In like manner the age of Augustus was bad, because it was the offspring of a bad and corrupt period. It was as impossible to save the Roman republic as it was to restore the republic of Florence after the reign of Alexander de Medici. The men who had conspired against Caesar may have been the best and noblest, but they were extremely unwise: they ought to have taken into account the actual circumstances. Alcmaeon, the profound Pythagorean, says, that men perish, if they do not understand how to fit the beginning to the end. This is very frequently the case in history; and hence the noblest endeavours often lead to unfortunate results. The regulations of Augustus for the government of the state were, for the most part, extremely praiseworthy.

I do not mean to say that it was his object to lead the nation to what is good and noble, or to ennoble their motives for action: in this he, like many other statesmen, had no faith: but he wanted to prepare for his subjects' security an undisturbed existence, and outward prosperity; and in this respect his efforts were well directed, and he did not regard the Romans as slaves. In like manner, his regulations concerning the provinces were very rational, and his colonies, among which Cæsaraugusta has immortalised his name more than any other, are proofs of the same wisdom.

We might add the sketch of Pyrrhus, the description of the Rhodians, and the explanation of the *Jus Latii* to these favourable specimens. But they are mere "Purpurei Panni" on the work. The general texture is such, that we hope this is the last yarn about Niebuhr's lecture-room that will be spun in Germany, Scotland, or elsewhere.

ANCIENT AND MODERN LONDON.

- I. *Legends of Old London.* By JOHN YONGE AKERMAN. Hall and Co. 1853.
 II. *Saunterings in and about London.* BY MAX SCHLESINGER. The English Edition by OTTO WENCKSTERN. Nathaniel Cooke.

Mr. Akerman has given the public half-a-crown's worth of wholesome, pleasant reading, written in a learned spirit, and spun forth from a head full of antiquarian lore. We cannot say that Mr. Akerman is a great writer of fiction; but he can do it well enough to make his pictures of old London pass pleasantly. The first story takes in the Cade insurrection; the next is occupied with the 'prentice boys of London, who were more important personages in those days than they are now; then a tragic story of a knightly gallant and a city dame; and then a few shorter legends, whence we shall select the shortest.

But first we must shew Mr. Akerman as an antiquary.

OLD ST. PAUL'S.

In the year 1086, the old, or original, building was, with a great part of the city, destroyed by fire; but soon after, Bishop Maurice conceived the design of raising the stupendous structure which, after a lapse of six hundred years, was doomed to perish, like its predecessor, in that awful conflagration, commonly termed "The Great Fire." Stow, in his "Survey," informs us that the second building was of such prodigious extent, "that men of that time judged it would never have been finished; it was to them so wonderful for length and breadth."

The ancient church, the ground plan of which was in the form of a cross, consisted of a body with north and south aisles, and two square towers at the north and south sides of the west front, the latter being the steeple of St. Gregory's church, which was attached to the cathedral. The architecture of the east end is described as very beautiful, being heightened by the additions made to it in the fourteenth century. The windows in the basement afforded light to the crypt and sub-chapels; those of the superstructure resembled the south transept of Westminster Abbey; while above them was a large circular window of exquisite carving. Over this window was a gallery with quatrefoils. The aisles were of the same character. The cloisters were two stories in height, the upper one having pointed windows, the lower forming an arcade. The nave was three stories in height, the first consisting of an arcade formed by eleven semicircular arches, supported by clustered pillars. The gallery story was in the same character, but the upper story was in the early pointed style. This portion belonged to the period in which the tower was first erected. The screen to the choir was executed in the fourteenth century; in fact, the general appearance of the interior of the building was that of a cathedral of the thirteenth, with additions and ornaments of the fourteenth century. The whole of the superstructure rested, like the cathedral at Canterbury, on arched vaults, which comprised the church of St. Faith, besides several chapels. The total length of the building was nearly seven hundred feet from east to west, and the height of the tower with its spire was upwards of five hundred feet.

The interior of the building afforded the grandest vista imaginable, comprising an uninterrupted view of the roof from east to west. The worship of the cathedral was celebrated with all the pomp and magnificence of the Catholic ritual, and it appears to have been crowded with citizens on all occasions.

To describe the numerous chapels, chantries, shrines,

and other consecrated etceteras contained within its walls, would occupy more time and space than our present limits afford. The curious may find an account of them in *Mugdale*, assisted by the spirited representations of the inimitable Hollar, to whose faithful hand the lover of our metropolitan antiquities is so greatly indebted.

In the area, within the angle formed by the south transept and the aisle, stood the elegant chapter-house, a structure of octangular form, the architecture of which resembled in style that of York cathedral; and on the north-east of the grand building stood that great "clochier" or bell-tower, described by Stow as "a great and high clochier, or bel house, four square, builded of stone, and in the same a most strong frame of timber, with four bells. These," adds that venerable authority, "were the greatest that I have heard, and were called Jesus Bells, and belonged to Jesus Chapel. The same had a great spire of timber, covered with lead, with the image of St. Paul on the top."

Sir Miles Partridge, the same writer informs us, staked a hundred pounds at dice, and won it of the tyrant Henry, when the bells were broken in pieces as they hung, and the building pulled down.

Such was the appearance which the cathedral of St. Paul presented before that event which old city inscriptions emphatically designate "y^e greate and dreadfull fire," laying waste ancient London, and destroying nearly every famous building within its walls.

Now for our specimen legend—

GEORGE CHILD'S SECOND LOVE.

Courteous reader! if you have not interested yourself with our metropolitan antiquities, and would know any thing of ancient London and its boundaries, before "the greate and dreadful fier," which laid the greater portion of it in ashes, you had need take a peep at the panoramic view of the faithful Hollar, from the top of St. Saviour's church; you will then see what a monster this Babel of ours has grown since that terrible event, and be enabled to picture to yourself its appearance in the first half of the seventeenth century. You may there count off the churches, the sites of which are now, in many places, merely churchyards, and all the other edifices which then rendered London venerable, but which fell "a prey to the devouring element," as our newspapers phrase it, in the days of the "most religious and gracious king."

But, if a change has come over the city, how great has been that of the suburbs! What rows of dull, uninteresting dwellings!—what an interminable line of brick and mortar!—what an endless succession of cockney "villars" now meet the eye, where green fields and hedges once flourished! Mile-end and Stepney, Shore-ditch and Hogsden (where Ben Jonson "killed his man,") Islington, Clerkenwell, and Holborn, and, lastly, Saint George's Fields, where Prince Hal played his mad pranks. It is not fire which has been busy here, but *man*. It is the especial delight of a thorough-bred cockney to destroy every tree which he himself has not planted;—but we are growing testy,—so to our tale.

Saint George's Fields were, as already said, not defiled with brick and mortar, and unpicturesque dwellings, in the days of the British Solomon, hight James the First, but, like other parts of the country around London, were the occasional resort of holiday folks in fine weather. The old people came to sniff the air of the country, young couples a sweethearting, and children for cakes and cream. Then there was no lack of hedge alehouses,

where the lovers of the regally denounced Indian weed might enjoy a whiff, without offence to majesty.

One fine afternoon, in the year 1605—(we love accuracy in dates; and, though our story will not be found in Howell, nor Aubrey, nor the collections of Rushworth, we defy the critic to pick a hole in our chronology)—one fine afternoon, then, in the year 1605, the third of the reign of the Royal Demonologist, a loving couple were seen strolling along a green lane, in the neighbourhood of the spot where now stands that classic erection, ycleped by Mrs. Ramsbottom “the Obstacle.” Anybody might have discovered at a glance that they were either lovers, or a newly-married pair who had not yet passed their honeymoon, they were so *very* loving, and used such an abundance of honied phrases. On they went, entirely engrossed by their own conversation; the lark was caroling above their heads, and the early note of the cuckoo was heard in the tall elms at a little distance; but neither were heeded by the fond couple, who stopped at length before a small cottage, at the door of which sat an aged woman, feeble and deaf, but busily engaged in knitting. There was a magpie in a cage against the wall, which began to chatter at the approach of the strangers, and a couple of goldfinches, disturbed, perhaps, in some more favourable spot by truant schoolboys, were assiduously making up for lost time, and building their pretty nest in the moss-grown branches of an old apple-tree, which grew in the garden in front of the cottage.

“The good time o’ the evening to you, mother,” said the young man. “We would fain hear what good or ill is in store for us.” And he placed a piece of money in her hand, taking, at the same time, that of his fair companion, which he presented to her, having first, unseen, drawn the wedding-ring from her finger.

“Ah! yes—marry, that would you—ay, in sooth,” muttered the old dame, as if talking to herself, while she put away the piece of money; then, fumbling with the fair hand which had been placed in hers, she continued aloud, “So you have tied the knot which man cannot untie, fair mistress. I warrant you would know how many tall sons and pretty daughters will call you mother?”

“Ha! how know you that I am married?” interrupted the young wife, withdrawing her hand. “Thou art a witch!”

“Softly, my love,” remarked the young man: “you would offend her if she could hear you. Harken to what she has to say.”

The bride, for such she really was, extended her hand again to the ancient dame, who had been looking at them both with the inquiring countenance peculiar to deaf persons, and the sybil continued, “Ah! fair mistress, you are light of heart now; but sorrow awaits you both.”

The bride again withdrew her hand, and said peevishly, “Come away, George; I don’t like the woman. Let us begone from such a boding owl.” And, taking the arm of her husband, she constrained him to leave the spot, and proceed homeward.

George Child was a notary, residing on the west side of London Bridge. He was an only son, and had been left a tolerable competency, though he still followed the profession of his father. He was a handsome young fellow, a captain in the city train-bands, dressed well, and associated with some of the gayest within the city walls. These companions, however, were abandoned when he married the daughter of a wealthy citizen, five years after his father’s death. She was a girl of great beauty; and, as the match was one of mutual affection, George was the happiest man in London. On the day with which our story commences he had strolled out with his bride, when he remembered the cottage of the old fortune-teller, of whom he had heard some of his companions speak. The result of their visit is already narrated.

Now Mistress Child, though a kind-hearted dame, was yet a woman; and the most uxorious husband will confess that the sex are often “uncertain, coy, and hard to please.” George found this out before the honeymoon

had passed. His wife was, besides, exceedingly superstitious; a very excusable thing, when we consider that the reigning sovereign maintained the existence of witches and demons, and many of the learned considered unbelief in such matters a sort of Sadduceeism. She “took on,” as the nurses say, and thought a good deal of the fortune-teller. She dreaded to know the worst, and yet she wished to visit the old woman again,—a wish which she communicated to her husband, who used every means to dissuade her,—of course, in vain; so Mistress Child, attended by her maid, stole out one day to the cottage in Saint George’s Fields. What she heard is not precisely known; it will be sufficient to say, that it made her perfectly miserable, and that all the endearments of her fond husband were insufficient to chase away the settled melancholy which took possession of her: her health declined daily, and six months after their marriage George Child was a widower.

We shall not dwell needlessly on the distress of the bereaved husband, who seemed crushed by the weight of his affliction. He shut himself up, and refused to see even his most intimate friends and neighbours, who justly feared that grief would soon consign him to the grave. At length one of the companions of his more youthful days, a law-student, named Herbert, ventured to call, and endeavoured to withdraw him from the melancholy seclusion to which he had devoted himself. Though a gay fellow, Herbert, touched by his friend’s altered appearance, with much tact proceeded to engage him in conversation, and succeeded so well that he suffered himself to be enticed abroad again. Having once yielded, George Child could no longer endure the solitude of his own chamber; every thing reminded him of his beloved wife. He contemplated giving up business, and retiring into the country; but his friend dissuaded him, alleging that it would only furnish him with food for melancholy. Wretched, indeed, was the condition of the young notary, when, after spending the evening with his friend, he returned to his desolate home, where so many objects recalled the recollection of what he had for ever lost. Home, at length, became intolerable, and George sought to overcome his sorrow by indulgence in dissipation. The theatres and the bear-gardens were his frequent resort, the intervals being filled up at the tavern.

One fine afternoon, George Child, his friend Herbert, and several of their companions, were assembled at a tavern called the *Mermaid*, in the neighbourhood of the Globe theatre, on Bankside. The wine was circulating freely, and song and joke made the upper room, in which they were assembled, ring with their merriment. Any casual looker-in would not have supposed that George Child was so young a widower. While thus engaged, the sound of a pipe and tabor was heard in the neighbourhood.

“Ha!” cried Herbert, jumping up, and looking out, “there’s a pipe and tabor! By Cock and Pie! I never heard the sound without finding my feet keeping time.” And he began to skip about the room.

“Ha! ha! ha!” laughed one of the company, Will Harrison, the son of a city alderman. “I saw Bruin dance the same pavise at the Bear-Garden yesterday! Bring thyself to a seat, and I’ll sing thee a song made by Jack Davy, the player on this same pipe and tabor.”

“A song! a song!” cried the company; and Herbert sat down, while Harrison, with a preparatory hem or two, sang as follows:—

“He, for the sound of pipe and tabor!

’Tis music fit for prince or king;

The one we’ll blow, the other belabour,

Till we make the welkin ring:

The wailing flute

May lovers suit;

But pipe and tabor

Give to me;

We’ll foot it while the sun goes down;

Then thump and blow right lustily!

"There's bandy Will, the serving man,
And lusty Mat, the miller's son,
And Kate, and black-eyed Marian,
Who love a dance when work is done.
Pan made such strains
For village swains.
Let every one,
His labour leave:
We'll foot it while the sun goes down,
Like merry gnats on a summer's eve."

By the time the applause which followed this song had subsided, the authors of the music were under the windows. They were three countrymen, dressed up with ribbons as morris-dancers; one of them carrying a pipe and tabor. They were accompanied by a buxom wench, as Maid Marian, who danced with a vigour that quite delighted the company. They were rewarded with several pieces of money.

"Bravely danced, wench!" cried George Child, throwing the girl a groat; "what is thy name?—thy face bespeaks a light heart."

"Millicent, sir," replied the girl, picking up the money, and curtsying as she spoke.

George Child withdrew from the window as he heard the name pronounced—it was that of his deceased wife; and, though the incident would have made but a slight impression on some minds, on his, in its morbid state, it acted like an electric shock, which almost deprived him of his senses. A few minutes afterwards he found himself in the fields on the south of the Thames, whither he had walked, scarcely conscious of his having quitted his companions, who naturally were surprised at his abrupt departure.

It matters not how long George wandered about in this manner; it will be sufficient to say that, exhausted by rapid walking, he sat himself on a stile, and looked about him with the air of a man who cared not where his next walk might be. London rose in the distance; the croad stream of the Thames glowed in the rich sunset, and the shadows of the trees and houses which studded the landscape were rapidly lengthening.

As he looked listlessly about him, George saw a lady, of elegant figure and gait, approaching the stile. Surprised at seeing her in that lonely spot, he leapt from the stile, which he supposed she was desirous of crossing. He was not mistaken: the lady drew nigh, and George, bowing gracefully to the fair stranger, proffered his hand, which she took without the least embarrassment, and assisted her in the ascent. He perceived that she wore a mask; which, however, did not conceal her mouth and chin, both of the most perfect form and expression. She smiled sweetly as she accepted the gallant offer, and disclosed a most beautiful row of teeth; and, as she reached the ground on the other side of the stile, George caught a momentary glimpse of the prettiest pair of ankles in the world.

"Fair mistress," said he, "your road is lonely; the evening is drawing in."

He was checked by the stranger, who laid her finger on her lip, and with a negative motion of her head, walked away.

"Strange creature!" thought George, "and as fair as strange! She took my hand with the familiarity of long acquaintance, and yet that gesture forbade me to advance a step."

He looked at the receding figure of the lovely stranger, who proceeded along the path with a rapid step, and a turning soon hid her entirely from sight.

"She is gone," continued the young notary, "and I may never see her again; yet that step will——"

He checked himself suddenly, as if his soliloquy could be heard; and, quitting the spot, walked homewards, musing on his adventure.

From that evening the young notary had no relish for the society of his companions; and it was soon whispered

abroad that George had found matter more attractive. Indeed, a tradesman living at the bridge-foot had told his neighbours that he had, one afternoon, while returning from Lambeth, seen Child walking in the fields with a lady of elegant figure, wearing a mask, which concealed the upper part of her face, but left the lower part uncovered; and that, as she conversed, she was observed to display a remarkably beautiful set of teeth. These vague gossipings were soon verified, and the story of George Child's acquaintance with the masked lady was rife in every tavern in Southwark.

One evening the notary had just returned from the city, when a youth who acted as his clerk came in to say that a lady was waiting in the outer-office, and was very desirous of seeing him on important business. Desiring that she should be immediately admitted, George arranged his ruff, smoothed his doublet, and twirled his moustache into its most inviting shape. He had scarcely effected this important preparation when the visitor entered.

"By this light! you are welcome, my sweet mistress!" cried the notary, in a transport of joy, handing his visitor a seat, and pressing her hand with much warmth: then, closing the door, he continued, "So thou art resolved to be no longer coy—eh? Come, let me remove that envious vizard, that I may behold those eyes, which I have seen but in my dreams. Come!"

He essayed to remove the mask; but the lady, with a very significant gesture, positively forbade it. George, restraining his ardour, sat down again, drew his chair close to his fair companion, and resumed—

"You promised when we last met that you would tell me how long you have vowed to wear that vile curtain, which shrouds so much beauty; prithee, speak!"

He concluded with one of the extravagant compliments in use by the coxcombs and euphuists of those days; at which the lady smiled.

"Master Child, thou art the veriest flatterer within this good city," said she: "methinks these honied phrases have oft been uttered to the disquieting of poor simple maidens."

"Prithee, cease," replied George; "thou dost belie me; or, if thou wilt torment me by unkind speeches, let me look upon thy features the while."

"Flatterer!" rejoined the lady, shaking her head, "they would soon become plain in thy eyes."

"Never!" exclaimed the young notary passionately.

"You have not performed your promise," continued his visitor playfully; "you swore to me that I should have that ring you value so highly; but, doubtless, it reminds you of one to whom you have already given your heart."

George Child felt his heart flutter almost to choking him. It was the ring which his wife in her dying moments had placed on his finger, exacting from him a promise that he would *never* remove it—a promise which he had bound by a solemn oath. It was a turquoise, set very plainly; but he valued it more than all he possessed in the world; yet he dared not think of *her* who had bequeathed it to him; to think of those sad moments was madness; to withhold it would give mortal offence to one who had entire dominion over him. With a groan of anguish, which he vainly endeavoured to suppress, George drew the precious relic from his finger; his heart swelled to bursting; his lip quivered, big tears filled his eyes; and the dying words of his wife rung in his ears. He held out the ring, seized the hand of the enchantress, and placed it on her finger; which, to his great surprise, was cold and rigid as an icicle.

With a powerful effort to repress his feelings, George raised once more his downcast eyes; but, as he did so, he beheld a sight which froze the blood in his veins. The mask of his companion was melting like wax before the summer's sun; it did not fall from her face, but seemed to become a part of it. Petrified with terror, he gazed at the appalling sight in speechless agony,—when, oh horror! the features of his deceased wife became ap-

parent. They looked at him for a moment with an expression of reproach and pity, and then vanished!

A few words will suffice to conclude this strange story. The boy who waited in the outer office, hearing a heavy fall, entered the room, and found his master lying on his face in a fit; but the lady was gone! The doctor came, and bled the spectre-haunted man; and, about two hours after he was sufficiently recovered to utter a few incoherent words; the purport of which was, that he wished to see the curate of St. Magnus. The curate came to him; and he subsequently related the particulars of his final interview with the masked lady.

Of course, in these matter-o'-fact times of ours the whole would be attributed to a diseased imagination, notwithstanding the collateral evidence of the boy; but in those days scepticism in such matters was considered akin to infidelity, and old and young religiously believed in the story of George Child being visited by his deceased wife; while King James, it is said, meditated a new book on demons and spectres; but the diabolical scheme to blow up his majesty, and his liege parliament, being detected soon after, the royal intention was never fulfilled. As for poor Child, he lived for some years afterwards, a victim to occasional fits of blue-devils, and *delirium tremens*, from which death at length relieved him, to the infinite delight of a poor cousin, to whom he bequeathed the bulk of his property.

Our readers are already acquainted with Max Schlesinger's book, from a notice we gave of the original German edition. (Vol. II. p. 286.)

A pleasanter or more entertaining volume it has seldom been our good fortune to meet with. "What!" exclaims some smoke-dried citizen, "can any thing new or amusing be said, at this time of day, about London?" Even so, most worthy man; and, if you doubt it, you have but to glance at brother Schlesinger's account of his saunterings. Scenes and doings as familiar to us as our own countenances, perhaps more so, are here presented, by the acumen and vivacity of our author, under so lively an aspect as to have all the effect of novelties. In the ceaseless revolutions of his kaleidoscope we have a succession of striking representations, the important parts of which, when we come to consider them, are selected from the homeliest materials. The freshness that characterizes these bright pictures is the result of the impression made upon him, as an intelligent and observant stranger. Occasionally, indeed, he will startle with a peculiarity we never perceived before. Most Londoners, for instance, will be surprised to hear that they must traverse a bridge in order to effect an entrance into their houses, which are, in other respects also, a species of fortifications. Here him prove this incontrovertibly.

At the first step a German makes in one of the London streets, he must understand that life in England is very different from life in Germany. Not only are the walls of the houses black and smoky, but the houses do not stand on a level with the pavement. A London street is in a manner like a German high-road, which is skirted on either side with a deep ditch. In the streets of London the houses on either side rise out of deep side areas. These dry ditches are generally of the depth of

from six to ten feet, and that part of the house, which with us would form the lower story, is here from ten to twelve feet underground. This moat is uncovered, but it is railed in, and the communication between the house-door and the street is effected by a bridge neatly formed of masonry.

Every English house has its fence, its iron stockade, and its doorway bridge. To observe the additional fortifications which every Englishman invents for the greater security of his house is quite amusing. It is exactly as if Louis Napoleon was expected to effect a landing daily between luncheon and dinner, while every individual Englishman is prepared to defend his household gods to the last drop of porter.

You may see iron railings, massive and high, like unto the columns which crushed the Philistines in their fall: each bar has its spear-head, and each spear-head is conscientiously kept in good and sharp condition. The little bridge which leads to the house-door is frequently shut up; a little door, with sharp spikes protruding from it, is prepared to hook the hand of a bold invader. And it is said that magazines of powder are placed under the bridge for the purpose of blowing up a too pertinacious assailant. This little rumour I give for what it is worth. It is the assertion of a Frenchman, whom the cleanliness of London drove to despair, and who, in the malice of his heart, got satirical.

Here again is a pleasant bit of satire.

We now approach the street-door, and put the knocker in motion. Do not fancy that this is an easy process. It is by far easier to learn the language of Englishmen than to learn the language of the knocker; and many strangers protest that a knocker is the most difficult of all musical instruments.

It requires a good ear and a skilful hand to make yourself understood, and to escape remarks and ridicule. Every class of society announces itself at the gate of the fortress by means of the rhythm of the knocker. The postman gives two loud raps in quick succession; and for the visitor a gentle but peremptory *tremolo* is *de rigueur*. The master of the house gives a *tremolo crescendo*, and the servant who announces his master turns the knocker into a battering-ram, and plies it with such goodwill that the house shakes to its foundations. Tradesmen, on the other hand, butchers, milkmen, bakers, and greengrocers, are not allowed to touch the knockers: they ring a bell which communicates with the kitchen.

All this is very easy in theory but very difficult in practice. Bold and otherwise experienced strangers believe that they assert their dignity, if they move the knocker with conscious energy. Vain delusion! They are mistaken for footmen. Modest people, on the contrary, are treated as mendicants. The middle course in this, as in other respects, is most difficult.

Two different motives are assigned for this custom. Those who dislike England on principle, and according to whom the very fogs are an aristocratic abuse, assert that the various ways of plying the knocker are most intimately connected with the prejudices of caste. Others again say that the arrangement is conducive to comfort, since the inmates of the house know at once what sort of a visitor is desiring admittance.

As for me, I believe that a great deal may be said on either side; and I acknowledge the existence of the two motives. But I ought to add, that in new and elegant mansions the mediæval knocker yields its place to the modern bell. The same fate is perhaps reserved for the whole of the remainder of English old-fogyism. There are spots of decay in those much-vaunted islands; and now and then you hear the worm plainly as it knows its way. I wish you the best of appetites, honest weevil!

We are not sure that bachelors are quite so uncereemoniously treated by the lady of the house

as here asserted ; but perhaps they ought to be, for the sake of the description.

Each story has its peculiar destination in the family geographical dictionary. In the first floor are the reception-rooms ; in the second the bed-rooms, with their large four-posters and marble-topped wash-stands ; in the third story are the nurseries and servants' rooms ; and in the fourth, if a fourth there be, you find a couple of low garrets, for the occasional accommodation of some bachelor friend of the family.

The doors and windows of these garrets are not exactly air-tight ; the wind comes rumbly down the chimney ; the stairs are narrow and steep, and the garrets are occasionally invaded by inquisitive cats and a vagrant rat ; but what of that ? A bachelor in England is worse off than a family cat. According to English ideas, the worst room in the house is too good for a bachelor. They say—"Oh, he'll do very well !" What does a bachelor care for a three-legged chair, a broken window, a rickety table, and a couple or so of sportive currents ? It is exactly as if a man took a special delight in rheumatism, tooth-ache, hard beds, smoking chimneys, and the society of rats, until he has entered the holy state of matrimony. The promise of some tender being to "love, honour, and obey," would seem to change a bachelor's nature, and make him susceptible of the amenities of domestic comfort. The custom is not flattering to the fairer half of humanity. It is exactly as if the comforts of one's sleeping-room were to atone for the sorrows of matrimony, and as if a bachelor, from the mere fact of being unmarried, were so happy and contented a being, that no amount of earthly discomfort could ruffle the blissful tranquillity of his mind !

It was truly comical to see Dr. Keif, when the lady of the house first introduced him to his "own room."

The politics and the police of Germany had given the poor fellow so much trouble, that he had never once thought of taking unto himself a wife. As a natural consequence of this lamentable state of things, his quarters were assigned him in the loftiest garret of the house. Dismal forebodings, which he tried to smile away, seized on his philosophical mind as he mounted stairs after stairs, each set steeper and narrower than the last. At length, on a mere excuse for a landing there is a narrow door, and behind that door a mere corner of a garret. The Doctor had much experience in the topography of the garrets of German college towns, but the English garret in Guildford Street, Russell Square, put all his experience to shame.

"I trust you'll be comfortable here," calls the lady after him, with a malicious smile ; for to enter the bachelor's room would be a gross violation of the rules and regulations of British decency ; and before he can make up his mind to reply she has vanished down the steep stairs.

And the Doctor, with his hands meekly folded, stands in the centre of his "own room." "Oh Bulwer, Dickens, and Thackeray"—such are his thoughts—and thou, "Oh Punch, who describest the garrets of the British bachelor ! here, where I cease to understand the much-vaunted English comfort, here do I begin to understand your writings ! If I did not happen to be in London, I should certainly like to be in Spandau. My own Germany, with thy romantic fortresses and dungeon-keeps, how cruelly hast thou been calumniated !"

There is a knock at the door. It is Sir John, who has come up for the express purpose of witnessing the Doctor's admiration of his room. He knows that the room will be admired, for to his patriotic view there is beauty in all and every thing that is *English*. His patriotism revels in old-established abuses, and stands triumphant amidst every species of nuisance. The question, "How do you like your room ?" is uttered exactly with that degree of conscious pride which animated the King of

Prussia when, looking down from the keep of Stolzenfels Castle, he asked Queen Victoria, "How do you like the Rhine ?" And equally eager, though perhaps not quite so sincere, was the Doctor's reply : "Oh very much ! I am quite enchanted with it ! It is impossible to lose any thing in this room, and the losing things and groping about to find them was the plague of my life at home in the large German rooms. A most excellent arrangement this ! Every thing is handy and within reach—book-case, washstand, and wardrobe—I need not even get up to get what I want ; and as for this table and these chairs, I presume that the occasional overturning of an inkstand will but serve to heighten the quaint appearance of this venerable furniture !"

"Of course," said Sir John, "certainly ! this is liberty-hall, sir. But mind you take care of the lamp, and pray do not sit in the draught between the window and the door."

He does not exactly explain how it is possible to sit anywhere except in the draught, for the limited space of the garret is entirely taken up with draughts. Perhaps it is a sore subject, for, with an uneasy shrug of the shoulders, the worthy Sir John adds—

"But never mind. Comfortable, is n't it ? And what do you say to the view, eh ? Beau-ti-ful ! right away over all the roofs to Hampstead !"

He might as well have said to the Peak of Teneriffe, for the view is obstructed with countless chimney-pots looming in the distant future through perennial fog. Sir John is struck with this fact, as, measuring the whole length of the apartment in three strides, he approaches the window to enjoy the glorious view of Hampstead hills. He shuts the window, and is evidently disappointed.

"Ah ! never mind ! very comfortable, air pure and bracing ; very much so ; very different from the air of the lower rooms. And—I say, mind this is the 'escape,' " says Sir John, opening a very small door at the side of our friend's room. "If—heaven preserve us—there should be a fire in the house, and if you should not be able to get down stairs, you may get up here and make your escape over the roofs. That's what you will find in every English house. Is n't it practical ? eh ! What do you say to it ?"

The Doctor says nothing at all : he calculates his chances of escape along that narrow ledge of wall, and thinks : "Really things are beginning to look awfully comfortable. If there should happen to be a fire while I am in the house, I hope and trust I shall have time to consider which is worst, to be made a male suttee of, or to tumble down from the roof like an apoplectic sparrow."

To the efficiency of the London Police, and its cause, he thus pithily does justice—

Adam Smith founds his financial theories on the division of labour. The division of labour is also the firm basis of the efficiency of the English police. Since they have not to perform all the functions which weigh on the shoulders of their helmeted and sabred brethren on the continent ; since they need not devote their attention to political conversations and movements in the case of individuals or of communities ; since they need not keep watch over and give an account of the movements and opinions of strangers and natives ; and since they have nothing whatever to do with the secrets of families, the leaders of the daily papers, nor with the unsealing and sealing of post-office letters ; they are at liberty to devote all their energy and ingenuity to the efficient discharge of those functions which are properly assigned to them.

At Temple Bar there is a Gordian knot of vehicles of every description. Three drays are jammed into one another. One of the horses has slipped and fallen. The traffic is stopped for a few minutes ; and this is a matter of importance at Temple Bar. Just look down Fleet Street—the stoppage extends to Ludgate-

hill. But half a dozen policemen appear as if by enchantment. One of them ranges the vehicles that proceed to the city in a line on the left side of the road. A second lends a hand in unravelling the knot of horses. A third takes his position in the next street, and stops the carriages and cabs, which, if allowed to proceed, would but contribute their quota to the confusion. Two policemen are busy with the horse which lies kicking in the road. They unhook chains and unbuckle straps; get the horse on its legs, and assist the driver in putting him to rights again. They have got dirty all over; and they must, moreover, submit to hear from Mr. Evans, who stands on the pavement dignified with a broad-brimmed Quaker hat, that they are awkward fellows, and know nothing whatever about the treatment of horses. In another minute, the whole street-traffic is in full force. The crowd vanishes as quickly and silently as it came. The two policemen betake themselves to the next shop, where the apprentice is called upon to brush their clothes.

Of the Post-office he says, in like spirit.

In this building business is going on at all hours of the day and the night. The loss of a minute would be felt by thousands, at a distance of thousands of miles.

Hence does it happen that at no time is there a want of complaints about the Post-office clerks and postmasters, while the officials, in their turn, complain of the carelessness and negligence of the public. The public's grievances find their way into the journals, in a "Letter to the Editor." The sorrows of the Post-office clerks obtain a less amount of publicity, but they may be observed on the walls of the great hall, where, daily, there is a list of misdirected letters, which have cost the postmen a deal of trouble. Directions such as—

"To Mr. Robinson,
"in
"America."

Or,—

"To Miss Henrietta Hobson,
"Just by the Church,
"in London."

However rich (some may think), these are not by any means rare; and such small mistakes, I dare say, will happen in other countries besides England, wherever there are simple-minded people who put their trust in Providence and the royal Post-office. In Germany, where every man, woman, and child is registered by the police, the postman may, as a last resource, apply to that omniscient institution; but in England, where the chief commissioner of the police is so abandoned as to be actually ignorant of the whereabouts of honest and decent citizens, the Post-office is deprived even of this last resource. The case would be pitiable in the extreme, but for the comfortable reflection that in England the police do not interfere with the post. The convenience, on the one hand, is by far greater than the inconvenience on the other.

London fogs cannot hope to escape his face-tiousness.

Since Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt, and Lola Montes into a Countess of Landsfeld, there has not, as far as I know, been any female being so much abused as the London sun;* but the reasons of such abuse are diametrically opposed. The two first-named ladies were found fault with because they saw too much of the world, while the London sun is justly charged with a want of curiosity. It turns its back upon the wealthiest city in Christendom; and, in the presence of the most splendid

capital in Europe, it insists on remaining veiled in steam, fog, and smoke.

The London sun, like unto German liberty, exists in the minds of the people, who have faith in either, and believe that either might be bright, dazzling, and glorious, were it not for the intervention of a dark, ugly fog between the upper and nether regions. It happens, just now, that we have not seen the sun for the last three weeks. But for the aid of astronomy, which tells us that the sun is still in its old place, we might be tempted to believe that it had gone out of town for the long vacation; or that it had been adjourned by some continental constitutional government; or that it was being kept in a German capital, waiting for the birthday of the reigning prince, when it must come out in a blaze; for this, I understand, has been the sun's duty from time immemorial. A three weeks' absence of the sun would make a great stir in any other town. The Catholics would trace its cause to the infidelity of the age; the Protestants would demonstrate that the sun had been scared away by certain late acts of Papal aggression; and the Jews would lament and ask: "How is it possible the sun can shine when the Bank raises its rate of discount?" But the Londoners care as little for a month of *chiaroscuro* as the Laplanders do. They are used to it.

We might multiply extracts, did space permit, but we cannot conclude them without citing the following appropriate tributes to the aristocracy and the Court of England:—

Those who have seen the Prater of Vienna in the first weeks of May will be rather disappointed with the aspect of the drive in Hyde Park, where the upper classes of London congregate in the evening between five and seven o'clock, partly to take the air, and partly because it is considered fashionable to see now and then, in order to be seen. Extravagant turns-out and liveries, such as the Viennese produce with great ostentation, are not to be found in London. The English aristocracy like to make an impression by the simplicity and solidity of their appearance, and the metropolis is the last of all places where they would wish to excite attention by a dashing and extravagant exterior. They have not the least desire either to dazzle or to awe the tradespeople, or to make them envious. They are too sure of their position to be tempted to advertise it: whoever wants this assurance cannot pretend to belong to the aristocracy. By far more interesting, and indeed unrivalled, is Rotten-row, the long broad road for horsemen, where, on fine summer evenings, all the youth, beauty, celebrity, and wealth of London may be seen on horseback.

It is really miraculous that, in a country which is governed by a Queen, and one who inherited the crown at an early age, there has never been made mention of court and other intrigues, which influenced the conduct of public affairs. Say it is merely by accident; say that such accident is partly owing to the coldness of the current which runs in the veins of English women; or, if you please, think of the olden times, when the women of Whitehall made history in as shameless a manner as any women in the Tuilleries or Versailles. No matter! It has been reserved for the 19th century to create a Woman's Court, which excludes all love-intrigues. Such a thing is impossible in France; and if possible, the French would not believe it, nor would they up put with it. A government without female interference, quarrels, and corruption! Monstrous, at least to the French, who, rather than live under such a government, would choose to live under an austere Catonian Republic.

He falls, as might be expected, into a few mistakes of a trivial character, as that English ladies have special days for receiving visitors; that young men of fashion amuse themselves by

* The sun—*die Sonne*—is feminine in German.

driving public omnibuses; and that a general prejudice against foreigners prevails in England —“What a pity he is a foreigner” being, as he alleges, the usual addendum to any amount of praise otherwise awarded to a visitor to our shores. *Per contra*, he is deep in the arcana of our great public establishments, as the Bank, the Post-office, the *Times*-office; and enters into details on various other subjects which may instruct even the most experienced and hardened Londoners. Having said thus much, we are bound to add, that the credit due to the author for his spirited sketches of our public and private life and manners is equalled, if not surpassed, by that which must be awarded to his friend and countryman, Otto Wenckstern, who has invested him in the English garb in which he appears before us, and whom, but that we have his word for the contrary, we should unhesitatingly set down as one of ourselves, so consummate a command has he of our language. Not only does his style display the flow, vigour, and easy assurance of a practised writer, but he is thorough master of colloquialisms.

We cannot, indeed, pass too high an encomium upon the manner in which Mr. Wenckstern has acquitted himself of his task of translator: in ordinary hands the spirit of the original would have disappeared utterly. As it is, Max Schlesinger has, like a bishop, profited considerably by the operation.

BUNN ON AMERICA.

Old England and New England. By ALFRED BUNN. 2 Vols. 8vo. Bentley, 1853.

SMART, clever, and agreeable, apparently superficial, but nevertheless sound. This is just the work we should have expected on America from the ready pen of the *ci-devant* lessee of Drury Lane. We know not whether Mr. Bunn has succeeded in the difficult task of pleasing the Yankees, who are as susceptible as the veriest coquettes of the slightest defect being found in the Union, even though all their beauties be otherwise lauded to the skies—from their hotel system to their legislative representation; from Colt's revolvers to canvas-back ducks. We cannot really undertake to affirm whether, were Alfred Bunn to shew himself on the other side of the Atlantic, he would be lynched by the "democrats," or entertained at the Astor House by the corporation of New York. If the manly, straightforward, honest observation of an Englishman, seeing so much to approve and admire that he feels he ought to be allowed now and then, in minor matters, to find fault, be estimated as it ought to be in America, Mr. Bunn will receive a hearty welcome when he next pays a flying visit to New England. Our author is far too shrewd, bustling, and smart a man himself, not to appreciate the sterling worth of the free and enlightened citizens of that Republic, bounded, as we have been informed, on the north by the aurora-borealis, on the south by the whaling discoveries, on the east by the rising sun, and on the west by "as far as we darn please." He was prepared to be amused and instructed, and to amuse and instruct in turn. His work is decidedly a fairer estimate of American character, manners, customs, prejudices, virtues, and predilections, than any thing we have seen, from the coarse, vulgar caricatures of Mrs. Trollope, to the "mistake" of Mr. Dickens.

Mr. Thackeray has not yet written a book on America. We suspect he dares not, since he intends returning thither. His temper and his prejudices would doubtless cause him to praise America, in a manner that would be any thing but agreeable to "enlightened citizens."

Mr. Bunn's book being wholly without literary pretensions, with the exception of a few poetical fragments, which are certainly clever and original, we feel that we best do justice to it by selecting a few quotations. With his known *penchant* for anecdote, the ex-manager has given us some capital stories, both new and old, and a few that are old without being capital. He has lugged in by the head and ears a great deal about the drama, and some gossip about Mrs. Butler and Jenny Lind,

pleasant enough in its way, but having very little to do with America. If a story or a joke chance to strike him, he tacks it on in the shape of a note, if he has compunction about inserting it in the main body of the work. In fact, the book is *Bunn* all over, and therefore, *ex necessitate rei*, cannot fail to be covered with *plums*.

We give the following quotations without further prelude.

ON THE EDUCATION OF AMERICANS—BOSTON.

The general character of New England is, to a very great extent, embodied in the people of Boston, the constitution of either of the six States differing in reality very little. They may each have some extra form of internal government, some fluctuating code of bye-laws, or some local distinction; but the system, social and civil, is the same. The best society of Boston is highly refined, and every class of its society is highly intellectual; indeed, the latter qualification is one of the grand ingredients of an American's constitution—one of the great secrets of his success in life, and of the standing of his country in the scale of nations. A fool is a rare fellow to find in most parts of the Union; for the small urchin, from the earliest dawn of reason, would think his family and himself for ever disgraced, if the badge of a blockhead could be fixed upon his brow. They are a reading public: from the daily literature on a newsvendor's counter, to the thoughtful volumes of the scholar's study, nothing escapes their attention; and to such a pitch is this determination to acquire knowledge carried, that the coachman who drives you to hear a lecture will pay his money to go in and attend its delivery. It is a perseverance of the highest character, and most honourable to the energies of a nation.

Here is an amusing account of the reception M. L. Kossuth and his friends experienced in America. This M. Kossuth is the ex-attorney who, as our readers may remember, was engaged some time ago in an unsuccessful rebellion in Hungary.

THE "HUNGRY-ARIANS" AND THE YANKEES.

The "Kossuth Reception Committee," including the Mayor in their number, entered into an arrangement with the landlord of 'Irving House,' in Broadway—not for the expense of a simple public dinner, and there's an end on 't, but for the board of Kossuth and his suite during the whole period of their stay in New York! A bargain was struck at the rate of two dollars a-day per head, the exact amount of which may be arrived at by a perusal of the subjoined account, transcribed *verbatim*:

Corporation of the City of New York.

To D. D. Howard, Dr.

DOL. CENT.

1851—To entertainment of Hungarians, by direction of the Special Committee of the Common Council, from 11th November to the 21st December 1851	14,299	87
Deduction, as proposed	1000	00
	13,299	87

Cr.—By Cash	10.000	00
	3299	87
1852—To board for forty for five days (at which time the Committee stated the Common Council would be no longer responsible) at 14 dollars per week, with sundries, 65 dollars	400	00
Sundries for same time (cigars, &c.)	39	78
Balance Due	3739	65

New York, January 5, 1852.

This is a copy of a bill furnished to the Corporation, respecting the balance of which, in November last, a strong debate arose in the councils of the aforesaid body corporate. Alderman Smith thought himself much more of a gentleman than Alderman Sturtevant, and moved for payment in full—Alderman Sturtevant doubted Smith's self appreciation, resisted the fulness of payment, and followed it up by telling Smith that he didn't speak the truth, which led to Smith telling Sturtevant that he—did. However, the bill was ordered to be paid (the whole of the expenses, it is said, amounted to 20,800 dollars)—paid! to uphold a man whose name they are positively ashamed at this moment to mention. It was indescribably droll to hear Sturtevant's account of these beggars' proceedings. It seems they indulged in all the excesses of this go-a-head city—such as going up to the bar in the morning! and each man ordering a bottle of champagne to "his own cheek" (*Anglicè*, for his own consumption), and filling his pockets with the best Habana cigars, which cost sixty dollars a thousand; then coming in at noon on a rainy day, and lying down on satin sofas or clean beds, in dirty boots, and other incredible specimens of unadulterated *sung-froid*.

The only "intervention" which has thus far arisen out of Kossuth's visit here was the intervention of several Aldermen to prevent, if possible, the payment of the above-recited bill. These warlike pourmands must have gone away, laughing in their sleeves at the extraordinary placidity and generosity of their worthy hosts. Twenty thousand dollars! why that sum would have equipped as many Hungarians, to have fought over again the battle for freedom. Of one thing, however, you may be assured, that there was not a man amongst them who did not prefer the present mode of expending that romantic amount.

We believe it is Mr. Dangle in the "The Critic" who says, "Give these fellows a good thing, and they never know how to make enough of it;" a doctrine which seems to have been acted upon by the lionised Louis Kossuth. It was not deemed, apparently, by any means sufficient to have board and lodging found himself and his companions for more than fifty days—that was all very well, as far as the lining of the body was concerned; but the lining of the purse was of still graver consideration; and an expedient was hit upon, which surpasses every notion of empyrics yet concocted. The veriest stroller in "wakes, and fairs, and market towns," the essence of all gagging that an itinerant tumbler ever resorted to, the impudence of every bottle conjuror in existence, could not, and cannot, equal the splendid scheme created by this Hungarian Dulcamara. He gave a course of lectures or harangues at various places, the admission to which was the purchase, by virtue of an American dollar, of—of what does the reader imagine? A note—"payable on demand one year after the establishment of the independent Hungarian Government, at the National Treasury!" "In fact" is a very important part of the undertaking to pay! After the establishment, &c.! why he might just as well have said, "after the day of judgment," while he was about it.

MR. BUNN LECTURING. "THEY DON'T LAUGH DOWN TO CHELSEA."

Our first attempt in a semi-clerical character was in the good town of Chelsea, some three miles distant from Boston, to which we were conveyed in a carriage, under convoy of a sober-sided gentleman, whose demureness of manner savoured very strongly of puritanical inspirations. As we journeyed along, he took occasion to say, that, having heard us lecture the preceding evening in Boston, it was as well to let us know at once, though he himself laughed "some," yet they never laughed down at Chelsea. We naturally inquired how they got on without such a pleasant companion, in life's rough journey, as a hearty laugh. "Don't know—can't say nothin' about that, I guess, but they don't laugh down at Chelsea," said he. "Odd folks," thought we; but we made our way to the dais beneath the pulpit, and took (for the first time from such a spot) a full survey of a full congregation. Directly under our very nose were seated a body of youths and their lasses. "They must laugh," thought we; and resolving to make an experiment, we ventured upon the smallest and quietest of all possible jokes. The consequence was a suppressed laugh, which, upon our embarking in another bit of fun, emerged into a titter, and ended, on our making a further appeal to their risible faculties, in a downright roar!

The good Samaritan accompanied us home, and before we parted we ventured to observe: "Why, friend, we understood you to say that they never laughed down at Chelsea." To which he replied; "Well, can't understand it, no how; but won't our pastor 'give 'em all fits' next Sunday!"

AN AMERICAN HOTEL-KEEPER TAKEN IN BY AN IMPOSTOR.

Mr. Stetson, the well-known and esteemed proprietor of the Astor House, told us that a fellow came one day and took apartments at his hotel, where his style of living was profuse, his manner pleasant, and his air quite patronizing. As, however, no symptoms of payment manifested themselves, the waiter had orders to apply for the amount of his bill: he might as well have asked him to swallow at one mouthful the various items in it. At last, Stetson himself went to demand it, and perceiving by the dogmatic manner in which he spoke of every thing that he meant to pay for nothing, Stetson said, "Well, I see how it is: and if you'll go and play this trick at the 'American Hotel,' I'll forgive you the whole account." Upon which the varlet instantly and coolly replied, "Oh, I've been there, and they sent me here!"

THE "BRIDAL CHAMBER" AT THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, NEW YORK.

A room, called a bridal-chamber (originally introduced, we understood, in the huge steam-boats of various rivers), has been fitted up in the most luxurious and fascinating manner at the aforesaid 'St. Nicholas.' Upholstery cannot be more expensively or more tastefully carried out; the entire articles of bed furniture (save and except a lace counterpane of Valenciennes lace, said to have cost six hundred francs!) of window-curtains, chair and toilet covers, &c., being made of rich white satin, and the walls of the room fluted with the same, while the China ware is delicately coloured, and ornamented in burnished gold. To the beauty or the expense of these apartments, whether on land or water, there can be no possible objection; but we protest in the most emphatic manner against the apparent purpose to which they are devoted. The cheek of a brazen woman might be lighted up on her being ushered into such a sumptuous apartment, at the very outset of her bridal tour; but that of a modest one would be diffused with blushes at the bare idea of being gazed upon by any eye save that of the partner of her heart. The coarse joke, the impudent inquiry, the vulgar innuendo, or any species of ribaldry, are revolting substi-

tutes for the dignity, the respect, the delicacy and sanctity that ought to be maintained on such solemn and interesting occasions.

While upon the subject of American travel, the following incident, recently communicated to us, is so characteristic of life in the "far West," and so *à propos* to this subject, that, as it has not previously appeared in print, we make no apology for subjoining it.

The late celebrated Mr. Clay was a man of great resolution and considerable daring. He once told the following anecdote to a friend of ours. Travelling, in early manhood, in a public conveyance in a South-Eastern State, he found himself in the company of three other persons, consisting of a young lady and gentleman, probably her husband or brother, and an individual muffled up in a cloak, whose countenance was concealed, and who appeared to be indulging in a *tête-à-tête* with Morpheus. Suddenly a big, brawny Kentuckian got into the coach smoking a cigar, and frowned fiercely around, as much as to say, "I'm half horse, half alligator; the yaller flower of the forest, all brimstone but the head and ears, and that's aquafortis." In fact, he looked as savage as a meat-axe, and puffed forth huge volumes of smoke, without reference to the company within, especially of the lady, who manifested certain timid symptoms of annoyance. Presently, after some whispering, the gentleman with her, in the politest accents, requested the stranger not to smoke, as it annoyed his companion. The fellow answered, "I reckon I've paid my place. I'll smoke as much as I darn please, and all hell sha'n't stop me no how." With that he looked dangerous, and rolled his eyes round as fiercely as a rattlesnake. It was evident he had no objection to a quarrel, and that if it occurred it was likely to lead to a deadly struggle. The young man who had spoken to him shrunk back and was silent. Clay felt his gallantry aroused. He considered for a moment whether he should interfere; but experienced a natural reluctance to draw upon himself the brutal violence of his gigantic adversary. In that lawless country, he knew his life might be sacrificed unavenged. He felt himself physically unequal to the contest, and he thought, after all, it was not his business Quixotically

to take up another man's quarrel. Feeling pity for the insulted, and disgust towards the insulter, he determined to take no notice; when, very quietly indeed, the cloaked figure in the corner assumed an upright position, and the mantle was suffered to fall from it without effort or excitement. The small but sinewy frame of a man, plainly dressed in a tightly-buttoned frock-coat, with nothing remarkable about his appearance, was seen; and a pair of bright grey eyes sought the fierce optics of the ferocious Kentuckian. Without a word, this "lay figure" passed his hand under his collar at the back of his neck, and slowly and deliberately pulled forth a long—extremely long—and glittering knife from its sheath in that singular place.

"Stranger," he said, "my name is Colonel James Bowie, well known in Arkansas and Louisiana, and if you don't put that cigar out of the window in a quarter of a minute, I'll put this knife through your bowels, as sure as death!" Clay said he never forgot in after life the expression of the Colonel's eyes at that moment. The predominant impression made upon him was the certainty of the threat being fulfilled, and apparently the same conviction impressed itself ere long upon the offender. During two or three seconds his eye met that of Bowie. His was the weaker, and he quailed. With a curse, he tore the cigar from between his teeth, and flung it, scowling, but downcast, out of the coach window.

Upon this, Colonel James Bowie as deliberately replaced his long knife in its eccentric hiding-place, and, without saying a word to any body else, or even vouchsafing a glance at any one, re-folded his cloak around him, and did not utter another syllable to the end of the journey.

Bunn on spirit-rapping is worth reading; but it is singular that, professing utter disbelief in that absurdity, our author should give a personal experience, which, if correct, cannot be accounted for, according to him, otherwise than by supernatural means. We think, however, if Mr. Bunn will but turn to the article on that subject in Vol. II. of the *NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW*, he will find some elucidation of the mystery.

Mediæval Popes, Emperors, Kings, and Crusaders. By Mrs. WILLIAM BUSK. Hookham. 1854.

THIS profoundly learned work proposes, as the title-page announces, to give the history of the Holy Roman Empire and of the Holy Land, for nearly a century and a half of stirring times—from 1125 to 1268. The present volume, however, comes no further down than 1158, full one-third of it being occupied by an Introduction, designed to place the reader in a position readily to appreciate the situation and character of those about to be brought before him. This Introduction is divided into four sections; the first, containing a sketch of the political condition of Europe, Syria, and Egypt at the opening of the history, A.D. 1125. The second, a similar account of the Holy Roman Empire, that is to say, Germany and Italy (excluded from the first sketch); but more circumstantial, and tracing the development or transformation of Charlemagne's institutions into those prevalent at the same epoch. The third gives the origin of the contest for supremacy between the then acknowledged heads, Papal and Imperial, of Christendom, and the compromise that nominally closed it, though rather by a truce than a peace, with the political results of that struggle—a struggle, which may be regarded as the first effort of mind for its emancipation from thralldom to physical force, after the downfall of the Western Empire. It however soon “degenerated into an outrageous usurpation of arbitrary power, a tyrannous oppression of lawful authority, superior as well as inferior, clerical as well as lay: thus following the usual reckless course of revolutions; those political tempests which, like their meteorological prototypes, whilst they spread temporary devastation and misery around, yet purify the atmosphere; and, destroying the seeds of permanent evil, promote the wholesome development of life.”

This period is one of peculiar interest, inasmuch as being an age of intense feeling and passion, it was one also of ungoverned impulse, displaying the most glaring contrasts—“the extremes of vice and of virtue, of brutal ferocity and of chivalrous courtesy, of rude simplicity and of magnificence, profuse even to absurdity; of not only chivalrous and *troubadourish* idolatry of woman, but of female Professors at Universities, whilst Councils were deciding that woman—though certainly a human being, which earlier Councils had questioned—was of a nature so inferior as not to be susceptible of education.”

Finally, the fourth section professes to paint the intellectual, artistic, and social condition of the world at the close of the first quarter of the twelfth century; and a mass of

information is here condensed upon all the topics included under these heads; as, the learning, science, and literature; the arts, fine and useful; the manufactures; the spirit of legislation and of administration of the laws; the customs; amusements, and habits of life of those times.

The history, thus introduced, opens, after a slight sketch of the rise of the House of Hohenstaufen, the stock of the splendid Swabian dynasty of Cæsars, with the death of the emperor Henry V. childless, and leaving the elder son of his sister, the Hohenstaufen brothers, Frederic Duke of Swabia, and Conrad titular Duke of Franconia, his heirs. The immediate consequence—the nephews' right being disputed—is a contest for the crown, of which the eldest nephew, Frederic, very reasonably thinks himself sure; but his hopes are baffled by a series of manœuvres, and Lothar Duke of Saxony is in the midst of universal tumult, seated on the throne.

The chief events of Lothar's reign are his intervention in the affairs of Denmark, Hungary, and Poland, whose kings and dukes did homage to the emperor, or refused it, according to the relative strength of the parties; the prolonged aggressive civil war with the Hohenstaufen brothers; the transfer of Norman allegiance in Italy from the emperor to the Papacy; a schism in the Papacy; and, above all, the introduction, as mediator in most of these matters, of the most justly canonized of the Romanist hagiology, St. Bernard.

To Lothar succeeds the first emperor of the Swabian dynasty; not, however, as might be expected, Frederic, who had previously been disappointed, but his younger brother, Conrad III., a good man, with very fair abilities, and a stout knight. His reign is consumed in an energetic but unsuccessful endeavour to remedy the evils resulting from the various mischievous concessions with which Lothar had purchased his success, in the second crusade, which St. Bernard, at the Pope's command, preached—notwithstanding his own declared opinion that unbelievers, heretics, and Jews should be converted, not slaughtered. The motives to this crusade which Conrad led to Palestine appear in a short history of the Syro-Frank states since the year 1125, which displays the intrigues and dissensions that shook the necessarily-tottering kingdom of Jerusalem. A few interesting incidents enliven the whole. From this hallowed and gallantly-conducted though disastrous expedition Conrad returned, with impaired health, again to contend with the ambition of the princes of the empire, to lose

the promising son who had governed during his own absence, and to die, recommending to the electors as his successor, not his surviving infant son, but his nephew, Frederic Duke of Swabia, son to our deceased acquaintance of the same name and title.

Frederic I., surnamed Barbarossa from the colour of his beard and hair, ranks so decidedly amongst the very first of German heroes, that the peasantry believe to this day—or if they have been educated out of this last bit of romance, believed up to the beginning of the present century—that he is still alive, though wrapt in deep sleep, in the heart of some German mountain, where his beard has grown round and round the marble table at which he is seated, and whence he will issue when some critical emergency requires his presence. Of the reign of this emperor, the very impersonation of the chivalry of the age, who took Charlemagne for his model, and held it his imperative duty to redress every wrong, suppress every evil, and recover every loss incurred by the empire since the death of that model, the volume before us contains only six years, but they are well-filled years. We have, first, the proclamation, in a burst of enthusiasm, of the high-minded generous prince, the distinguished warrior, the pious crusader, and his coronation at Aix-la Chapelle; with an instance, even in that moment of elation, of the inflexible justice which was his peculiar characteristic. The first two years are filled with the pacification and repression of the incessant feuds distracting Germany; the recognition of imperial sovereignty in Denmark and Poland; and preparations for visiting Italy, in order to receive the imperial crown at Rome—preparations hastened by a scene at a Diet, where two citizens of Lodi, excited by the justice of the emperor's proceedings, armed themselves with a great crucifix a-piece, and fell at his feet in tears, to implore his protection for Lodi against the usurped tyranny of Milan. A picture of the disorders that have arisen in Lombardy during the reigns of Lothar and Conrad introduces the actual coronation progress, as the especial German name for this expedition of every emperor is here rendered. Upon the progress breaks forth that insolence of Milan, and some other Lombard cities under her influence, which gave birth to the long and finally unsuccessful contest, usually represented as a wanton attack by Frederick upon free states. The siege and taking of Tortona; a curious quarrel upon etiquette between the English Pope Adrian IV. and the emperor, in which the strong yields to the weak; an almost comic scene with the actual personification of Rome; the coronation, followed by a Roman insurrection; and the emperor's return to Germany, chastising mu-

tinuous towns, and evading or foiling Guelph machinations by the way; complete this chapter. The last comprises the remaining three years, the chief events of which are, the marriage of the emperor with the heiress of the county of Burgundy; the compromise which he at length effected between the pretensions of two of his uncles and his cousin-german, Henry the Lion, (an ancestor of Queen Victoria) to the duchy of Bavaria, one of the conditions being the creation of the duchy of Austria for one of the uncles, a son of Frederic's imperial grandmother, the Princess Agnes, by her second husband, a Margrave of Austria; and the serious offence given by the Pope to the emperor, producing such unanimous loyalty in Germany as obliged his holiness to explain it away.

The history is authenticated by a long list of books, studied, or consulted for the nonce; and a body of notes ends the volume, occasionally shewing the discrepancies amongst authorities through which the modern historian has to work his way as he best can, occasionally offering extracts from, and specimens of, the style and thoughts of those who have long been dust.

In this age, when little else is found to accord with the morbid taste of the *profanum vulgus* but negro novels, railway reading, or catchpenny periodicals, it is hardly to be expected that a standard work like this should at once meet with the appreciation it so justly deserves. When we look at the pile of literature that surrounds us, and survey the mass of worse than worthless books we have cast aside as not meriting even a passing comment, with the full conviction, at the same time, that many of them are hourly enlarging the banking accounts divers publishers, it is not without painful emotion that we take up a volume on which the research and the labour of a life must have been bestowed, and reflect on the chilling apathy it is too probably doomed to encounter from that public for whom the author has so arduously toiled.

Contrasted with the thousand flimsy ephemeral productions that run their brief course and are no more thought of, the present work stands forth indeed in brilliant and prominent relief. Its intrinsic merit, its singular and striking accuracy of detail, its historical fidelity, the truth with which the characters it describes are portrayed, unquestionably ensure its ultimate adoption as one of the few works, having authority, that treat of the remote but interesting period to which it particularly adverts. We trust that, for the honour of those in whose behalf the author has toiled, it may not be long ere she receives satisfactory indications that her zeal and laborious earnestness have not been expended in vain. The follow-

ing striking extract will convey a tolerable idea of her general style. We cite a passage descriptive of the rise of the Guelfs and Ghibelines.

It was in this very month, just seven hundred and thirteen years ago, that Conrad (the successor of Lothar), having been prevented from taking an active part in the Bavarian war, and finding himself tolerably free, led an army to the aid of his brothers, Frederic and Leopold.

Upon this occasion occurred two incidents of the character that renders a particular military operation worth selecting from the mass. One of these incidents is the first rise of those battle cries which became the distinguishing watchword, or, more properly, the names of the factions that for centuries distracted Italy yet more than Germany: the second ranks among those gratifying traits of humanity occasionally recorded by history, as a relief to the crimes that defile her pages; soothing the reader with a view of our common nature more pleasing than that afforded by the intrigues of statesmen, the reckless ambition of demagogues and conquerors, the aimless ferocity of multitudes, or the vindictive cruelty of princes.

Conrad found his brothers driven from Bavaria, and turning their arms against the Swabian possessions of the Welf family. One of these was Weinsberg, a town situated near the banks of the Neckar, as its name implies, upon a vine-clad hill. This the three brothers besieged: Welf hastening to its relief, attacked the besiegers, and a desperate battle ensued. It was in this battle that the antagonist cries of *Hie Waiblingen!* and *Hie Welf!* were first heard. The latter cry, Welf, the reader already knows to have been in a manner the patronymic of the Dukes of Bavaria, as well as the individual name of the leader of one of the armies then engaged: its use therefore upon the present occasion needs no explanation; and is only remarkable from its having been thenceforward adopted as the denomination of all enemies of the Swabian dynasty, in the first instance, and subsequently of the enemies of all Emperors whatsoever. As such, being Italianized into *Guelpho*, it was adopted by the papal party in Italy, some little influenced, perhaps, by the circumstance of that party being usually headed by the *Marchesi d'Este*, the kinsmen of the Welfs. The other, Waiblingen, is not quite so self-evident. It was the name of more than one castle belonging to the Hohenstaufen brothers, as part either of their patrimony, or of Henry V.'s bequest; but why it should have been used as the battle cry rather than the name of the Emperor, or of either of his brothers then present in the field, it were hard to say. So used it was, however, and, like the antagonist cry of Welf, both adopted as the name of the party that raised it, and, after being Latinized into *Guibelinga*, Italianized into *Ghibellino*.

The battle which gave birth to these cries was obstinately contested, but the victory was at length Conrad's, and its immediate consequence was the surrender of Weinsberg. The besieged, so long as they could hope for relief, had defended themselves resolutely, even when reduced to extremities. Now such hope had become an impossibility, and they offered to capitulate. But Conrad, well aware that their means of resistance were exhausted, required a surrender at discretion; and the only alleviation of the hardship of such a surrender they could obtain, was permission for the women to escape, by quitting the town ere the victors should enter it, the outrages they dreaded from the licence of a soldiery, at once exasperated at the long resistance they had encountered, and intoxicated with their recent hard-fought victory, with further permission to take with them, for their future support, as much of their property as each could carry on her back.

The victorious army was drawn up in battle array,

reluctantly awaiting the impending diminution of their anticipated booty in the departure of the weaker portion of the inhabitants with their treasure, ere they were to be allowed to enter, sack the town, and probably avenge their fallen comrades by the butchery of the men who had so pertinaciously withstood them. The Emperor, the Duke of Swabia, and the new Duke of Bavaria, were at the head of their troops, to see that the indulgence granted to the now defenceless women was not infringed. The gates were thrown open and the female procession came forth. But what was the amazement of the triumphant besiegers when every woman appeared, not loaded with jewels, raiment, or money, but staggering under the burthen of her husband, her son, her father, or her brother.

Frederic, who, as some writers affirm, was was "made of sterner stuff" than his brother, and who might be incensed by the devastation of Swabia, considered this attempt to rescue the men from the vengeance of the conquerors as a virtual infraction of the terms granted. He therefore pressed Conrad to insist upon the women's returning to their homes, taking, as had been intended, the means of their future subsistence, and leaving the men to their fate. And even this, he argued, would be a new favour, since in strict justice, by their attempted violation of the spirit of the indulgence granted them, they had forfeited all claim thereto, and ought to remain, like the men, at the mercy of the victors. But Conrad, whom his enemies had dared to accuse of two murders, shewed himself more clement or more chivalrous. His heart was touched by the self-devotion of the women of Weinsberg, and he replied to Frederic's arguments, that under no circumstances must the plighted word of a monarch be broken or evaded. Not only did he sanction the pious feminine abuse of his concession, but bidding them set down their living burthens, whom he dismissed unharmed, he sent them back to reload themselves with the valuables he had intended to bestow upon them, and which they, at the impulse of virtuous affliction, had disdained, ere he suffered his troops to seek solace in plunder and intoxication for the disappointment of their other irregular appetites, whether vindictive or licentious.

In commemoration of this transaction, the name of the town was changed by the citizens from Weinsberg to *Weibertreue*, literally, Women's-faith. It has since fallen into decay, but as lately as in the year 1820 the Wurtembergers, incited as aided by their Queen, erected upon the hill, a monument more consonant to the act it was designed to rescue from oblivion, than a magnificent temple might have been. It is an endowed edifice for the abode and maintenance of such indigent women as may have distinguished themselves by self-sacrificing fidelity.

To avoid inconveniently loading the pages with references, Mrs. Busk has subjoined a list of nearly an hundred writers on whose authority her facts are based. They comprise such names as those of Luden, Schmidt, W. and A. Menzel, Mannert, Politz, Schneller, Klemm, Zschokke, Sachs, Barthold, Dahlmann, Roepel, Sartorius Neander, and a host of other eminent historians.

Through all their very learned, very ingenious, but somewhat heavy productions, what ordinary reader could be expected to wade? Nay, it may be doubted whether a translation of any one of them would be endurable to his fastidious taste, seeing that the prolixity, in which the German, to whom time seems no consideration, delights, would, to British impatience, be intolerable. Our author therefore

has here skimmed the cream from the most important; and thence, and from other sources, has compounded a dish more adapted to compatriot palates; to wit, a comprehensive but condensed portraiture of society in those ages, and especially in Germany, where one of the living celebrities of that country finds the most complete, the almost idealized exemplification of mediæval characteristics.

We cannot conclude without bestowing our highest meed of praise upon the writer for the mode in which she has acquitted herself of her self-imposed but most arduous task. Would that there were in England more writers, possessing her research, combined with equal precision, powers of condensation, and purity of diction.

The Rise and Progress of the English Constitution. By E. S. CREASY, M.A., Barrister-at-Law, &c. &c. London: Bentley. 1853.

A GREAT defect in the cultivation of knowledge among us, is this—that, it is supposed that law is only for lawyers. In Italy and Germany a course of jurisprudence, more or less complete, is a necessary part of the University curriculum. But in England a man “reads law” when he is intended to “follow the law,” and not otherwise. And our Universities afford few facilities for this branch of education, though more important for an Englishman than for any one in the civilized world. In accordance with the same notion of *law for lawyers*, no one reads a law book except law students. Barristers rarely look into any law book except the Reports. Students read little more than will be hereafter useful to them in “the shop.” No one else cares to read any thing whatever about law. The consequence is, that in this country, where every other branch of knowledge is cultivated with success, and attains the highest perfection, law and jurisprudence are reduced to the level of a trade. We shall perhaps be answered, that however true our strictures, the system works well. Whatever may be said on this subject, it cannot be denied that we have arrived at a time to which the old notions are no longer applicable. The working of the constitution and of the law depends more than ever on the body of the nation; for the power and influence of public opinion and of the Press have increased, and are yet increasing.

These reflections will sufficiently explain why we attach great importance to works like that of Professor Creasy on the “Rise and Progress of the English Constitution.” Popular in its dimensions and language, yet learned and accurate in its details, it opens to the general reader a vast fund of knowledge hitherto practically out of his reach, and which he could not have obtained without a degree of research which few are willing to undertake.

The Professor adopts the method of the German historical school. He justly holds that the English Constitution is not the work of

jurists, nor even of legislators, but the result of events, and of the spirit and opinions and customs of various nations and races from whom the British nation descends, the progress of civilization, and the wants of succeeding generations. Like Savigny, he looks upon laws as first engendered amongst people, and then enacted by legislators and adapted by statesmen to the circumstances and exigencies of events. Thus he gives us an idea of the usages of the Germanic, Celtic, and British people, and the influence of the Church, which, as he justly says, “taught the unity of all, mankind, and practically broke down the barriers of caste and pedigree, by offering to all her temporal advantages as well as her spiritual blessings.” He presents to us the Roman element of municipal government; and he shews how all these causes produced those Saxon institutions which undoubtedly exercised a potent influence over the feudal laws afterwards introduced by the Normans. The Anglo-Saxon institutions are rapidly but most ably delineated in Chapter IV. “Even at the present day,” says our author, “we must look back to the Anglo-Saxon period if we would properly comprehend the principles of many of the most important and the most practical parts of our law and usages.”* He brings before us the analysis of Anglo-Saxon society, with its territorial division—the township—the tything—the hundred—and the shire—which exist to the present day. We then find, in a short summary, the result of the researches of Palgrave, Hallam, and Kemble, on the much disputed constitution of the Witan—the supreme assembly or Witanagemote. It was not a genuine English Parliament, annually elected by universal suffrage. It was an aristocratic body, summoned and presided over by the king, attended by the bishops, eorls or eorldermen, and probably by many residing near the place where it met. There were no representatives of the people at the Witan, invested with any power

* P. 42.

to take part in, or vote in its proceedings. It made laws, and rarely voted taxes. The king was bound to take its advice as to peace and war, indeed, upon all important measures of government. The Witan had the power of electing the king from among the members of the blood royal. On some occasions it exercised the power of deposing him for misconduct; and, in short, formed the supreme court of justice both in civil and in criminal causes.*

Here again, with some prudent apologies, the learned Professor acknowledges the influence of the Church and the clergy on civilization and the harmonious working of the state. "Whatever," he says, in the words of Kemble, "their class interests may from time to time have led them to do, let it be remembered that they existed as a permanent mediatory authority between the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak, and that, to their eternal honour, they fully comprehended the duties of this most noble position." "such a being as the serf had no existence in the eye of the law. But (to adopt again the eloquent words of Kemble) Christianity taught that there was something even above the state which the state itself was bound to recognise." The Church impressed the heavenly law by which the poor and needy, whom the costly law condemned to misery, were to be relieved; and the clergy presented their organization as an efficient machinery for the distribution of alms. The tithes and the ecclesiastical revenues contributed their portion; and thus, at every cathedral and every parish church, there was a fund for the helpless pauper, and officers ready for its administration."

The Professor then proceeds to the Norman clement. In Chapter V. he ably portrays the distinctive national character of that race. He then describes the changes produced by the Conquest, the miseries of Stephen's reign, and the period of comparative tranquillity enjoyed under Henry II. And in Chapter VII. he presents to the reader a comprehensive view of the Feudal System. After shewing the distinction between English and foreign feudalism, and the state of the nation at the commencement of the thirteenth century, we find an account of King John and the great event of Magna Charta. The next chapter (XI.) is particularly valuable; for it gives us the text of Magna Charta, which we all talk about, but which very few Englishmen have ever read. The text is accompanied by very useful notes. Our author fully shews the comprehensive character of that important fundamental law, which was not a stipulation for the privilege,

of the barons and the high clergy, but a security for the rights of all classes—from the Lord to the serf—and even for the foreign merchant, who might be supposed, in those early feudal times, to have been a very secondary object of protection. The learned Professor very ably traces to the Great Charter the leading principles of the Constitution, on which he thus sums up in the beginning of Chapter XIII.—

The government of the country by an hereditary sovereign, ruling with limited powers, and bound to summon and consult a Parliament comprising hereditary peers and elective representatives of the Commons—That the subject's money shall not be taken by the sovereign unless by the subject's consent, expressed by his representatives in Parliament—That no man be arbitrarily fined or imprisoned, or in any way punished, except after a lawful trial—Trial by jury—That justice shall not be sold or delayed.

The comments on these several articles, in the same chapter, are very able and useful.

The progress of the Constitution during the reign of the last ten Plantagenet kings, and especially the growth of the House of Commons, are described in Chapter XIV.: the tyranny of the Tudors is next rapidly sketched; an impartial view is then taken of the misguided policy of King Charles I. (pp. 271 and 272), and the Petition of Right is presented in the original text to the reader. This is a second great starting-point of constitutional history, whence our author proceeds to the later period, commencing with the Restoration and ending with the Reform Bill. We regret that this period has not been treated more at length by Professor Creasy, who has shewn himself so capable of doing it justice. But, on the other hand, his brevity has the advantage of bringing within a convenient space a number of important facts and principles with which all Englishmen ought to be familiar. Here again we have to thank him for his laudable care to give us the very text of the great laws which are the landmarks of the Constitution. Thus he presents to his readers the Bill of Rights at full length, commenting upon its chief points—passing by, however, the dispensing power (so ingeniously maintained by Mr. Chisholm Anstey† in his "Lectures on the Constitution"), but giving a fair idea of the effect of that celebrated statute. The remaining pages relate to more recent, and, indeed, to our own times. This book is a useful and valuable addition to our legal literature, and will open the pages of the British Constitution to

† "Guide to the History of the Laws and Constitution of England," consisting of Six Lectures, &c. &c., by Thomas Chisholm Anstey, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Professor of Law and Jurisprudence at the colleges of St. Peter and St. Paul, Prior Park, Bath. London: Stevens and Norton.

many who have not time for the more ponderous work of Blackstone.

Every intelligent Englishman, and every

Englishwoman, will find [this a readable and most improving book.

Yankee Humour and Uncle Sam's Fun. With an Introduction by WILLIAM JERDAN. Ingram and Cook. 1853.

A catchpenny for the railways, to which we are sorry to see Mr. Jerdan's name prefixed. It consists of very bad facetiæ, collected from the back Numbers of the "New York Mercury."

We will give the best page we can find. Captain Suggs is of course the shrewd dare-devil ruffian whom the Yankees delight to honour under a hundred different names, and in the characters of a hundred Crocketts and Suggses.

THE CAMP MEETING.

Captain Suggs was now the "lion of the day." Nobody could pray so well, or exhort so movingly, as "brother Suggs." Nor did his natural modesty prevent the proper performance of appropriate exercises. With the reverend Bela Bugg (him to whom, under Providence, he ascribed his conversion) he was a most especial favourite. They walked, sang, and prayed together for hours.

"Come, come up; thar's room for all!" cried brother Bugg, in his evening exhortation. "Come to the 'seat,' and of you wont pray yourselves, let me pray for you!"

"Yes!" said Simon, by way of assisting his friend; "it is a game that all can win at! Ante up! ante up, boys—friends, I mean—don't back out!"

"Thar aint a sinner here," said Bugg. "no matter if his soul's black as a nigger, but what thar's room for him!"

"No matter what sort of a hand you've got," added Simon in the fulness of his benevolence; "take stock! Here am I, the wickedest and blindest of sinners—has spent my whole life in the sarvice of the devil—has now come in on *narry pair* and won a *pile*!" and the Captain's face beamed with holy pleasure.

"D-o-n't be afeard!" cried the preacher; "come along! the meanest won't be turned away! humblo yourselves and come!"

"No!" said Simon, still indulging in his favourite style of metaphor; "the bluff game aint played here! No runnin' of a body off! Everybody holds four aces, and when you bet, you win!"

And thus the Captain continued, until the services were concluded, to assist in adding to the number at the mourners' seat; and up to the hour of retiring, he exhibited such enthusiasm in the cause, that he was unanimously voted to be the most efficient addition the church had made during that meeting.

The next morning, when the preacher of the day first entered the pulpit, he announced that "brother Simon Suggs," mourning over his past iniquities, and desirous of going to work in the cause as speedily as possible, would take up a collection to found a church in his own neighbourhood, at which he hoped to make himself useful as soon as he could prepare himself for the ministry, which the preacher didn't doubt would be in a very few weeks, as brother Suggs was "a man of mighty good judgement, and a great discourse." The funds were to be collected by "brother Suggs," and held in trust by brother Bela Bugg, who was the financial officer of the circuit, until some arrangement could be made to build a suitable house.

"Yes, breethring," said the Captain, rising to his feet; "I want to start a little 'sociation close to me, and I

want you all to help. I'm mighty poor myself, as poor as any of you—don't leave, breethring"—observing that several of the well-to-do were about to go off—"don't leave; ef you aint able to afford any thing, jist give us your blessin', and it'll be all the same!"

This insinuation did the business, and the sensitive individuals rescated themselves.

"It's mighty little of this world's goods I've got," resumed Suggs, pulling off his hat and holding it before him; "but I'll bury *that* in the cause any how," and he deposited his last five-dollar bill in the hat.

There was a murmur of approbation at the Captain's liberality throughout the assembly.

Suggs now commenced collecting, and very prudently attacked first the gentlemen who had shewn a disposition to escape. These, to exculpate themselves from any thing like poverty, contributed handsomely.

"Look here, breethring," said the Captain, displaying the bank-notes thus received, "brother Snooks has drapt a five wi' me, and brother Snodgrass a ten! In course 'taint expected that you *thar aint as well off as them*, will give *as much*; let every one give *accordin'* to their means."

This was another chain-shot that raked as it went! "Who so low" as not to be able to contribute as much as Snooks and Snodgrass?

"Here's all the *small* money I've got about me," said a burly old fellow, ostentatiously handing to Suggs, over the heads of a half dozen, a ten dollar bill.

"That's what I call magnanimus!" exclaimed the Captain; "that's the way *every* rich man ought to do!"

These examples were followed, more or less closely, by almost all present, for Simon had excited the pride of purse of the congregation, and a very handsome sum was collected in a very short time.

The Reverend Mr. Bugg, as soon as he observed that our hero had obtained all that was to be had at that time, went to him and inquired what amount had been collected. The Captain replied that it was still uncounted, but that it couldn't be much under a hundred.

"Well, brother Suggs, you'd better count it and turn it over to me now. I'm going to leave presently."

"No!" said Suggs; "can't do it!"

"Why?—what's the matter?" inquired Bugg.

"It's got to be *prayed over*, fust!" said Simon, a heavenly smile illuminating his whole face.

"Well," replied Bugg, "less go one side and do it!"

"No!" said Simon, solemnly.

Mr. Bugg gave a look of inquiry.

"You see that krick swamp?" asked Suggs: "I'm gwine down in *thar*, and I'm gwine to lay this money down *so*—shewing how he would place it on the ground—"and I'm gwine to get on these here knees"—slapping the right one—"and I'm *n-e-v-e-r* gwine to quit the grit ontwell I feel it's got the blessin'! And nobody aint got to be thar but me!"

Mr. Bugg greatly admired the Captain's fervent piety, and, bidding him God-speed, turned off.

Captain Suggs "struck for" the swamp sure enough, where his horse was already hitched. "Ef them fellers aint done to craklin," he muttered to himself as he mounted, "I'll never bet on two pair agin! They're peart at the snap game themselves; but they're badly lewed this hitch! Well! Live and let live is a good old mottor, and it's my sentiments adzactly!" And giving the spur to his horse off he cantered.

Blue Jackets; or Chips of the Old Block. * By W. H. G. KINGSTON, Esq. London: Grant and Griffith, 1854.

AN interesting collection of gallant exploits performed by naval men since the commencement of the present reign. They are well written, judiciously compiled, and cannot fail to rouse the interest of the most stolid and apathetic. We have only room for one extract: it records an incident, for the truth of which we can vouch. We deeply regret that Lieut. Smith, the hero of this daring feat, should be no longer in life: though young, his reputation had long been established in the service he adorned.

DEVOTED HEROISM AND COURAGE OF MESSRS. SMITH AND PALMES OF H. M. S. "SERINGAPATAM."
1838.

H. M. S. "Seringapatam," Captain Leith, was lying off the island of Antigua in August 1838, when, on Sunday the 26th of that month, eight of her officers, three of whom were youngsters, and all belonging to the midshipmen's berth, with a gentleman a resident in the island, and two seamen, started away from the ship in the pinnace on a cruise. Their intention was to go down to Falmouth Bay, situated about two miles to leeward of English Harbour, where the ship was, and to beat back. The afternoon was very fine, and every thing seemed to promise them a pleasant excursion. Having spent a short time in Falmouth Harbour, they hauled their wind, and made three or four tacks on their way back to the ship. The boat, however, made little or nothing to windward, in consequence of the wind being very light. Forgetful of the sudden squalls which visit those latitudes, the merry party of young officers seemed to have kept but a bad look-out to windward; for while standing-in on the starboard tack, the boat was taken by a sudden squall. The helm was put down; but the boat not coming up to the wind so as to lift the sails, she was capsized under every stitch of canvas. She, however, went over so gradually, that all hands had time to creep to windward, and seat themselves on the gunwale. The sails prevented her from turning bottom up, and at the same time protected them, in some measure, from the breaking of the sea. What seems very extraordinary is, that not one of the party, officers or seamen, had a knife in his pocket, so that they had no means of cutting away the rigging and righting the boat. As soon as they had settled themselves on the side of the boat, they had time to look about them, and to consider their perilous position. They were fully two miles from the shore, whence it was scarcely possible any one should have observed the accident, and they were an equal distance or more from the ship; thus the current might carry them far away before any one could come to their assistance. A sea might get up and wash them off the wreck, or sharks might attack and devour them, for the boat's gunwale was only six inches awash. Not a sail was in sight, and all felt convinced that if some unforeseen assistance did not come to their aid they must perish. Despair was well-nigh taking possession of the bosoms of all the party. Silent and melancholy, they sat on the wreck meditating on their fate. All were young. Life, with all its fancied charms and anticipated pleasure, had, a few short moments previously, been before them: and now, death, in all its terrors—slow, lingering, and agonizing—stared them in the face. One only of the whole party was a good swimmer, Mr. W. R. Smith, and he was a very bold and strong one. He looked at the shore: two miles was a long distance to swim, with a full consciousness, too, that those waters swarm with those terrific

monsters of the deep, the seaman's just dread—the hideous shark. "Well," said Smith at last, looking wistfully at the distant shore, "I feel I ought to try, as it is the only chance of saving all hands; and I think I could have managed it if I had had but a companion; but it's a long way to go alone through the silent water." "If that is your only reason, Smith, why I will try and keep you company," said Palmes, another midshipman, who had hitherto sat silent, nor complaining like some of the rest. "I am not much of a swimmer, and I don't feel as if I could ever get to shore. However, it's a good cause and I'll do my best." Thus it was speedily settled, for there was no time to be lost. The two noble adventurers having bid farewell to their shipmates, whom Palmes, at all events, never expected to see again, threw off their jackets and shoes, and struck away together from the wreck. The prayers of those they left behind followed them, for the safety of all depended on their success. Smith swam steadily and strongly, and Palmes made amends for his want of strength and skill by his courage and spirit. Still, before they got half way to the shore, the courage of one of them was to be sorely tried. As Smith swam along he felt his legs strike against something, and, looking down into the clear water, he saw, to his horror, two enormous sharks swimming past him. As yet they had not noticed him; and fortunate was it for both of the brave fellows that they had kept on their trousers and socks, for had the monsters seen the white flesh of their naked feet they would to a certainty have fixed on them as their prey. With admirable presence of mind, Smith kept this dreadful fact to himself, lest the knowledge of it should still further unnerve his companion, who already was almost exhausted by his exertions. At this time they were still full a mile from the shore, which, to their anxious eyes, appeared still further off. "Smith, my dear fellow," exclaimed Palmes, "I can swim no further. Do you push on, and leave me to my fate." "Not I, my lad," answered Smith. "Cheer up, man; we'll yet do well. Here, rest on me for a time; but don't cease striking out." Suiting the action to the word, he came alongside and supported his companion; but he did not tell him why he urged him to keep striking out. Again they struck out together, and Palmes seemed somewhat recovered; but once more his strength forsook him, and he fancied himself incapable of proceeding. Still Smith did not lose courage; but he saw the necessity of keeping their limbs moving, lest the dreadful sharks should be tempted to lay hold of them. Palmes had fully as much moral courage as his companion, but he was his inferior in physical strength; yet feeling that not only his own life and that of Smith, but that of the nine fellow-creatures remaining on the wreck, depended on their reaching the shore, nerved him to further exertions.

Those only who have swam for their lives when the arms have begun to ache, the knees refuse to bend, and the breath grows short, can tell the feelings of the two gallant young men, but more especially those of the brave Palmes. Spurred on by Smith each time that he grew faint and weary, he nerved himself for fresh exertions. At last, as they strained their eyes ahead, the shore seemed to come nearer and nearer. They could distinguish the sandy beach and the green herbage beyond. On a sudden, before even he expected it, Smith felt his foot touch the shore. With a joyful exclamation of thankfulness, he grasped Palmes by the hand, and aided him to wade on to the dry land. No sooner had they emerged from the water, than, overcome with fatigue, poor Palmes sank down on the beach, where he lay some time unable to move. We fain would believe, nay, we are certain, that they both offered up in their hearts a silent

thanksgiving to the Great Being who had thus mercifully preserved them from the perils of the deep. But the gallant Smith, while rejoicing in his own preservation and that of his friend, did not forget the comrades he had left floating on the wreck. As soon as he had recovered sufficient strength to move, he hurried off to the nearest habitation to give information of the accident, and to procure a boat to go to their assistance. Already much time had been lost. It was half-past four when the accident occurred, and they had been two hours in reaching the shore, so that darkness was now rapidly approaching, which of course would increase the difficulty of finding the wreck. The instant Palmes found he could move, he also got up and went in search of a boat. He procured one, with a crew to man it, while Smith took charge of another, and they instantly started in search of their shipmates. Meantime information of the sad accident had been conveyed on board the "Seringapatam." The kind heart of the captain was much grieved when he heard of it, for he could not but fear that the remainder of the party had perished. From him downwards to the smallest boy in the ship, everybody was most painfully anxious about them. He instantly despatched boats in all directions to search for the missing party. All sorts of reports were flying about on board; and as sharks were known to abound, it was feared by the seamen that they might have destroyed their young shipmates. The night also became very bad; the wind rose, and threatened to increase; the sea got up with it, thick clouds collected, and the white-topped waves added to the gloominess of the night, while the rain came down in torrents, and the lightning burst forth in sharp and vivid flashes, increasing the dangers to be apprehended. The boats of the "Seringapatam" took different directions, each officer commanding shaping the course he thought most likely to bring him up the wreck. Some of the searching boats went in a wrong direction altogether, being misled by a pilot as to the direction the current took. Hour after hour passed by, and no sign of the wreck was perceived; and both those on board and many of those in the boats began to despair of success. As they looked out through the darkness they fancied they could hear the voices of their shipmates at a distance imploring aid, or that they saw their figures in the boat amid the surrounding gloom. We shall, however, follow the "Seringapatam's" barge, commanded by her gunner. He knew the set of the current; and as soon as he shoved off from the ship's side, he ran directly down to leeward along the coast, at the distance he understood the boat had been capsized; he being thus better able to calculate the direction in which she would have drifted. His purpose was then to beat back again; thus entirely covering the ground where the wreck must be. On his way down he fell in with the shore-boat, commanded by Mr. Smith, who, at once approving of his plan, joined

him in the search. By their calculations the boat would have drifted some five or six miles to leeward, and would be drawn rather off shore. They were right; and about the very place where they expected, she was discerned still floating as Smith had left her. With anxious hearts they pulled up to her. Five only of the nine were seen still clinging to her. The other four had too probably given themselves up in despair. The crew of the barge cheered, and were answered with a faint hail from those they had come to save, already almost sinking from exhaustion. "Where are the rest?" exclaimed Smith, as he saw their diminished numbers. "Only a short distance in-shore of us," was the answer. "They have not left the wreck five minutes." "Alas! but in those five minutes the poor fellows may have sunk fathoms down, or been grasped by the jaws of the hungry sharks," thought Smith, as he instantly pulled away in the direction indicated.

His four shipmates were found not far apart, each of them lashed to an oar, and striking out as well as they could for the shore, but, strange to say, only one of them could swim at all.

It was then past nine o'clock, making nearly five hours that the poor fellows had held on to the boat, with all the horrors of death staring them in the face, for, of course, they were not aware that Smith and Palmes had reached the shore, and, indeed, had begun to fear that they were already numbered with the dead. Their pleasure, and, we believe, their gratitude was increased, when they discovered that both had escaped, and had been the means, under Providence, of preserving their lives.

Their sufferings had been very great. When the storm came on they expected every moment to be washed from the wreck, and, to add to their horrors, a shark had been, for most of the time, lying between the masts of the pinnace, his fiery eyes glaring up at them, and watching them, as about soon to become his prey. Had it not, indeed, been for Smith's coolness and skill as a swimmer, and for the generous daring of Palmes, in all human probability every soul must have perished. The circumstances we have narrated having been represented to the Royal Humane Society, the Silver Medallion of the Society, with a complimentary letter, was sent out, and presented on the quarter-deck of the "Seringapatam," by Captain Leith, to each of the two young officers, in presence of the whole ship's company; a suitable and gratifying reward for their gallantry, in addition to that their own consciences could not fail to afford.

"Blue Jackets" is a book that every naval man should purchase. It is well adapted, too, for the cabin library of the yachtsman; as, indeed, for the perusal of all who take delight in the noblest profession that the world can boast.

The Romance of Military Life; being Souvenirs connected with Thirty Years' Service. By Lieut. Col. S. POULETT CAMERON, C.B., K.C.T.S., Author of 'Adventures and Excursions in Georgia, Circassia, and Russia.' London: G. Cox. 1855.

COL. CAMERON has put forth a volume of anecdotes and incident. Every one knows what this style of composition is, when its basis is a soldier's observation during actual service.

For the ability with which the stories are told we must point to an extract, wherewith we shall conclude our notice; but we must not forget to express our regret that these true tales were not put forth as facts, and in their natural garb, with names and dates and places.

The first story, "Kishen Kower," most powerfully moves our sympathy, for it is a tale of Indian oppression. But although founded upon fact, the Colonel does not vouch for the exact accuracy of all the circumstances of his bit of romance, and we will not be tempted to do what we disapprove in others—to take fiction as an ally in any cause. We have chosen, therefore, a story which has no bearing upon politics. If the reader like it, we can as-

sure him it is by no means the best in the book. The volume is always amusing, and often instructive.

THE BHEEL.

In the month of June 1826, a young officer of the regiment I belonged to, was murdered under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, at the village of Nawur, in the northern part of the Deccan, only eight miles distant from camp. An event so unusual,—for a circumstance of the kind had not occurred within the last five or six years, and the country was at peace,—excited the highest degree of astonishment and horror; and never shall I forget the dreadful appearance the body of the unfortunate young man presented when it was brought in. The neck and back of the head were laid open by a fearful gash; the blade-bone was bare, and that of the right elbow almost cut in two: there were several other cuts also upon the back and arms. He was still living when he arrived, borne on a litter by some country people, but expired shortly afterwards, without being able to give one word explanatory of the dreadful event.

A party of mat-makers, consisting of five men and two women, whose small tents were pitched only twelve or fourteen yards from where the murder took place, were arrested on suspicion and brought in for trial.

A court-martial assembled, and proceeded to investigate the affair, the members of which sat for some days, but were unable to obtain any clue to unravel the mystery. A number of suspicious circumstances tended greatly to criminate the accused persons, but others again intervened to render it more than doubtful that they were the murderers; their peaceful habits, the general timidity of all persons of this description, the absence of a weapon of any kind, save a small crooked knife used for the purposes of cutting bamboos for their mats, were all urged in their favour. But, on the other hand, blood was found on their clothes in more places than one, even also on one of their knives, and not a single human being except themselves had been seen near the place throughout the whole day. But what told against them more than any thing else, was the deposition of the surgeon of the regiment who examined the body, a gentleman of the highest judgment and experience, who stated, that although in his opinion the blow on the head, with the greater part of the others, were inflicted by some sharp instrument similar to a sabre or cutlass, and as certainly dealt by no inexperienced hand, still he was convinced that the gash on the arm was caused by one of the knives, or by one similar to those found in possession of the accused.

He had, in presence of another officer, one of the members of the court, applied one to the wound, and found it to correspond in every respect; a part of the arm was jagged and bruised, partaking more of the nature of a violent dent than a cut; and this fitted the lower part of the knife exactly, it being merely a piece of iron, and never sharpened.

The only evidence of any importance in addition to this was that of the deceased officer's servant, which went to involve the affair in still greater mystery. He deposed that his master had the evening previous sent off his baggage and attendants to the next stage, retaining only a small sleeping tent and camp bedstead, with one servant, himself intending to follow in the morning. About three o'clock he was aroused by a volley of stones being thrown apparently at the tent. He listened, but heard nothing, and his master was still fast asleep. He had again composed himself to rest, when he was aroused by a loud cry. On starting up he beheld the tent filled with armed men, and his master covered with blood lying on his bed; he shouted for help; the wounded man made an attempt to reach the door, but fell quite exhausted. What further occurred he could not remember, as he himself was at that instant knocked down and wounded;

and when he recovered his senses, he found his master surrounded by the village people, with the mat-makers in their custody.

When asked if he could identify any of them, he closely examined the countenances of all, and at length declared he could not. This rendered it more difficult than ever to sift the affair, since whatever actuated the murderers to the deed, it was very evident plunder was not their object.

When called upon for their defence, the prisoners protested their entire innocence of what they were charged with; that they saw the tent surrounded with armed men, but were too much frightened even to move from where they were; that the blood on their clothes, as well as on the knife, proceeded from a sheep they had killed the previous evening; and, finally, they appealed to the Court to ask what motive could have induced them to commit such a crime. After long deliberation, a verdict of "*Not Guilty!*" was returned, which excited a great degree of dissatisfaction at the time, and the Commander-in-Chief, having severely animadverted upon the conduct of the members, as not having discharged their duty, dissolved the Court.

Proclamations were issued, and large rewards offered for the discovery of the murderers, but in vain. Months rolled on; by degrees the circumstance which caused such a sensation at first, like all events in a military life, became less talked of, and at length almost forgotten.

Before resuming my narrative, it will not perhaps appear misplaced to offer a few observations on circumstantial evidence. A learned judge, who has been esteemed one of our ablest lawyers, previous to his elevation to the bench once declared, that where any doubt existed, he preferred entering into and sifting its minutiae, valuing it in its bearings upon a case much more than testimony of a more direct character; and I myself have heard two or three military men, filling the office of Judge Advocate General, persons of no ordinary talent, declare the same. Surely this is erroneous, or, at least, ought to be observed with considerable reservation. I may be wrong, not being conversant with law theories; but when I reflect upon the many innocent persons consigned to an unjust sentence, convicted solely upon circumstantial evidence, I cannot refrain from a wish that, should these pages ever be perused by one who at some future period may be called upon to serve on a jury, or sit as member of a court-martial, he may well deliberate in his own mind before he gives a verdict that may consign to an irrevocable doom an innocent person, and to remember the saying of that inestimable man who declared, "If there is a doubt, let the prisoner benefit by it; for better is it that a hundred guilty beings should escape, than one innocent person should suffer."

The mountains and thick impervious jungles of Kan-deish were at this time chiefly inhabited by Bheels, a wild, savage, ferocious race of robbers. Formerly they used to issue from their fastnesses in considerable numbers, spreading terror and devastation wherever they came; but of late years, by the attempts of the Bombay Government to civilize them, aided by several strong examples made of the ringleaders, their depredations are seldom heard of. Many have been enlisted in the Bheel corps which have been raised; several have turned husbandmen; and numbers have left their old haunts and habits, and, dispersing themselves in the cities and towns of the various provinces adjacent, have become peaceful inhabitants of the places where they have settled.

A few small gangs, however, still issue from their hiding-places, (to which none can follow, as the pestilential air of the jungles renders it almost certain death to any but a Bheel to pass a night in them,) laying the adjoining country, both Nizam's and British, under contribution; these are, however, becoming more rare from the vigilance of the irregular horse, whose sabres generally make short work among the depredators whenever they fall in with them.

To partake of the annual feast held by his tribe, a Bheel left the city of Aurungabad, where he had resided for several years, and proceeded to a small village about fifteen miles distant, the place appointed for the rendezvous. During the day he remarked a handsomely wrought ivory-handled clasp knife of English manufacture in possession of one of the party; and, somewhat surprised at the circumstance, he questioned him as to where he had obtained it.

"Oh!" replied the other, carelessly, either thrown off his guard by the suddenness of the question, or in the supposition that he was addressing a friend from whom no danger was to be apprehended, "I was one of those who assisted at the murder of the British officer at Nawur two years ago, and found this in the tent."

"Is that all?" said the other with indifference, and the subject dropped.

That very night he posted back with all speed to the city, and demanding an interview with the British officer commanding the Nizam's force stationed there, laid before him what he had heard. No time was to be lost; a party of the horse, taking the Bheel with them as a guide, rode off, and reached the village as morning dawned; the man was pointed out, seized, tied on a horse with saddle-girths, and brought in. For some time he was sullen and obstinate, asserting that the charge against him was a fabrication on the part of his accuser to ruin him; but, threatened with death on the one hand, and a handsome reward and free pardon for the share he had taken in the transaction, if he divulged all he knew, on the other, he at length made the following confession.

Formerly he belonged to a gang headed by a Bheel, who for many years had undergone a rigorous confinement, by order of the viceroy of Aurungabad, in that city. This he imputed to Mr. Canning, the then Resident British Commissioner; and, as his punishment had been an unjust one, he vowed to be revenged. Two years ago the greater part of the gang, led by this man, had proceeded to the village of Nawur for the purpose of plundering some merchants, who were proceeding with a large quantity of grain to the city of Hyderabad. On their arrival, late at night, they discovered that it had been lodged inside the village, consequently their intention to plunder it was rendered abortive. They were returning from the place when they saw a light at a small distance, on moving towards which they found it proceeded from a small open tent, in which a British officer was lying asleep. The leader was some paces in advance of the rest, when several of the gang called out to him to keep back, as there was nothing to be plundered. He still, however, went forward, they following, till he reached the door of the tent, when turning round, and merely saying, "All Europeans are alike; I have suffered from one, and now will have my revenge," he advanced towards the bed of the unconscious sleeper. In the next instant his sabre flew from the scabbard, and he aimed a violent blow at the unfortunate youth, intending to sever his head from his body: it encountered, however, the back of the scull,—the officer started up,—a second blow was more fatal, and he sunk down again. The whole of them now fell upon him, but he struggled still, and at length succeeded in reaching the door of the tent, when one of them felled him to the earth with the blow of a knife which he had picked up, belonging to a party of mat-makers who were close by. They now thought him dead, and fled hastily from the spot.

Scarcely was the deed perpetrated ere the murderer became terror-struck at what he had done: not remorse, but the dread of its being discovered seized him, while his feelings were aggravated by the reproaches of his followers, who now accused him of being the cause of

destruction to the whole body. He fled, and for some time his fate was unknown to them; but it was at last discovered that, terrified at the large rewards held out for the discovery of the murderer, he had escaped to a remote part of the country, and, building himself a hut on a high and steep hill, which commanded a full and extensive view for miles round, in this spot, which he never quitted unless to procure a few roots and a small quantity of grain for his subsistence, he had ever since continued to drag on a miserable existence.

Here finished the narrative. After some consideration, a party of the horse, taking both Bheels with them, were despatched to the place, with strict injunctions to take him, if possible, alive. From what had been said, it was easy to perceive that the task of apprehending him would be very difficult, if not altogether impossible, should he take the alarm. It was resolved, therefore, that the party should proceed to the foot of the hill by night, the horsemen staying in a small but thick clump of trees situated at the bottom, there to wait till the morning, when the two guides should proceed up to his dwelling, and engaging him in conversation, watch the favourable moment, and call out to them to ride up and seize him.

Daylight dawned, and the miserable inmate, issuing from his hut, gazed keenly and anxiously everywhere round him. His form was wasted; and however athletic and active it might formerly have been, was now worn to an absolute skeleton. As he threw his furtive glances around, he saw the figures of two persons approaching from the trees at the base of the hill. Hastily casting himself on the ground, he watched their motions with a lynxan eye: they approached, and he could perceive they were unarmed, consequently did not come apparently as foes. Still a feeling of terror shook him, and he was turning to fly, when they called out to him: somewhat reassured, he awaited their arrival.

"Is it you?" he exclaimed as they approached. "Why do I feel troubled at your presence? are you come to betray me?"

They answered him soothingly, and produced some provisions, upon which the unhappy object seized with the utmost avidity.

"My days are then not yet closed," he continued, whilst the perpetual wandering of his eye shewed the unsettled state of his mind, "though too well am I assured it will one day be discovered; for what is it makes me regard even you with so much dread?—Ah! they have come at last."

He caught the flash from the carbine of one of the horsemen, on the barrel of which the sun, which had now risen, reflected. "Betrayed, betrayed!" he shouted, and rushed down the hill. Calling to the soldiers, and pointing out the way he had taken, the Bheels darted after him. The horsemen galloped round the foot of the hill, riding at and over every thing; the progress of the miserable fugitive was soon arrested, and one of them, as he came up, felled him to the earth with the butt of his lance.

He was tried the very evening he arrived, and the next morning led out to meet the doom awarded him. Now that the worst had happened, he seemed perfectly indifferent to his fate. "I have had my revenge," he said, "in taking the life of one of your Sirdars, and now mine is required in return—blood for blood. Be it so: it is valueless, and is nothing in my estimation, compared to the one I have taken."

He was conducted to a gibbet erected on a hill overlooking the camp and its vicinity; and in a few minutes after ceased to breathe, the body being left suspended as a warning to others.

Forest Life in Ceylon. By W. KNIGHTON, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. Hurst and Blackett, 1853.

ELK shooting and elephant hunting, Zoroaster and Bhudda, Ceylon society and forest scenery, coffee plantations and Kandian dynasties, a jungle duel and a Parsee romance—these are the chief topics of a book which we can thoroughly recommend as a comfortable companion to while away a wet day in the country or a foggy evening in town.

BASS IN THE TORRID ZONE.

I fear when the genuine Cockney so carelessly reads the words, "Allsopp's Pale Ale," or "Bass's India Ale," in going through the streets of London, he seldom realises to himself the delight with which the weary traveller in India or Ceylon sees these words on the outside of a full bottle:—I say a full bottle, for your planter has as little affection for an empty one as Falstaff had for an "unfilled can." Champaign is an excellent drink, if you don't anticipate a dinner after it; but for a breakfast after a hard ride, or a luncheon in the jungle, there is nothing equal to the sparkling glass of cool Bass or Allsopp. The frame is, perhaps, on fire; this is the condiment to extinguish the flames: exhausted with physical or mental fatigue, with a thermometer ranging between 80° and 90°, nothing half so gently-inspiring as the white-capped draught of pale India ale; but then it must be of the right description, not opened a month too early or too late—a gentle simmer of white foam on the top, not breaking out into a deluge of froth, which proves it over-ripe, nor having to be coaxed into a little foam, which proves it too flat. They say George the Fourth could take a longer time to drink a glass of generous wine than any other man, thereby enjoying it to the utmost; but such epicurism will not do with our genuine pale India: it must be quaffed, not hurriedly, but without pause: be the quantity large or small, it should not remain in the glass a minute.

The following extract conveys no very pleasing idea of the state of the morality of Europeans in Ceylon.

Palm Trees of the Amazons, and their Uses. By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE. With Forty-eight Plates. London: J. Van Voorst, 1, Paternoster Row. 1853.

Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro. By the Same. Reeve & Co., Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

THE illustrations and the notice of the uses and habits of the palm trees of the Amazons take the first of these volumes out of the class of strictly botanical monographs. It is this, and something more. The extent to which the author, over and above his botanical acquirements, has a clear and not unlively style, may be seen from the following extract—

THE USES OF THE PALM.

Suppose, then, we visit an Indian cottage on the banks of the Rio Negro, a great tributary of the river Amazons in South America. The main supports of the building are trunks of some forest tree of heavy and durable wood, but the light rafters overhead are formed by the straight cylindrical and uniform stems of the Jara palm. The roof is thatched with large triangular leaves, neatly arranged in regular alternate rows, and bound to the rafters with sipos or forest creepers; the leaves are those

SUMMARY VENGEANCE.

"One of my peons told me of some frightful flogging that one of your fellows got on your estate the other day," said Mouat, "but as it did not come before me officially, of course I took no notice of it: planters and magistrates should mutually support and assist each other; but it shews that these things are spoken of."

"Did he?" said Siggins, angrily: "I'm glad you told me. It was a simple affair enough. I honoured the rascal's daughter with a little attention—she was a fair, neatly-formed Kandian girl—and he sulked about it, although he had been regularly employed on my place for three years. In fact, he grew at length so insolent, that he came and demanded her out of the bungalow, where she was living infinitely more decently and respectably than ever she had been living before. The servants had particular orders, of course, that she should not leave. I told him his request was absurd, and he then took to crying. I laughed at him, as any one else would do, and he then grew angry and swore at me. That was too much; so ordering him up in the verandah, he had two dozen. He should have had four, but the daughter broke away from the servants inside when she heard him crying out, and, throwing herself at my feet, begged mercy for him, so I let him go. As he left the verandah, however, he turned and swore at me again, talking of the magistrate; so I had him up once more, and whilst he was getting another dozen, and his daughter was being locked up again, I sent for the head-man of the village, to whom I gave a few rupees, and told him that if I had any more trouble from that fellow, I should never hire a man from his village again. He promised I should hear no more of him, and took him off."

There is a well-told and interesting episode introduced into this "Forest Life," and entitled the "Story of Hormanjee:" it is too long to extract, but we may safely commend it to our readers.

of the Casaná palm. The door of the house is a framework of thin hard strips of wood neatly thatched over: it is made of the split stems of the Pashiuba palm. In one corner stands a heavy harpoon for catching the cow-fish: it is formed of the black wood of the *Pashiuba barriguda*. By its side is a blow-pipe ten or twelve feet long, and a little quiver full of small poisoned arrows hangs up near it: with these the Indian procures birds for food, or for their gay feathers, or even brings down the wild hog or the tapir; and it is from the stem and spines of two species of palms that they are made. His great bassoon-like musical instruments are made of palm stems; the cloth in which he wraps his most valued feather ornaments is a fibrous palm-spatho; and the rude chest in which he keeps his treasures is woven from palm leaves. His hammock, his bow-string, and his fishing-line, are from the fibres of leaves which he obtains from different palm trees, according to the qualities he requires in them—the hammock from the Miriti, and the bow-string and fishing-line from the Tucum. The comb which he wears on his head is ingeniously constructed of the hard bark of

a palm, and he makes fish-hooks of the spines, or uses them to puncture on his skin the peculiar markings of his tribe. His children are eating the agreeable red and yellow fruit of the Pupunha or peach palm; and from that of the Assai he has prepared a favorite drink which he offers you to taste. That carefully suspended gourd contains oil, which he has extracted from the fruit of another species; and that long, elastic, plaited cylinder, used for squeezing dry the Mandioca pulp to make his bread, is made of the bark of one of the singular climbing palms, which alone can resist for a considerable time the action of the poisonous juice. In each of these cases a species is selected better adapted than the rest for the peculiar purpose to which it is applied, and often having several different uses which no other plant can serve as well; so that some little idea may be formed of how important to the South-American Indian must be these noble trees, which supply so many daily wants, giving him his house, his food, and his weapons.

The second is a book of more general interest, and it is a good book. Indeed, it is the work of a geographical explorer, and of an adventurous traveller as well. In his return from Pará the ship in which Mr. Wallace sailed was burnt to the edge of the water. The author and crew were picked up, after floating five days on the Atlantic in an open boat. The volume is an improvement upon the ordinary "personal narratives." That Mr. Wallace writes as a naturalist is inferred from his other work. As a geographer he has given the best account of the most important feeder of the Rio Negro, viz. the Napés.

Narrative of a Journey round the Wo.

By F. GERSTÄCKER. 3 Vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

THIS is one of Herr Gerstäcker's, the German tourist, clever and amusing books of travel. It records the author's adventures in the course of a winter passage across the Andes to Chili; his visits to the gold regions of California and Australia, the Southern Islands and Java; and it would certainly be worthy of a longer notice than the one we can afford to give it, were it really and truly an English work, and not, as we regret to say is the case, a translation from the German, which the ingenuity of the publishers has palmed off on the public as an original production. The practice which Messrs. Hurst and Blackett have adopted in

this instance, is neither new nor rare; but it is so injurious to the real interests of good literature, that we cannot mention the fact without some animadversions. It is the publication of books under false pretences, and, like every fraud, it carries its own punishment with it. As far as we are concerned, we should certainly have had a good deal to say in favour of Herr Gerstäcker's book, had it been brought out as what it is—an able translation, but still a translation of a work of which the original may be had at a much lower price than the one charged for the English edition.

A Treatise on the Science of Music. By DAVID M. G. S. REEVES. Novello: Dean Street, Soho.

MUSIC is composed of three distinct branches of knowledge. The first, which, in common parlance, constitutes nearly all that is requisite to make a musician, consists in the mechanical finger dexterity requisite to enable a person to play well on a musical instrument. This proficiency is generally acquired only by long practice and indomitable perseverance, aided, no doubt, by natural taste and feeling. The second, is technically denominated "counterpoint," or the laws of composition. The third, is the mathematical knowledge which gives the reasons for the rules of the last, and is mainly deduced from an investigation into the laws which regulate the vibration of musical strings, or sounding columns of air. Now, a proficiency in the merely mechanical art of playing on an instrument may be, and often is, acquired by those who are utterly ignorant of the laws of counterpoint, or the vibrations of

strings; while, on the other hand, though we believe every composer must be able to play passably on some instrument, yet we much question whether Mozart or Rossini ever had the slightest glimmering of the mathematical part of their science.

The present work is an attempt, and not, on the whole, an unsuccessful one, to convey a competent knowledge of the two first branches of music, with the addition of a little insight into the third.

Our author's first definition is, however, objectionable. He tells us that "a note is any musical sound" (but this is *idem per idem*, and tells us nothing, for we want to know what a "musical sound" is), "that is," he proceeds, "any sound giving pleasure to the ear." A lover's whisper may give a great deal of pleasure to the ear, and, in a poetical sense, may *therefore* be very musical, but not in the

sense of a rigid definition. We will endeavour to convey a more clear idea of what a musical note really is. In *tapping* sharply any two substances together (paving-stones, if you like), a *rattle* is distinguishable by the ear. As soon as the number of these tapplings exceeds about thirty in a second, the rattle passes into a pleasurable sound: this *we call* a musical note. Why it should be pleasurable is a mystery we cannot solve: we only know *the fact*. The point where the rattle ceases and the musical note begins, is the lowest, or most bass note, which the ear can detect; and there is reason to think that this point varies in different individuals.

With the above exception, the first elementary chapter, on the scale, keys, time, and accent, is cleverly done. The second chapter treats of chords, and the knowledge connected with them is imparted in a form sufficiently intelligible. The curious fact is noticed, that an unbroken succession of concords soon proves cloying and wearisome to the ear, and that it is necessary occasionally to give relief by the judicious interposition of a discord—a fact of wonderful and extensive significance in the moral government of the world. The discords are classed by the musical intervals they contain, and an elaborate table is given of all those most in use.

The ordinary rules of composition are then given, illustrated by many excellent examples from eminent composers. Thus we are introduced, at the onset, to the grand rule of composition which prohibits *the employment of consecutive fifths*. Our author tells us in a note that no *reason* has been assigned for this rule; but Rousseau, Hameau, and Holder, the authors whom he seems to have principally consulted on this topic, were not very likely to slake his thirst in this respect. Had he studied with attention Herschell's admirable article on "Sound" in the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana" he would not have hazarded this assertion. The explanation there given is, however, much too abstruse and mathematical to be here introduced.

The *resolution* and *preparation* of discords is also explained at some length, as well as the nature of *cadences*. The latter is a very difficult and elaborate part of the theory of music, and yet many who take a delight in the practice of the art probably know nothing about cadences: just as a fine building, or a fine picture, may be admired by those who possess no knowledge of architecture or of art. In all these cases, however, there cannot be the smallest doubt but that their pleasure would be much enhanced by a comprehension of the rules on which the art is based. In the fourth chapter, all the chords are considered separately

and individually, and their effect is illustrated by examples drawn from the greatest masters of Harmony. The splendid passage from Haydn's "Creation" well illustrates the effect of minor chords, as contrasted with the major. The impressive words of Scripture, "And God said, Let there be light; and there was light," is here embodied in musical sounds. The gradual dawning of the nascent light is expressed by a few minor chords, and then its full flood is poured upon us in a burst of major chords.

The fifth chapter, on the ratios involved in music, and on temperament, is the only one in which the theory of music, in the mathematical sense, is at all gone into. This is the most meagre and unsatisfactory part of the work. The *pitch*, that is, the "highness" or lowness of a note, depends upon the length of the vibrating string: thus, if one string vibrate twice as quick, or twice as many times in a second, as another, the former will be the octave note of the latter. Here there is no confusion when the notes are struck together, in short, no *rattle*, and the quick continuity of beats which is essential to the production of a musical sound is not infringed. The question then is, What lengths of strings to interpolate between these two, so as to produce the musical scale? From what has preceded, it will not be difficult to see that the oftener the *coincidence* occurs between the vibrations of two strings, the less *rattle* will there be. In the octave there is none. Take the next most simple relation; it is that of 2 to 3. Accordingly, suppose one string to vibrate twice, while the other is vibrating three times: you will have the *fifth*, which is the concord next most perfect to the octave. By pursuing this principle all the notes in the scale are obtainable.

In the above remarks we have somewhat popularized the author's explanations as to the ratios, or relations between the lengths of the strings forming the musical scale. We will now let him speak for himself.

On examination of these ratios, it will be obvious that they are all based on the four lowest prime numbers, 1, 2, 3, 5; or, in other words, on the ratios borne to 1, by 2, 3, and 5; and that there is not a single instance in which any of the higher prime numbers, such as 7, 11, 13, &c., is concerned.

This is a remarkable fact; and such as to suggest the conception that the scale might possibly have originated in a course of invention, of which the leading idea was, that of applying the lowest possible prime numbers to the formation of a system of sounds, separated from each other by such distances of pitch as are found suitable to the human voice, and sufficient in number for the purposes of song. It is by no means intended to express an opinion that such was in fact the history of the matter. The evidence, indeed, that exists on the subject tends to the conclusion, that the scale is due to no single idea or single inventor, but was in the nature of a satisfactory and final improvement upon preceding arrangement, by which it had been in part anticipated.

But, however this may be, it will be both useful and curious to endeavour to trace the progress by which the single idea, that has been referred to, *might* in the nature of things have led some particular inventor to this great discovery.

He shall be supposed then to set out by taking a string sounding some particular note, as C. His next step would be to take another string, whose vibrations would be to the vibrations of the first as 2:1; and he would find that this sounded \bar{C} , the octave ascending, which his ear would feel as substantially the same sound, so that the first note would return, as it were, into itself; and though he might go higher or lower by the repeated use of the same numbers, 1 and 2, ascending and descending—for example, by resorting to strings which should vibrate in proportion to C as 4:1, or as $\frac{1}{2}$:1, these would still produce only new repetitions or octaves of the first note, yielding substantially the same sound.

To obtain new notes, therefore, he would be obliged to resort to the next lowest prime number, 3, by taking a string which should vibrate in proportion to C as 3:1. This would produce a note in the second octave ascending, viz. the octave commencing with \bar{C} ; for \bar{C} is to C, as 2:1, and the 8th above it would consequently be as 4:1: and, therefore, 3:1 would fall between these, or, in other words, within the limits of the second octave ascending. But the interval between this note and C would be too great to suit the voice or ear, so far as ordinary musical purposes are concerned. It would be necessary, therefore, to lower this new note, so as to bring it within the first octave; and this might be done by the application of number 2, or, in other words, by resorting to a string which should vibrate as $\frac{3}{2}$:1, which would give him G in the first octave. If he were now again to employ number 3, by taking another string vibrating three times as often as string 3, viz. as 9:1, it would sound a note in the fourth octave ascending, which, being much too remote from the original note, would require to be lowered; and this might be done by an application of number 2 to the third power, viz. by resorting to a string vibrating $\frac{27}{8}$ th as often as string 9 (or as $\frac{3}{2}$:1); and this would bring the new note down within the compass of the first octave, when it would become note D in the first octave.

Deserting now (for the present) number 3, and taking 5 instead; suppose him to resort to another string vibrating in proportion to C as 5:1. This string would produce a note in the third octave ascending, which, being lowered (upon the same principle as in the former cases) two octaves by the application of number 2 to the second power, so as to be expressed by $\frac{5}{4}$:1, would become E in the first octave. And if he were to apply to this same string 5, the former number of 3, taking a string which should vibrate in proportion to C as 15:1, it would produce a note in the fourth octave ascending, which, being lowered by the application of 2 to the third power, so as to be expressed by $\frac{5}{4}$:1, would become B in the first octave.

He would thus have obtained C, D, E, G, B, \bar{C} ; and in order to obtain two other notes, such as would divide the large intervals at present left between E and G and between G and B, as well as increase the variety of sounds, he might recur again to the number 3, and take another string, the vibrations of which should be in the

descending series, viz. as $\frac{3}{2}$:1, so that this string would be exactly as much below string 1, as string 1 was below string 3. This new string would yield a note in the second octave descending, which, being *raised* (upon the same principle that the note was *lowered* in the former cases) two octaves by the application of number 2 to the second power, so as to be expressed by $\frac{3}{2}$:1, would become F in the first octave. And if he were next to apply to this same string of $\frac{3}{2}$ the number 5 (for number 3 would only produce the key-note again, viz. $\frac{3}{2}$:1, and its application would consequently be useless), he would have a note falling within the first octave, and standing in relation to the key-note as $\frac{5}{4}$:1; which note so obtained would be A, and the first octave would consequently be complete.

In the last chapter, on "The principle on which music pleases the ear," the subject of the derivation of the scale, as connected with musical sounds, is entered into more at length, and the whole chapter is well worthy the attention of the curious in such matters. Still the author does not seem to have approached the most difficult and recondite part of his subject, viz. the mathematical investigation of the laws which govern the vibrations of sounding bodies, and of strings in particular; nor are we anywhere told the reason why the same string may vibrate in "*nodes*," as they are called, and thus produce several sounds, called the *harmonics*, at one and the same time as the original note. Upon this principle, also, depends the formation of the curious and beautiful figures which fine sand assumes when strewn upon the sounding-board of a piano, the sand resting on the *nodes*, or places of comparative rest in the vibrating-board. Nor has Mr. Reeves touched upon the vibration of sounding columns of air in wind instruments; or explained, as he might easily have done, that the *pitch* of the note produced in such case is in proportion to the length of the sounding column so vibrating.

However, we cordially recommend the work as far as it goes; and it will not be much less useful, or less popular, on account of the omissions we have pointed out. Full ninety-nine out of every hundred, who have a taste for music, care little for the more exalted science on which its principles are based. To the hundredth, who does possess the wish and the taste to pursue the subject into its highest regions, the article by Sir John Herschell, above alluded to, and the more popular French work of Chladni, will supply all that is wanting in the work of Mr. Reeves.

On the Remote Cause of Epidemic Diseases. By JOHN PARKIN, M.D. Parts I. and II. Hatchard.

The Cause of Blight and Pestilence in the Vegetable Creation; and the Prevention and Treatment of Disease in the Potato and other Crops. By the same Author.

THE *proximate* cause of cholera and other pestilences we *record*. It is filth. Where people can be clean the cholera cannot grow, and the plague did not kill.

The *remote* cause of Epidemic Disease remains, we fear, still unknown, even though Dr. Parkin, in the above treatise, declares his conviction that he has unravelled the mystery. With great perseverance in research, and an enthusiastic positive mind, he has worked hard at meteorological science to bend the elements to support a theory peculiar to himself, and certainly not adopted by any of his professional brethren in this country. The remote cause of epidemics, and indeed of all disease, Dr. Parkin conceives to be volcanic action, and the elimination of gases from the earth's surface. To the same cause he attributes the murrain in cattle, and the epidemic which has destroyed our potatoes, and is now extending itself to the vine. Although Dr. Parkin's style is at times obscure, and the violent assumptions necessary to bring out his case oblige us to refuse our assent to his theory, we have nevertheless derived much pleasure, and some profit, in the perusal of his writings. The enthusiasm he has displayed in writing and publishing so much upon the subject is worthy of all praise.

To those who have time and a taste for such reading as this (and there are many such) we can recommend the works as interesting exercises in the right use of reason. It may be necessary, perhaps, that the reader be somewhat acquainted with chemistry and the laws of matter, or he will be taking for granted some few little assertions of Dr. Parkin's which will not quite stand the test of scientific investigation. Of prevention and cure but little is said in these volumes. It would appear, however, that the same oneness of thought shewn in the working out of the theory has influenced the Doctor in his directions in this respect. Carbonic-acid gas is the antidote for human cholera, and carbon and its combinations the cure for the Vegetable Epidemic. In both—animal and vegetable—some benefit has perhaps been effected by this treatment; but that they have undoubtedly failed as specifics the continuance of these dreadful pestilences fully testifies. There *will be* no specific but cleanliness and purity of living: these, and a well-regulated life, free from excesses and free from want, will enable us all to await in confidence, and hope, the passover of this modern destroyer.

Memoirs of John Abernethy, F.R.S. By GEORGE MACILWAIN, F.R.C.S. 2 Vols. London: 1853.

JOHN ABERNETHY is remembered by all who can recollect the first quarter of this century as a prosperous surgeon, of coarsely eccentric manners, and the father or putative father of a diurnal succession of anecdotes, which supplied paragraphs to the journals and gossip to the London dinner-tables. He was the son of a London merchant; he was born in 1764; he was sent to Wolverhampton School; he was bound apprentice to Sir Charles Blicke at the age of fifteen; and was appointed assistant-surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital in 1787. Here he gave lectures, wrote professional essays, and obtained some practice; and in 1799 removed to Bedford Row. Here he got married; here he wrote "*My Book*," which was a "*treatise on the constitutional causes of local diseases*;" and here he conducted all those curious dialogues, which, under the name of "*Mornings in Bedford Row*," used to amuse the town and disgust or terrify his patients. His course of practice is said by his biographer

to have been never to bleed or to operate when there was fair reason to avoid it, and never to take fees from persons whom he suspected of not being able to afford it. He made a good fortune, and died in 1831.

There is nothing in such a career worthy of biography. Medical men will read the work before us with interest and profit; but the non-professional public will take it up only with the hope of finding in it a collection of "*Abernethiana*," and they will be, upon the whole, disappointed. The anecdotes are not numerous, and not new, but we will cull a few of them.

Here is a scene that would have delighted Molière:—

THE TWO DOCTORS.

On one occasion, Sir James Earle, his senior, was reported to have given Abernethy to understand that on the occurrence of a certain event, on which he would obtain an accession of property, he Sir James, would certainly resign the surgeoncy of the hospital. About the time that the event occurred, Sir James, happening one day to call on Abernethy, was reminded of what he

had been understood to have promised. Sir James, however, having, we suppose, a different impression of the facts, denied ever having given any such a pledge. The affirmative and negative were more than once exchanged, and not in the most courteous manner. When Sir James was going to take his leave, Abernethy opened the door for him, and as he had always something quaint or humorous to close a conversation with, he said, at parting: "Well, Sir James, it comes to this: you say that you did not promise to resign the surgeoncy at the hospital, I, on the contrary, affirm that you did; now all I have to add is, — the liar!"

The illustrations of the Abernethy lectures have long been current in the profession.

THE MANGLED OFFICER.

"Ah, said he, "there is no saying too much on the importance of recollecting the course of large arteries; but I will tell you a case. There was an officer in the navy, and as brave a fellow as ever stepped, who in a sea-fight received a severe wound in the shoulder, which opened his axillary artery. He lost a large quantity of blood, but the wound was staunched for the moment, and he was taken below. As he was an officer, the surgeon, who saw he was wounded severely, was about to attend to him before a seaman who had been just brought down. But the officer, though evidently in great pain, said, 'Attend to that man, Sir, if you please; I can wait. Well, his turn came, the surgeon made up his mind that a large artery had been wounded; but as there was no bleeding, dressed the wound, and went on with his business. The officer lay very faint and exhausted for some time, and at length began to rally again, when the bleeding returned. The surgeon was immediately called, and not knowing where to find the artery, or what else to do, told the officer he must amputate his arm at the shoulder joint. The officer at once calmly submitted to this additional but unnecessary suffering; and, as the operator proceeded, asked if it would be long. The surgeon replied that it would be soon over. The officer rejoined: 'Sir, I thank God for it!' but he never spake more."

Amidst the death-like silence of the class, Abernethy calmly concluded: "I hope you will never forget the course of the axillary artery."

The next story is an old acquaintance, but we have heard it much better told. The author forgets that the occasion was a bet dinner of a rump and dozen, which came off at Richmond.

THE MAJOR.

Few old pupils will forget the story of the Major who had dislocated his jaw.

This accident is a very simple one, and easily put right; but having once happened, is apt to recur on any unusual extension of the lower jaw. Abernethy used to represent this as a frequent occurrence with an hilarious Major; but as it generally happened at mess, the surgeon went round to him and immediately put it in again. One day, however, the Major was dining about fourteen miles from the regiment, and in a hearty laugh out went his jaw. They sent for the medical man, whom, said Abernethy, we must call the apothecary. Well, at first he thought that the jaw was dislocated, but he began to pull and to shew that he knew nothing about the proper mode of

putting it right again. On this the Major began to be very excited, and vociferated inarticulately in a strange manner; when, all at once, the doctor, as if he had just hit on the nature of the case, suggested that the Major's complaint was on his brain, and that he could not be in his right mind. On hearing this, the Major became furious, which was regarded as confirmatory of the doctor's opinion: they accordingly seized him, confined him in a strait-waistcoat, and put him to bed, and the doctor ordered that the barber should be sent for to shave the head, and a blister to be applied "to the part affected."

The Major, fairly beaten, ceased making resistance, but made the best signs his situation and his imperfect articulation allowed for pen and paper. This being hailed as indicative of returning rationality, was procured; and as soon as he was sufficiently freed from his bonds, he wrote—"For God's sake send for the surgeon of the regiment." This was accordingly done, and the jaw readily reduced, as it had been often before. "I hope," added Abernethy, "you will never forget how to reduce a dislocated jaw."

Abernethy's version was much more comic. He used to describe the apothecary as being, even from the first, quite innocent of all suspicion of the real cause of the eccentric appearance of the Major, and the Major as knocked down by one of his own guests, who took him for a madman when he approached him with his mouth wide open.

Of course the Doctor often met his match.

FOLLOWING ADVICE.

A lady, the wife of a very distinguished musician, consulted him, and finding him uncourteous, said: "I had heard of your rudeness before I came, Sir, but I did not expect this." When Abernethy gave her the prescription, she said: "What am I to do with this?"

"Any thing you like. Put it in the fire if you please."

The lady took him at his word, laid his fee on the table, and threw the prescription into the fire, and hastily left the room. Abernethy followed her into the hall, pressing her to take back her fee or to let him give her another prescription; but the lady was inexorable, and left the house.

The next piece of advice is more sensible than physiologically true.

TIGHT LACING.

One day, for example, a lady took her daughter, evidently most tightly laced, a practice which we believe mothers now are aware is mischievous, but scarcely to the extent known to medical men. She complained of Abernethy's rudeness to her, as well she might; still he gave her, in a few words, a useful lesson. "Why, Madam," said he, "do you know there are upwards of thirty yards of bowels squeezed, underneath that girdle of your daughter's. Go home and cut it: let Nature have fair play, and you will have no need of my advice."

We have no doubt that Mr. Macilwain's analysis of the Abernethy tracts, and his descriptions of the lectures, are very good, but we leave these to medical critics.

The Pantropheon ; or History of Food and its preparation from the earliest ages of the world. By ALEXIS SOYER. Simpkin and Marshall.

IF the surprise of Byron were great when he "woke one morning and found himself famous," still greater must have been the amazement of the worthy Soyer, on discovering that he was the author of a work, the greater portion of which must, we shrewdly suspect, have far exceeded his comprehension, unless indeed he be the most learned or the most inspired of cooks.

When the completed volume was first placed before him, we can well imagine his bewildered look as he paused from the scientific confection of a *turban de lapereau à la Douarière* and turned over the hot-pressed leaves. When he noted from his own pages the form of Egyptian goblets and of Hebrew characters; when he learnt the origin of windmills, and the way in which the countrymen of Hannibal concocted their dumplings, or how twenty thousand nimble Ethiopians prepared the marriage-feast for Necho; he must, we opine, have been lost in mixed feelings of bewilderment and awe. If we could possibly imagine that some poor literary hack had, for the previous six months, been sedulously compiling all this learning among the other industrious *Museum fleas*, and, not strictly abiding by the letter of his instructions, had collected all that had been ever written in any language under the head of "Aliment," however limited his personal ac-

quaintance might be with that important subject, we should understand the origin of this work better, than we can with the name of the ex-cook of the Reform Club upon the title page. At some colleges of Oxford may still be found hard-reading "servitors," who put down Sophocles or Herodotus to don their tuffless caps, and take their stations in all humility as "clerks of the kitchen." We used to look sadly upon these students, thus enduring indignity for the sake of learning. Those sensations have, we confess, been revived while turning over the leaves of the "Pantropheon."

M. Soyer, however, has undoubtedly set before the public an Olla, containing as much curious and useless lore as a dozen volumes of "Notes and Queries." But with M. Soyer's name upon it, it becomes, moreover, ludicrous. Far better would it be for him to confine his labours to his casseroles and salamanders, instead of hiring antiquarian marmitons.

A "History of Food" this book certainly is not. It is a compilation of odd recipes, and accounts of stranger festivals, culled from all quarters, and from every nation that has ever flourished under the sun; and we must say that the whole affair savours sadly of the quackery of the age.

The Human Hair popularly and physiologically considered. By ALEXANDER ROWLAND; with Seven Illustrations.—London: Piper Brothers, 1853.

THE great originator of Macassar Oil, Odonto, Kalydor, and we know not what other marvellous compounds besides, has at length accomplished—what Job wished his enemy would do—he has written a book. That book has special reference to the adornment of the exterior, rather than to the edification of the interior of the pericranium. It is, like the subject it discusses, light and superficial. It treats not only of locks and tresses peculiarly feminine, but also of that much graver subject, attracting at the present moment no inconsiderable amount of attention. Simultaneously with a crisis of this kind, some speculative author generally appears to turn a popular mania to his own advantage. We presume, as this is the first publication on the subject, it is Mr. Rowland's ambition to be the organ of the great beard and whisker movement. Fired, no doubt, by this noble enthusiasm, he advocates the cause with considerable earnestness. He lauds a flowing beard, not only for its hygienic, but also for ornamental purposes.

He asserts, and with some plausibility, that it was not civilization, but a servile imitation of the first George that induced our ancestors to adopt "the ridiculous practice of divesting their faces of every particle of hair. Prior to his reign, such a practice was unknown, and would have been scoffed at as preposterous. Feelings of rancorous hatred and enmity towards a neighbouring nation with whom we have perpetually come into collision, and over whom we have frequently triumphed, have tended to foster the practice into a prejudice, and to perpetuate it as a national peculiarity, distinguishing us in features, as widely as we were severed in feelings, from our mis-called natural enemies. Intellectual progress and general enlightenment are fast dispelling such absurd prejudices, and overcoming such ungenerous feelings."

This is scarcely so. Though the fashion of removing bristles from our chins may have become pretty general somewhere about an hundred and thirty years ago, it would not have

been so universally adopted, nor have continued so long in vogue, had not its convenience been universally acknowledged, or had not the absurdity and incongruity of a flowing beard been at once apparent, upon men who disfigure themselves by the adoption of our hideous modern costume.

If the general feeling of the nation be in favour of this manly appendage, there can of course be no valid reason against its adoption; but in the name of common sense, and of good taste, let us first discard our uncouth dress coats, our starched "chokers," and the inverted saucepans we bear upon our heads, or we shall be still fitter subjects for ridicule even than now. Let an easy, graceful, and becoming garb be devised and adopted first, and then let us close our razors, and nightly bedew our chins with Macassar, and stroke our flowing beards. Mr. Rowland favours us with a curious statistical calculation as to the quantity of flour daily wasted in England when men were wont sedulously to sprinkle their venerable beards with white dust; but he does not proceed to inform us how many thousand gallons of the *Oleum Ricini*, combined with how much of the *Tincturæ Lyttæ* and Alkanet root, would be consumed in diligent attrition—*tous les jours que Dieu fait*—upon the downy chins of Young England. "There," we fancy "is the rub"—aye there would indeed be rubbing! though, perhaps, after all the trouble bestowed upon them, many would not deserve—

"So honourable a grave, as to stuff a butcher's cushion, or to be entombed in ass's pack saddle!"

We find, in the book under notice, a variety of engravings representing the cut and style of beard adopted in different ages; others, explanatory of the structure and general appearance of the hair as viewed under the microscope;—with which latter forms most of the holiday visitors at the Polytechnic are tolerably familiar.

Mr. Rowland of course devotes many pages to the beautiful occipital appendage of the gentler sex; gives a brief history, illustrated by drawings, of the various coiffures that have prevailed under divers fashions in different countries, from the matted wool of the Hottentot, saturated with rancid tallow, to the flowing golden tresses of the Belgravian belle, devoid of all artificial aid or meretricious unguents. And here he takes occasion to observe, *parenthèse*, that that peculiar tint of hair termed "golden," so very rarely met with, but, when seen, idolized by painters, has ever offered a favorite theme for the laudation of poets as well. In proof of this we have numerous passages from many British bards. He might have culled a thousand more without adverting even to the bards of ancient times.

From the "Comedy of Errors," for instance, he might have given those exquisite lines—

Spread o'er the silver waves thy *golden* hair, and as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie,

Or again, from the "Merchant of Venice:"

—those crisped silky *golden* locks, which make such wanton gambols with the wind.

From "Love's Labour Lost"—

Her hairs were *gold*, crystal the other's eyes, &c. &c.

"A similar partiality," says Mr. Rowland, "for this colour touched with the sun, runs, however, through the great majority of the poets. Old Homer himself, for one, and the best painters, have seized with the same instinct on golden tresses.

A walk through any gallery of old masters will instantly settle this point. There is not a single female head in the National Gallery, beginning with the glorious "Studies of heads," the highest ideal of female beauty, by such an idealist as Corregio, and ending with the full-blown blondes of the prodigal Rubens,—there is not a single black-haired female head among them."

This admiration, in all probability, arises in both cases, as much from the extreme rarity, as from the intrinsic beauty of its object.

Willing as we are to give the author credit for considerable research—and he cannot lay much claim to originality—we still think that he might with advantage have read more, on a subject he claims as his *spécialité*, and has studied, as he assures us, for more than fifty years! As a great portion of the book consists of a compilation of anecdotes, most of which are well known already, he might have interspersed them with others from more recondite sources.

A classical writer—and now that our very cooks quote Hebrew and expound hieroglyphics, our perfumers, if they will be literary, must look about them—would not have failed to have quoted those beautiful and memorable lines of Ovid, or the rhapsody of Apuleius on the hair of Woman: he would have given a dissertation upon the qualities of the Syrian ointment extolled by Horace as bestowing resplendent gloss—

— nitentes

Malobathro Syrio capillos.

and again, in the Ode to Hirpinus—

— et rosâ

Canos odorari capillos,

Dum licet, Assyrioque *nardo*,

Potamus uncti?

He would have called attention to, and confirmed or refuted, the statements of Pliny respecting certain races remarkable for their longevity, whose hair is white in youth and darkens with age; or, to come down to later times, he might have informed his readers how Philip the good, Duke of Burgundy, during a

serious illness, having had his hair cut close by order of his physicians, and finding himself consequently, on his recovery, ridiculed by his friends, issued a decree, compelling all his courtiers and the nobility throughout his dominions, to have their hair cropped also, and how one Peter Vasquembach was appointed to see that this monstrous ukase was faithfully executed. All this—with the indignant leader of the “Times” of that day, on this aggression—and much more, he might have descanted upon largely. But a moderate acquaintance with physiology would have prevented his revival of the absurdity, long since exploded, re-

specting the growth of the hair after death! A smattering of chemistry would have checked such nonsense, as the “discovery of phlogiston” in hair, as well as many other mistakes of a similar character.

However, we must not, perhaps, be hypocritical on a treatise of this kind, though we confess we should much like to see what Sir Francis Head would make of a subject so peculiarly his own. We commend it—not Mr. Rowland’s book—to his serious consideration, and give him full permission to make free use of all the hints we have thrown out.

Chronicles, selected from the Originals, of Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew; embracing a period of nearly nineteen centuries: now first revealed to, and edited by DAVID HOFFMAN, Hon. J. U. D. of Göttingen (sic), author of some legal and miscellaneous works. [In two Series, each of three Volumes.] Series the First—Vol I. small quarto. London: Bosworth, 215, Regent Street. 1853.

LET us breathe!

In our July Number (Vol. II. p. 416) we acknowledged the receipt of this weighty volume of 2½ lb. avoirdupois, and 687 pages, and promised, “if possible,” to digest it for our last Number; but with man all things are *not* possible. We recover from our six-months’ nightmare to warn our readers, by our own frightful example, not to risk rashly the like indigestion. How much more, we ask, is this Americanised Teuton going to inflict upon the gorged public? His first instalment is before us, and it brings down the history of poor Laquedem, *alias* Cartaphilus, to the “Annum Domini 203,” and the marriage of Prince Caracalla, heir-apparent to His Imperial Majesty Severus; not a step further! If the laws of progression be sure guides in calculation, his “Two Series, each of three Volumes,”—small quarto though they be,—will never suffice to the enormous task which the author has set before him, of continuing these Chronicles to the coming year of grace in which, if he be spared to survive all his readers, he hopes to send his last sheet of copy to the press.

“Cartaphilus,” by Hoffman, is a bad copy of “Laquedem,” by Dumas, or “Laquedem,” by Dumas, is a bad copy of “Cartaphilus,” by Hoffman. We shall not dispute the originality of either performance. Authors or plagiarists, we have judged them both; and our criticism of the Frenchman’s romance (Vol. II. p. 415) will enable mankind to determine the merits of these “Chronicles” of the Yankee. We make no reservation—no! not even as to their respective moralities. The sober American is at least on a level, in that regard,

to the mercurial Gaul. One short passage (p. 280) from one of his reminiscences of life with Nero, Petronius, Tigellinus and Co., may here be not unprofitably consulted.

Well hath Petronius (the “*Arbiter Elegantiarum*” of MY NERO) said—

*Animus quod perdidit optat,
Atque in præterita se totus imagine versat.*

We were never intimate, but always harmonized sufficiently—I deplored his melancholy fate; for Petronius, who never flattered the emperor, nor Tigellinus, could scarce hope to escape death from either or both—and I had been more fortunate than Petronius only because MORE POLITIC, AND MORE LICENTIOUS; and, moreover, as his death had brought me into STILL HIGHER FAVOUR, I have recorded but little of Petronius, *whom my judgment, rather than my liking, greatly valued; for his habits, though elegant, were EXTREMELY PECULIAR*, and I now would make him some, though too feeble amends, by stating my conviction that he had A NOBLE SOUL, A noble genius, and A MORE NOBLE CONSCIOUSNESS OF RECTITUDE, THAN ALMOST ANY OTHER WHO FREQUENTED THAT CORRUPT COURT. These my Chronicles may not soon see the light, if ever; but I would have none suppose that Cartaphilus envied Petronius the HONOURABLE title of *Arbiter*, so JUSTLY conferred by Nero—for IN ALL COURTEOUS SOCIETY, AND IN ALL MATTERS OF REFINED TASTE, PETRONIUS SELDOM HAS MET HIS EQUAL IN ROME!

Every work has an aim, and a great or large work ought to have an aim of corresponding dimension. We fail to discover the aim of these “Chronicles of Cartaphilus.” We have waded through the fifty-two pages of prefatory “Epistles and Notes,” and we find that Mr. Hoffman, as he poetically tells us—

“Not for thy gold, California, longing—

But for sweet home, with enough—with a Church,”—and being in fact about to return to Baltimore, United States, was reminded, before he went, to leave behind him here in London this im-

penitent Jew's narrative of the crimes of pagan Rome in the first two centuries of the Christian era, by way of warning to the old country to "look to the Jesuits." (Pp. xlvii—xlix.) If he has had any moral less wild, or more practical in view, we can only say that we have not

been fortunate enough to find it. We incline strongly to the opinion that Mr. Hoffman has been reading the "Juif Errant" of Eugène Sue, without any very precise notions of the chronology of the same Jesuits.

Christie Johnstone. A Novel. By CHARLES READE, Esq. London: Bentley, 1853.

THIS is a very clever story, and in one volume. The characters are, a Lord Ipsden, who discovers that the way to extract honey out of bank notes is to give them away; a Lady Barbara, who is mediæval, and affected, and romantic, and much a bore; Christie Johnstone, a fisher lassie; her lover, a dreamy painter; and the mother of that lover, who, having been a cook in Lord Ipsden's family, cannot endure the thought of her son marrying a person of the station of Christie.

The plot consists of Lord Ipsden curing Lady Barbara of her absurdities, and Christie knocking the gentility out of the retired sewing wench by saving her son's life.

The merit of the story, however, is the manner in which it is told. Every thing Mr. Reade writes must be clever; but it is not certain to be popular. Our extracts will shew that the volume is as full of Scotch as the "Heart of Midlothian." We are by no means certain that our first extract, which shall be a specimen of our heroine's power of retailing to her neighbours what she has read in the books lent her by Lord Ipsden will be as amusing to our readers as it was to us. The author is contrasting two pic-nics—the *gens comme il faut*, who are devoured by *ennui*, and the fisher lads and lasses, who are enjoying themselves at two hundred yards distance after this wise.

CHRISTIE'S VERSION OF THE "MERCHANT OF VENICE."

"Aweel, lasses, here are three wee kists set, the lads are to chuse; the ane that chuses reicht is to get Porsha, an' the lave to get the bag, and dee baithelors. Flucker Johnstone, you tha's sae clever, are ye for gowd, or siller, or leed?"

"1st Fishwife. 'Gowd for me!'

"2nd ditto. 'The white siller's my taste.'

"Flucker. 'Na! there's aye some deevilch trick in thir lassie's stories. I shall lie-to till the other lads hae chused; the mair part will put themsels oot, ane will hit it off reicht may-be, then I shall gie him a hidin, an carry off the lass. You-hoo!'

"Jean Carnie. 'That's you, Flucker.'

"Christie Johnstone. 'An div ye really think we are gawn to let you see a' the world chuse? Na, lad, ye are putten oot o' the room, like witnesses.'

"Flucker. 'Then I'd toss a penny; for gien ye trust to luck, she whiles favours ye, but gien ye commence to reason and argefy—ye're done!'

"Christie. 'The suitors had na your wit, my manny, or may-be they had na a penny to toss, sae ane chused the gowd, and ane the siller; but they got an awfu' affront. The gold kist had just a skull intilt, an the siller a deed cuddy's head!'

"Chorus of Females. 'He! he! he!'

"Ditto of Males. 'Haw! haw! haw! haw! Ho!'

"Christie. 'An Porsha puttit the pair of gowks to the door. Then came Bassanio, the lad fra Veenæce, that Porsha loed in secret. Veenæce, lasses, is a wonderfu' city; the streets o't are water, an the carriages are boats—that's in Chambers!'

"Flucker. 'Wha are ye making a fool o'?

"Christie. 'What's wrang?'

"Flucker. 'Yon's just as big a lee as ever I heerd.'

"The words were scarcely out of his mouth ere he had reason to regret them: a severe box on the ear was administered by his indignant sister. Nobody pitied him.

"Christie. 'I'll laern ye t' affront me before a' the company.'

"Jean Carnie. 'Suppose it's a lee, there's nae siller to pay for it, Flucker.'

"Christie. 'Jean, I never tell't a lee in a' my days.'

"Jean. 'There's ane to begin with then! Go ahead, Custy.'

"Christie. 'She bade the music play for him, for music brightens thought: ony way, he chose the leed kis. Open'st, and wasn't there Porsha's pictur, and a posey, that said,

"If you be well pleased with this,
And ho'd your fortune for your bliss;
Turn where your leddy iss,
And greet her wi' a loving——' (Pause.)

"'Kess,' roared the company.

"Chorus, led by Flucker. 'Hurraih!'

"Christie (pathetically). 'Flucker, behave!'

"Sandy Liston (drunk). 'Hur-raih!' He then solemnly reflected. Na! but it's na hurraih, decency requires amen first, an hurraih afterwards; here's kissin plenty, but I hear nae word o' the minister. Ye'll obsairve, young woman, that kissin's the prologue to sin, and I'm a decent mon, an a grey-headed mon, an your licht stories are no for me sae if the minister's na expectit I shall retire—an tak my quiet jill my lane.'

"Jean Carnie. 'An div ye really think a decent cummer like Custy wad let the lad and lass misbehave thirsels? Na! lad, the minister's at the door, but (sinking her voice to a confidential whisper) I daurna let him him in, for fear he'd see ye hae puttin the enemy in your mooth sae aerly. (That's Custy's word.)'

"'Jemmy Drysel,' replied Sandy, addressing vacancy, for Jemmy was mysteriously at work in the kitchen, 'ye hae gotten a thoughtfu' wife.' (Then, with a strong revulsion of feeling.) 'Dinna let the blackguard in here,' cried he, 'to spoil the young folks' sport.'

"Christie. 'Aweel, lasses, comes a letter to Bassanio: he reeds it, and turns as pale as deeth.'

"A Fishwife. 'Gude help us.'

"Christie. 'Poorsha behoved to ken his grief: wha had a better reicht? 'Here's a letter, leddy,' says he, 'the paper's the boedy of my freend, like, and every word in it a gaping wound.'

"A Fisherman. 'Maircy on us.'

"Christie. 'Lad, it was frae puir Antonio: ye mind o' him, lasses. Hech! the ill-luck of yon man: no a ship come hame; ane foundered at sea coming fra Tri-po-lis, the pirates scuttled another, an' ane ran ashore on the

Goodwyns, near Bright helm-stane, that's in England itsel, I daur say: sae he could nae pay the three thousand ducats, an Shylock had grippit him, an' sought the pund o' flesh aff the breest o' him, puir body.'

"Sandy Liston. 'He would na be the waur o' a wee bit hidin, you thundering urang utang; let the man alane ye cursed old cannibal.'

"Christie. 'Porsha keepit her man but ae hoor till they were united, an then sent him wi' a puckle o' her ain siller to Veenece, and Antonio—think of that lasses—pairted on their wedding day.'

"Lizzy Johnstone, a fishwife, aged 12, 'Hech! hech! it's lamentable.'

"Jean Carnie. 'I'm saying, mairriage is quick wark, in some pairts: here there's an awfu' trouble to get a man.'

"A young Fishwife. 'Ay, is there.'

"Omnes. 'Haw! haw! haw!' (The fishwife hides.)

"Christie. 'Fill your taupsels, lads and lasses, and awa to Veenece.'

"Sandy Liston (sturdily). 'I'll no gang to sea this day.'

"Christie. 'Noo, we are in the hall o' judgment. Here are set the judges, awfu' to behold; there, on his throne, presides the Juke.'

"Flucker. 'She's awa to her Ennglish.'

"Lizzy Johnstone. 'Did we come to Veenece to speak Scoetch, ye useless fule?'

"Christie. 'Here, pale and hopeless, but resigned, stands the broken mairchant, Antonio; there wi' scales and knives, and revenge in his murderin eye, stands the crewel Jew, Shylock'

"Aweel, muttered Sandy, considcrately, 'I'll no mak a disturbance on a wedding day.'

"Christie. 'They wait for Bell—I dinna mind his name—a laearned lawyer, ony way; he's sick, but sends ane mair laearned still, and when this ane comes, he looks not older nor wiser than mysel.'

"Flucker. 'No possible!'

"Christie. 'Ye need na be sae sarcy, Flucker, for when he comes to his wark he soon lets 'em ken—runs his een like lightning ower the boend. 'This bond's forfeit. Is Antonio not able to discharge the money? 'Ay!' cries Bassanio, 'here's the sum thrice told.' Says the young judge in a bit whisper to Shylock, 'Shylock, there's thrice the money offered thee. Be mairceful,' says he out loud, 'Wha'll mak me,' says the Jew body. 'Mak ye,' says he; 'maircy is no a thing ye strain through a scive, mon: it droppeth like the gentle due fra heaven, upon the place beneath; it blesses him that gives and him that taks; it becomes the king better than his throne, and airthly power is maist like God's power when maircy seasons justice.'

"Robert Haw, Fisherman. 'Dinna speak like that to me onybody, or I shall gie ye my boat, an fling my nets intil it as ye sail awa.'

"Jean Carnie. 'Sae he let the puir deevil go. Oh! ye ken wha could stand up against siccan a shower o' Ennglish as thaat.'

"Christie. 'He just said, 'My deeds upon my heed. I claim the law,' says he: 'there is no power in the tongue o' man to alter me. I stay here on my boend'

"Sandy Liston. 'I hae sat quite! quite I hae sat, against my will, no to disturb Jamie Drysel's weddin; but ye carry the game ower far, Shylock, my lad. I'll just give you bluidy-minded urang utang a hidin, and bring Tony Off, the gude, pure spirited creature; an' him, an' me, an' Bassanee, an' Porshce, we'll all hae a jill the-gither.'

"He rose, and was instantly seized by two of the company, from whom he burst furiously, after a struggle, and the next moment was heard to fall clean from the top to the bottom of the stairs. Flucker and Jean ran out; the rest appealed against the interruption.

"Christie. 'Hech! he's killed: Sandy Liston's brake his neck.'

"What about it, lassy?' said a young fisherman: 'its Antonio I'm feared for: save him, lassy, if poossible; but I doot ye'll no get him clear o' yon deevilch heathen.'

"Auld Sandy's cheap sairved," added he, with all the indifference a human tone could conver.

"Oh! Cursty," said Lizzy Johnstone with a peevish accent, 'dinna break the bonny yarn for naething.'

"Flucker (returning). 'He's a' reicht.'

"Christie. 'Is he no dead?'

"Flucker. 'Him deed? he's sober—that's a' the change I see.'

"Christie. 'Can he speak? I'm asking ye.'

"Flucker. 'Yes, he can speak.'

"Christie. 'What does he say, puir body?'

"Flucker. 'He sat up, an' sought a jill frae the wife—puir body.'

"Christie. 'Hech, hech! he was my pupil in the airt of sobriety!—aweel, the young judge rises to deliver the sentence of the court.—Silence!' thundered Christie. A lad and a lass that were slightly flirting were discourtenanced.

"Christie. 'A pund o' that same mairchant's flesh is thine! the coort awards it, and the law does give it.'

"A young Fishwife. 'There I thought sae; he's gaun to cut him, he's gaun to cut him; I'll no can bide.' (Exiebat.)

"Christie. 'There's a fulish goloshen.—Have by a doctor to stop the blood.—'I see nao doctor in the boend,' says the Jew body.

"Flucker. 'Bait your hook wi' a boend, and ye shall catch yon carle's saul, Satin, my lad.'

"Christie (with dismal pathos). 'Oh, Flucker, dinna speak evil o' decgnetics: that's may-be fishing for yoursell the noo!—An' ye shall cut the flesh fra' off his breest.—'A sentence,' says Shylock: 'come, prepare.'

Christie made a dash *en Shylock*, and the company trembled.

"Christie. 'Bide a wee,' says the judgo. 'This boend gies ye na a drop o' bluid; the words expressly are, a pund o' flesh!'

(A Dramatic Pause.)

"Jean Carnie (drawing her breath). 'That's into your mutton, Shylock.,

"Christie (with a dismal pathos). 'Oh, Jean! yon's an awfu' volgar expresssion to com fra' a woman's mooth.'

"Could ye no hao said, intil his bacon?' said Lizzy Johnstone, confirming the remonstrance.

"Christie. 'Then tak your boend, an' your pund o' flesh, but in the cuttin o't, if thou dost shed one drop of Christian bluid—thou diest!'

"Jean Carnie. 'Hech!'

"Christie. 'Thy goods are by the laws of Veenece con-fis-cate, confiscate!'

"Then, like an artful narrator, she began to wind up the story more rapidly.

"Sae Shylock got to be ngsae saucy—'I pay the boend thrice,' says he, 'and let the puir deevil go'—'Here it's,' says Bassanio.—Na; the young judge wadna let him. 'He has refused it in open coort; no a bawbee for Shylock, but just the forfeiture; an' he daur na tak it.'—'I'm awa,' says he 'The deevil tak ye a'.'—'Na! he wasna to win clear sae; ance they'd gotten the Jew on the hep, they worried him like good Christians, that's a fact. The judge fand a law that fitted him, for conspiring against the life of a citizen: an' he behooved to give up hoose an' lands, an' be a Christian: you was a soor drap: he tarded no weel, puir auld villain an' scairlit; an' the lawyers sent ane o' their weary parchments till his hoose, and the puir auld heathen signed awa his siller, an' Abraham, an' Isaac, an' Jacob, on the heed o't. I pity him, an auld, auld man; and his doehter had rin off wi' a Christian lad—they ca' her Jessica, and didn't she steal his very diamond ring that his ain lass gied him when he was young, an' maybe no sae hairdhearted.'

Every one, however, will appreciate the fol-

fowing scene, where Christie, without knowing who the drowning man is, saves the life of her lover.

TWO LOVERS AT SEA.

The poor fellow whom Sandy, by aid of his glass, now discovered to be in a worn-out condition, was about half-a-mile east of Newhaven pier-head, and unfortunately the wind was nearly due east. Christie was standing north-north-east, her boat-hook jammed against the sail, which stood as flat as a knife.

The natives of the Old Town were seen pouring down to the pier and the beach, and strangers were collecting like bees.

"After wit is everybody's wit!"—*Old Proverb.*

The affair was in the Johnstones' hands.

"The boat is not going to the poor man," said Mrs. Gatty; "it is turning its back upon him."

"She canna lie in the wind's eye, for as clever as she is," answered a fishwife.

"I ken wha it is," suddenly squeaked a little fishwife; "it's Christie Johnstone's lad—it's you daft painter fra' England. Hech!" cried she, suddenly observing Mrs. Gatty, "it's your son, woman."

The unfortunate woman gave a fearful scream, and flying like a tiger on Liston, commanded him "to go straight out to sea, and save her son."

Jean Carnie seized her arm. "Div ye see yon boat?" cried she; "and div ye mind Christie, the lass, wha's hairt ye hae broken? a weel, woman—it's *just a race between death and Cirsty Johnstone for your son!*"

The poor old woman swooned dead away: they carried her into Christie Johnstone's house, and laid her down, then hurried back; the greater terror absorbed the less.

Lady Barbara Sinclair was there from Leith, and seeing Lord Ipsden standing in the boat with a fisherman, she asked him to tell her what it was. Neither he nor any one answered her.

"Why doesn't she come about, Liston?" cried Lord Ipsden, stamping with anxiety and impatience.

"She'll no be lang," said Sandy; "but they'll mak a mess o't wi' ne'r a mon i' the boat."

"Ye're sure o' tha'?" put in a woman.

"Aye, about she comes," said Liston, as the sail came down on the first tack. He was mistaken: they dipped the lug as cleverly as any man in the town could.

"Hech! look at her hauling on the rope like a mon," cried a woman. The sail flew up on the other tack.

"She's an awfu' lassy," whined another.

"He's awa," groaned Liston, "he's doon."

"No! he's up again," cried Lord Ipsden; "but I fear he can't live till the boat comes to him."

The fisherman and the Viscount held on by each other.

"He does na see her, or maybe he'd tak hairt."

"I'd give ten thousand pounds if only he could see her. My God, the man will be drowned under our eyes. If he but saw her!"

The words had hardly left Lord Ipsden's lips, when the sound of a woman's voice came like an Æolian note across the water.

"Hurrah!" roared Liston, and every creature joined the cheer.

"She'll no let him dee. Ay! she's in the bows, hailing him, an' waving the lad's bonnet ower her head to gie him courage. Gude bless ye, lass! Gude bless ye!"

Christie knew it was no use hailing him against the wind; but the moment she got the wind, she darted into the bows, and pitched in its highest key her full and brilliant voice: after a moment of suspense she received proof that she must be heard by him, for on the pier now hung men and women, clustered like bees, breathless with anxiety, and the moment after she hailed the drowning man, she saw and heard a wild yell of applause burst from the pier, and the pier was more distant than the man. She snatched Flucker's cap, planted her foot on the gunwale, held on by a rope, hailed the poor fellow

again, and waved the cap round and round her head to give him courage; and in a moment, at the sight of this, thousands of voices thundered back their cheers to her across the water. Blow wind—spring boat—and you, Christie, still ring life towards those despairing ears, and wave hope to those sinking eyes; cheer the boat on, you thousands that look upon this action. Hurrah! from the pier; Hurrah! from the town; Hurrah! from the shore. Hurrah! now, from the very ships in the roads, whose crews are swarming on the yards to look: five minutes ago they laughed at you: three thousand eyes and hearts hang upon you now: ay, these are the moments we live for!

And now dead silence. The boat is within fifty yards: they are all three consulting together round the mast: an error now is death: his forehead only seems above water.

"If they miss him on that tack?" said Lord Ipsden, significantly, to Liston.

"He'll never see London Brigg again," was the whispered reply.

They carried on till all on shore thought they would run over him, or past him; but no, at ten yards distant they were all at the sail, and had it down like lightning; and then Flucker sprang to the bows, the other boy to the helm.

Unfortunately there were but two Johnstones in the boat; and this boy, in his hurry, actually put the helm to port instead of to starboard. Christie, who stood amidships, saw the error: she sprang aft, flung the boy from the helm, and jammed it hard a-starboard with her foot. The boat answered the helm, but too late for Flucker; the man was four yards from him as the boat drifted by.

"He's a deed mon!" cried Liston, on the shore.

The boat's length gave one more little chance: the after-part must drift nearer him, thanks to Christie. Flucker flew aft, flung himself on his back, and seized his sister's petticoats.

"Fling yourself ower the gunwale; ye'll no hurt: I'se haud ye."

She flung herself boldly over the gunwale. The man was sinking: her nails touched his hair, her fingers entangled themselves in it: she gave him a powerful wrench and brought him alongside: the boys pinned him like wild cats.

Christie darted away forward to the mast, passed a rope round it, threw it the boys, and in a moment it was under his shoulders. Christie hauled on it from the fore thwart: the boys lifted him, and they tumbled him, gasping and gurgling like a dying salmon, into the bottom of the boat, and flung net, and jackets, and sail over him, to keep the life in him.

The ending is in this wise—

THE MOTHER.

She came in amongst the groups a changed woman—her pallor and her listlessness were gone—the old light was in her eye, and the bright colour in her cheek, and she seemed hardly to touch the earth. "I'm just droukit, lasses," cried she gaily, wringing her sleeve. Every eye was upon her: did she know, or did she not know, what she had done?

Lord Ipsden stepped forward: the people tacitly accepted him as the vehicle of their curiosity.

"Who was it, Christie?"

"I dinna ken, for my pairt!"

Mrs. Gatty came out of the house.

"A handsome young fellow, I hope, Christie?" resumed Lord Ipsden.

"Ye maun ask Flucker," was the reply. "I could no tak muckle notice, ye ken," putting her hand before her eye, and half smiling.

"Well! I hear he is very good looking; and I hear you think so too."

She glided to him, and looked in his face. He gave a

meaning smile. The poor girl looked quite perplexed. Suddenly she gave a violent start.

"Christie! where is Christie?" had cried a well-known voice. He had learned on the pier who had saved him; he had slipped up among the boats to find her; he could not find his hat—he could not wait for it—his dripping hair shewed where he had been: it was her love, whom she had just saved out of death's very jaws.

She gave a cry of love that went through every heart, high or low, young or old, that heard it. And she went to him, through the air it seemed; but quick as she was, another was as quick: the mother had seen him first, and she was there. Christie saw nothing. With another cry, the very key-note of her great and loving heart, she flung her arms round — Mrs. Gatty, who was on the same errand as herself.

"Hearts are not steel, and steel is bent;
Hearts are not flint, and flint is rent."

The old woman felt Christie touch her. She turned from her son in a moment, and wept upon her neck. Her lover took her hand and kissed it, and pressed it to his bosom, and tried to speak to her; but all he could do was to sob and choke—and kiss her hand again.

"My daughter!" sobbed the old woman.

At that word Christie clasped her quickly; and then Christie began to cry.

"I am not a stone," cried Mrs. Gatty. "I gave him life; but you have saved him from death. Oh! Charles, never make her repent what she has done for you."

She was a woman after all; and prudence and prejudice melted like snow before her heart.

There were not many dry eyes—least of all the heroic Lady Barbara's.

There is in this little story thought and common sense, and an honest hatred of the modern cant of pretending to admire, or perhaps ignorantly admiring, whatever is incomprehensible; and, moreover, there is very powerful writing. Our extracts give but a faint notion of the merit of the book. If we mistake not, the author is destined to win larger laurels than he has yet worn.

The Hermit. A Novel, by EMILIE CARLEN, Author of "The Birthright," "The Events of a Year," &c. 4 vols. Newby.

It is not every reader who knows that Miss Carlen is a Swede, and that "The Hermit" is a translation. Having said thus much, however, and added that the title-page says not a word of the fact of the novel not being an original work, we proceed to notice "The Hermit" simply as a work of fiction.

A believer in the metempsychosis would assuredly assign to this Swedish maiden a right of metaphysical inheritance from a curlew or Mother Carey's chicken. Here are four volumes of a most excellently-constructed and amusing story, the various scenes in which never for one instant leave the sea or sea-shore. Perhaps, however, the tale was originally conceived by Thetis, and written with a pen from the pinion of a seagull. The original version may have been printed in shell type, composed by Tritons, published by some Glaucus assuming a Swedish Newby's name, puffed by Eolus, and reviewed by Neptune. The sea, and nothing but the sea, is the theme, and we assure our readers a theme which plays most eloquent music upon the best feelings of the heart and the affections. It is no slight praise to affirm, that, notwithstanding the length of the story, the interest is sustained from first to last. Without pretending to describe the intricacies of the narrative, the bare outline of the plot is as follows:—

A fugitive from the world and his own conscience makes his home on a barren but sheltered rock on the coast of Sweden: his wife and child are his only companions. He has evidently committed some fearful crime, which even the dear associates of his solitary hours

are not allowed to comprehend. Pending the boyhood of their son, the sketches of smuggling on these desert coasts are highly amusing, while the description of a certain Dame Storm-bom, at whose house the youth is studying for a cadetship, remind one of an interior by Micris, so truthful and so elaborate is its colouring. The time now approaches for our hero, George Letsler, to go forth into the world, and his mother having died, the lone fugitive is left with only the sighing winds of heaven and the sea waves for his companions.

In the natural course of things George Letsler has left his heart behind him; and well he might, for the pretty Fanny possesses all the qualities to win a sailor's love, being fair, domestic, piquant, and high-spirited; a capital hand at helping the revenue-officers into a mess, and quite as willing to take an oar as to bake a cake for George—performing the latter operation with a sly and malicious hint that it is intended for the yacht-lieutenant. Time wears on, and George Letsler achieves the summit of his ambition, and becomes master of his own vessel, and, forgetful of former ties, falls in love with his patron's daughter. The last object of his affections is a dark beauty, of course diametrically opposite to the fair one at home; but having a capacious heart and a sailor's capricious nature, he manages to love both the Minna and the Brenda. Here the story is managed with great delicacy and knowledge of human passions and impulses.

At length, after many adventures by flood (though never by field), the mystery of his father's life is revealed, and he eventually mar-

ries both his old love and his new love! But start not, fair, and, if fair, most interested reader: he does not marry them both at once, but one after the other; nor is he united to the blonde till after the brunette has met a watery grave in rushing to his rescue one stormy night at sea.

In some hands a plot so constructed would present features by no means agreeable; but the authoress has used her materials with so much tact and vigour, that the reader is carried on to the end, only sorry that this most excellent and well-told tale has come to a conclusion.

Some of the descriptions are graphic in the extreme: the only fault we can in justice find, consisting in the reiteration of certain words, owing to carelessness of translation. The word "Ay," for instance (always spelt wrong), is sprinkled so lavishly in the dialogue, that we get quite weary of the mono-syllable. A blemish of more importance, however, is in the construction of the story; and Miss Carlen will, we are sure, at once agree with us, that, considering the extreme self-inflicting penance which the elder Letsler undergoes, the crime he has committed sinks into insignificance: indeed, with the exception of an unlawful attachment, against which he successfully struggled, there was no crime at all. He ought to have been more criminal, or less filled with remorse, though the exigencies of the narrative are well served by the mystery which envelopes the admirably-drawn character of the sufferer.

We have not much room for extracts, but, as a specimen of the writer's manner, and the translator's skill, we subjoin the following description of the death of George's comrade and former instructor, old Stormbom. The catastrophe is brought about by a false beacon, the work of certain wreckers on the coast, who live by the diabolical method of decoying a ship on to the rocks, and then murdering and robbing the crew.

DEATH OF AN OLD FRIEND.

Stormbom was silent, and both sat for some seconds absorbed in reflection.

At last George rose, and shaking off his gloomy thoughts with an effort, was about to leave the cabin, when a voice from above cried out—

"The mist is parting, Captain, and there is a light to leeward."

"That is Kullen!" said George.

But Stormbom shook his head and said doubtfully—

"No, no, Captain, impossible; we can't be so near."

"We'll soon see," said George, springing on deck.

The old man followed.

"Now, uncle, what say you now?"

"I say it's very singular: we were going nine to ten knots last watch, but still methinks we cannot have come so far—the current must have sent us considerably to the south-east; it can't be a ship, the light is too large, but it is very singular."

"It is the light-house at Kullen, uncle," said George, "it can be nothing else;" and immediately he gave orders,

"Keep her full, shake a reef out of the topsail, keep her on her course;" and then turning to the old man he said, "We must carry on if we wish to reach the sound to-morrow—by sunrise it will be calm, and then the stream will drive us back into the Cattegat."

George thought it was high time to make up for loss of time, and Elvira Cornelia, with her increased canvas, danced over the waves like a damsel over the boards of a theatre.

"I'll stay here for the rest of the watch; and now, uncle, do oblige me by turning in, and getting a little sleep: towards daybreak I'll do the same, that I may not look too sleepy when we get to Helsingor."

"No, I'll not go to bed," said the old man shortly, continuing to stare at the light.

After some seconds, when George had made a visit to the wheel, Stormbom said—

"Have you ever heard of the old Fireman of Läsö?"

"No, uncle, not that I remember."

"Well, hearken, then: just before 1700 he was broken on the wheel for kindling false beacons, and thereby causing several wrecks, and more particularly because he had robbed and murdered the crews. And there is a saying to this day, that, to revenge the fearful punishment inflicted on his body, his spirit wanders about during the dark autumn nights, and kindles a fire, now here and now there, to lead seamen astray. I have never seen them myself, but I know those who have, and have narrowly escaped wreck in consequence."

"Now, uncle, you must not take it ill, if I say that this is only another bit of sailor's story-telling: the tales are so pretty, that we can't help listening to them with pleasure; but it does not do for a brave sailor to let such superstitions take hold of his mind."

The old man retired, while George said with a nod—

"I'll just go forward, and take a look out."

Closely muffled in his overcoat, George paced the deck, his looks straining out into the dark night, and often resting on the solitary glimmering fire which was to guide his ship over the foaming waves. Sometimes they were fixed upon the spectre-like masts, which at every heave of the ship seemed to rise higher and higher, till they reached the clouds, while the wide, white garments that clothed them spread abroad like giant wings with which the Elvira Cornelia was speeding over the lofty, watery mountains. At times the moon peeped out, and was then again obscured, and the gale howled with mighty power, and waged a fearful strife against the waves.

George's bosom heaved, as it always did when he was a witness to this strife of nature, there was a kind of wild enjoyment in gazing on it; but the image of the old Fireman of Läsö and his false beacons constantly recurred to his thoughts.

He, however, shook off the uneasy feelings which this and the rest of Stormbom's tales had called forth, and begun to take part in the activity which surrounded him.

After a while, he said—

"This is very singular: the water appears as if it was shallow here: get the lead line, in order that we may see how many fathoms we have; do you hear any thing forward?"

"Aye, aye, sir, it's not right: we seem as if we were close in shore."

Stormbom, who had been below for a few minutes, at this moment came up the steps.

"My forebodings," murmured he, and went to his post.

"Heave to, and take a cast of the lead," commanded George, in a firm voice.

A slight grating of the keel against the bottom told him that this was needless.

"Hard up—with the helm—hard up."

But this was too late: the brig struck two or three times in a minute.

"Stand by, carpenters, with the axes—all clear to cut away the masts."

Another graze against the sand, and the brig lay on her side, fast embedded in the bank.

"Death and hell," cried George, "now I see where we are: we are ashore on the Väderö of Holland: the scoundrels have kindled a false beacon: cut away the masts."

The waves ran mountains high—the brig was nearly upset.

"Hold fast, for God's sake, here comes a surge: for Heaven's sake, uncle Stormbom, hold on."

But scarce had he said the words, when he saw the old man, as he hurried forward to aid in carrying out an order, raised up on the crest of a wave, and carried overboard.

Quick as lightning, George caught hold of the old man's leg; but the rushing envious surge would not be balked of its prey, and nothing but a sea boot was left in his grasp.

What in this awful and memorable moment passed in George's mind was known but to the Lord of life and death. In a moment he threw off his shoes and coat, and buckled on his life belt.

"Get out the long boat, boys: save my desk and the tin case. If you reach the shore, look out for the signal, which will be the cry of the seagull, and we shall meet again, if God wills. Above all, be perfectly still when you get ashore."

After one long painful glance at the Elvira Cornelia, which had succumbed not to the strife of wind and waves, but to the treacherous arts of scoundrels, without a moment's heed to the remonstrances of his people, he threw himself into the sea, to endeavour to rescue his old, true friend.

It was a wild, almost an insane resolve; but George's feelings were too much shocked by the heartrending sight to leave him amenable to reason: he trusted in God, in his youth and strength, and his unusual expertness in swimming, particularly as he knew that the land was close at hand.

At first, his search, his endeavours were fruitless; but as a gleam of the moon broke out from the clouds, he descried, at but a few yards distance, the old man's head borne aloft on the crest of a wave, but not in a swimming posture; and chance, or rather Providence, favoured the bold sailor's efforts: he succeeded in getting hold of a corner of Stormbom's coat at a moment when his face rose again above the surface.

"George, my son, God ble—" issued feebly from the trembling lips.

The moon again disappeared behind the clouds, and total darkness enveloped them; but by dint of the greatest exertions—his strength nerved by the occasion—George succeeded in dragging his precious burden towards the shore.

The waves rolled over and under and around him, and his exhausted powers were all but failing, when a mountainous surge carried them swiftly forward, and threw them several fathoms up upon the sandy beach.

For some minutes he lay unconscious: aroused by warm breath upon his face, he looked up and saw Komm, who had swum ashore after his master, and having smelt and scratched and licked him until animation returned, now manifested his delight by the wildest gambols.

George's first care was, with a zeal and solicitude which quite diverted his thoughts from his own situation, to use every effort to revive old Stormbom; but the stiffened members did not relax; and at length the bitter truth forced itself upon his conviction, that his old friend's last wish had been gratified—he had died on the sea; and on the anniversary of his wedding-day his soul had fled to seek re-union with his loved Rebecca.

Wiltshire Tales. By JOHN YONGE AKERMAN. London: J. R. Smith, 36 Soho Square. 1853.

ALL provincial glossaries are useful, and writ-

ten compositions in our different dialects are more useful. Glossaries give us *words* only: compositions give us idioms and constructions. The special value of a Wiltshire specimen lies in the fact of their being average samples of the *Wessex* form of speech.

OLD BARNZO.

Everybody kneows Old Barnzo, as wears his yead o' one zide. One night a was coming whoame vrom market, and vell off 's hos into the road, a was 'zo drunk. Some chaps coming by picked un up, and zeein' his yea-was al o' one zide, they thought 'twas out o' jint, and bed gan to pull 't into 'ts pplace agen, when the owld bwoy roar'd out, "Barn zo (born so) I tell 'e!" Zo a' was allus called Owld Barnzo ever a'terwards."

Ruth Earnley. A Tale. By Mrs. MACKENZIE DANIELS. 3 Vols. Newby. 1854.

THIS comes under the denomination of what are styled "Religious Novels." Its aim, as the writer informs us, is directed at something higher than mere amusement: "the feelings described, and the truths set forth, are things of solemn reality; the first being drawn from the experience of the human heart; the last from that holy and inspired volume which is able, with the blessing of God, to make us all wise unto salvation."

We cannot express our approval of this admixture of solemn truths with frivolous fictions, nor do we think that any beneficial end is attainable thereby. As a novel, "*Ruth Earnley*" is below mediocrity: as a work of loftier aspiration it cannot be said to rank high in the literature of the departed year.

Walter Evelyn; or, the Long Minority. 3 Vols. Bentley.

"How do you do, my Public? We have not met for some time. Fatter, eh, my Public? Manchester pretty quiet?" These were the opening questions of *Walter Evelyn*. We recognised at once the shallow, impertinent style, and would willingly have closed the book; but being constrained by duty, we read on. Of course it is all about Howards, and Brandons, and Sinclairs, and Stanleys; and full of doubtful French and slip-slop English. It is impossible to extract any thing from the volumes that would amuse, and the book is really not worth an elaborate shew up. So after digesting the plot, and marking a hundred absurdities, influenced a little, perhaps, by the sickening nature of the task, we threw our notes into the waste-paper basket, and resolved to reserve our space and the readers' patience or some better purpose.

If the reader doubts our verdict, let him or her send for the book. It costs, we believe, but ten shillings, so most of the circulating libraries will have it, and be glad to circulate it.

The Roses. By the Author of "A Flirt."
3 Vols. Hurst and Blackett.

THE "History of a Flirt" was a very amusing sketch of manners and morals as they are; but it was entirely a circulating-library book. There was nothing to criticise in it. This, its successor, is a failure. It is a sort of book that people inquire after on account of the title-page, and send back next day with half the first volume cut, and a complaint that they cannot get on with it. We must not waste space upon novels that miss their aim. Writers of this class are bound to be "moderately amusing."

Hope; a story of Chequered Life. By ALFRED W. COLE, Esq., Author of the "Cape and the Caffres." 3 Vols. Newby.

FRANK NUGENT, the hero of this novel, is the son of a bankrupt banker who prefers suicide to the Gazette. The experienced novel-reader can now guess largely as to the rest. Of course, Frank does not get a clerkship in the city, for that would be natural, and therefore commonplace: he, in proper romance fashion, starves, teaches, writes, falls in love, struggles and storms through three volumes, and then is married.

The chief feature in the work is the world of literature, from the men who write for posterity down to David Tonks the penny a-liner, who writes to keep down his ale-score. This is a good average novel.

Margaret; or Prejudice at Home, and its Victims. 2 Vols. Bentley. 1853.

NOTHING could be more injudicious than the selection of this work for Mr. Bentley's first issue of his cheap books of fiction. The old price of the regular three-volume novel, 11. 11s. 6d., is scarcely more absurd than the rage for shilling publications; and the pruning knife is as much required for the one, as discouragement from reviewers is desirable for the other. Mr. Bentley will doubtless eventually reap the fruits of his system of reform if he publishes good novels at his reduced prices: he will as certainly fail, if his publications are to consist only of such novels as can be obtained without copyright money. How this may be in the case of "Margaret" we do not know, although we have our own opinion, derived from a careful perusal of the work. "Margaret" is a stumble at the threshold. It has seldom been our lot to meet with a story so unmitigatedly disagreeable and so utterly failing to evolve, from the materials used, any sort of principle or definite design. The work, it is true, is an attempt to shew the blighting influence of Mammon worship, and the desolating effects of the conventionalities of the day. In an effort to appear liberal, the author or authoress spares neither sect nor section; but

out of the wholesale condemnation there arises no ethical deduction, nor forth from the chaos of evil which he or she describes does any form of good emanate to benefit or instruct the reader. After wading through the story—a very Iliad of woe from the beginning till within a few pages of the conclusion—we can only exclaim, *Cui bono!* We do not mean to deny that many of the anathemas herein launched forth against the cant of the day are, in themselves, perfectly justifiable, and we acknowledge that there breathes a wholesome earnestness in the writer's manifestation of disgust; but we do affirm that the construction of the tale is utterly devoid of skill, and that the personages who figure in these pages present the most flagrant contradiction between their actions and the writer's description of their characters. Had Christianity been intended to sap and dry up all the springs of human action and energy, reducing mankind to mere amiable automata, it would never have taken an undying hold of humanity, nor have survived, as it has done, all the antagonism of declared enemies and secret foes. Why, therefore, is the most Christian person in the book, the old grandfather, made to appear a simpleton of the first water, while the scoffing uncle is all, save in theory, a most righteous and true believing man? The author's task is a thrice-blessed one, when reflection, study, imagination, and all the various faculties of the mind are brought to bear upon some subject having for its object the amelioration of the misery abroad in the world; and the form of fiction presents, perhaps, more facilities than any other for producing good, and making those people who would reject the dry disquisition, acquainted with the evils which surround them. The attempt, however, is worse than useless when, instead of a well-considered story skilfully narrated, we are presented with one unbroken picture of misery, arising from causes which we feel assured could never have occurred. The principal character is a young lady, highly educated, prattling French like a native, singing like a nightingale, a thorough musician, capable of instructing "in all the various branches of an English education," highly moral withal, and severely good; yet, nevertheless and notwithstanding, she is eventually reduced to singing ballads in the streets, with all the concomitant miseries of such a life. The kaleidoscope of human misery, turn it as you may, weary yourself as you will, with its patterns of crime, and shame, and sorrow, will never assume such a construction as the writer here depicts. We do not for an instant dispute that the several portions which form the picture may individually have happened, but it is the grouping, arrangement, and combinations that are so faulty.

We believe, judging by some clever passages, earnest and sound, that far better productions will emanate from the same pen which has written "Margaret," but evil instead of good

is done to the cause of suffering humanity, when almost every element of literary skill is absent in a narrative intended to guide, admonish, and instruct.

Church and State, and Convocation. By G. H. PRENTICE. J. H. Parker.

THE question of the revival of Convocation is one which will be brought more and more prominently before the public and the legislature, until, by the most deliberate and serious consideration of the *modus in quo*, a definite judgment shall have been arrived at, and the Church of England be reinstated in the exercise of those functions which properly and of right belong to her, freed from the anomalies formerly, not without some show of justice, objected against her. There can be no doubt that the Church has now awakened to a sense of her true position, and a correct appreciation of what her province is. The unseemly discussions which cast a reproach on the meetings of Convocations, in its later days, and formed the pretext, though not the real cause, of its suspension, would, we feel assured, under the influence of the earnest and truthful spirit that has now manifested itself, give place to a state of things whence the happiest results would ensue as regards the relations between the Church and the State. To that consummation we trust we are tending; and we therefore welcome every well-intended, even though not well-directed, effort to promote so desirable an object. In the thirty-two pages of Mr. Prentice's pamphlet we have a clear and instructive view given of the history of Convocation, with some pertinent observations; but we have to complain of a carelessness of style remarkable in these days, and which not unfrequently renders his meaning any thing but clear. We cannot always express concurrence with it, when it is discernible; as, for example, with the following, which may be taken as a sort of summary of the writer's views:—

Those, then, who want representative institutions for the Church, must have them in the form most congenial to the Constitution, and that is Convocation. But it seems generally admitted that the present form of Convocation is but a mere skeleton, and before its revival can answer any practical good, some new flesh and blood must be placed on the old bones before any energy can be given to its system; and these are, the extension of the franchise, the abolition of rotten boroughs [these he afterwards explains to be Cathedral-chapters], the introduction of a new element as an antidote to that word so offensive to Protestant ears—priestcraft, i. e. lay representation.

Why the laity should be represented in Convocation, while the clergy are rigorously excluded from the House of Commons, it would be difficult to explain. The State has already

sufficiently the upper hand, and to grant the Church a *quasi* deliberative assembly, leaving it, at the same time, with such an amount of secularity as to neutralize any power of independent action it might otherwise exercise, would be a mere mockery, with nothing to redeem its offensiveness. That an infusion of the lay element, to a certain extent, would be no detriment or obstruction to the healthy action of Convocation, we are ready to admit; on the contrary, that healthy action would be secured and established on a firmer foundation than could otherwise be obtained. The theoretical strictness, and, as it were, mental harshness, arising from the peculiar position of the clergy, and a consequent want of sympathy, in some degree, with the surrounding world, would be thus modified and tempered by contact with the practical influences of that world, and a character imparted to their deliberations and conclusions, not, indeed, subservient to, but in harmony with, the spirit of the age. From a combination and unity of operation such as this the happiest moral results would infallibly arise; and we might confidently anticipate a final smoothing away and cessation of those unseemly asperities which have been the standing reproach of one generation after another. But a consummation which all lovers of their country must earnestly desire cannot be attained if, while the voice of the laity is heard in Convocation, that of the clergy is stifled in the House of Commons. It is well known, and lamented, that aspersions of all kinds are frequently hazarded in the House upon the character and conduct of men eminent in the Church, from which the worst effects are produced, but the sting of which would be extracted were there present those, whose experience and true appreciation of their reverend brethren, of their motives and their position, enabled them to set the House right. Thus the harmony reigning in Convocation would not be marred by a contrary tendency in the House of Commons, and the union of Church and State would become an union not in name only, but "in spirit and in truth."

History of the Protestants of France. By G. DE FELICE. Translated by P. E. BARNES, Esq. Routledge.

THE Reformation in France, like its brother

in England, can present itself to us, now-a-days, only as an old friend with a new face: the lineaments are necessarily the same, and the variety can extend no further than the expression of the features. We cannot say that our present author throws any great additional light on a subject already thoroughly investigated, though he himself claims the credit of supplying a deficiency hitherto much felt. Each separate period of the French Reformation, he avers, has been treated by various writers; but there exists no regular history of it in the French language, and this task he professes to have been the first to accomplish. In such estimate of his work, however, we do not altogether concur, it being rather fragmentary in its arrangement than regular and consecutive. This peculiar appearance, we should add, partly arises from his fixing his attention more on the moral characteristics of the Reformation and on the temper and genius of those who conducted it, than to the precise historical events which marked its progress. What we find most to commend in M. de Felice's work is the temperate tone that pervades it. Though zealous and uncompromising in his advocacy of the principles of the Reformation, he rarely allows himself to be betrayed into that acrimony which is the reproach of many who tread these fields.

The True Law of Population shewn to be connected with the Food of the People. By THOMAS DOUBLEDAY. London: Smith, Elder & Co., Cornhill. Bombay: Smith, Taylor & Co. 1853.

MR. DOUBLEDAY promulgates, in his present work (of which this is the third edition), a theory, to the effect that the increase or decrease of population varies in an inverse ratio with the increase or decrease of food.

His proposition he thus states:—"The GREAT GENERAL LAW, regulating the increase or decrease both of vegetable and of animal life, is this,—that whenever a species or a genus is endangered, a corresponding effect is invariably made by nature for its preservation and continuance, by an increase of fecundity or fertility; and that this especially takes place whenever such danger arises from the diminution of proper nourishment; so that the state of depletion is favourable to fertility, while, on the other hand, the state of repletion is unfavourable to fertility in the ratio of the intensity of each state; and this *probably* throughout the whole animate world, vegetable as well as animal."

There is ingenuity in the theory, and much plausibility in the arguments adduced in support of it; but we scarcely think that the

doctrine, however true in some cases, is capable of such extensive application as Mr. Doubleday supposes. Were it so, the regions inhabited by the Esquimaux would be densely populated, while the territory of India would be but thinly tenanted.

He observes that, "In a nation highly and generally affluent and luxurious, population will decrease and decay;" and he also advances the converse of this proposition.

But take this small island we inhabit, with a community the most affluent and luxurious of any that the sun illumines; take the census-table of 1831, and that of 1851, and observe how completely our author's assertion is negatived.

Turn we to the French, an entire nation subsisting upon a much lower and simpler diet, living, in every way, far more sparingly. We perceive their numerical increase much less than our own, and in individual families, the number of children very rarely exceeding two or three.

We have not space to enter into a minute dissertation on the subject, but we can commend the book as an able one, and the author as a man of sincerity, and earnest of purpose.

Once upon a Time. By CHARLES KNIGHT. 2 Vols. 8vo. John Murray: Albemarle St. Two exceedingly clever, entertaining, and learned little volumes. We regret that they have only found their way to us just as we were affixing our *imprimatur* on the last sheet of the present Number. We hope to be able, however, to return to them in our next. We will do them the justice now, to class them among the most readable books of the quarter.

The Life and Adventures of George Wilson, a Foundation Scholar. By GEORGE GRIFFITH. London: Cash, Bishopsgate Street 1854.

THE object of this tale is to call attention to the iniquitous perversions of the funds belonging to the endowed Schools of this country; for the purpose of obtaining the reform of the enormous abuses that have crept into the system of their management. The writer shews considerable zeal in the cause of the poor, and much shrewdness in his observations; but at the same time we detect many exaggerations in his statements, and no little ignorance on several matters he ventures to discuss with the most complacent self-sufficiency.

History of the Early Christians. By SAMUEL ELIOT. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley. 1853. THIS work was not wanted, unless exquisitely done. Names crowd upon us, as we look back upon the mass of literature which deals with the same subject, and deals with it well. These

two loosely printed octavo volumes will compress, by and by, into a shilling railway book, but in their present form they are not defensible. It is, in fact, not a history, but an epitome of history, and the most interesting portions are always either slurred over or omitted.

For instance, one of the first points of interest in a work of this pretension should be a careful history of the labours of the Apostles, with an assiduous congregation of every scrap of information that tradition or history have contributed upon this most interesting inquiry.

A history of the early Christians should especially offer an historical *résumé* of the authorities upon the disputed subject of St. Peter's presence and martyrdom at Rome.

There is a beautiful legend of the Roman-Catholic Church, that Peter, dreading the persecution which was arising against him, and again overtaken by cowardice, was escaping from Rome, and had already left the city, when he met our Lord bearing his cross. Peter was ashamed, and said, "Domine quo vadis?" The answer was, "Eo ad Romam crucifigi rursus," and the rebuked Apostle returned to his duty and his martyrdom.

Now it is natural to return to a history of the early Christians for some information upon points of dispute between the Roman and the Protestant Church, so interesting in their character as these, especially as every Englishman who goes to Rome is shewn the Church of "Domine quo vadis?" and is told the legend. Mr. Eliot, upon all these matters, has only the following scanty phrase—

"Both St. Paul and St. Peter are numbered amongst the martyrs of a persecution excited against the foreign sectaries of Rome."

We must not in fairness omit to add, that the author, in a note to this sentence, cites the following authorities—Clem. Rom. ad Corinth. 5; Dionys ap. Eus. ii. 25; Origen ap. Eus. iii. 1; or that he states, in the same note, that "Ambrose (Serm. contra Auxent. p. 867, tom. ii. ed. Benedict) relates the tradition of St. Peter's meeting with Christ at the gate of Rome." But if the reader only wanted to know where to find the materials for a history of the early Christians, he certainly need not go to this Mr. Eliot for the information.

There is no preface to the work, and no word of explanation as to who the author may happen to be. Judging from these very suspicious symptoms, and judging only from these, and from the unscholarlike character of the book, we should guess this to be a reprint of some American work of small repute.

We beg to add, however, that we have no information whatever upon the subject, and judge of the probable origin from the nature of the production.

A Gospel History of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. By THOMAS STEPHEN, one of the Librarians of King's College, London. London: Dean and Son. 1853.

For the purpose of methodizing and fixing in the minds of young people the facts of Gospel history this is a very useful and excellent book. When we opened it we expected something more than this. Strauss' formidable work is still abroad in the land; and Neander's answer, abandoning as it does a portion of the solid ground whereon our faith in inspiration rests, is scarcely less dangerous than the book of the avowed infidel. We had hoped here for a critical and learned work. But such was not Mr. Stephen's object. He has taken the four Gospels and the Prophecies, and he has adopted Mimpriss and Greswell as aids: from these and these only he has worked out the history.

Clinical Lectures on Pulmonary Consumption. By THEOPHILUS THOMSON, M.D. F.R.S. John Churchill, Prince's Street, Soho. 1854.

THESE lectures, originally delivered at the Brompton Consumption Hospital, have already appeared in the *Lancet* of 1851, and have materially enhanced the reputation of their author.

His style is clear, simple, and concise; his explanations are intelligible to the humblest capacity; and his observations are in every respect adapted for popular circulation. This, in some respect, arises from their colloquial character, and from the care that has been taken to abstain from the discussion of recondite and disputed questions.

We would draw particular attention to the fifth lecture, in which Dr. Thomson enters fully into the subject of cod-liver oil as the most efficacious remedy for phthisis.

The extent to which this oil is used at the Brompton Hospital may be deduced from the fact that 600 gallons are annually administered there.

The records of that establishment afford an excellent opportunity of comparing the effect of treatment conducted on general principles, irrespective of the use of this remedy, with treatment in which it has occupied an important place. It must be admitted that in these latter cases the results are truly remarkable.

In almost every instance we find the patients gradually but uniformly increasing in weight; the pulse at the same time improving, and in the majority of instances their unfavourable symptoms are found to abate.

This increase of weight amounts, in some cases, to as much as 5½ lb. in 42 days, where there had been previously a rapid diminution.

Experiments on pigs and oxen have shewn that 2oz. of the coarsest kind of oil, daily ad-

ministered to pigs, and 4oz. to oxen, aided materially the fattening process.

Dr. Thomson is favourable to the exhibition of cod-liver oil in combination with *liquor potassæ*, and an ingenious theory is adduced to support this view. We have not space to enter upon the many interesting topics introduced into this valuable work; but we can cordially and most conscientiously recommend its study to all classes—to the layman as well as to the professional reader.

Discovery. A Poem by EDWARD ALDAM LEATHAM, M.A., London: Walton and Maherly, Upper Gower Street. 1853.

THIS little unpretending volume, comes before us in so meek a guise, that we cannot bring ourselves to speak of it in the same terms as we might, had its author ushered it before the public with an air of greater pretension. Mr. Edward Aldam Leatham informs us on his title page that he is a Master of Arts of the University of London, an institution of which we know nothing, nor are we aware what arts and sciences are there imparted. We should simply infer, from the specimen before us, that Poesy is not of the number.

The annual prize poems of Cambridge and Oxford have never aspired to any very great amount of excellence, though occasionally we have noted in them passages of marvellous and transcendent beauty. "*Discovery*," we must own, has hitherto baffled our researches. If, therefore, it be an average specimen of the versifying powers of young London, we can only say that the "*crassus aer*" of Gower Street is not so congenial to the Muse, as the breeze that ripples the Isis, or that plays among the sedges of the Cam.

Mr. Leatham displays more poetical feeling in his conception than in his execution, which lacks both brilliancy and power.

He has, no doubt, talent, which, if cultivated, would enable him to produce work of a far higher order than this. We select at hazard a passage in which there are undoubtedly pleasing and graceful lines, but their effect is sadly marred by the common-place character of those that follow:—

STEAM.

- Oft have I seen the timid vapour creep
- With stealthy tread along the unconscious deep,
- Or, at the earliest scent of morning air,
- Walk the smooth wave and leave no footprint there;
- And often have I watched it from the hill
- Steal through our evening vale when all was still,
- And, like the spirit of pervading peace,
- Proclaim an universal armistice;
- And I have wondered how a giant's might
- Could dwell embodied in a form so slight,
- Or whence *Discovery* framed her artful plan
- To mould the mist into leviathan,
- With brazen curb her snorting steed restrain,
- And scour the continent and skim the main.

Knit into sinews of omnipotence,
At her decree the roving mists condense,
And docile still, as erst when unconfined
They shrank in timorous wreaths before the wind,
Each nice behest or sturdy task obey,
Knead stubborn adamant like potter's clay,
Speed the huge disk of the revolving wheel,
Or wind the fragile cobweb from the reel.

The ideas conveyed by the first ten lines are highly poetical and gracefully expressed, but what can an impartial reader say of the rest?

Britannic Researches; or, New Facts and Rectifications of Ancient British History. By BEALE POSTE. J. R. Smith. 1853.

A VOLUME of learned trifling, which may be criticised by the professed antiquarian, but will scarcely attract any other reader.

Isaac T. Hopper. A true Life. By N MARIA CHILD. Low and Co., London. 1853.

A HISTORY of a Yankee quaker, whom our readers will immediately recognise when we tell them, in the language of his biographer, that he was "the Napoleon of the Hicksite controversy." If any one should have the least curiosity to know what the Hicksite Controversy was, we beg to refer them to the volume.

Adams' Parliamentary Handbook; a key to the Houses of Lords and Commons. Adams, 9 Parliament Street.

ONE of the most useful and acceptable books of the quarter. Its arrangement is admirable; its accuracy, which we have tested in numerous instances, unimpeachable; its size most compendious; and its price moderate in the extreme.

This new edition contains much additional matter, and its contents are admirably adapted for facility of reference. It comprises a concise peerage, all the titles, personal and political status of each individual peer, his family, connexions, town residence, and country seat.

The alphabetic list of the House of Commons presents at one view the constituency, population, and registered electors, of the places represented, the polls at the last elections, and all the particulars that can be required of the sitting member, his family, and his particular tenets, together with a brief but complete sketch of his public career.

Clouded Happiness. A Novel. By the COUNTESS D'ORSAY. London: Clarke, Beeton, and Co.

MANY of our contemporaries have been beguiled into reviewing this translation as an ori-

ginal work. The readers of the "NEW QUARTERLY" will, however, remember that it was published in French, under the name "L'Ombre du Bonheur," more than twelve months ago, and was duly reviewed at the time. The notice will be found at page 211 of our first Volume.

Highley's Library of Science and Art—Unger's Botanical Lectures. Translated by D. B. PAUL. London: Samuel Highley. 1853.

FAR superior to the ordinary run of mere popular works, so much in demand at the present day, this little volume enters fully and scientifically into the details of that interesting study, upon which, within the last few years, the researches of so many eminent naturalists and microscopists have shed a flood of light.

It would seem, indeed, as though the revelations of the microscope would eventually conduce to discoveries in the vegetable world as astonishing as those of the telescope upon a more exalted and stupendous scale. To our fund of botanical knowledge every year, new and important facts are added: many of these are alluded to, and commented upon with great ability, by Dr. Unger, who is evidently an enthusiast in his pursuit.

After describing in a lucid manner the elementary parts of plants, he proceeds to describe the first formation of cells, their union, and the change resulting from their growth.

With some claim to poetical feeling he observes—

But when the cell has once advanced so far in its development that it has no room either for a marriage-bed or the apparatus of chemical and physical activity, for retorts, balances, and pumps, it may be well imagined as little more than a sepulchre, in which life and love lie buried and motionless for ever. So in truth it is in the plant-organism, and in all its integrant parts; and it is especially those parts which have, in the highest degree, enjoyed the pleasure of existence that fall into a death-slumber from which they never wake again. In the midst of the beautiful green temple one beam after another breaks in, one column falls above another; and long before the proud structure has ceased to wave its leafy crown joyously in the breeze, the death-worm has been gnawing at its heart. At last the whole decays; and just as it was built up, imperceptibly making a world of life dependent upon its existence, so it passes away without leaving a vestige behind.

His observations on the chemistry of plants, the absorption and distribution of their food—on the phenomena of assimilation—and on the fundamental organs of vegetables—merit every attention; as do his reflections on the chronological aspect and history of the plant world.

One of the engravings (and there are many, well executed, interspersed throughout the work) represents a calamite forest of the re-

mote coal period;—we say *remote*, because—though geologically speaking recent—in all probability tens or hundreds of thousands of years have rolled away, since this strange vegetation flourished. We here behold an impetuous torrent overthrowing the lofty, tapering, and hollow trunks of the calamites, increasing the mass of vegetable matter below, to be gradually converted into coal by a subsequent process, and, by a later and mighty convulsion of nature, to be then entombed hundreds of fathoms beneath the surface of the earth's crust.

A dreary wild these forests doubtless would have been deemed, had any human eye ever been permitted to behold them. Utterly destitute were they of animal life: they exhibit evident traces of having been, for countless centuries, the scene of storms and hurricanes.

The records of those primæval elemental wars still exist: the student may botanize on the wrecks they have left, though countless ages may have intervened since last they beheld the light.

We cordially welcome the appearance of this Number of Mr. Highley's scientific library, and commend it for study and reflection.

—Livres de luxe—Presentation Books—Annuals—Christmas Books, &c.

FOREMOST among this class, we may cite "The Pilgrim Fathers of New England,"* illustrated by half a hundred beautiful steel engravings and woodcuts, many of them perfect gems of art: indeed, when we observe that they are mostly executed by such men as Willmore, Cousen, Brandard, and J. T. Armitage, we need say little more in the way of laudation. This volume appears to us especially adapted for presentation; since, independently of its artistic attractions, it presents a faithful history of one of the most singular emigrations recorded in the annals of the world. However much we may differ in our views, our feelings, and our convictions, from this little band of sectaries, driven from their homes at a time when toleration was as yet an unknown principle, it is impossible to deny for a moment their sincerity, their earnestness, and their zeal.

The details of this story are almost unknown to the mass of English readers: on the other side of the Atlantic they are familiar to almost every child—at least, in the New-England States—and numerous are the works that have been published in illustration of them. Many an American pilgrim has sought out the churches of Boston or Leyden where his pious forefathers worshipped, and endeavoured to trace out every footstep of their chequered career—from England to Holland, and from Holland again to the New World. But

* By W. H. Bartlett, author of "Forty Days in the Desert." London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co., Paternoster Row.

these publications and researches are almost unknown in England; and it has therefore occurred to the writer of this volume that it might not be altogether uninteresting to compress the scattered particulars of the tale into a continuous narrative, and to give it additional clearness by illustrations of the different localities connected with it. These he has accordingly sought out in England, Holland, and America; and it is from these pen-and-pencil memorials, and these alone, that his work can lay claim to any distinctive originality.

Mrs. Hall's "Pilgrimages to English Shrines," is a Christmas book at once attractive and unobjectionable. It contains a pleasing admixture of history, gossip, and art, and much that may be read and remembered with profit. Next comes a "Life of Martin Luther, in fifty pictures," by Gustav König.* Of the pictures we are unable conscientiously to speak in a commendatory tone, though they are said to have made no little sensation in Germany. They are tame, flat, and meagre in the extreme, and display themselves in sorry contrast with the brilliant and spirited illustrations to which we are daily accustomed, in works of far less pretension.

To ascertain whether or not the "Nigger mania" has altogether died away, an enterprising publisher has brought out a new edition of Black Tom's history. To be in character with the taste of the gentry whose fabled history and woes it depicts, this volume appears in the most resplendent and polychromatic guise.

We doubt much whether the speculation will prove a profitable one. The worthy British public must surely, long ere now, have been glutted with the sixpenny copies of this ephemeral production; and though we are ready to admit the existence to an almost unlimited extent in the folly of mankind, still we have a better opinion of the discrimination and general enlightenment of the age, than to anticipate an extensive sale of this new issue of a work, the improbabilities and exaggerations of which have already been sufficiently exposed.

Pass we on to Mr. Humphrey's "Coinage of the British Empire."† There is much instruction and interesting knowledge to be derived from this book. It is a complete compendium of the history of coinage in this country, from the days when it was effected in the rudest manner until the present time, when it has almost attained perfection. The illustrations are not mere delineations in black and white, but actual fac-similes of the coins they represent, in gold, silver, and copper. Mr. Humphrey's institutes chronologically comparisons between the coins of this and of other countries, shewing the distinctive peculiarities and the relative difference in artistic execution

between each. Novelty and skill are both displayed here.

"Cherry and Violet," by the author of "Mary Powell," is a light tale, belonging to that class of which Dickens first gave the type. It is better than most of its compeers, but that conveys no high amount of praise. "Christmas Day; and how it was spent by Four Persons," is another work of the same class, written in a pleasing, unaffected style. It contains several illustrations, but they possess no very great merit.

The rage for Annuals and gaudy Albums is passed; and it argues well, perhaps, for the public taste that they should no longer be sought with that morbid avidity, so remarkable twenty years ago. The "Book of Beauty" is, we believe, no more;—that memorable volume in which nubile young ladies, who had sufficient confidence in their own attractions, periodically offered themselves as candidates for permanent alliances. How came the undertaking to fail? Was it that the rougher sex sought rather gold than brass, or preferred broad acres to dimpled cheeks? Or was it, that on the death of its fair editress none could be found to accept her office? It gives us occasion to suspect that, in this iron age, Beauty is yielding to more solid attractions.

"Beauty and the Beast,"‡ by Miss Corner and Alfred Crowquill. This is the first of a series of little plays for little actors, opening a new field for juvenile delectation. Such pastimes have long been known and appreciated in France, and we see no reason why recreations so innocent and lively should not be more in vogue here. As it was at this season that the "Miracleplays" of bygone times were celebrated with more than usual zest, so has it been appropriately selected by Miss Corner for the introduction of a diversion, novel to the present generation, but against which no reasonable objection can be alleged. "If," as she very rightly observes, "proper subjects be selected, and care be taken that they convey some useful or moral lesson, I am convinced from experience, as well as reflection, that such performances would be calculated to do good rather than harm." We hope, with her, that they may prove not only acceptable, but beneficial to our young friends.

Acceptable presents may be selected from the following illustrated works, "Feathered Favourites," "History of the Art of Writing," and a "Sketcher's Tour round the World;" the last, published at a Guinea, we think decidedly the best and most interesting of any of the Christmas books.

* Hall, Virtue, and Co., price 21s.

† Cooke and Co., price 12s.

‡ Cooke and Co., price 21s.

§ Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1854.

|| Routledge and Co., 1854. 1s.

¶ Dean and Son, Threadneedle Street, 1854, price 1s.

Auckland, the Capital of New Zealand, and the Country adjacent: including some account of the gold discovery in New Zealand, with a Map of the Auckland district, from recent surveys. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1854.

THIS book, we understand, is from the pen of Mr. William Swainson, the well-known and accomplished Naturalist, resident at Auckland. It is by far the clearest and the most valuable compendium on the subject that has yet appeared. The information on every point is complete, whether as regards climate, agriculture, the gold discoveries, the city of Auckland, its commerce, its shipping, or the social condition of its inhabitants, &c. &c.

We cannot point out a more valuable book to any emigrant proceeding to the antipodes, nor one more interesting to the friends they leave behind.

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The Revealed Economy of Heaven and Earth.
T. Bosworth, 215 Regent Street.

THE aim of this work is to solve a problem proposed at its commencement—"Why a set of facts relating to man, which are duly authenticated, and which have long been intelligibly made known, are not universally taken account of in every view of his history and prospects." Thus, the Christian scheme is examined, not in its most refined and earnest sense, but simply as a system, developing truths already known, and, to a certain extent, acknowledged. The first chapter has for its title "Divine Order," but the thread of its argument is speedily lost in the inexplicable mysteries and mazes of infinitude. An attempt is made to trace the progress of Creation, and to follow the earlier oc-

cupants of our planet until they were led astray by fallen seraphim, when the harmony which had hitherto existed between the Divine and created natures received its deadliest shock. This calamity, we are told, may have resulted in part from the natural development of that system of Divine law by which the universe is upheld. An economy of compensation, it is suggested, was next introduced by the intervention of a Mediator. The division of mankind into different nations was part of the mediatorial administration, and aided in the development of the scheme for our final restoration. The Mediator continued, through many centuries, to identify himself with humanity; and at last more perfectly to work out his views, he journeyed himself along the thorny path of life, and shared its woes.

The dissolution of our system, it is affirmed, was contemplated at its creation. The materials of the present world will eventually be constructed into new forms, and the termination of the existence of our earth will involve the destruction of many dependent spheres. We are then led to consider the mysteries of the Resurrection. Nor does the author stop here: his great delight, indeed, seems to be, to attempt to sound depths, which the wisest of us must admit are utterly unfathomable.

We have thus given a short sketch of the contents of this anonymous volume, and in so doing have, of course, refrained from touching in any way on doctrinal points. Many passages are shrouded in dim mysticism; while the work, taken as a whole, is too visionary to prove of extensive benefit to mankind, and it is not sufficiently philosophical to excite more than the passing interest of the enlightened few.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

RÉSUMÉ.

A GREAT many French books have found their way across the water this quarter, and some of them deserve more elaborate notice than we fear we can afford. Among these are the "Causeries de Lundi," by Sainte-Beuve, of the *Académie*, a collection of historical, biographical, literary, and critical essays, which have now reached their eighth volume, which have a solid popularity in France, and are becoming known here. Of course they are all reprints of newspaper articles; for the French, with the single exception of that miserable thing called "L'Athénæum Français," have no exclusively critical journal; even the "Révue des deux Mondes" being more an essayist than a critic, and being, moreover, as we believe, much more read in England and America than in France. M. Sainte-Beuve, therefore, writes in a Newspaper, and reprints in volumes. In the eighth of these, which has just appeared, there are several articles interesting to English readers. Perhaps we shall care little for the Cardinal de Bernis, and not much for the criticism upon Malherbe and his school; but the biographical sketch of Gui Patier ought to interest us, and that of Sully must. An article upon Gibbon shews much more English reading than many Frenchmen possess; and pronounces a Frenchman's judgment upon the style of the "Essai sur l'étude de la Littérature"—"Le Français est de quelqu'un qui a beaucoup lu Montesquieu et qui l'imité; c'est du Français correct, mais artificiel." Upon the great work Sainte-Beuve is very short and very superficial, but he yet finds room for a sentence to point out to his compatriots the merit of the celebrated note upon Theodora.

Sainte-Beuve, however, is not always very correct, even in dealing with his own countrymen and his contemporaries. We have a sketch here of Rœderer, wherein we naturally looked for some notice of the history of the Code Napoleon, wherein Rœderer took a most active part, and for which, if for any thing, he will be remembered by posterity—certainly not for his Memoirs of the Hotel Rambouillet. So far as we can gather from what Sainte-Beuve says of him, however, this writer is not even aware that Rœderer was a member of the Commission by which the Code was prepared.

Louis Reybaud can no longer send forth Jérôme Paturot in search of "la malheur des républiques," nor can he continue M. Robichon in his perpetual candidature for the presidency of the Republic. He consoles himself, however, with the reflection, that "Sous quelque gouvernement que l'on vive, *même le plus parfait*, n'y a-t-il pas quelques travers à railler et quelques ridicules à peindre?" So M. Reybaud writes two volumes called "Mœurs et Portraits du temps," and we confess that we find them quite unreadable. There is no broad farce in them, and Reybaud can write nothing else.

"Les Deux Amériques, histoire mœurs et voyages," by Xavier Eyma. This is an essay upon America, not a history. We recommend it to the English reader as very smart, epigrammatic, not at all infected by Americomania or Anglophobia, and curious as the impressions of an observant stranger.

The Biographies and Memoirs we shall notice separately hereafter, and also the Novels, which are more numerous than usual.

Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris. Par Le DOCTEUR L. VÉRON. Paris: Gonet. 1853.
Mémoires d'Alex. Dumas. Deuxième Série. 3 Tom. Paris. 1853.

IF any one wishes thoroughly to estimate the taste of French men and women for writing their own *Mémoires*, let him cast his eyes upon the interminable shelves of volumes which make up Petitot's edition of the French memoir writers. Let him then remember that the prince of the order—the Duc de St. Simon—is not included in the collection. If he would further estimate the avidity with which such works are bought up by the French public, let him recall to mind the proved fact, that Paris, a few years since, contained a large class of authors of no contemptible powers of writing, whose sole occupation it was to *forge* *Mémoires*. So clever were these people in their vocation, that it required no small amount of historical learning to track their steps and discover their true character, by detections of minute errors which made genuineness impossible. We have, however, already dealt with this subject in an earlier Number, and must not repeat ourselves.

But in other days *Mémoires* were reserved until the contemporaries spoken of were dead; or, at the worst, they were only passed about in manuscript from hand to hand, occasioning much private scandal and occasional quarrels, as in the case of Bussy Rabutin and Madame de Sévigné. Now, however, we have every one writing his *Mémoires* for his own living profit, and gibbeting his friends without fear of cutting or caning.

Here is the Doctor Véron. In royal octavo volumes and large type he publishes every letter he has received during a long life. This man began as a medical student, very nearly made his fortune by saving the life of a portress, but hopelessly shipwrecked his medical reputation by failing to draw blood from the fat arm of a rich old lady, attracted to him by the fame of his first achievement.

Disgusted with medicine, the Doctor took to literature, and established the "*Revue de Paris*," an adventure which introduced him to all the writers of that day (1829), and enables him to tell of them many anecdotes, and to print many of their letters.

Meanwhile he had attached himself much to that heaven of gauze, and catgut, and warblings, and oglings, and fitful amourettes, the French Opera. M. Véron, in 1831, became director, and even as he had the writers in his pay; so he now had all the fast men of Paris and the danseuses of the second order at his feet. As to the indispensables, they, of course, plagued him to death—*celà va sans dire*. But M. Véron was a powerful man.

In 1844 he became editor of the *Constitu-*

tionnel, and was so great a person, that when he had scolded M. Thiers through a couple of columns, that invasion-hatching minister only sent a friend to tell him that he might have any thing he liked to ask for.

We find that M. Véron bought an estate in 1837, and he is now Député of the Department of the Seine. He was born in 1798.

Such is the man who is now publishing to the world sketches, anecdotes, conversations, and correspondence appertaining to every man and woman he has ever met. He has hitherto got not very far into his work. His first volume brings it down to 1822, and, judging by the heavy medical dissertations, he has a strong intention of spinning it out to a rivalry with St. Simon, or even with Dumas. It was indeed necessary that he should make promises of what was coming, and give us specimens of what remained behind, or we should have been inclined to say that the Frenchman's vanity had overlaid his wit.

We have among these specimens three letters, which are so characteristic of the writers that we cannot keep them from our readers. They were addressed to Véron, as *gérant* of the *Constitutionnel*.

The first is from the great Dumas.

LETTRE DE M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

"MON CHER VÉRON,

"Voici comment les gens qui ont du talent travaillent.

"Je vous envoie cent vingt pages de papier blanc, vous le ferez t'imbriquer par votre garçon de bureau, dans un coin, celui opposé aux numéros. Vous me les renverrez jeudi matin par le premier convoi. Vous trouverez votre volume commencé en venant en dîner chez moi, jeudi 14, et je vous le reporterai fini en allant dîner chez vous, jeudi 21.

"A vous.

"A. DUMAS."

This letter is well contrasted with one from Madame Dudevant, the subject-matter being the same.

LETTRE DE MADAME GEORGE SAND.

"MONSIEUR,

"Vous me chagrinez extrêmement en me demandant un roman un mois plus tôt que ne comportent nos engagements réciproques. Il y a un grand inconvénient pour ma santé et un grand danger pour le mérite du livre à travailler ainsi à la hâte, sans avoir eu le temps de mûrir mon sujet et de faire les recherches nécessaires, car il n'est si petit sujet qui n'exige beaucoup de lectures et de réflexions. Je trouve que vous me traitez un peu trop comme un *bouche-trou*; mon amour-propre n'en souffre pas, et j'ai trop d'estime et d'amitié pour Eugène Sue, pour être jalouse de toutes vos préférences. Mais si vous lui donnez le temps nécessaire pour développer de beaux et grands ouvrages, il me faut aussi le temps de soigner mes petites études, et je ne peux pas m'engager à me trouver prête, quand les coupures du *Juif-Errant* l'exigeront, non plus qu'à avoir terminé, quand le *Juif-Errant* sera prêt à se remettre en route autour du monde. Tout

ce que je puis vous promettre, c'est de faire tout mon possible, parce que j'ai le désir sincère de vous obliger. Je passe sous silence la contrariété de me remettre au travail, quand je comptais encore sur un mois de repos bien nécessaire. J'y ai déjà renoncé, je travaille déjà depuis que j'ai reçu votre lettre, mais pourrai-je vous envoyer dans six semaines un ouvrage dont je sois satisfaite et dont vous soyez vous-même content. Je ne pense pas que l'intérêt de votre journal soit de me presser ainsi. Je suis donc un peu en colère contre vous, et, pourtant, je ne refuse pas de faire ce qui me sera humainement possible.

"Mille compliments empressés, accompagnés de quelques reproches."
"GEORGE SAND."

The next is from Eugène Sue.

LETTER DE M. EUGÈNE SUE.

"J'ai pensé, mon cher Véron, que *Martin l'enfant-trouvé* serait un meilleur titre, et il est très important que cette rectification ait lieu; vous verrez pourquoi. Je vous enverrai à la fin de cette semaine un demi-volume environ. Vous me feriez composer une double épreuve sur mon papier. Vous lirez et me direz votre avis par notes, en m'envoyant mes deux épreuves. Je crois être dans une assez bonne voie; du reste, vous jugerez et me direz franchement, comme toujours, car le commencement est très important, vu qu'il faut prendre le lecteur. . .

"Je suis heureux comme dix rois; j'ai des chiens excellents; je travaille beaucoup; et mes serres sont en pleine floraison.—Je vous assure que dix heures du soir arrivent avec une incroyable rapidité, et à six heures, jour ou non, je suis sur pied.—Mais la grande affaire est toujours pour moi le travail, et quand je suis content de ce que j'ai écrit le matin, je monte à cheval, ou je chasse avec un double plaisir.—Voilà, j'espère, une fameuse vocation.—Adieu, mon cher Véron, une fois le chemin de fer établi, il faudra que vous veniez voir mon établissement.

"Croyez à mes sentiments, bien sincères, bien affectueux.

"Tout et bien à vous.

"E. SUE."

"Que dit-on du titre des *Mémoires d'un Valet de chambre*?"

The fourth is from the author of the "*Physiologie de Marriage*." Balzac, the un pitying Archilochus of the married state, has just been married, and his wife has bought a necklace of pearls that would send a saint into extasies!

LETTER DE BALZAC.

"Dresde, 11 Mai 1850.

"MON CHER VÉRON,

"On se marie à 750 lieues de Paris, dans un pays de gouvernement absolu; on se croit à l'abri du pillage, et me voilà pillé, abîmé dans ma considération, et trahi comme un roi.

"La lettre ci-jointe vous dira combien je suis furieux, et je vous prie de l'insérer dans le *Constitutionnel* dès que vous aurez cette lettre.

"Excusez le griffonnage; j'ai une maladie nerveuse qui s'est jetée sur les yeux et sur le cœur; je suis dans un état affreux pour un homme nouvellement marié; mais il y a dans cette misérable affaire une compensation, c'est que je puisse me rappeler à votre bon souvenir à travers mon voyage.

"Oh! quelles belles choses il y a ici. J'en suis déjà pour une toilette de 25 à 30,000 fr., qui est mille fois plus belle que celle de la duchesse de Parme. Les orfèvres du moyen-âge sont bien supérieurs au nôtre, et j'ai découvert des tableaux magnifiques. Si je reste, il n'y aura plus un liard de la fortune de ma femme, car elle a acheté un collier de perles à rendre folle une sainte.

"Mille amitiés et bientôt: je vous remercierai moi-même dans les Tuileries, car je ne peux pas monter plus

de vingt marches; le cœur s'y oppose. J'espère que vous et le *Constitutionnel* vous allez bien.

"DE BALZAC."

But Véron forgets to tell us that Balzac's wife was a lady who not only bought thirty thousand francs worth of trumperies, but had wherewith to pay for them.

We have alluded to an anecdote told of Thiers. The Doctor's remark upon it is very naïve.

M. Thiers fait appeler mon ami Rosman: "Tenez, lui dit-il, lisez ce qu'écrit votre ami Véron, rien n'est plus inconvenant! Un directeur de théâtre ose faire la leçon à un ministre;" et il se répand contre moi en paroles des plus vives et en traits des plus amers. Mon ami Rosman n'en pouvait mais! Enfin, après toutes ces violences, M. Thiers retrouve un peu de calme, puis, changeant brusquement de physionomie et de ton: "Êtes-vous toujours bien avec Véron?" dit-il d'une voix très radoucie.—Oui, monsieur le ministre.—Après tout il mène bien l'Opéra; dites-lui que s'il a quelque chose à me demander, je ferai tout ce qu'il voudra." M. Thiers ne dépense ni son temps, ni son esprit à nourrir des rancunes, à couvrir des vengeances. Il y a de l'Auguste dans cet homme d'État.

We think our readers will be amused and yet disappointed with this work. Perhaps the later volumes may have more point and anecdote in them.

As to Dumas, we have already quoted so often from his *Mémoires* that we fear to continue the practice. Every one knows what manner of book it is; how light, how gossiping, how amusing, how vain-glorious, and how utterly false.

If, however, we venture on an extract, we must pass over his fighting and his politics, and give his description of reading a new play—"Anthony"—to the actress who was to have the principal character.

THE READING OF "ANTHONY."

Je revins le soir. Dorval était seule: elle m'attendait.

— Ah! ma foi! m'écriai-je, je n'espérais pas un tête-à-tête.

— J'ai dit que j'avais une lecture.

— Et as-tu dit qui lisait?

— Oh! non; mais, d'abord, viens, t'asseoir ici, et écoute-moi, mon bon chien.

Je me laissai conduire à un fauteuil.

Je m'assis.

Elle resta debout devant moi, avec ses deux mains dans les miennes.

Elle me regarda de son bon et doux regard.

— Tu m'aimes, toi, n'est-ce pas? me dit-elle.

— De tout mon cœur!

— Tu m'aimes véritablement?

— Puisque je te le dis.

— Pour moi?

— Pour toi.

— Tu ne voudrais donc pas me faire de la peine?

— Ah! grand Dieu!

— Tu désires que je joue ton rôle?

— Puisque je te l'apporte.

— Tu ne veux pas entraver ma carrière?

— Ah çà, mais tu es folle!

— Eh bien, ne me tourmente plus comme tu as fait ce matin. Je n'aurais pas la force de me défendre, moi, et

... et je suis heureuse comme je suis ; j'aime de Vigny, il m'adore. Tu sais, il y a des hommes que l'on ne trompe pas, ce sont les hommes de génie, ou, si on les trompe, ma foi, tant pis pour celles qui les trompent !

— Ma chère Marie, lui dis-je, tu es à la fois l'esprit le plus élevé et le meilleur cœur que je connaisse. Touche là, je ne suis plus que ton ami.

— Ah ! entendons-nous, je ne dis pas que cela durera toujours.

— Cela durera, du moins, tant que tu ne me rendras pas la parole que je te donne.

— C'est dit. Si, un jour, cela m'ennuie, je t'écirai.

— A moi ?

— A toi.

— Avant tout autre ?

— Avant tout autre ; tu sais bien comme je t'aime, mon bon chien . . . Ah ! nous allons donc lire cela ; on dit que c'est superbe. Pourquoi donc cette mijaurée de mademoiselle Mars n'a-t-elle pas joué le rôle ?

— Ah ! parce qu'elle avait fait faire pour quinze cents francs de robes, et que le lustre n'éclairait pas assez.

— Tu sais que je n'en ferai pas faire pour quinze cents francs, de robes, moi ; mais sois tranquille, on trouvera moyen de s'attifer ! C'est donc une femme du monde, hein ? Quel bonheur de jouer une femme du monde, mais une vraie, comme tu dois savoir les faire ! Moi qui n'ai jamais joué que des poissardes . . . Allons, vite, mets-toi là, et lis.

Je commençai à lire, mais elle n'eut pas la patience de rester sur sa chaise ; elle se leva, et vint s'appuyer sur mon dos, lisant en même temps que moi par-dessus mon épaule.

Après le premier acte, je relevai la tête : elle m'embrassa au front.

— Eh bien ? lui demandai-je.

— Eh bien, mais il me semble que cela s'engrène drôlement ! Ils vont aller loin, s'ils marchent toujours du même pas.

— Attends, et tu vas voir.

Je commençai le second acte.

A mesure que j'avancais dans ma lecture, je sentais la poitrine de l'admirable actrice palpiter contre mon épaule ; à la scène entre Adèle et Antony, une larme tomba sur mon manuscrit, puis une seconde, puis une troisième.

Je relevai la tête pour l'embrasser.

— Oh ! que tu es ennuyeux ! dit-elle ; va donc, tu me laisses au milieu de mon plaisir.

Je me remis à lire, et elle se remit à pleurer.

A la fin de l'acte, on se le rappelle, Adèle s'enfuit.

— Ah ! dit Dorval en sanglotant, en voilà une femme honnête ! Moi je ne m'en irais pas, va !

— Toi, lui dis-je, tu es un amour !

— Non, monsieur, je suis ange ! Voyons le troisième ; ah ! mon Dieu, pourvu qu'il la rejoigne !

Je lus le troisième acte ; elle l'écouta toute frissonnante.

Le troisième acte se termine, on le sait, par la vitre cassée, par le mouchoir appliqué sur la bouche d'Adèle, par Adèle repoussée dans sa chambre ; après quoi, la toile tombe.

— Eh bien, me dit Dorval, maintenant ?

— Tu ne te doutes pas de ce que lui fait Antony ?

— Comment, il la viole ?

— Un peu ! seulement, elle ne sonne pas, elle.

— Ah ! . . .

— Quoi ?

— Bon ! en voilà une fin de troisième acte ! Oh ! tu n'y vas pas de main morte, toi ! C'est égal, il est un peu joli à jouer, cet acte-là. Tu verras comme je dirai : " Mais elle ne ferme pas, cette porte ! " et : " Il n'est jamais arrivé d'accident dans cette auberge ? " Il n'y a que le cri, quand je l'apercevrai ; il me semble que cela doit faire tant de plaisir à Adèle de revoir Antony qu'elle ne peut pas crier.

— Il faut pourtant qu'elle crie.

— Oui, je sais bien, c'est plus moral . . . Allons, va, va, mon bon chien !

J'entamai le quatrième acte.

A la scène de l'insulte, elle me prit le cou entre ses deux mains : ce n'était plus seulement son sein qui s'élevait et s'abaissait, c'était son cœur qui battait contre mon épaule ; je le sentais bondir à travers ses vêtements. A la scène entre la vicomtesse et Adèle, scène dans laquelle Adèle répète trois fois : " Mais je ne lui ai rien fait, à cette femme ! " je m'arrêtai.

— Sacré nom d'un chien ! me dit-elle, pourquoi t'arrêtes-tu donc ?

— Je m'arrête, répondis-je, parce que tu m'étrangles.

— Tiens, c'est vrai, dit-elle ; mais c'est qu'aussi on n'a jamais fait de ces choses-là au théâtre. Ah ! c'est trop nature, c'est bête, ça étouffe, ah ! . . .

— Il faut pourtant bien que tu écoutes jusqu'à la fin.

— Je ne demande pas mieux.

J'achevai de lire l'acte.

— Ah ! me dit-elle, tu peux être tranquille sur celui-là, j'en réponds. Ah ! je dirai drôlement cela ; " C'est sa ma tresse ! " Ce n'est pas difficile à jouer, tes pièces ; seulement, ça vous broie le cœur . . . Oh ! la la, laisse-moi pleurer un peu, hein ? . . . Ah ! grand chien, va ! où as-tu donc appris les femmes, toi ? tu les sais un peu bien par cœur !

— Voyons, lui dis-je, un peu de courage et finissons-en.

— Allons, va !

Je commençai le cinquième acte.

No wonder that in Paris folk are becoming very shy of people who are suspected of keeping diaries.

Graziella. Par A. DE LAMARTINE. Bruxelles. Meline, Cans, and Co. 1853.

A REPRINT of one of M. de Lamartine's works has just been laid before us, and offers a good opportunity of proffering a few remarks on Lamartine as a novelist, a character in which, in England at least, he is not well known. We are more accustomed to think of Lamartine as the youthful politician, appearing later as the matured and thoughtful statesman. We associate his name with the fabulous but eloquent " Histoire des Girondins," and with " l'Histoire de la Restauration," so superior to it in the correctness both of its style and of its statements. We remember having followed

him, while we were refreshed by the poetry of his descriptions, through the climes of the east. He reformed the poetry of France, even as Chateaubriand re-modelled her prose ; and notwithstanding M. Didot's early censure, which he retaliated in a manner as sarcastic as it was *spirituel*, his name will endure, and will, by future generations, be proudly remembered, when the existence of Delille, Parny, Michaud, Raynouard, and Luce de Lancival are no longer known. " Jocelyn " is one of M. de Lamartine's feeblest poetical efforts. The composition is careless and unfinished, while the

opinions it conveys indicate a strange admixture of Romanism and Calvinism. The simplicity of the portrait of the *curé de campagne* is the only redeeming quality, but the functions of the critic are suspended while we share the deep emotion, the exquisite grace, and the kindred sympathy with his fellow-men, which flow in his "Méditations" and his "Harmonies." The tone which pervades the work throughout, fell gratefully on the ear after the cold materialism of the school which preceded him. Where, indeed, shall we look, in the dry, sterile poetry of the eighteenth century, for verses replete with the warm inspiration, the religious enthusiasm of the "Poète mourant," or of many other of the pieces contained in these volumes of poetical gems? To say Lamartine's poetry is faultless would be untrue.

Hâtez vous lentement ; et sans perdre courage,
Vingt fois sur le métier remettez votre ouvrage.
Polissez le sans cesse, et le repolissez :
Ajoutez quelquefois—et souvent effacez.

is wholesome advice, which, from the rapidity of his composition, he has altogether neglected. He thus degenerates, falls into carelessness, and is not unfrequently guilty of palpable repetitions.

As the author of "Mes Confidences" and "Raphaël," Lamartine is seldom alluded to, on this side of the channel. In these works his ordinary defects become more glaring than in his poetry. His great aim seems to have been to paint every thing in its brightest and most glowing colours. In this manner he soon quits the realms of probability, and exhausts his reader by exaggerated pictures, hyperbolic epithets, inappropriate images, and by a wearisome superabundance of descriptions. Were the reader not occasionally aroused by pages in which the true poet breaks forth in all his most vivid freshness of fancy, he would be inclined to cast aside the book as little better than a dreamy and monotonous reiteration of a few ideas. The continued tendency to exaggeration in these volumes proves that they afford no true description of the author's life, his sentiments, or his feelings. He loves to embellish scenes in which he has been a transient actor, and to deck with fictitious attributes characters with whom he has been temporarily associated. Numerous, however, and frequent as are the faults everywhere discernible in these *novels* (for we can scarcely attach to them a more serious name), they contain passages of transcendent beauty and exquisite simplicity, where the poet, by the refinement and delicacy of his ideas, proudly and unquestionably asserts his pre-eminence over the host of imitators who have attempted to copy him in the peculiar field he so justly claims as his own. "Graziella," the little volume before us, is less tinctured with false

sentiment than "Raphaël," and is decidedly the best of M. de Lamartine's novels. The plot is slight and sketchy : rob it of its ornaments, and little remains but a story of everyday occurrence in both Parisian and London life.

M. de Lamartine and his friend M. Aymon de Virieu, are passing some time in Naples. Wandering on the Margellina while the fishermen are preparing their frail barks for sea, they are seized with a sudden wish to share for a while in their dangerous employment. They consequently make the necessary arrangements, and that very night embark with an old man and a little boy. Enchanted with their novel existence, for many successive nights they repose under no other canopy than the deep clear azure of an Italian sky, occupying no other tenement than their fragile boat. A storm at length arises, and, as though delineated by the limner's graphic art, it is brought vividly before the mental eye by M. de Lamartine's able pen.

NIGHT ON THE DEEP.

Mais pour aborder à Procida, dont nous apercevions les feux du soir briller à notre droite, il fallait prendre obliquement les lames et nous glisser, pour ainsi dire dans leurs vallées vers la côte, en présentant le flanc à la vague et les minces bords de la barque au vent. Cependant, la nécessité ne nous permettait pas d'hésiter. Le pêcheur, nous faisant signe de relever nos rames, profita de l'intervalle d'une lame à l'autre pour virer de bord. Nous mîmes le cap sur Procida, et nous voguâmes comme un brin d'herbe marine qu'une vague jette à l'autre vague et que le flot reprend au flot.

Nous avançons peu ; la nuit était tombée. La poussière, l'écume, les nuages que le vent roulait en lambeaux déchirés sur le canal en redoublaient l'obscurité. Le vieillard avait ordonné à l'enfant d'allumer une de ses torches de résine, soit pour éclairer un peu sa manœuvre dans les profondeurs de la mer, soit pour indiquer aux marins de Procida qu'une barque était en perdition dans le canal, et pour leur demander non leurs secours, mais leurs prières.

C'était un spectacle sublime et sinistre que celui de ce pauvre enfant accroché d'une main au petit mât qui surmontait la proue, et, de l'autre, élevant au-dessus de sa tête cette torche de feu rouge dont la flamme et la fumée se tordaient sous le vent et lui brûlaient les doigts et les cheveux. Cette étincelle flottante apparaissant au sommet des lames et disparaissant dans leur profondeur, toujours prête à s'éteindre et toujours rallumée, était comme le symbole de ces quatre vies d'hommes qui luttèrent entre le salut et la mort dans les ombres et dans les angoisses de cette nuit.

Trois heures, dont les minutes ont la durée des pensées qui les mesurent, s'écoulèrent ainsi ; la lune se leva, et, comme c'est l'habitude, le vent plus furieux se leva avec elle. Si nous avions eu la moindre voile, il nous eût chavirés vingt fois. Quoique les bords très-bas de la barque donnassent peu de prise à l'ouragan, il y avait des moments où il semblait déraciner notre quille des flots, et où il nous faisait tourner comme une feuille sèche arrachée à l'arbre.

Nous embarquions beaucoup d'eau : nous ne pouvions suffire à la vider aussi vite qu'elle nous envahissait. Il y avait des moments où nous sentions les planches s'affaisser sous nous comme un cercueil qui descend dans la fosse. Le poids de l'eau rendait la barque moins

obéissante et pouvait la rendre plus lente à se relever une fois entre deux lames. Une seule seconde de retard, et tout était fini.

Le vieillard, sans pouvoir parler, nous fit signe, les larmes aux yeux, de jeter à la mer tout ce qui encombra le fond de la barque. Les jarres d'eau, les paniers de poissons, les deux grosses voiles, l'ancre de fer, les cordages, jusqu'à ses paquets de lourdes hardes; nos capotes même de grosse laine trempées d'eau, tout passa par-dessus le bord. Le pauvre nautonnier regarda un moment surnager toute sa richesse. La barque se releva et courut légèrement sur la crête des vagues, comme un coursier qu'on a déchargé.

Nous entrâmes insensiblement dans une mer plus douce, un peu abritée par la pointe occidentale de Procida. Le vent faiblit, la flamme de la torche se redressa, la lune ouvrit une grande percée bleue entre les nuages; les lames, en s'allongeant, s'aplanirent et cessèrent d'écumer sur nos têtes. Peu à peu la mer fut courte et clapoteuse comme dans une auge presque tranquille, et l'ombre noire de la falaise de Procida nous coupa la ligne de l'horizon. Nous étions dans les eaux du milieu de l'île.

La mer était trop grosse à la pointe pour en chercher le port. Il fallut nous résoudre à aborder l'île par ses flancs et au milieu de ses écueils.—“N'ayons plus d'inquiétude, enfants, nous dit le pêcheur en reconnaissant le rivage à la clarté de la torche; la madone nous a sauvés. Nous tenons la terre et nous coucherons cette nuit dans ma maison.”—Nous crûmes qu'il avait perdu l'esprit, car nous ne lui connaissions d'autre demeure que sa cave sombre de la *Margellina*, et pour y revenir avant la nuit, il fallait rejeter dans le canal, doubler le cap et affronter de nouveau la mer mugissante à laquelle nous venions d'échapper.

Mais lui souriait de notre air d'étonnement, et comprenant nos pensées dans nos yeux: “Soyez tranquilles, jeunes gens, reprit-il, nous y arriverons sans qu'une seule vague nous mouille.” Puis il nous expliqua qu'il était de Procida; qu'il possédait encore sur cette côte de l'île la cabane et le jardin de son père, et qu'en ce moment même sa femme âgée avec sa petite fille, sœur de Bepino, notre jeune mousse, et deux autres petits enfants, étaient dans sa maison, pour y sécher les figues et pour y vendanger les treilles dont ils vendaient les raisins à Naples.—“Encore quelques coups de rame, ajouta-t-il, et nous boirons de l'eau de la source qui est plus limpide que le vin d'Ischia.”

Ces mots nous rendirent courage; nous ramâmes encore pendant l'espace d'environ une lieue le long de la côte droite et écumeuse de Procida. De temps en temps, l'enfant élevait et secouait sa torche. Elle jetait sa lueur sinistre sur les rochers, et nous montrait partout une muraille inabordable. Enfin, au tournant d'une pointe de granit qui s'avancait en forme de bastion dans la mer, nous vîmes la falaise fléchir et se creuser un peu comme une brèche dans un mur d'enceinte: un coup de gouvernail nous fit virer droit à la côte, trois dernières lames jetèrent notre barque harassée entre deux écueils, où l'écume bouillonnait sur un basfond.

By this incident they escape, and during some weeks the stormy state of the weather obliges them to make the fisherman's cabin in the island of Procida their home. There they become acquainted with Graziella, the old man's grand-daughter. M. de Lamartine has not in any way attempted to raise her above her sphere: she is a well-drawn portrait of an Italian peasant-girl. Three books alone were saved when the storm compelled them to abandon the boat;—a “Tacitus”—in those days Lamartine's constant companion, and one he recommends all fathers to place in the hands of

their sons; “Paul et Virginie,” the favourite book of his childhood, exercising as it did much influence over his imagination; and the novel of “Jacopo Ortis.” The poet commences reading aloud to his humble associates, but they are neither politicians nor philosophers. Tacitus does not interest them, and they cannot enter into the wild passion of “Jacopo Ortis.” At last he begins the translation of “Paul et Virginie” into familiar Italian; and its effect upon these illiterate rustics is one of Bernardin de St. Pierre's greatest triumphs, whilst it forms the best scene in Lamartine's book.

GENUINE FEELING.

Je n'avais encore lu que quelques pages, et déjà vieillards, jeune fille, enfant, tout avait changé d'attitude. Le pêcheur, le coude sur son genou et l'oreille penchée de mon côté, oubliait d'aspirer la fumée de sa pipe. La vieille grand-mère, assise en face de moi, tenait ses deux mains jointes sous son menton, avec le geste des pauvres femmes qui écoutent la parole de Dieu, accroupies sur le pavé des temples. Beppo était descendu du mur de la terrasse, où il était assis tout à l'heure. Il avait placé, sans bruit, sa guitare sur le plancher. Il posait sa main à plat sur le manche, de peur que le vent ne fit résonner ses cordes. Graziella, qui se tenait ordinairement un peu loin, se rapprochait insensiblement de moi, comme si elle eût été fasciné par une puissance d'attraction cachée dans le livre.

Adossée au mur de la terrasse, au pied duquel j'étais étendu moi-même, elle se rapprochait de plus en plus de mon côté, appuyée sur sa main gauche, qui portait à terre, dans l'attitude du gladiateur blessé. Elle regardait avec de grands yeux bien ouverts tantôt le livre, tantôt mes lèvres d'où coulait le récit; tantôt le vide entre mes lèvres et le livre, comme si elle eût cherché du regard l'invisible esprit qui me l'interprétait. J'entendais son souffle inégal s'interrompre ou se précipiter, suivant les palpitations du drame, comme l'haleine essoufflée de quelqu'un qui gravit une montagne et qui se repose pour respirer de temps en temps. Avant que je fusse arrivé au milieu de l'histoire, la pauvre enfant avait oublié sa réserve un peu sauvage avec moi. Je sentais la chaleur de sa respiration sur mes mains. Ses cheveux frissonnaient sur mon front. Deux ou trois larmes brûlantes, tombées de ses joues, tachaient les pages tout près de mes doigts.

Excepté ma voix lente et monotone, qui traduisait littéralement à cette famille de pêcheurs ce poème du cœur, on n'entendait aucun bruit que les coups sourds et éloignés de la mer, qui battait la côte là-bas sous nos pieds. Ce bruit même était en harmonie avec la lecture. C'était comme le dénouement pressenti de l'histoire, qui grondait d'avance dans l'air au commencement et pendant le cours du récit. Plus ce récit se déroulait, plus il semblait attacher nos simples auditeurs. Quand j'hésitais, par hasard, à trouver l'expression juste pour rendre le mot français, Graziella, qui, depuis quelque temps, tenait la lampe abritée contre le vent par son tablier, l'approchait tout près des pages et brûlait presque le livre dans son impatience, comme si elle eût pensé que la lumière du feu allait faire jaillir le sens intellectuel à mes yeux et éclore plus vite les paroles sur mes lèvres. Je repoussais en souriant la lampe de la main sans détourner mon regard de la page, et je sentais mes doigts tout chauds de ses pleurs.

Quand je fus arrivé au moment où Virginie, rappelée en France par sa tante, senti, pour ainsi dire, le déchirement de son être en deux, et s'efforce de consoler Paul sous les bananiers, en lui parlant de retour et en lui montrant la mer qui va l'emporter, je fermai le volume et je remis la lecture au lendemain.

Ce fut un coup au cœur des pauvres gens. Graziella se mit à genoux devant moi, puis devant mon ami, pour nous supplier d'achever l'histoire. Mais ce fut en vain. Nous voulions prolonger l'intérêt pour elle, le charme de l'épreuve pour nous. Elle arracha alors le livre de mes mains. Elle l'ouvrit, comme si elle eût pu, à force de volonté en comprendre les caractères. Elle lui parla, elle l'embrassa. Elle le remit respectueusement sur ses genoux, en joignant les mains et en me regardant en suppliante.

* * * * *

Tout le jour, la maison fut triste comme s'il était arrivé un événement douloureux dans l'humble famille. On se réunit pour prendre les repas, sans presque se parler. On se sépara. On se retrouva sans sourire. On voyait que Graziella n'avait point le cœur à ce qu'elle faisait en s'occupant dans le jardin ou sur le toit. Elle regardait souvent si le soleil baissait, et de cette journée, il était visible qu'elle n'attendait que le soir.

Quand le soir fut venu et que nous eûmes repris tous nos places ordinaires sur l'*astrico*, je rouvris le livre et j'achevai la lecture au milieu des sanglots. Père, mère, enfants, mon ami, moi-même, tous participaient à l'émotion générale. Le son morne et grave de ma voix se pliait, à mon insu, à la tristesse des aventures et à la gravité des paroles. Elles semblaient, à la fin du récit, venir de loin et tomber de haut dans l'âme avec l'accent creux d'une poitrine vide où le cœur ne bat plus, et qui ne participe plus aux choses de la terre que par la tristesse, la religion et le souvenir.

The angry waves at length are stilled, and the two friends return to Naples. Soon afterwards M. de Virieu starts for France, and Lamartine, solitary and friendless, falls ill of "le mal du pays." He remembers the poor fisherman's family, who have arrived on the Margellina from Procida for the winter, and he sends to ask old Andrea to come to him. Graziella alone is at home when the message arrives, and she instantly goes to tend the ailing stranger. The sight of the beautiful peasant girl revives his fading spirits, and before the next day's sun has set, he is established as one of the family in Andrea's humble dwelling. He passes most of his time in study; but when his books are closed, and his writings laid on one side, Graziella is his constant companion. She is a coral worker by trade: he assists her in her employment, and teaches the ignorant girl to read and write. Unclouded happiness is theirs, until Cecco, a rich cousin of Graziella's, asks her hand in marriage. Hours of sorrow and weeping are passed in solitude by the unhappy maiden, for she does not love Cecco. She is, however, at length overcome by the importunity of her family, and yields a reluctant consent to their union, though at the same time she resolves to prevent its consummation by flight. She escapes from her home in the dead of night, leaving a note declaratory of her intention of becoming a nun. The whole family, overwhelmed in grief, starts in search of the fugitive; but Lamartine alone thinks of going to the cabin at Procida. Arrived there in a night of storm and darkness, he finds the door barred, and hears Graziella moaning within. Overcome by the sound of his well-

known accents, she faints, and he is compelled to force the door in order to obtain admittance.

THE DECLARATION.

Je n'hésitai plus; je donnai un coup d'épaule de toutes les forces de mon impatience et de mon inquiétude à la vieille porte; la serrure céda et se détacha sous l'effort, et je me précipitai dans la maison.

La petite lampe rallumée devant la madone par Graziella l'éclairait d'une faible lueur. Je courus au fond de la seconde chambre où j'avais entendu sa voix et sa chute, et où je la croyais évanouie. Elle ne l'était pas. Seulement sa faiblesse avait trahi son effort; elle était retombée sur le tas de bruyère sèche qui lui servait de lit, et joignait les mains en me regardant. Ses yeux animés par la fièvre, ouverts par l'étonnement et allanguis par l'amour, brillaient fixes comme deux étoiles dont les lueurs tombent du ciel, et qui semblent vous regarder.

Sa tête, qu'elle cherchait à relever, retombait de faiblesse sur les feuilles, renversée en arrière et comme si le cou était brisé. Elle était pâle comme l'agonie, excepté sur les pommettes des joues teintes de quelques vives roses. Sa belle peau était marbrée de taches de larmes et de la poussière qui s'y était attachée. Son vêtement noir se confondait avec la couleur brune des feuilles répandues à terre et sur lesquelles elle était couchée. Ses pieds nus, blancs comme le marbre, dépassaient de toute leur longueur le tas de fougères et reposaient sur la pierre. Des frissons couraient sur tous ses membres et faisaient claquer ses dents comme des castagnettes dans une main d'enfant. Le mouchoir rouge qui enveloppait ordinairement les longues tresses noires de ses beaux cheveux était détaché et étendu comme un demi-voile sur son front jusqu'au bord de ses yeux. On voyait qu'elle s'en était servie pour ensevelir son visage et ses larmes dans l'ombre comme dans l'immobilité anticipée d'un linceul, et qu'elle ne l'avait relevé qu'en entendant ma voix et en se plaçant sur son séant pour venir m'ouvrir.

Je me jetai à genoux à côté de la bruyère; je pris ses deux mains glacées dans les miennes; je les portai à mes lèvres pour les réchauffer sous mon haleine; quelques larmes de mes yeux y tombèrent. Je compris, au serrement convulsif de ses doigts, qu'elle avait senti cette pluie du cœur et qu'elle m'en remerciait. J'ôtai ma capote de marin. Je la jetai sur ses pieds nus. Je les enveloppai dans les plis de la laine.

Elle me laissait faire en me suivant seulement des yeux avec une expression d'heureux délire, mais sans pouvoir s'aider elle-même d'aucun mouvement, comme un enfant qui se laisse emmailloter et retourner dans son berceau. Je jetai ensuite deux ou trois fagots de bruyère dans le foyer de la première chambre pour échauffer un peu l'air. Je les allumai à la flamme de la lampe, et je revins m'asseoir à terre à côté du lit de feuilles.

"Que je me sens bien!" me dit-elle en parlant tout bas d'un ton doux, égal et monotone, comme si sa poitrine eût perdu à la fois toute vibration et tout accent et n'eût plus conservé qu'une seule note dans la voix, "J'ai voulu en vain me le cacher à moi-même, j'ai voulu en vain te le cacher toujours, à toi. Je peux mourir, mais je ne peux pas aimer un autre que toi. Ils ont voulu me donner un fiancé, c'est toi qui es le fiancé de mon âme! Je ne me donnerai pas à un autre sur la terre, car je me suis donnée en secret à toi! Toi sur la terre, ou Dieu dans le ciel! c'est le vœu que j'ai fait le premier jour où j'ai compris que mon cœur était malade de toi. Je sais bien que je ne suis qu'une pauvre fille indigne de toucher seulement tes pieds par sa pensée. Aussi je ne t'ai jamais demandé de m'aimer. Je ne te demanderai jamais si tu m'aimes. Mais moi, je t'aime, je t'aime, je t'aime!" Et elle semblait concentrer toute son âme dans ces trois mots. "Et maintenant, méprise moi, raille-moi, foule-moi aux pieds! Moque-toi de moi, si tu veux, comme d'une folle qui rêve qu'elle est reine dans ses haillons. Livre-moi à la risée de tout le monde. Oui, je leur dirai moi-même:

Oui, je l'aime! et si vous aviez été à ma place, vous auriez fait comme moi, vous seriez mortes ou vous l'auriez aimé!"

Lamartine and Graziella return to Naples. The marriage with Cecco is given up, and some months of happiness succeed, interrupted at last by Lamartine's sudden recall to France. After his departure he receives several letters from Graziella; then a long silence intervenes, when the melancholy tidings arrive of her death. The studied and derisive coldness with which Lamartine writes of this young girl's generous and ardent love, as though he were speaking of the moon, or of something equally indifferent to him, certainly does not enhance our estimation of his character as a man of chivalrous or of honorable feeling, whilst it affords convincing evidence of Gallic heartlessness, and of a dire amount of that vanity and miserable self-conceit for which his countrymen are unhappily too celebrated.

Little do they heed or know that woman's love
Is both "a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of their's upon that die is thrown,
And if 'tis lost, life has no more to bring
To them, but mockeries of the past alone."

There is, nevertheless, more youthful simplicity pervading this episode to the "Con-

fidences" than is to be found in the "Confidences" themselves; while "Raphaël" is the most inharmonious of this series of novels, owing to the peculiar conversations detailed in its pages, in which love, materialism, and religion are mingled together on a decidedly novel system. One short extract more will suffice.

"Dieu! Dieu! Dieu!" s'écria-t-elle encore; "comme si elle eût voulu s'apprendre à elle même une langue nouvelle. Dieu c'est vous! Dieu c'est moi pour vous! Dieu c'est nous! Raphaël, me comprenez vous? Non vous ne serez plus Raphaël, vous êtes mon culte de Dieu!"

This sort of half conversion of the sceptic Julie, is scarcely natural; such could never have been the cry of an awakened heart.

Anachronism, too, is apparent in many parts of M. de Lamartine's works; a result of the rapidity with which they are improvised. M. de Lamartine is endowed with a powerful imagination, in whose labyrinths he frequently loses himself—a defect which study, labour, and meditation alone can correct; but he is not in pecuniary ease, and before his ideas are matured by the assistance of a rich flow of poetical language, he commits them to paper, and publishes them—for money!

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1. *Un Grand Comédien*. Par le Marquis de Foudras. 2 Vols. Paris. Cadot, 1853.
 2. *La Marquise de Norville*. Par Elie Berthet. 2 Vols. Bruxelles. Meline, Cans, et Cie. 1853.
 3. *Les Parvenus*. Par Paul Féval. 2 Vols. Bruxelles. Meline, Cans, et Cie. 1853.

THREE novels highly suggestive of certain peculiarities of French literature!

1. "Un Grand Comédien" is another instance of the constitutional unfitness, which we remarked in our last Number, of the modern French school of fiction to deal with veritable gentlemen and gentlewomen, or to depict with resemblance the manners and customs of a circle possessing the tradition of race, or the refinements of intellectual culture. The author, discredibly notorious for his "Caprice de Grande Dame" (a novel too infamous for criticism), is said to write himself *gentilhomme* by virtue of descent, and to move in the best ranks of French *noblesse*. If that be so, let us hope that his powers of observation are unequal to his opportunities; for it is precisely of those ranks that he professes to treat, and from them that he derives all his illustrations. We are willing to believe that it is the *soi-disant* Marquis de Foudras himself, and not any of his aristocratic acquaintances, who sits for every one of his pictures of Parisian high life; and that the *snob*—the engrained, inveterate, and incurable *snob*—who furnishes forth the material of all his marquesses and marchionesses, his dukes and

duchesses, his princes and princesses, is the Marquis de Foudras himself.

The story of "Un Grand Comédien" is soon told. Rolandi, an Italian smuggler, has amassed a large sum of money in his contraband commerce, and he destines it to vengeance. It is on Paris that he has to avenge himself—Paris, where, under the name of Tulipano, he had for some years led the life of an actor, a vagabond, and a convict. His idea of vengeance is to return to Paris under a false name, to spend money *en grand seigneur*, to get admission to the best families, and, when his money is quite gone, to say, "I am Tulipano whom you persecuted." A grotesque kind of swindle this! but which, to the "noble" author of the novel, appears very tragic and grand.

In furtherance of this scheme, he takes his niece Rosita, a precocious opera girl, into his counsels, and demands her assistance. The young lady is avaricious, and, to obtain her aid, he is obliged to undertake that the stroke which gratifies his passion shall enable her to satiate her own. In short, she is to make a good marriage in Paris under the auspices of

his recommendation, and also by fame as a wealthy opera singer (!), and a spurious reputation of nobility, with which she is furnished. It is with these views and helps that the adventurers commence business in Paris, he as "the noble Count Roemer," and she as "the Signora Norini, the star of Italy." Their plot is very successful. All the world bites, and asks no questions; they have too much to do with the "illustrious nobleman's" larder and cellars for that; and the higher the rank, the baser the prostration before the *belle et noble vie* of their fortunate entertainer. In the end, he makes himself known. The story ends, and the moral remains to be discovered!

"La Marquise de Norville" is also a tale of French aristocracy. The interest of the plot consists in the strong yet virtuous passion of the Marchioness and her daughter for a certain young "gentilhomme" of the snob stamp. This "gentilhomme" is equally attached to them; first, to the daughter, because she saved his life in a storm at the hazard of her own; and secondly to the mother, because she reminds him so powerfully of the daughter, that he deliberately forsakes the latter, and courts her mother before her face. This conduct, which would be considered strange amongst English gentlemen, is presented to us by M. Berthet as a subject for pity rather than for condemnation; and we are even invited to join our tender emotions to his own, in contemplating a most sentimental scene in a ruined castle, where the daughter "assists" unseen—we use the verb in a French sense—at a private love passage of a most equivocal kind between her faithless "M. Adrien" and her mother the Marchioness. But the mother is afterwards shot accidentally by a sentimental madman (a most interesting person, by the way, as uniting the characters of fraudulent trustee and French gentleman of honour!), and, the obstacle being thus removed, "M. Adrien" marries the daughter, and all ends well!

M. Paul Féval, with far higher capacity than that of the ordinary French novelists of our day, has wisely avoided this seemingly perilous subject of Parisian high life, and, in "Les Parvenus," has given us a tale, which, for skilful perception of character, elegance of language, and artistic management of plot, may be safely pronounced to be the best of the quarter. It is a tale of French society, as it is. In that society, the aristocratic element, properly so called, cannot be said to exist; for how can aristocracy flourish in a country where the foundation and transmission of family property have been prohibited for more than sixty years? French society *must* be composed of a stream of *parvenus*, frothing up for a mo-

ment in the whirl of commerce, to disappear in a bubble!

"The Richards,"—a name punningly chosen!—are the *parvenus* of M. Féval's novel. They are distinguished by their properties. The head of the family has bought the Chateau of Garennes: he is therefore M. Richard des Garennes.

If the Louvre had been for sale, and M. Richard could have bought it, money down or on credit, that notable man of commerce would have had no more shame to call himself M. Richard du Louvre than M. Richard des Garennes. Surname it as you will, there is nothing above Richard. Why should Richard have the superstitious respect of past glory, whilst his own brightness is as fresh as a mushroom. Before Richard there were emperors and kings, counts, barons—what not! Richard has replaced all that. Richard is neither emperor, nor king, neither baron, nor count: he disdains it. He is Richard; even as Rohan was Rohan! . . . The origin of all great races is lost in the darkness of ages. The Richard-tribe, perhaps, had its fabulous source, like the old Atrides—like the modern Lurgnans. M. Richard des Jardins, who possessed historic acquirements, would sometimes speak of "a natural son of Richard Cœur de Lion, who had left England for honourable causes, and settled in the country of Saumur." M. Richard des Jardins had, in his Paris *salon*, that royal bastard's portrait; and he had accustomed his wife to weep in her pocket-handkerchief when the Tenor at the Opera Comique sang "Une fièvre brulante." Nobody is ignorant that Richard Plantagenet was Count of Poitou, as well as King of England. "Now, Saumur," M. des Jardins would remark, "is very near Poitou." Be that as it may, the folk of Trèves, of Tuffnoux, and of Saint Lambert des Lenées—across the Loire—scarcely able to carry back their recollections to the thirteenth century, attached no very princely idea to their remembrance of the Richards. The Richards were well known in the country, on both banks of the river. Certain old farmers said, in an undertone, that Vincent Richard, father of M. de Taillis, had passed many weeks in the watch-house for deeds of larceny. When haymaking time came round there were a whole caravan of Richards, who scoured the country, all in rags, without hearth or home, and too little discriminating between *meum* and *tuum*. The Richards "de St. Lambert des Lenées" were in a different way of business. They sent their children to the great Paris road to wait for the *Diligence*, and run by the wheel for some half-a-league, until they bored the passengers out of the expected *obolus*. If they came back without the *obolus* they were well licked. It was to this clan beyond Loire that the precious du Guéret, Madame Augusta Massonneau (*uiné*), as also M. de la Luzerne, belonged. As for des Garennes, he was the son of a good sort of man, poor, like all the rest of the family, but honest, and who followed, in the town of Trèves, the profession of wooden-spoon maker. That man, we may affirm, as he scooped his skimmers and ladles, thought little about his illustrious ancestor, the rival of Philip Augustus. People forgave him for being a Richard; first, because he was not at all like his cousins; and next, because he was married to a woman whom all the world loved and respected. Of that union there were issue two sons—Thomas Richard, who was destined to make a fortune under the name of M. des Garennes, and Jean Richard, the *mauvais sujet*, who had left his son Roland to the country-side, and gone the deuce knows whither. Goodman Richard, maker of wooden spoons, was dead long since; but his widow was still living, and dwelt with her son Thomas in the castle of Garennes.

It is upon the fortunes of this Roland, son of

the *mauvais sujet*, and strongly tinged with the same qualities as those which procured for his father that dubious distinction in the eyes of the tribe-Richard, that the interest of this charming little novel is made to turn. Wherefore, and in what way, we shall not attempt to explain, for that would be to deprive our readers of a very great treat, if they mean to enjoy the novel itself; and if they do not, they are not worthy of hearing another word on the subject. What light, moreover, they can derive from the interpretation given by the tribe itself to the term *mauvais sujet* they are welcome to use for the better understanding of the system of the author and the probable issue of the plot. We are "assisting" at the cottage of the good Maman Richard, in the park of Garennes; for Maman is *vulgar* and *not presentable*, and her daughter-in-law, Madame Richard de Garennes, thinks it "better on every account that she should not live at the castle." The charming grandchild, Camille, daughter of M. Richard de Garennes by his first wife, and imprudently attached to her pauper cousin Roland, is beside her, and Roland himself joins them. During their dialogue—

She stooped and gave a long kiss to Camille's beautiful fair hair. "Madame de Garennes," murmured she, "is right, and it is I who am in the wrong. Have I not always stood by those who were worth nothing? They all told me, long ago, that Jean was a *mauvais sujet*; that he had a hole in his pocket; that he would empty out his little purse to the first beggar he found huddling himself in his neighbourhood. Ah, well, I stood by him!" She turned her eyes away from Camille, who smiled as she looked at her, "I did ill, my little girl," continued she with an effort; "it was a naughty child. That is not the way that people make a fortune. Roland is the same, isn't he? Roland has not a farthing; Roland's hand is always open. Ah, well! Roland will end badly too." "Oh!" uttered Camille reproachfully. "Yes, yes!" cried Maman Richard, seizing abruptly her spinning-wheel: "such like, my little maid, we women like them well, because we are silly. But see this, they never do any good. Talk to them of economy, wisdom, prudence, they kiss you and laugh in your face, like my son Jean, the *mauvais sujet*." Her spindle shook in her hand, whilst she went on, with a voice far from firm, "I—I was his mother, and mothers are blind. I did not see much fault in him. But it seems that he had—that he had—my poor little maid—nearly as many faults as this Roland." "But, good mother," protested Camille, "Roland has no faults!" Maman Richard shook her head gravely. "Listen," said she; "I do not know that he

has many, it is true, but I am so old I can see no longer. Madame de Garennes, my daughter-in-law, sees for two. I know what she has told me: Roland is *mauvais sujet* even more than his father." "But after all," cried Camille, "of what did they accuse his father?" "What did they accuse him of?" exclaimed the good woman, letting go distaff and spindle to lift her two hands towards heaven; "My God! rather ask what didn't they accuse him of? He had every kind of wickedness seemingly. Here, now, my little maid, is one which often comes back upon me; that was disrespectful, child, to me;" and a tear came to the eyes of Maman Richard. "No," she continued, "they all made me see that, and it was very true, as thou wilt see. When he bid me good morning of a morning, or came to kiss me at the end of the day, instead of turning respectfully his cheek, as a polite child would do, didn't he seize my head into his two hands—his two hands, my little maid—great fool as he was." She smiled amid her tears, and, though spoke in the sincerity of her heart, it was very clear that she would have given all the days of her old age to taste once again that wild and delicious embrace. . . . "Do I know why my heart always comes back to my absent son? Roland, thy mother was an angel, a sweet angel of God. When my son Jean married her, everybody had a fling at him. Perhaps everybody was right, for people don't live upon love, my children, and some die upon it. Thou didst not know her, Roland: God took her from thee in thy cradle. My son Jean came to me and said, 'They have killed her!' They had been harsh—they had been cruel—it is true; but a wife who brings no fortune— Her heart failed her, and she could not finish her phrase. "Jean went off," pursued she again, "that he might not take the blood of those who had killed his wife. Jean embarked in a ship, and died God knows where." A sob tore Roland's bosom. "But he is dead, very surely," concluded Madame Richard, who heard him not; "for he has never sent news of himself to his old mother." . . . "Commonly," she continued, hiding as well as she could the changes in her voice, "mothers brag about their sons who are no more, even when they have had every reason to find fault with them. If I had not been put on my guard against that sinful weakness I might have fallen into it like the rest. But, thank God, I have my lesson done for me: I disown every day the memory of my favourite son. Ah! I make no dispute about—I forget that he had the best heart in the world, and I cry to all who like to hear it, 'He was a *mauvais sujet*!' There is Roland," resumed she in a louder tone, "Roland, my son's son, a poor young man who is abandoned by all. Ah, well! last of all I come and finish him by saying, '*Mauvais sujet! mauvais sujet!*'" "Mother! mother!" cried Camille. "Why?" continued the grandmother, following her thought. "Alas! I know nothing about it. Cleverer people than me have shewn me the way. I follow the steps of my daughter-in-law faithfully, as a woman of my age ought. In return, very likely they will let me end my days hard by the last son that is left me." Her tears at length welled forth. Roland and Camille hugged her in their arms, moved even to anguish.

Mademoiselle Lucifer. Par XAVIER DE MONTÉPIN. Bruxelles. Meline, Cans, & Co. 1853.

So long as French writers of fiction will persist in adopting exclusively for their themes the vices denounced in the nineteenth verse of the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians, so long must they expect us to speak of their productions with reprobation, and to inveigh,

in the most unqualified terms, against the pernicious tendency of such novels as the one before us.

We have frequently had occasion to question the morality of this author's works, but we may conscientiously affirm that this is by far

the worst of the many evil books he has of late obtruded upon the Parisian public. Indeed, our only reason for advertizing to it in any way is to warn our readers against its perusal.

Its defects are not redeemed by any merit, either in the narrative or in the dialogue, nor are the characters by any means of inviting aspect. The plot is meagre in the extreme; in fact, in lieu of any connected story, we are presented with a series of isolated pictures, mostly of a painful or revolting character. In one, we have a minute description of a Parisian usurer's den, some two centuries ago. In another, we behold the interior of a midnight "Hell," with its revolting orgies, the commingled joy and desperation of its victims. A third portrays a nocturnal attempt at assassination; while a little further on we have a vividly-depicted scene between the fair bride of an elderly nobleman, her quondam lover, a wild and dissipated youth,* and an old *sage femme*, whose attendance he has procured for the nonce—not, it must be owned, ere it was needed.

The three are in the young lady's chamber, in a room only separated by a door from that of her unsuspecting lord, who, after an absence of long duration, has just returned from Spain.

THE BITTER AGONY.

Rien ne se pouvait voir de plus jeune, de plus frais, de plus coquet, et en même temps de plus somptueusement riche que cette chambre à coucher, toute tendue de soie blanche sur laquelle serpentaient de touffes de roses et de chèvrefeuille brodées à l'aiguille.

Le lit était à baldaquin, drapé de soie pareille à celle de la tenture,

Les colonnes dorées de ce lit formaient un délicieux mélange de grappes de fleurs et de petits Amours ailés.

Une pendule et des candélabres en porcelaine de Sèvres, pâte tendre, devançaient en quelque sorte la mode et faisaient pressentir les élégantes et gracieuses fantaisies que devaient un peu plus tard inventer les artistes de cette époque pour les maîtresses de Louis XV.

Une lampe d'albâtre, suspendue au plafond par une chaîne d'argent, éclairait toutes ces merveilles de sa lueur douce et voilée.

Et cependant, par l'un de ces contrastes étranges dans lesquels semble se complaire le hasard ironique, cette chambre charmante était une chambre de tortures et presque d'agonie! . . .

Ce lit coquet, cette couche parfumée et voluptueuse qui semblait appeler les amours et sourire aux plaisirs, était un lit de souffrance, une couche de douleur.

Une jeune femme, dans tout le désordre d'une nudité complète, tordait sur les draps de toile de Hollande son beau corps aussi blanc qu'eux.

Ses grands cheveux, d'un noir d'ébène, ruisselaient autour d'elle et tranchaient violemment sur la blancheur éclatante de sa poitrine et de ses épaules.

De brusques tressaillements agitaient par instants les membres délicats de cette femme.

Alors elle rassemble de ses deux mains les draps de son lit, elle les approchait de sa bouche, et afin d'étouffer ses cris, elle les mordait avec une violence convulsive.

C'était vainement, et, malgré tout, les gémissements étouffés que nous avons entendus déjà, se faisaient jour de nouveau.

Madame Clodion s'approcha vivement du lit.

Elle appuya sa main sur les flancs gonflés de la jeune femme, et, après une ou deux secondes d'examen, elle lui dit d'une voix qu'elle s'efforçait de rendre douce et caressante :

— Allons, ma petite dame, du courage. Vous n'avez plus qu'un instant à souffrir, et tout à l'heure tout ira bien. . . .

The rest of the scene is too detailed for transcription. The infant (the future Mademoiselle Lucifer) is born, the *sage femme* carries it away from the castle where it first drew breath, and for a moment, the lover congratulates himself on the perfect success of his daring arrangements.

Scarcely had he quitted the house, when an unexpected circumstance rouses his suspicion: he rushes back to the room of his mistress, whence strange sounds issue.

THE DEADLY MEETING.

Et voici quelle phrase terrible vint frapper son oreille à travers la porte fermée:

— Son nom . . . le nom de votre amant . . . dites-le-moi . . . il le faut . . . je le veux . . . dites-le-moi . . . ou je vous tue . . .

La voix qui parlait ainsi, voix stridente et gutturale, était celle du marquis du Roqueverde.

Aucune réponse ne fut faite à cette demande impérieuse.

— Parlez-vous! . . . reprit le marquis d'une voix plus haute encore et plus menaçante, parlez-vous, malheureuse femme! . . .

Henriette se taisait.

Ce silence était effrayant.

On entendit M. de Roqueverde frapper du pied avec fureur.

Henriette poussa un gémissement douloureux.

Puis le silence recommença.

Peut-être le marquis venait-il d'accomplir son horrible menace et de tuer la pauvre femme qui s'obstinait à ne point parler.

M. de Maugiron n'y tint plus.

Chancelant, livide, les yeux pleins de flamme et l'épée à la main, il parut sur le seuil de la porte.

Quel spectacle s'offrit à lui!

Henriette, à demi nue et mourante, s'était traînée jusqu'au milieu de la chambre aux genoux de son mari qui lui meurtrissait le poignet droit entre ses deux mains.

Elle semblait prête à perdre connaissance, son regard s'éteignait, et sa tête, renversée en arrière, roulait d'une épaule à l'autre.

En apercevant Henri, ses yeux se rouvrirent.

Elle poussa un cri déchirant.

Elle fit un effort pour se relever et courir à lui.

Mais ses forces la trahirent et elle retomba.

Tout cela s'était passé en beaucoup moins de temps que nous n'en avons mis à l'écrire.

Nous savons déjà que le marquis de Roqueverde était un vieillard, et nous avons rendu hommage à la noblesse et à la loyauté habituelles de son caractère.

Ajoutons que sa haute taille et son front pâle entouré de beaux cheveux blancs donnaient à son aspect quelque chose de patriarcal.

En ce moment ce n'était plus lui-même.

* The description of this gentleman is thus given:— "Il était joueur comme les cartes. Colère jusqu'à la fureur, buveur plus que les Templiers de bachique mémoire Libertain . . . oh libertain, comme un coq ou comme un Carme. Pour un mot, pour un geste, pour un regard souvent pour moins encore, il mettait l'épée à la main et tuait son homme, six fois sur sept, en moins de quatre minutes," &c. &c.

La fureur décomposait ses traits et le rendait méconnaissable.

— Ah! murmura-t-il en lâchant le poignet d'Henriette, je demandais son nom et le voilà lui-même... c'est Dieu qui me l'envoie!

Et il marcha jusqu'à Henri, qu'il regarda en face et qu'il reconnut aussitôt.

— Vous... cria-t-il ensuite avec un rire pareil à celui qui doivent avoir les damnés dans l'enfer, vous, le comte de Maugiron! l'homme perdu débauches!... l'homme de tous les vices... de toutes les fanges... de toutes les hontes!... l'amant des plus boueuses créatures de la rue Ribaude!... J'aurais dû m'en douter!... Quel autre homme que celui-là était digne de l'amour de la marquise de Roqueverde!...

L'injure ne s'adressant qu'à lui aurait glissé peut-être sur M. de Maugiron.

Mais, en même temps qu'elle le frappait au visage, elle atteignait Henriette au cœur.

Il s'écria donc à son tour, indigné et menaçant :

— Taisez-vous, monsieur!... taisez-vous!...

L'audace de Henri sembla stupéfier M. de Roqueverde dans le premier moment.

Mais il se remit presque aussitôt, et il reprit :

— Vous osez... misérable!... vous osez me parler ainsi!... vous osez m'imposer silence!...

— J'ose vous dire, interrompit M. de Maugiron, j'ose vous dire que, s'il y a ici un misérable, c'est vous!... vous, le bourreau de cette femme, vous, l'infâme vieillard qui, après lui avoir fait subir votre horrible amour, l'assassinez sans pitié!...

Une écume blanchâtre vint aux lèvres du marquis.

Il fit un pas de plus en avant....

Il leva sa main droite et il la laissa retomber sur la joue de Henri.

Ce dernier brandit son épée pour frapper le vieillard.

Mais il l'abaisa aussitôt en balbutiant d'une voix étranglée :

— Une arme!... prenez une arme et défendez-vous!... Je ne suis pas un assassin comme vous, moi... un assassin et le bourreau d'une femme!...

M. de Roqueverde était entré dans la chambre d'Henriette avec une épée.

Cette épée gisait sur le seuil, à quelques pas en arrière.

Il la ramassa, et il se précipita sur Henri avec une rage furieuse et avec toute l'impétuosité d'un jeune homme.

M. de Maugiron se mit en garde.

Le combat commença.

Henriette avait complètement perdu connaissance.

The lover expiates his sins by death; the unhappy lady dies at the same moment of grief and shame; and the marquis ends his days in a monastery.

This episode, perhaps the *least* objectionable we could have selected, will convey a fair idea of the character of the novel, which is, we are informed, to be continued under a new title. It will indeed be a happy epoch in French literature when such baneful twaddle, instead of being hailed with gratification, shall only meet with unmitigated abhorrence.

Baas Gansendonck, Histoire Campinoise, traduit du Flamand de Hendrik Conscience. Par G. JOTTRAUD. Bruxelles : Labroue and Compagnie, Rue de la fourche 36. 1853.

THIS, as above appears, is a translation from the Flemish. It is a tale of no great pretension, nor of any very high aim.

Baas Gansendonck, a few years since, was the host of the inn of St. Sebastian, between Hoogstraaten and Calmpthout. He was a widower, with a very pretty daughter, Lise, whose beauty is the topic of conversation throughout the vicinity. She was betrothed, at a very early age, to Charles, a young brewer in her native village, by whom she was tenderly beloved. Baas, however, has unluckily a dominant and sinful passion—pride—overweening, ineffable, and indomitable pride. The darling object of his life is to appear what he is not, to ape the manners, dress, and conversation of the gentry around, to affect the airs of a grand seigneur, and to treat all who chance to be beneath him in social position with the most unqualified contempt. The union of his daughter with a brewer is an event that he cannot patiently contemplate, and he strives, by every means in his power, to break off that alliance, and to wed her to the son of a baron, a wealthy landowner of the neighbourhood. Hence arise all the incidents of the tale. The visits of the young baron are encouraged in every possible way: he is treated with a degree

of consideration that savours of the most fulsome adulation, but his attentions resemble rather too strongly those of the Yankee swain, whose wooing was described by its object as "a sorter honest courtship, sorter not, by a deuced deal more sorter not than sorter." Baas does not scruple to insult the poor brewer and to forbid him the house. His rival, meanwhile, advances in intimacy at the St. Sebastian, till the tongue of scandal is busy throughout the country side. At length the eyes of the inn-keeper are opened: he demands

AN EXPLANATION.

— Épousez-vous Lise ou non? s'écria le Baas en le menaçant du poing.

Le baron étendit la main et tira deux fois avec force le cordon de la sonnette. Aussitôt des pas rapides se firent entendre sur l'escalier; Baas Gansendonck tremblait de honte et de dépit. La porte s'ouvrit; trois domestiques parurent dans le salon.

— M. le baron a sonné? demandèrent-ils tous ensemble d'un air empressé.

— Reconduisez M. Gansendonck jusqu'à la porte du château, ordonna le baron avec tout le calme dont il était encore capable.

— Comment, vous me mettez à la porte! s'écria le Baas d'un ton de rage concentrée. Vous me le payerez, tyran, fourbe, séducteur!...

Faisant aux domestiques un signe de la main, le baron se leva et quitta le salon par une porte latérale.

Baas Gansendonck était comme frappé de la foudre, et

ne savait s'il devait crier ou pleurer. Les domestiques le poussèrent avec politesse, mais d'un mouvement irrésistible, jusqu'à la porte, sans s'arrêter à ses menaces.

Avant de bien savoir au juste ce qu'on lui voulait, le Baes était au milieu de la route et voyait la porte du château se fermer derrière lui.

Pendant quelques instants, il alla droit devant lui comme un aveugle qui ne sait où il se trouve, et courut enfin se jeter la tête contre un arbre; le choc parut le réveiller, et il se rejeta vivement dans le chemin. Tout en avançant, il épanchait sa colère et sa douleur en paroles injurieuses contre le baron.

Au coin d'un petit taillis, il s'arrêta pour méditer, et après un quart d'heure de pénibles réflexions, il se mit soudain à se frapper le front de la main et du poing, en s'interpellant à chaque coup de la façon suivante :

— Triple âne ! oseras-tu encore rentrer chez toi, maintenant, oison que tu es ? Tu mériterais d'être fouetté, sot animal ! Cela te fera connaître les barons et les messieurs ! Mets encore maintenant un gilet blanc et des gants jaunes ; un bonnet de fou t'irait bien mieux ! Tu es tellement stupide, tellement bête, que dans un moulin à vent, tu te noierais encore ! Va te cacher, rentre sous terre de honte, lourdaud ! brute de paysan !

Enfin, ayant épuisé contre lui-même toute sa colère, les larmes lui jaillirent des yeux ; et, pleurant, soupirant, plein de honte et de tristesse, il s'achemina d'un pas traînant vers sa demeure.

Tout à coup il aperçut de loin son domestique, qui accourait vers lui avec des cris confus d'alarme.

— Baes, Baes, venez vite ! s'écria Kobe dès qu'il fut assez près de son maître, notre pauvre Lise est dans une crise de convulsions mortelle !

— Mon Dieu ! mon Dieu ! soupira Baes Gansendonck, tout m'accable en même temps ! Et tout le monde m'abandonne. Vous aussi, Kobe ?

— Tout est oublié, Baes, dit le domestique avec une douce compassion, vous êtes malheureux : je demeurerai près de vous, tant que je vous serai bon à quelque chose . . . Mais venez, venez !

Pleins de tristes pressentiments, ils hâtèrent les pas vers le village.

But the trial has been too severe for the poor girl : she sinks broken-hearted into the grave, and the lover of her childhood, whose hopes, happiness, and affections had been from his earliest years centred in her, loses his senses when he finds that his idol exists no more.

THE MORAL.

Lecteur, si jamais vous venez à traverser le village où s'est passée cette triste histoire, vous verrez devant la brasserie deux hommes assis sur un banc de bois, occupés à jouer ensemble comme deux enfants. Le plus jeune a l'air morne et hébété, quoique ses yeux brillent de l'éclat de la folie ; l'autre est un vieux domestique, qui le soigne avec une pieuse tendresse et cherche sans cesse à l'égayer un peu.

Demandez au domestique la cause du malheur de son maître ; le bon Kobe vous racontera de bien tristes choses, et vous montrera la fosse où Baes Gansendonck dort à jamais auprès de son enfant ; et, soyez-en sûr, il ne manquera pas de terminer sa narration par ce proverbe :

L'ORQUEIL EST LE PÈRE DE TOUS LES MAUX.

The narrative, though simple, is not unpleasing, and there is a naïveté about it, which contrasts strikingly with the meretricious tawdiness of too many of the French novelists.

Etudes sur trois femmes célèbres du seizième Siècle. Paris: JULES DAGNEAU, 23 Rue Fontaine-Molière. 1853.

A SECOND edition of Madame D'Arlincourt's work lately appeared in Paris, and has met with a rapid sale. It appeared originally at Florence, in 1847, under the title of "*Mes Loisirs en Italie*," and was then well received.

Vittoria Colonna, Properzia de' Rossi, and Tullia D'Arragona, are the three illustrious ladies whose characters Madame de Larnaze has here delineated with considerable fidelity and cleverness. She has evidently collated with

care the authorities capable of aiding her in her self-imposed task ; and, by frequent reference to the sources whence her information is derived, enables her readers to judge for themselves of the dependence to be placed in her statements.

These sketches are written in an easy, entertaining style, are unquestionably entitled to our commendation, and none are likely to look back with regret upon the time spent on their perusal.

Mémoires et Correspondence, politique et militaire, du Roi Joseph ; publiés, annotés et mis en ordre, par A. DU CASSE, Aide-de-Camp de S. A. J. Le Prince Jérôme Napoleon. 2 tomes. Paris: Perrotin, 41 Rue Fontaine-Molière.

THESE Memoirs comprise an historical notice of Joseph Bonaparte ; an historical fragment written by himself ; his correspondence with Napoleon from 1795 to 1806 (the period when Joseph was directed to take the command of the army destined to operate against the kingdom of Naples), and also during the memorable campaign of 1814. We are then presented with the correspondence between the two brothers in 1815 ; an account of the

departure of Joseph for America—of his residence in the new world, until the revolution of 1830—his proceedings in favour of the Duke of Reichstadt, and his correspondence with many illustrious personages, up to the time of his death in 1844.

One important epoch in the career of Joseph Bonaparte has not been adverted to in the present Memoirs ;—we allude to the period when he was entrusted with the negotiations

of the peace of Morfontaine, of Luneville, and of Amiens. At first we felt inclined to regard this as an unpardonable omission; but it seems that the editor of the book before us proposes shortly to bring out, in a separate form, a complete history of the curious negotiations by which these treaties were brought about, as, had they been introduced here, they would have inconveniently swelled the bulk of these Memoirs.

Napoleon's letters are given without alteration; those of Joseph Bonaparte, and of inferior personages, have been judiciously retrenched, whereby various useless repetitions have been avoided. The epistles in question, together with the official and hitherto unpublished documents by which they are accompanied, have been made use of to explain facts, to verify or to disprove historical statements hitherto unquestioned, to repair omissions, or to refute the errors that appear in many important works.

It is impossible to peruse without interest many of Napoleon's effusions, containing, as they frequently do, expressions which one would scarcely have considered likely to have emanated from a personage of his disposition

and character. For instance, in writing to his brother Joseph, during the stirring summer of 1795, he says, speaking of Paris—

“Ici seulement, de tous les lieux de la terre, les femmes méritent de tenir le gouvernail; aussi les hommes en sont-ils fous, ne pensent-ils qu'à elles, et ne vivent-ils que par, et pour elles. Une femme a besoin de six mois de Paris, pour connaître ce qui lui est dû et quel est son empire.”

* * * *

Ce grand peuple se donne au plaisir; les danses les spectacles; les femmes, qui sont ici les plus belles du monde, deviennent la grande affaire, L'aisance, le luxe, le bon ton, tout a repris; l'on ne se souvient plus de la terreur, que comme d'un rêve.

Much of the above sentence is as applicable to modern Paris as to the Lutetia of sixty years ago; so are the following lines extracted from the succeeding letter:—“Tout est ici horriblement cher.—L'on est ici tranquille, mais les orages se préparent peut-être.” But the most important document of the whole collection is a letter addressed by Napoleon to Joseph Passeriano, and bearing date the 29th September 1797: it affords a key to the whole of his policy, and shews how, having rendered himself master of the destinies of France, he proceeded to execute his designs upon Italy.

Le Baron la Gayette. Par A. DE GONDRECOURT. In 3 Vols. Paris: Alexandre Cadot. 1853.

M. DE GONDRECOURT has contributed much already to the amusement of the readers of the NEW QUARTERLY, who know him favourably as an author.

The work before us is not likely to depreciate his reputation. The subject—“the Wars of the League”—though overcropped by the Dumases and De Vignys of France, and the Jameses of England, is still unexhausted, and even fertile; and M. de Gondrecourt is one who knows how to till it to advantage. It is a historical novel which he lays before us; and when we have said that it opens with the difficulties of Henri Quatre, consequent upon the murder of Henri III. by Jacques Clement, and closes with the *Te Deum* in Notre Dame, which celebrated the triumphant entry of the Bearnaise king into his long beleaguered city of Paris; and that the incidents which intervene between those two leading eras in the romance, and connect them, are drawn with tolerable fidelity from the more authentic narrative which the historians of the time had left behind them—we have told our readers all that they need know, and, if they are novel readers, more than they will thank us for telling them, of the by-plot of “the Baron la Gayette.”

We say the *by*-plot, for in these cases fiction

is always the *main*, and history an adjunct and subordinate. It is quite unfair, when one really wishes a novel to be read (as we do here), to anticipate the invited reader in the discovery which he will make for himself when he ends the third volume; and we shall therefore merely say of the main plot thus much, that its interest consists in the funny adventures of its hero *la Gayette*, a brave but eccentric Norman adventurer, very ambitious of the title of Baron, promised him by Henri Quatre in return for expected service, and those of his noble and not less gallant friend and colleague the Bailli de Clermont, in their common enterprise; which is no less than the very hazardous one of a five-years' plot within the walls of Paris for the surrender of that city of the Guises to the Huguenot king. They proceed by different ways. *La Gayette* has the mere address of a military partisan of the period, and De Clermont that of a *mignon* of the Louvre; but although their methods of intrigue are wide as the poles asunder, it is hard to say which of the two gets himself into more scrapes, from the time they set out on their enterprise, until that of their occupying, each unknown to the other, “Nos. 1 and 2” of the reserved *cachettes* of the Bastille. In their friend the Chevalier

de Pampelonne we have a magnificent, but not exaggerated Gascon; and in all three we recognise many old acquaintances. The Bailli de Clermont, in particular, is little likely to be forgotten by those who remember him in a former novel of the series as the proprietor of a right of duel in another hero of the time, and perpetually asserting this claim in that character to prevent his intended victim from falling into

whatever dangers to life or limb may chance to present themselves.

In these days it is something to be able to say that a French novel may be read by decent people. Of this novel we not only say so much, but we add—although *a little* too long, for it ought to have stopped at the end of the second volume—that it will well repay perusal.

Études littéraires sur les Écrivains Français de la Réformation. Par A. SAYONS. 2 Vols. Paris. 1854.

THE sixteenth century was fecund in events of no small historical importance. It was towards the close of that momentous epoch that the French character commenced to develop itself, with a degree of vigour that it had never hitherto displayed, and that, bursting the fetters in which it had as yet been bound, it advanced with resistless progress to the fruition of its golden age. It was at this period that the violent conflicts between Romanism and its antagonistic principle first agitated the minds of the multitude, and the sword and the pen were engaged with equal acrimony in the service of the hostile creeds. On every side raged foreign and internecine war: theological disputes and philosophical discussions resounded daily on all sides. Calvinistic divines showered in profusion learned treatises, whose pages were o'erladen with the wildest allegory, with unintelligible rhapsodies, obscurely illumined by classical quotations; while the "Bible" and the "Pope" were the respective war cries of the contending hosts. Yet from these discordant elements—from this turbulent chaos—there arose in majesty and beauty the serene and unclouded blaze of that reign—the most brilliant in the annals of France. The work now under consideration, by a series of articles on the Protestant French writers of the sixteenth century, tends to prove the influence of the Reformation on succeeding ages. It commences with Guillaume Farel, who, suddenly throwing off all belief in the doctrines of Rome, started as a Missionary through Switzerland, and was the first of those who succeeded in converting to the new faith that city destined to be the Jerusalem of Calvinistic reform. There he was joined by the young Doctor Calvin himself, who, under his auspices, began the life of action which he dedicated with an untiring and intolerant zeal to the cause he advocated. Calvin's works were numerous, and written with a terseness, precision, and correctness, that entitle him to be considered one of the best prose writers of the sixteenth century.

Le style de Calvin est de la même trempe que sa

pensée: précis, nerveux, dédaigneux des grâces superflues et des inutilités de langage, il est reflet exact de la parfaite netteté de son intelligence. Prédicateur ou écrivain, l'expression juste et fortement découpée lui arrivait sans effort, frappée du coup, pour ainsi dire, par le poids de la pensée; et ses sermons improvisés, ses écrits dictés à la volée ou tracés au courant de la plume, sont tous également marqués de cette même empreinte de justesse et de vigueur. Comme tous les hommes qui écrivent vite et facilement, il ne se donnait pas la peine de resserrer ses moyens, en les groupant sous un petit nombre de points de vue, choisis avec étude; aussi y a-t-il chez lui, excès de pénétration et distribution surabondante d'arguments; mais ces défauts sont des défauts d'ordonnance et de composition. La phrase de Calvin est, dans la texture de ses parties et dans le choix des termes, exempte de cette surabondance qui, chez lui, engendre quelque fois l'incohérence par l'accumulation de périodes trop prolongées; le plus souvent elle offre même ces tours brefs et précis qui, mis à l'énergie du sentiment, font la force du langage.

We pass on to Pierre Viret and Theodore Bèze, the minister and successor of Calvin, who as a poet, a theologian, an orator, an historian, and a biographer, usurps a prominent place in the annals of the Reformation. These four men exercised a powerful influence, by introducing not only a new religious creed, but a new literature to aid its propagation. They were succeeded by men of learning, warriors, and statesmen, worthy to be classed with those of any age. They, too, aided powerfully in extending the new doctrines. Among them were Hotman, whose erudite writings form the subject of several clever pages in M. Augustin Thierry's "*Récit des temps Mérovingiens*," and Robert and Henri Estienne, who was censured by the "Consistoire de Genève" for admitting into his writings some of the scandalous opinions promulgated by the *Rabalaisien* school. But the Curé de Meneton himself, although far from being recognised as a fellow-worker by Calvin and his party, contributed largely to the cause of religious reformation by his satirical pages on men and manners; and he established for himself a brilliant place in the striking history of the century. "*Il passe bien au delà du pire quand il est mauvais, et, quand il est bon, il va jusqu'à l'exquis et l'excellent*," was a re-

mark made by La Bruyère on his writings. Next follow François de la Nöe and Duplessis-Mornay, who, both as scholars and writers, severally contributed to the great work of the day.

The last, and perhaps the best remembered among this galaxy of glorious names, is that of D'Aubigné. We track him through his wonderful childhood, then discern him sustaining with honour the varied characters of courtier, poet, satirist, historian, and leave him

with a regret that his great genius wanted talent to guide it, and that "ce notable écrivain, l'un des originaux qu'aient produits la France, est comme perdu dans ses propres œuvres."

With a retrospect of the influences of the century on succeeding ages, M. A. Sayons concludes his labours. The book possesses considerable interest, and is indicative of much learning and of diligent research.

Comédies et Proverbes. D'ALFRED DE MUSSET. 2 vols. Paris: Charpentier. 1853.

ALFRED DE MUSSET is a successful *Vaudevilliste*. Many of his works—such as "Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée," "On ne saurait penser à tout," and "Bettine"—are well known to the English public assem-

bled at St. James's theatre. All his plays are here collected, and our playgoers will recognise in them the original of many of the new pieces they have hissed or applauded.

Histoire de la Révolution Française. Par M. LOUIS BLANC. *Tome Cinquième.* Edition Française. Paris: Langlois et Leclercq, Rue de Mathurins, Saint Jacques, 10; Pagnerre, Rue de Leine. 1854.

AFTER the preceding sheets had passed through the press, we received from M. Louis Blanc a copy of the above volume. Our space having been already pre-occupied, we have it not in our power to do more than to acknowledge the receipt of the book, and to promise a fuller

notice when the work is complete. We may observe, parenthetically, that Volume V. of M. Louis Blanc's History of the Revolution comprises the period between the first rise into notice of young Bonaparte and the Massacre of the Champs de Mars.

SWEDISH LITERATURE.

Carl XII.'s Page. Af. L. D. G. FORF. TILL S. R. T. M. II. 2 vols. Stockholm.

TEGNER's singular as beautiful poem, the "Frithiofs Saga," being now some twenty years old is of course forgotten; and Swedish literature in this country, is unknown, or known only by the every-day-life novels of the *Fröken*, Bremer and Carlen. Their popularity has, we must say, surprised us; for if we admit the "Vicar of Wakefield" to be the pink of novel perfection, these ladies do not write Vicar-of-Wakefields; and if a peep at households, so different from our own as we might *à priori* presume the Scandinavian to be, interest and amuse us for once in a way, the moment we are familiar with them it becomes as dull as it would be to look through the party-wall into a neighbour's house. Accordingly, we have long ceased peeping. But the other day an untranslated Swedish novel of a different class was put into our hands; one of that class which Scott, with so liberal a hand, has scat-

tered through Europe—the historic novel. Attracted by the name of that modern Berserker, Charles XII., we opened the book, read, found originality, with considerable artistic skill, together with, occasionally, an almost childish simplicity; read on to the end, and resolved, since the work, if no longer actually new at Stockholm is quite new here, to introduce it to our readers.

The most remarkable of the historical characters with which it teems are Charles XII. and Swedenborg. The former, though not much upon the stage, being killed in the first chapter of the second volume, is well portrayed, with all his faults; neither flattered nor caricatured, but made impressive and interesting. The latter is depicted with historical truth, not only as a metaphysician, but as a first-rate mathematician, whom Charles employs as an engineer; whilst his

commerce with spirits, whether real or illusory, is left doubtful, and facilitates the heroine's justification. A brief sketch of the story, just to shew its nature, is all for which we can afford room; though, as the talent appears rather in the management than the invention of the incidents, we scarcely hope thus to do the author justice.

Upon a cove of the Baltic, in neighbouring country seats, dwell two noble cousins, Baron Henrik Burguer, and Fröken Gunhild Rosenfelt, as unlike novel hero and heroine as may be. He, educated by a timidly ambitious father, who having conspired during Charles's sojourn in Turkey, sees and hears detection everywhere since his return, has been taught to detest war and danger, and to regard prudence and self-distrust as virtues almost surpassing truth, justice, and charity. He is generally thought, as he believes himself to be, a coward, and is desperately in love with the beautiful Gunhild. She, the descendant, daughter, and sister of somewhat rude soldiers, esteems valour and self-reliance the first of man's virtues; firmness and self-sacrifice, of woman's. She has thorough confidence in her own powers, perceives not the passion of her cousin, whom she likes but undervalues, and is romantically enamoured of Charles XII., or of his heroism. Their real education begins at the Swedish court, temporarily held at the little town of Christinehamn.

Gunhild's feelings are first disturbed by the very unromantic incident of seeing her idol in soiled linen, and seeing him further reject and eject a parcel of shirts which she, ascribing the ungentlemanlike appearance to inattention, had made and got slyly placed in the post sledge in which he is going, unattended, to join his army and besiege Frederickshall. As the sledge drives off, a rough letter from the King, the very reverse of a *billet doux*, summons her to a secret interview outside of the town. She wonders, supposes some business about her brother—Charles had noticed her kindly—and goes, throwing the letter, as directed, into the fire. She finds, instead of Charles, his brother-in-law, the libertine Prince of Hesse, whose confidant, Siquier, a Frenchman in the Swedish service, had written the letter. Flying, pursued by her lover, she meets her brother with his comrades. The Prince insinuates that she had willingly accepted his invitation, and she, overwhelmed with shame at her position, is silent. Her brother casts her off indignantly, and she disappears, hiding herself and her mortification in a shopkeeper's family at Stockholm. There, cured of her hero-worship by the evils it has brought upon herself, as also by her disgust at all coarseness, she adopts genius-worship in its stead; and is upon the point of accepting Hå-

kansson,* a very ugly, most talented, and most unprincipled police secretary, who is privately instigating Siquier to regicide.

Henrik, meanwhile, is inspired by a conversation with a stranger he overtakes as he coaches Christinehamn, touching moral and physical courage, when a large cavalcade issues from a cross road, and the foremost horseman shouts—

"Welcome, Assessor Swedenborg: it is well to see you again. I have much to talk over with you. Follow me to town."

The speaker is of course Charles XII., who, when the parties join, goes on—

"I have made some improvement in my scheme of substituting eight for ten as the first decimal,† which I would submit to your consideration."

"It amazes me," replied the Assessor, "that amidst the important cares of government your Majesty can find time to deal personally with science."

"No flattery! He who has no knowledge of mathematics is but half a man. Who is that you have got with you, almost shaking with cold as he sits wrapt in that great cloak?"

Henrik, thus unfavourably noticed, follows the party to town; upon reaching which, Charles, although the spring is far advanced, chooses to ride over the still frozen river. The ice breaks under the feet of the horse mounted by the young Duke of Holstein, son of the King's eldest sister. Charles springs from his own steed, catches his nephew's hand, and drags him out, but, in the effort, falls in himself. All is confusion: all hurry to the rescue, and, breaking more ice as they crowd forward, increase the danger. Henrik recollects having just passed a long pole or plank, and, fetching it, pushes it before him over the ice, which he thus avoids overburthening, whilst affording the King the means of extricating himself. This done, he remounts, sees Charles waiting to thank and reward his deliverer when he shall have crossed the ice to him, and goes in search of a bridge; when Charles, indignant at any thing like shirking danger, rides off.

Notwithstanding this unpromising end of so promising an introduction, Henrik is rewarded, sorely against his inclination, with the post of Royal Page, which he foresees must lead him into all manner of perils; a well-founded apprehension, for he attends Charles to the siege of Frederickshall. There Swedenborg devises the means of dragging some vessels over a neck of land, in order to surprise the Danish fleet. The operation begins at dusk; and whilst Charles superintends other manoeuvres, Henrik, who has been sent with orders, and is to share his bivouac, paints to Sweden-

* The Swedish *å* differs totally in sound from the *ä*.

† We translate what we find, but believe the King's idea was to substitute an octenary for the decimal system.

borg the king's seeming melancholy, and his own devoted attachment to him. At night Charles so paternally spreads his cloak over the apparently sleeping page, that he, overpowered by his feelings, starts up and implores him to make peace; and Charles, instead of knocking him down, gives him the reasons which, for the moment, hinder such a step. In the morning the ships are new launched, the men busy embarking guns, masts, &c., taken out to lighten them, and the King is looking on. Henrik, while in attendance, hears an officer speak lightly of Gunhild, and is about to challenge him, when checked by her brother, who confirms her dishonour. Just then a Danish vessel, crowded with fighting men, is seen to steal in: she seizes a sloop, whose re-equipment is not yet begun, and is towing her away. No vessel is ready to pursue and rescue her; a sharp fire of musketry proves more effective on the Danish side than on the Swedish; and the King, now working hard at the re-equipment, is wild with rage, for her loss will be both a disgrace and an omen disheartening the troops. But Henrik, who has been shrinking behind his neighbours from the bullets, sees the remedy. He runs to a point entirely exposed, and, whilst balls whistle around him, takes deliberate aim, fires, and severs the towing-rope. The sloop is saved, and Charles extols the deed; when Henrik interrupts his promise of reward by asking leave of absence upon family affairs; and Charles, though doubly angered by the interruption and its cause, assents. Henrik, whilst seeking Gunhild, of whose innocence he is certain, gains more and more confidence in himself: he sees through the plots of Håkansson, and opens Gunhild's eyes just in time to prevent her 'Yes.'

The lady, having now learned humility, and the gentleman self-reliance, the natural relation of the sexes is established, and a mutual flame burns bright. But Håkansson is enamoured of her beauty, and wants vengeance on his triumphant rival. By skilful calumny he gets an order for the Page's immediate return to camp, which he withholds, and prepares to arrest him for disobeying. In attempting to avoid the arrest, that he may return freely, Henrik lights upon Swedenborg, discussing metaphysics with the ghost of Aristotle. He will not interrupt his conversation; but, when the invisible philosopher takes leave, directs Henrik, on his way, and tells him, on the authority of a child's ghost, where the forged letter of Charles, which the living child had through curiosity, snatched from the fire, is hidden. It afterwards appears that Swedenborg had nursed the child in its last illness.

Henrik, having thus been delayed, is caught

and carried in chains to the Swedish camp, when Håkansson seeks Charles. The whole of the ensuing scene we compress and translate, as a better specimen of the author's merits than several short pieces.

Charles is alone in the trenches, expecting the engineer to proceed with the works. He has been warned of a plot against his life, is gloomy, and thus addresses a miniature of Gustavus Adolphus that he has taken from his pocket:—

Not, like thee, have I vanquished all my enemies, but might it be granted me, like thee, to die the hero's death on battle field! Not by a Swedish hand: that is the only fate at which I shudder.

He half turned round to catch the last sunbeam on the portrait. A human face, enveloped in cloak and collar, was at his shoulder. Even Charles started, and recoiled a step. The next instant his sword was drawn, and in wrathful tones he asked—"Who dares to steal upon my privacy?"

"Your Majesty's most faithful servant," was the answer, "who, knowing that danger threatens your Majesty's invaluable life, would watch all who approach your Majesty."

"It looks more as you would watch me," said the King, who had sheathed his sword on recognising Håkansson: "what brings you from Stockholm?"

"Your Majesty's command that young Baron Burguer should be brought here."

"My command was to send, not to bring him. I will hope it has been obeyed. Is he here?"

Håkansson now dilates upon the danger of leaving a conspirator at liberty; gives a perverted account of Henrik's proceedings, representing as taken, steps into which he had endeavoured to entrap him; and asks what his Majesty thinks of it. The answer is—

"Nothing."

"Your Majesty is pleased to jest."

"If he travelled through Wermeland in search of an unfortunate relation, that does not prove his plea of family business false; and if a passport he never desired was thrust upon him—if my orders were withheld from him till the moment of his arrest—of what terrible crime does all that convict him?"

Håkansson is confounded; and the King, who had his information from Gunhild, silently watches him. But the silence gives him leisure to appreciate his situation, and determine his course. With a passionate burst of shame he pours forth his confession of the love that had impelled him to get rid of a successful rival. But Charles has no sympathy with lovers, and coldly observes—

"Keep your explanations till they are called for; 'twill not be long. Where is Baron Burguer?"

"In the village near head-quarters."

"Haste thither; restore him his sword, and I bid him present himself here instantly. Remember, if you obey not punctually, you are hanged to-morrow."

Håkansson was not slow to escape: the earth seemed to burn under his feet. But no sooner was he out of the monarch's sight than he paused, turned round, and shaking his clenched fist, internally ejaculated—

"Fool! thou threatenest my life, leaving me at liberty!"

Hurrying on, thus regicidally attuned, he

meets Siquier with his comrade Maigret, another French adventurer, who thinks the royal sister's libertine spouse would prove a better milch cow than the rough as royal warrior.

Their conversation was short, but accompanied by vehement gesticulation. None heard what was said; but when the talk was over the three dark forms were seen to separate and take different paths.

Håkansson, pondering upon the Frenchmen's professed horror of regicide, and hoping that it proves their determination to perpetrate the crime, hurries to obey his orders, and forward his plots. Siquier and Maigret, after a little further conference, part. Then—

Siquier, his face pale and determined, his hand toying with his pistols, approached, but did not enter the trenches. Maigret went straight to the King, who yet stood where he was left by Håkansson, and respectfully accosting him, said—"It is time to stake out the new lines. Have I your Majesty's permission to begin?"

"Yes; I've been long expecting you. All moves slowly now-a-days."

"Within eight days the fortress is your Majesty's, or my head—"

"We shall see."

As the working party is about to take up their ground, the Danes disperse the, to them, objectionable darkness, by kindling basins of pitch upon the walls, and throwing up fire-balls to illuminate the more distant parts of the Swedish lines; when Maigret said—"But that your Majesty would be exposed to their balls upon the breastwork, I should have solicited your Majesty's witnessing the despatch with which we will have the new line ready."

Whoever knew Charles knew that a warning of personal danger was the surest mean to make him expose himself. Accordingly, he stepped upon the breastwork, wrapped his cloak round him, and lay down, resting his

arm upon the top and his head upon his hand, in a position that commanded the fortress, with its fireworks and the soldiers at work in the trenches.

The author supposes that the severe cold, and the whistling of the balls—his early chosen music be it remembered—being congenial to his nature, awoke in Charles XII. such tender thoughts as sighing groves and murmuring streams awaken in other men; that he meditated on love and marriage.

But we cannot longer follow the flights of his imagination, for only his corse lies senseless on the ground.

—And thus our novelist disposes of "the Swede"; leaving it doubtful whether the ball that ended his wars and his life came from the fortress, to which Maigret lured him to shew himself, or from the pistol that Siquier was toying with. We are only told, towards the end of the tale, that the French adventurer, in a brain fever, was raving of regicide.

† We have not space to say more of the remainder of the story than that Henrik's two rescues of the despairing Gunhild from Håkansson's clutches—the first through the coerced intervention of the Prince of Hesse, who, duped by Håkansson, believes her ensnared for his benefit, are skilfully managed; that Gunhild's soldier brother is well drawn if a little caricatured; and that there is a great originality in the mode of making the reader acquainted with a variety of necessary matters great and small, through Henrik's propensity to air-castle-building.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

Gedichte. Von NICOLAUS DELIUS. Bremen : Heyse.

DR. DELIUS, if we mistake not, is the gentleman, who is already known to part of the English public by his eminent critical labours on Shakspeare and the poets of his time, has, by the publication of this volume, established a claim to rank first among the promising talents of the youngest branch of young Germany. When we last adverted to one of the productions of the poetical muse of that country, we submitted to the decree of dire necessity; and in animadverting on the illiberal tendencies, and the vicious and unoriginal versification of Redwik's "Amaranth" we did our duty, though at what cost to our feelings it would be difficult to say. Far different from "Amaranth" are the poems of Nicolaus Delius, breathing, as they do, a fine, exulting spirit, and thoughts whose boldness delights and astonishes, since their expression gives unmistakeable proof of a complete and almost triumphant mastery of form. While other German poets (for instance, the Suabian school) are mere slaves to form, and while they inundate the world with their hacknied thoughts, expressed in hacknied rhymes, Dr. Delius lords it over the language in a manner which even Platen might envy, while he certainly would admire it. None of the literature of civilized nations is so much in want of poets of this stamp as the German. Their language is but partly cultivated. Like the auriferous plains of Australia, it has its "diggings," where every inch of ground has been turned up by eager adventurers, but vast tracts of land remain unexplored, and treasures neglected; while the crowds of aspirants perversely stick to the old and worn-out regions. The Germans repeat the same thoughts over and over again because they find it difficult to find a new set of words for a new set of ideas. It is not too much to say that one half of the trash which is annually turned upon the world from Leipsic fairs, owes its existence to the marvellous ease with which certain writers can handle a certain used-up set of words, and the ignorance and absolute incapacity which deters them from turning the treasures of their language to account. German literature is most modern: it dates hardly one century back. The emperor Charles V. thought the German language was fit for horses, and Frederick of Prussia found it manifestly unfit for polite conversation. Since that time much has been done, and much remains

still to be done. The poets and writers of the latter decade of the 18th century fashioned a language for their thoughts, and created thoughts fit for that language; but many of their successors sought rather to imitate their forms, faulty and incomplete as they were, than to struggle on and work with the same spirit and zeal as the early worthies of their literature. Platen, indeed, made an exception, for it was his aim to embody the sublimest thoughts in the most polished language; and it is to Platen's school that Dr. Delius belongs. Not that he imitates his master, but he does as his master did: in point of diction he improves on his predecessors. The result is, a collection of poetry embodying the last new forms which have been reclaimed from the waste of the German language, and a purified and polished expression of forms which were before familiar to the public. We earnestly recommend the poems of Delius to the few who may be interested in the progress of the poetical art in Germany; and we are happy to find that so much spirit, sentiment, elegance, and humour, still survive in the unfortunate country which bore the Berlin *Kirchentag* after the sixteen-fold infliction of "Amaranth."

Reise nach Brasilien. Von Dr. H. BURMEISTER. Berlin.

DR. BURMEISTER, partly known as the author of a "History of Creation," made, in 1850 and 1851, a scientific excursion into the Brazils. He proceeded from Rio de Janeiro to the Rio des Vilhas, and to the 19° north. His work is valuable and interesting, and will doubtlessly be read with advantage by geographers, geologists, antiquarians, and botanists, to whom we recommend it. The general reader, too, will find many chapters, and parts of chapters, well worthy his attention. Among them are the descriptions of forest scenery, and the account Dr. Burmeister gives of the various white and coloured races which inhabit the country. We extract some of the most curious passages.

The number of aborigines in the Brazils amounts to about 500,000; the white and coloured races exceed that number at least twelve times. The Coroados were formerly the leading tribe in the province of Rio de Janeiro. They are no longer savages, and perish in the consuming atmosphere of civilization. They have adopted the dress of Europeans, and they do not any longer manufacture their own weapons and cooking utensils. They live from the produce of the chase, and the words of Aristotle, that "man is a political animal," do not apply to them, for each family lives by and for itself. The father

of a family is its master; his wife and children are devoted to his special service. They do not, to all appearance, conform to any religion—indeed they do not care for religion. The negroes are at least impressed with the splendour of Divine service; but the Corrado passes the church doors without turning round, and without even touching his hat. Civilization gave them nothing but the brandy-bottle. The liquor which excites and invigorates the natives of northern countries, acts as a consuming poison on the red skins under the tropics. The Corrado gets so beastly drunk, that the very negroes look down upon him. The negro, indeed, is very successful in his courtship of Indian women, while the negress and the Indian despise one another.

The black slaves are tolerably well off in the Brazils. They have their merry makings and festivals. Their most famous festival is the feast of Nossa Senhora de Rozario, a sort of black carnival, on which occasion the "niggers," as our republican cousins would call them, elect a king and queen, and feast, dance, and sing at the expense of the slave owner. The dancing of the negroes is rather expressive than graceful, and the impressions conveyed by their movements are not of a sort to be popular with strict moralists.

Herr Burmeister has nothing whatever to say against the treatment which the negroes receive at the hands of their masters. The Brazils, it appears, are a barren field for the lovers of the howlings and gnashings of teeth of the "Uncle Tom" school. An anecdote is mentioned of a man who was killed by lightning because (so the blacks told Dr. Burmeister) he was a bad master, and had put an iron collar on one of his slaves, and left him to wear it, although a white man had actually asked him to pardon the culprit. This was a heinous crime, calling for the special intervention of Heaven; for it is an old custom in the Brazils, that the master must always pardon the delinquencies of the slave whenever a free man asks him to spare the poor fellow.

Wandlungen. Roman von FANNY LEWALD.
4 Vols. Braunschweig: Vieweg.

THE Germans walk on the path we are just leaving. The Minerva Press delighted in four-volume novels, and, during the last twenty or thirty years, no work of fiction had any chance of success with publishers and readers unless it filled the three volumes post octavo prescribed by the laws for that purpose made and provided by the keepers of Marine Libraries. We have just emancipated ourselves; and it is understood that, in the age of railroads and electric telegraphs, a work, no matter whether of fiction or science, should be large enough to hold the author's thoughts, but certainly not larger—no, not by a single sheet. The Germans, on the other hand, take just now a special delight in many-tomed and cumbrous romances. Jutzkow spread the meagre plot of his "Ritter von Geist" over miles of Leipzig blotting-paper, to the extent of nine volumes; the last novel of W. Alexis filled four volumes; and Miss Lewald, who would not

on any account be behindhand in matter, comes out with a work of "Wandlungen," or Metamorphoses, to the full as large as W. Alexis' books. We have reason to fear that but few Englishmen will care to read through so lengthy and ponderous a romance; and we mean, therefore, to set Miss Lewald an example of brevity, by simply stating that in her four volumes she shews what might have been more advantageously shewn in one: that conservatism and progressive tendencies must needs be at war; that persons of an advanced age are either admirers of the past, or champions of existing institutions; that young men and women push forward in quest of change, and with a view to improvement; that crabbed age must needs be antagonistic to hot youth; that contrasts give rise to very animated discussions; and that Miss Fanny Lewald, and her friends and admirers, are always right, while her opponents and detractors are always, and more than always, wrong. All these obvious truths are inculcated with an overwhelming amount of circumstance, and enlivened with, here and there, a touch of dry pertness, which Fanny Fern might possibly claim as her own, and with Woman's-Right Convention sallies, worthy of the praise of that good strong woman, Lucy Stone. We know that Miss Lewald is much liked in Germany; we are sure her works would command the admiration of the Americans; and we are positive that every one of her works, not even excepting the "Wandlungen," would prove most wearisome to the British public.

Afraja. Roman von THEODOR MÜGGE.
1 Vol. Frankfort: Meidinger.

ONE volume of 553 closely-printed pages, containing the matter of a three-volume novel, and giving a full account of that interesting nation the Laplanders, whose manners and customs, strange sorceries, fierce loves, and cruel wars, are detailed with a minute circumstantiality which would do Herr Mügge great credit if embodied in a work on ethnography, but which is certainly objectionable in a work of fiction. The fact is, Herr Mügge, like his countryman König, is not a novel-writer: he is a traveller, and a writer of travelling sketches; and it is a pity that he should have mistaken his vocation. Our readers had better leave "Afraja" alone if they wish to be amused; and if desirous of information on Lapland and the Laplanders, they will have no difficulty in procuring it from other quarters.

Welt und Bühne. Roman von LOUISE MÜHLBACH. 2 Vols. Berlin: Janke.

A CORRECT account of the wicked doings and horrid crimes, and the final reformation of a

rake. The rake—of course a young man of high family—is represented as treading in the footsteps of a certain gallant captain, of whom it is said and sung that he lived at Halifax, and in country-quarters, and victimizing an unsuspecting young lady of the Miss Bailey stamp, with this difference only, that the Miss Bailey of the ballad “hanged herself in her garters,” while Mrs. Mühlbach’s heroine hides her shame and sorrow on the stage. We are very much afraid that the talented and respectable authoress of “Welt und Bühne” intended the whole intrigue for the purpose of getting, in a decent manner, rid of a large number of theatrical anecdotes, which had accumulated in her common-place book. Perhaps, also, Mrs. Mühlbach owed a heavy debt of spite to certain actors and actresses, and, as a prudent woman, she thought it right to pay off old scores. She gives her readers plenty of good, round, womanish abuse of the theatrical profession, and says—what nobody ever suspected before—that there is a vast difference between real life and life on the stage. Add to this, that she deals in scenes of horror which are not very much inferior to those contained in the works of Sue and Féval, and which are evidently copied from those French writers; and it must be evident that Mrs. Mühlbach’s work cannot but prove highly interesting to young persons of naïve minds, a corresponding want of experience, and a delightful ignorance of the current literature of Europe. If any such should be among our readers, we have great pleasure in recommending to them the perusal of Mrs. Mühlbach’s “Welt und Bühne.”

Zwei Schwestern. Roman in 3 Bänden. Berlin: Veit und Co.

ANOTHER *social* novel, as the Germans love to call this sort of production, and this, too, evidently the work of a female hand. Alas! there is but little of head in it; for the fair author is evidently of opinion that accumulation of heterogeneous matter must be excellence. The plot, as usual in such works, is meagre in the extreme, and the working it out most slovenly and lax. Two sisters, the daughters of a wealthy Jew, are unmarried and miserable. One of them, Betty, has thought proper to elope with a Christian nobleman, who has the advantage of being possessed with all imaginable and unimaginable virtues, and whom Betty loves with a devotion, tenderness, and constancy unparalleled even in the most sentimental of novels. Need we say that the tender Betty’s

eyes are as the fish-pools of Heshbon, and that she is consequently idolized by her husband? Of course we need say no such thing: all that is understood. But is Betty, therefore, happy? Alas, no! Her father is an orthodox Jew: he disowns her; and Betty, sick of the sweets of conjugal bliss, sighs for the tranquil pleasures of parental Hebrew affection. She is a happy wife, and a wretched daughter. Hence her tears! Betty’s sister is beloved by her father and her husband, and if she could but love that husband she might be the happiest of Jewesses. But poor Leah married to please her father, so of course she did not please herself; and the reader has the satisfaction of knowing that the two ladies are miserable, from the first page of the first volume to the last page of the third. It is all howling and gnashing of teeth—the wail of women, and curses loud and deep from the lips of bearded men. But the chief business of all these dismal personages seems to be the discussing the great social questions of the day, with a special regard to the affairs of Germany, and a still more special regard to the views and opinions which the fair author of the “Two Sisters” happened to entertain at the time she wrote her book. The general politics of Europe—the Eastern question—the constitutional crisis in Prussia—the revolution of 1848—the emancipation of the Jews—the social relations between Jews and Christians—Christian prejudice and Jewish orthodoxy, aristocracy, bureaucracy, liberalism, radicalism, scepticism, and indifference,—all these matters and subjects are much talked about by the suffering persons of this Life drama. The two contemplative martyrs, Betty and Leah, are representative women, victims of social imperfections, and their sufferings are the more acute since they are very common. Such, at least, are the views of the lady, whose opinions on life, the world, and mankind, are contained in the “Two Sisters.” We are unfortunate enough to be altogether at variance with that lady. To be simply happy or unhappy is no one’s business: the earth is so beautiful, life is so varied, and the business of life so important, that it is mere insanity to represent persons who eat and drink, sleep, who marry and are given in marriage, who understand, or endeavour to understand the events of the time, as supremely wretched and miserable at all hours and at all times, merely because, out of their own free will, they have placed themselves in a position which they feel at times that they like not.

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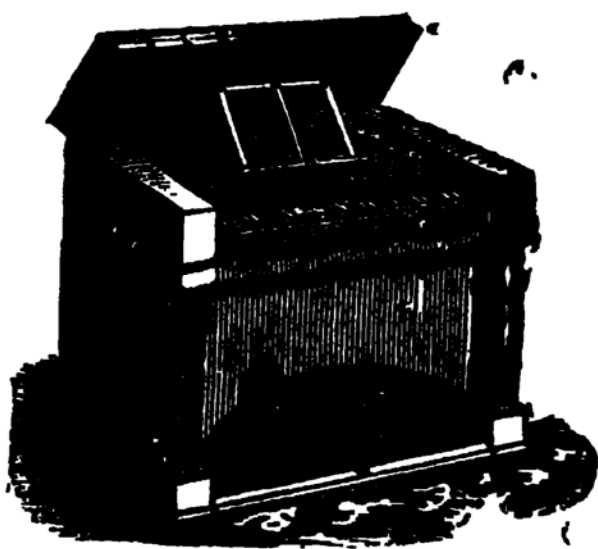
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NOVELTY IN HARNESS.

MANUFACTURED FOR HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

"SINGULAR HARNESS.—On Saturday the 3d instant, Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness Prince Albert honoured Mr. Dinsdale, of 314, Oxford Street, by an interview, to inspect the very beautiful harness for four horses, which had been made according to the express command of Her Majesty, and were graciously pleased to express their perfect admiration of the same, their novelty and beauty surpassing precedent. The material is furnished by the tail-feathers of the peacock, wrought into the most elegant devices, which combine singular elegance with durability."—*Times*, July 10.

"GREAT NOVELTY IN HARNESS.—We were yesterday admitted to a private view of a magnificent set of harness, for two carriage-horses and two out-riders, made by the express command of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, at Mr. KAY DINSDALE'S, Saddler and Harness Manufacturer, 314, Oxford Street. Of the artistic merit of the work it is impossible to speak too highly, and to Mr. Dinsdale great credit is due. This gentleman has the merit of having given an impetus to this peculiar mode of decorative art, which was scarcely known until within the last few years. We have witnessed with admiration and delight the work of South-American Indians in small basket-work, and in other forms, and we had imagined that the working in 'quills' was almost exclusively confined to such latitudes. But it appears that in reference to the beautiful example of quill-work, as exemplified in the marvellous specimens placed before us, that the art is not confined to southern latitudes. The artists engaged to work out the elaborate designs which beautify the various parts of the harness are Tyrolese; and assuredly their artistic taste and their singular knowledge of the art of working the peacock's quills is marvellous. The set of harness which we viewed is the private harness for Her Majesty, and is intended to be used only when His Royal Highness Prince Albert drives through Windsor Park, attended by two out-riders. To Mr. Kay Dinsdale the greatest credit is due, for having matured a very beautiful artistic work. But the peculiar and singular charm of this splendid work of art—for such it may well be termed—is, that the materials used to decorate the harness for Her Majesty are the tail-feathers of the most beautiful peacocks, wrought in most elegant devices. The winkers are surrounded by the rose, shamrock, and thistle, and in the centre the royal motto in garter, surmounted by the crown, with 'V.R.' in centre, the pads and most prominent parts to correspond, and the traces and breechings are a beautiful scroll of England's rose, with rose-leaves; in fact, every part is diversified with elegant patterns; and the general effect is so truly elegant as to have all the appearance of frosted silver, possessing all the charms of novelty and decorative effect, combined with the additional advantage of cleanliness and durability. A more beautiful work of the kind we cannot imagine. To the artistic taste of Mr. Dinsdale we gladly pay our tribute of respect."—*From Morning Herald of Sept. 1852.*

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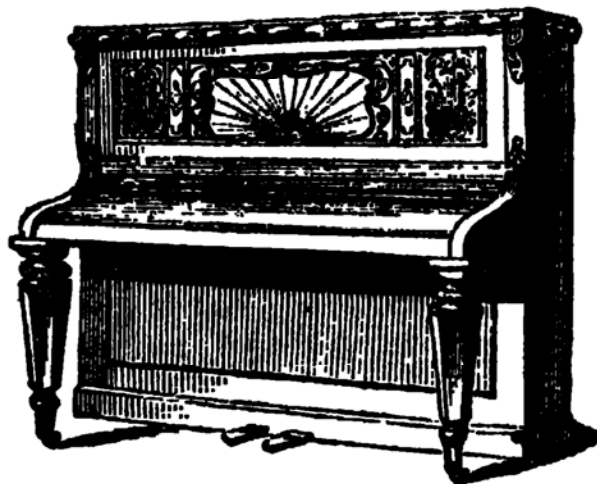
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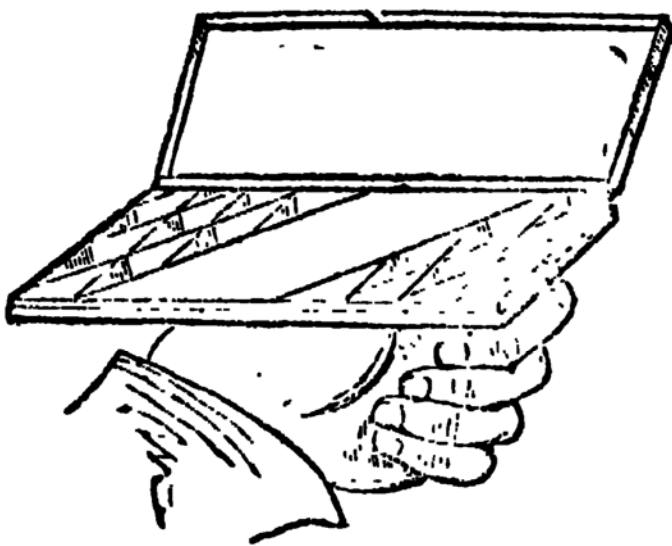
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wishes to call the attention of ALL to some recent Registered Improvements, which, by simplifying and adding portability to the articles necessary for sketching from nature, will, he hopes, make the recreation more general.

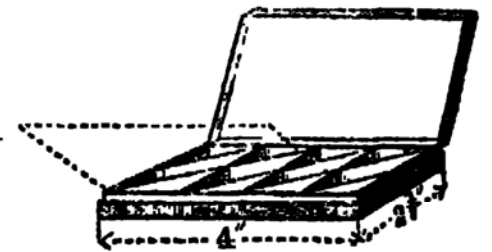
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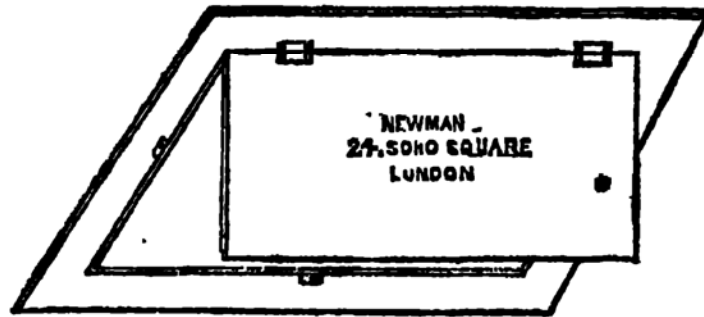
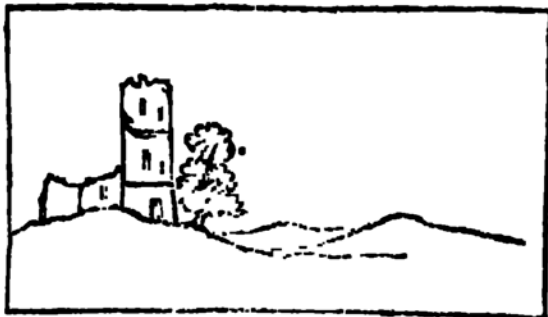
in its simplicity, recommends and explains itself; the intention *being to form and place the Box or Palette in accordance with the natural motion of the hand*, which should, as in Oil Painting, take up the colour from Right to Left, and the direction of the *angles being in accordance with this natural motion*, the annoyance of having continually to turn the Box is removed, and not only a greater mass of colour is more freely obtained, but none is left in the corners of the cups, and so wasted.

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AND

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BRITISH, AMERICAN, FRENCH, AND GERMAN.

FOR THE YEAR 1853.



VOL. II.

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It was thought that there must be many thousand families in Britain who would be glad to have, in some compendious form, a complete view of the current literature of the time.

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This quality of Independence *must* be an ostracism. It would be an attempt to revolutionize criticism. It would be a rebellion against Marlborough Street, New Burlington Street, Albemarle Street, and Paternoster Row. It involved the necessity of not being "recognised." It was equivalent to the probability, that every prosperous vendor of unacknowledged translations would rush about, eagerly asserting to every one who was obliged to listen to him that the NEW QUARTERLY "could not stand," that it had "neither authority nor circulation;" it also included the certainty of its being said in a whisper, in all these localities, that *it must be put down*.

In a commercial point of view it had doubtless been wiser to chain the New Review to the galley, and to make it keep stroke. But this was not the object of its projectors. That object was, to quote the words of a contributor, "to represent the brains, and not the breeches pockets, of literature;" to inform, and not to betray, the people.

The adverse interests are so strong, and their machinery is so complete, that perhaps we should have been daunted from the enterprise but for the facilities offered by the Post Office. It rests now with the public, and with the public only, what Critical Journal they will take, or what books they will buy. The most facile method of obtaining a book or a review is still through the neighbouring bookseller. But, should any Metropolitan influence delay the punctual delivery, it is but the trouble of a note to the publisher, and the dweller at John o' Groat's house, or in any remote village in India, will regularly receive his book or his Number through a Post-office official, whom no publisher can control.

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THE NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW.

RETROSPECT OF THE LITERATURE OF THE QUARTER.

THE first of October is a most unpropitious day whereon to address our peripatetic public on matters literary. The island is half empty. There are more British barristers at Constantinople than in Lincoln's Inn. There are more representatives of English boroughs in Washington than in Westminster. There are not so many Cadis in Egypt as County-Court Judges. Men upon 'Change are seeking change in the Palais Royale or in the Piazzas of St. Marc; and so is a formidable body of English sovereigns and bank-notes. Even the few home-loving gentlemen who scorn the ways of foreign travel, and, having no taste for the amenities of Austrian hospitality, or the gay life of the Fort Manuel lazaretto, live at home at ease, are not in that otiose state favourable to literary amusement. The pheasant is crowing his last crow this morning in the covers, and who, with that shrill, cheery invitation in his ears, will sit down and read about the wares of Mr. Murray, the well-puffed chattels of Mr. Bentley, or the heavy speculations of the Messrs. Longman? We commence our Retrospect in an unconfident mood, and feel like an orator at a public dinner, who finds that his turn to speak has just come at the moment when the ladies are putting on their shawls and the chairman is looking at his watch.

The materials are even worse than the occasion. Of the nine hundred works published during the quarter, there are not ten that deserved to be printed. English literature is growing sickly and consumptive under the baneful influence of our publishers. It best answers their purpose to keep up

One weak, washy, everlasting flow
of twaddle, produced at the smallest possible rate

of remuneration, and, with the greatest possible speed, by their own familiar literary handicraftsmen; intended not to be read, studied, or remembered, but to be skimmed, skipped, and circulated. The common vehicles of criticism are so completely in their hands, or under their control, that every fresh piece of trumpery is lauded as "indispensable to every library." If a book be ill-spoken of, the only certain conclusion is, that it is the speculation of the author, and not of the publisher. The *sine quid non* of any notice whatever is, not that the book shall be a good book, or an important book, but that it shall have been "*subscribed to the trade.*"* Can we wonder that, under such a dynasty of critics, merit cannot emerge; that in such a continuous flux of profitable trash, genius becomes stifled, enthusiasm faints, and talent, hopeless of better things, stoops to labour for "small profits and quick returns?" Yet this organized system, although it look strong as the walls of Jericho, would fall at a single blast. It wants nothing but that authors should have a little prudence, a little money,

* An egregious instance of this occurred a few months back. Mr. Arden discovered one of the lost orations of Hyperides in an Egyptian sarcophagus. Every scholar in Europe was elated; the University of Cambridge printed the work at their press *gratis*; it was brought forth in a sumptuous volume, with elaborate *fac simile*; and copies were sent to the critical Journals. But Mr. Arden published the work himself, and distributed the copies to purchasers *through the post-office*: it was not "*subscribed to the trade.*" We are informed, that of all the literary Journals of the Metropolis the NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW was the only one wherein even the existence of this most interesting and most important publication was noticed. We allude above only to periodicals that are solely of a critical character. The newspapers, not being the property of publishers, are of course under no constraint of this kind.

and a thorough knowledge of the facilities of the *Post-office*, and the princely houses will topple down. The wholesale and retail booksellers, who now in reality do all the work, will more cheaply occupy their place. Look at this **NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW**—thriving and strengthening in the infancy of a third year, stretching itself over India, advancing surely in Australia, stopping in quick succession into colony after colony, entrenching itself gradually in every parish in England: think you this could have been done, *in the very teeth of the whole trade of publishers*, ten years ago? We had been mad to challenge such a contest, if we had not known, that although all the tributaries of Regent Street and the realms of Paternoster Row should rise in arms, and even influence the booksellers against us, Rowland Hill would stand our friend; and that, in spite of all the trade could do against us, the *Post-office* could, and would, if necessary, punctually deliver, aye, even to twenty thousand subscribers, each his several copy of the **NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW** on the day of its publication. To the prudent and the careful labourers by the brain we say—Go thou and do likewise.

It is not in wilfulness nor in recklessness that we disregard the hostility of this formidable array, and dare to call the attention of our literary brethren to these facts. It is in the conscientious pursuit of the mission on which we originally set out; it is in the fulfilment of our determination to represent the brains, and not the breeches pockets of literature.*

And now to our Retrospect. We sweep over a wide expanse with few eminences, and not one mountain. Some works, however, there are, of more than average importance, and chief among these may be named Mr. Ruskin's second volume of his "*Stones of Venice*," and the first volume of Mr. Orchard Halliwell's forty-guinea edition of the works of Shakespeare. Of the first of these we have sufficiently spoken in another place. As to the second, it is published by subscription, and has no publisher's name attached to it. For this grave offence Mr. Halliwell would have been absolutely ignored, if ignoring could have done him any harm; but as his subscription list was in a prosperous state, the publishers slipped all their domestic turnspit reviewers at him, and these have been snapping and snarling about his feet for several weeks. In a pamphlet

which he calls "*Curiosities of Modern Shakesperian Criticism*," the beleaguered editor attempts to do battle with his persecutors, and makes evident their astounding ignorance; but who will read his pamphlet? For ourselves we meddle not with the conflict, nor shall we pronounce any opinion upon Mr. Halliwell's qualifications for the great task he has undertaken until we have an opportunity of seeing some fair proportion of the work. We do not profess to be able to judge of a house by a single brick.

Agnes Strickland† has produced a second volume of her "*Life of Mary Queen of Scots*." The events are, the marriage with Darnley, the murder of Riccio, the birth of James the Sixth, and the departure of Darnley from his wife's court. The kirk-a-field tragedy is yet untold. Miss Strickland does not write good English, as the recurrence of such droll mistakes as "*Moray pronounced his veto for Queen Mary's death*" will shew; nor is she careful in her choice of words, as her describing a difficult conjuncture as "*a ticklish crisis*" may evidence; nor is she happy or dignified in illustration; but she is very amusing. She works out her scenes in such elaborate detail, that they lay hold of the imagination; and then she is, in every page and line of her book, so thoroughly a woman! She has all a true woman's good, honest, earnest, partisanship—all her capacity for seeing one side of a question, and seeing that only—all her contempt for logical processes—qualities which are capital in a wife, and which strongly excite our delight in a dear, trusting, all-confiding woman, but which are not quite the essentials to history. This life is, as we suspected when the first volume appeared, written as a vindication of the honour of the sex: Queen Mary is perfectly right in all she did, said, or thought. She was a most affectionate, warm, faithful wife, the best of queens, and the most injured of women. As there happen to exist witnesses whose testimony would tend to prove the contrary of all this, Miss Strickland scolds these vigorously, and calls them names, with a most feminine fluency. They are Greenacres, Thurtells, and—ill-chosen and suggestive word—they are *Mannings*. As to Darnley, he was a weak-witted fool, and laboured under the inexplicable disadvantage, in the eyes of the feminine historian, that "*unhappily he had a will of his own*." We believe, with Miss Strickland, that the charge against Mary of an illicit intercourse with Riccio is unproven; but Miss Strickland discredits at once the formed opinion of the English ambassadors to the contrary, ("*I*

* We shall, probably in our next Number, pursue this subject, and review, in an article for which we have long been collecting materials, the whole of the relations of authors and publishers. We shall take occasion to contrast the actual accounts of publishers with estimates of what a work could be produced for, if the author employed his own printer and bought his own paper. We invite our literary brethren to assist us with their experience in these matters.

† "*Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses*," by Agnes Strickland, Vol. IV. Blackwood.

know that he knoweth himself that he hath a partner in play and game with him," by the woman's argument, that the Italian was a little, ugly man. "I know now for certain," wrote Randolph to Leicester, "that this queen repenteth of her marriage; that she hateth him and all his kin." Darnley, very doubtful of the paternity of the newly-born child, left the court, and would have left the kingdom, unwilling to take part in the public ceremonial of a christening. It was vital to Mary's honour that he should be present, and she besought him to stay. What Darnley's doubts were, may be gathered from Mary's address to him—"My Lord, God has given you and me a son, whose paternity is of none but you. My lord, here I protest to God, and as I shall answer to him at the great day of judgment, this is your son, and no other man's son." Odd words these for an unsuspected wife to use when she presents her first-born to her husband. Miss Strickland, however, is certain that Darnley had no suspicion whatever; that refusal to remain with the court had nothing to do with the paternity of the new-born infant; that Mary's desire to retain him with her had nothing to do with the public opinion of Europe. The lady historian settles the whole matter with a woman's argument. Asking, Why did Mary want to retain him? She answers, "Is there the female heart that has ever felt the power of a constant and enduring love—a love which neither time or injuries can alienate—that does not mentally reply, 'Because she was a faithful wife, and a fond, weak woman, whose realm would have been to her as a desert in the absence of the object of her yearning affection, unworthy though he were of her regard?'" All this is very amusing to hear or read as a specimen of feminine ratiocination; but it must not pass for any thing more than amusing nonsense. We beg to whisper to the ladies who read Miss Strickland's book, that the less they resemble this lady's injured queen, the more respectable they will be in their respective spheres. The historical evidence now admits of no second decision. Queen Mary was doubtless placed in very difficult times, and met with very hard treatment; but she was a false, treacherous, wheedling woman, an adulteress, and a murderer.

The memoirs of the last generation continue to press upon us. The papers of Sir Hudson Lowe have been received with great disappointment. It was, however, quite necessary that they should be put before the world. The case is now concluded, and mankind may form its judgment at its leisure.

But why should we recall the career of Benjamin Robert Haydon the painter of large pictures? He was neither good, nor wise, nor

great. He was a mediocrity, who believed himself an Apelles. He was a borrower and a bore. Yet shall we all read his journals. They will interest us, for they contain little descriptions of the private life of greater men than Benjamin Haydon: they will amuse us, for they are the sayings of a sour, envious, disappointed man, speaking of his more fortunate friends. The study, also, is instinct with a lively moral. How false is the position of a man, who, having no intense quality except vanity, fancies himself a genius! What meanness, ingratitude, and selfishness spring from such a delusion! Yet how certainly it spreads. Let the smallest man in creation believe thoroughly in himself that he is a giant, and he will soon gather a little circle who shall believe so too. These are trite truths, but they work out well in narrative. Many a foolish man and woman who reads this book will miss the real moral, and bestow a morbid sympathy upon the utterly worthless individual who is its hero.

The most provoking circumstance about Haydon's Journal is his constant assumption of a religious character. His religion was nothing but a phase of his vanity: it did not make him strive to be a better man, but it concentrated itself into a conviction that the Almighty was specially and particularly bound to provide for Benjamin Haydon—all the acts of the said Benjamin Haydon, idle, extravagant, or foolish, notwithstanding. What he calls faith and religion was, in fact, nothing but the most grovelling, and at the same time the most presumptuous, superstition. For instance, he gives a penny to a beggar on one occasion, and on his return home he finds that one of his own begging letters has been answered by a handsome remittance. He connects the two events as cause and effect. His religion, as regarded his creditors, was a sort of fatalism that reminds us of what we saw in Cairo some time since. Abbas Pasha had obtained from England, by great exertion, a gigantic mastiff, we believe of the celebrated Lyme breed, and the monster was the talk of the whole city. As the Pasha's private Secretary proceeded through the narrow streets, accompanied by his very docile but very formidable-looking acquisition, the Turks did not fly, nor did they seek shelter, nor put themselves in attitude of resistance. They stood still and trembled. Some muttered only عجب عجب—"Wonderful! wonderful!" others, what we understood to be من عند الله الكلى; and some adopted literally the Haydon phrase, "Our trust is in God." One old man we heard to exclaim, "Many of the creations of God are terrible!" and another gravely asked the dignified dog, "Art thou sent to consume us utterly?" The general expression, however, was, "God can

protect us even from thee, oh terrible one!" and such as these were the exclamations and religious confidences of Benjamin Haydon when he met a dun, or had a bill presented, or found an execution in his house. But we must pass on.

Next comes a little series of *Soldiers' Memoirs*.^{*} Great steadiness, great coolness, imperturbable courage, and "dash," where need be, will probably, in the British or in any other army, lead to an early death or a late commission. There is a story told of King William the Fourth, that he was one day inspecting a militia regiment, with the Duke of Buckingham on one side, and a sun-burnt Indian veteran on the other. The King suddenly found it necessary to make a speech, and the natural topic was the glorious contingencies of a military career. By way of illustration, he pointed to the Duke on his left, and said, "You see me supported here, on one side, by a descendant of the Plantagenets—one whose lineage is equal to my own; while, on the other, my side is pressed by a man *sprung from the very dregs of the people*." The veteran thought the illustration too strong, and we are not sure that the Curetons, the Elleys, and others mentioned in this volume, may not think that their progenitors' deeds of heroism might have been celebrated under a less expressive title-page. In good sooth, although this is an amusing little volume, the title-page is—we will not say a deception, but—certainly a misnomer. Cureton and Elley had doubtless touched the King's money as proffered by a recruiting-officer, and so had Waterloo Ewart; but General Whitlock did not rise from the ranks: it is mere trifling with words to say that Sir Robert Wilson rose from the ranks. Major Semple Lisle was never, even in name, a private. Sir Hudson Lowe commenced his career as an ensign in the Devonshire Militia. Lord George Sackville, one of the favourite "Juniuses," so far from rising from the ranks, was a lieutenant-general before the world had an opportunity of discovering that he was a coward. The volume is a series of sketchy military biographies with an inappropriate title.

There is, among the novelties of the quarter, a stranger† who has learned our language, and become a member of the Royal College of Surgeons; who, if we may credit his portrait, wears a long beard and an *outré* oriental dress, whereby perchance to cultivate the favour of that somewhat unintellectual class of British females, who, if they cannot entice a lord to their drawing-rooms, are content to doat upon a Turk, a flowering aloe, a Chinese mandarin,

or a Piccadilly showman. An effendi, who is so complaisant as to say of the British isles that "their religion is the purest, their government and laws the best in the world, and they are second to no people in the enjoyment of privileges and blessings such as could only be enjoyed by a peculiar people under the immediate protection of the Almighty Benefactor," is a gentleman who cannot fail to be popular in the smaller petti-côteries of this metropolis.

The volume in question is "a brief sketch of Habeeb Risk Allah's life and travels. Why it is called the "Thistle and the Cedar of Lebanon" we are not very clearly told. It is, indeed, intimated that the Thistle is the Eastern Church, and the Cedar is the Church of England; but by which of these two vegetables Mr. Risk Allah may consider himself typified, is not said, and perhaps it is not absolutely necessary to inquire.

Mr. Risk Allah, be it known to all who are interested in the fortunes of the hero, was born at Shuwei fât on the Lebanon, which he describes in just such fashion as a man generally describes a place where he has never been. As Risk Allah lived there with his uncle (whom he declares to be a person of some importance)‡ for ten years, he ought to know something of the place, and of the religion of the Druses—still a problem among Eastern travellers. All we shall say is, that if any one will take the first chapter of this book, and compare it with Colonel Churchill's recently-published "Ten Years' Residence at Mount Lebanon," and shall, after that comparison, believe that the writer ever passed ten years upon that mountain, he will differ very much from us upon many canons of criticism. Whether, however, the writer be the son of a Syrian Sheik, or a Syrian peasant, of a Jewish or Christian denomination

‡ *A propos* of Syrian Sheiks, we may recollect to mind the following passage in Thackeray's capital little book, "Cornhill to Cairo"—

"Among the occupiers of the little bazaar watch-boxes, vendors of embroidered handkerchiefs, and other articles of showy Eastern haberdashery, was a good-looking, neat young fellow, who spoke English very fluently, and was particularly attentive to all the passengers on board our ship. This gentleman was not only a pocket-handkerchief merchant in the bazaar, but earned a further livelihood by letting out mules and donkeys, and he kept a small lodging-house or inn for travellers, as we were informed.

"No wonder he spoke good English, and was exceedingly polite and well-bred, for the worthy man had passed some time in England, and in the best society too. That humble haberdasher at Beyrout had been a lion here at the very best houses of the great people, and had actually made his appearance at Windsor, where he was received as a Syrian prince, and treated with great hospitality by royalty itself."

We happen to know something of the Lebanon ourselves, and could rectify several little matters related in this volume if it were at all worth while.

* "Risen from the Ranks, or, Conduct *versus* Caste," by the Rev. Erskine Neale, M.A. Longman. 1853.

† "The Thistle and the Cedar of Lebanon." By Habeeb Risk Allah Effendi, M.R.C.S. Madden. 1853.

is of no possible importance, especially as he has the tact to pass over all his own early history, or to tone it down to the proper bourgeois taste of "gentility:" but we cannot get rid of the feeling that there is something not genuine, nor even very well simulated in this volume. There is no air of the East, no Eastern thought, no oriental expression. There is such baldness and poverty of idea and imagination, that we are instinctively inclined to question the possibility of the work being the writing of an oriental. Of course we are not doubting Mr. Risk Allah's word. If there be such a gentleman as Risk Allah, and if he be like the individual portrayed in front of the book, and if he be a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and if he have really written this poor, trashy volume in English, we of course thoroughly believe all he says, and congratulate him upon having described Damascus in language and ideas as thoroughly western as those last employed upon the same subject by the last cockney tourist. Still we must be allowed, in our uncertainty, to say, that not being assured of the existence of Risk Allah, *out of his book*, we should not be surprised if Mr. Brown, or Mr. Jones, or Mr. Robinson, should come forward, at some future time, and own the volume. Whenever Mr. Brown does this, we hereby protest that we shall affirm that we were not taken in. Lord Hardwicke, as the Persian spy in Athens, was much more like a Persian; Montesquieu, as the Turkish ambassador, was much more like a Turk; Goldsmith was much more like a Chinese, than is this Mr. Brown like a Syrian Christian. If, however, there be really and truly an actual Risk Allah, we beg pardon, and congratulate him upon his success in thoroughly deorientalizing himself.

The "Lives of the Laurcates" we have dealt fully with, in a separate article, and we believe we have now run through every production of the quarter which can advance even a colourable claim to rank as a biography; unless, indeed, it be insisted that we ought not to pass uncatalogued an impenetrable mass of print, called "A Life of Savonarola," and a "Life of Madame de Staël," whereof we have fully spoken in our after pages.

The Right Hon. George Banks, in his capacity of Patron of the Mutual Improvement Society of Corfe Castle, has undertaken to write a book of the composite order, partaking of the characteristics of the history, the memoir, and the guide-book.* Not satisfied with provincial plaudits, he has chosen a London publisher, and sent forth his "Story of Corfe Castle" as

a real literary achievement. Now we doubt the prudence of this. The "Story of Corfe Castle" is adapted to the climate of Dorset: the county newspaper there will honestly reverence it as an inspiration; the farmers will buy "the Squire's book," and make their daughters read it to them, in small modicums, as the nights grow long: then will they dream of invading Danes, or of Lady Banks "with her daughters, women, and five soldiers," holding out against an army of rebels, and "heaving over stones and hot embers" on the assailants; or, perchance, of Queen Elfrida flogging her son with the castle-clock! Poachers, perchance, may be scared from trespassing in woods where Edward the Martyr was dragged by the stirrup after being stabbed in the back.

"In the following year," [*the Wareham rustics will reverently read*] "the body of the murdered king was found: a pillar of fire, descending from above, illuminated the place where he was hid. Some devout people of Wareham brought it to the church of St. Mary in that village, and buried it in a plain manner."

William of Malnesbury and Roger of Wendover agree, in opposition to Mr. Banks, that "the wicked woman, Alfdrihta, and her son Ethelred, ordered the corpse of the king and martyr, St. Eadward, to be ignominiously buried at Wareham, in the midst of public rejoicing and festivity." "Envyng him," says the latter, "even holy ground when dead."

"From this time," Mr Banks proceeds, "the fountain where the body had lain yielded pure and sweet water, being called 'St. Edward's fountain,' and infirm people were daily healed there. The news of these transactions being circulated, Alfer, Earl of Mercia, a faithful adherent to the deceased king, resolved to remove the body to a more suitable place of sepulture. Inviting all bishops, abbots, and nobility to assist him, he sent to Wolfrida, abbess of Wilton, to come with her nuns and perform the funeral rites with due solemnity. The noble company thus convened, being joined by a great number of the country people, came to Wareham, where the body, on being taken out of the tomb in which it had lain three years, was found as free from corruption as on the day when it was placed there: it was carried on a bier to Shaftesbury. Among the concourse of people were two poor lame persons, who were cured on approaching the bier. Elfrida, struck with remorse, prepared to join this noble funeral procession, hoping thus to make some atonement for her crime; but her utmost efforts could not prevent the horse she rode from running backwards. She tried several horses, being an intrepid lady, but not one of them would advance a step: she then attempted to go on foot, but with no better success."

What "mutual improvement" can be derived from these silly old monkish legends, repeated without a word indicative of the causes that led to their invention, it would be vain to guess. We must warn the Dorsetshire farmers, however, that if they desire to know any thing of the History of England, they must not take their county member as their guide. They will get a far better notion of the character of Saint Dunstan even from Hume than they

* "The Story of Corfe Castle, and of many who have lived there," by the Right Hon. George Banks, M.P. for the County of Dorset. London: Murray. 1853.

will from Bankes, and a much clearer view of the wars of the Commonwealth from Brodie's "British Empire" than they will from either.

The three great topics of the quarter have been the re-settlement of the Government of India; the Revolution in China; and last, and largest, the attempt of Russia upon Turkey. Each of these topics has its article in the NEW QUARTERLY, and its little swarm of books. We here mark them only as they have borne upon the literature of the quarter.

The attention directed to India has encouraged the publication of two separate journals of travel in that peninsula by British Ladies. It would appear, however, from the Governor-General's despatches, that the next works upon Indian soil will be works of a very public nature, which will be got up upon a very large scale, and will have a considerable run all through British India.

Among the political pamphlets the most generally read has been Mr. Cobden's *brochure*, "How wars are got up in India." "Public opinion," says the member for the West Riding, "has not hitherto been opposed to an extension of our dominion in the East. On the contrary, it is believed to be profitable to the nation, and all classes are ready to hail with approbation every fresh acquisition of territory." The readers of the NEW QUARTERLY are already fully aware of the facts and arguments by which the fallacy of the money profit of extended dominion can be exposed. "The greater the territory, the greater the debt," is a theme we have descanted upon too fully in former Numbers to render it necessary that we should shew how Mr. Cobden labours the same point.

As to China, so little is known upon the subject, that all that can be done is to put that little into readable shape. Huc's travels in Tartary, and the recent correspondence in the *Times*, must be the basis of any tolerable narrative of this change in the government, habits, and religion, of one half of the human race.

Of the many catchpennies which the event has generated, the French book we have made the basis of our article is undoubtedly the best.

The Russian question has produced a hail-storm of books, some of them as weighty as those that fell around the Jesuit Missionaries in the mountains of Thibet.

* Mr. Urquhart's "Progress of Russia" is not, as its title would appear to suggest, a pamphlet, but a thick octavo volume, containing thirty-nine chapters, and treating *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. In an Introduction

of forty-five pages the author states his opinion upon the crisis in the East; and his opinion is, that the present demonstration against Turkey is all a stratagem, the real design being Denmark. Such is the new True Faith according to the prophet Urquhart.

Now Mr. David Urquhart is, in some respects, a very kindred mind to the late Mr. Benjamin Haydon, of whom we have just spoken. He claims to found a school, to have his dicta received with an *αὐτός ἐφ' ἑ*, to be a guide infallible. He collected, long ago, a few crazy followers, who, we believe, still abide by him; and he attracted also some young men of good parts, who outgrew their folly, and discovered the real metal of their idol. Unfortunately for this great High Priest of Urquhartism, his adherents pushed him into the House of Commons. Tried by that infallible test, Urquhart at once appeared to be a monomaniac and a bore. His ruling idea is, that Russia is at the bottom of every thing—that Russia arranges the bargains upon our stock exchange—that Russia bribes Lord Palmerston—that Russia got up the revolts of 1848—that Russian diplomacy rules the world—that every thing is done by Russia, and that without Russia nothing is that is.

This dreary, fatuous idea is here distended over five hundred pages. We have Russia in Spain, Russia in Hungary, Russia in Scandinavia, Russia in Denmark, Russia on the Danube, Russia on the Euxine, Russia in the Levant, and Russia in the Red Sea; in which last locality we devoutly hope that some charitable priest will lay the foul Russian bogey that so haunts poor David Urquhart.

All the travellers of course press forward to tell us about Moldavia and Wallachia, and the Golden Horn, and Adrianople, and Syria, and the Holy Places. Colonel Churchill's work is decidedly the most important: it is, indeed, the only book of Eastern travel which contains really original information. Some others, however, are much more amusing. Of the flitters to and fro upon the earth, the St. Johns are legion, and their industry is indefatigable. They skim every thing; but woe to the reader who confides that the mass is at all like the specimen they bring away. "There and Back Again in search of Beauty" is a pilgrimage by Mr. James Augustus St. John, whose search after beauty is somewhat tedious. When Mr. St. John finds beauty in a calm at sea we are not disposed to quarrel with him; but when he tells us that he "seems to have got within the serene halls of eternity," we inhale a strong flavour of cockneyism. However, our readers know what Mr. J. A. St. John's book is likely to be. He is, we believe, the patriarch of the tribe—a tribe which has given us "Isis," "Lybian Desert,"

* Progress of Russia in the west, north, and south, by opening the sources of opinion, and appropriating the channels of wealth and power. By David Urquhart. London: Trübner, and Co.

"Levantine Family," "Village Life in Egypt," "Travels in India," descriptions of the Oriental Archipelago, and large accounts of the central parts of America. To say truth, there is to us an atmosphere of book-making about these two volumes. Before we have read ten pages we are impressed with the feeling that the author, having cut his "Isis" out of his Egyptian materials, has been stewing down the scraps, and serves them up under a fine name; or, as he says, "gives utterance to the philosophy of travelling." If our readers neglect our advice, and read this book, and become only half so much bored by it as we have been, we shall be fully revenged for their neglect of our counsels.

Another of the St. Johns has "left all meaner things" to settle the fate of the Turks in Europe, and somewhat diffusely, but by no means unpleasantly, proposes, in the compass of a volume, to revive the Caliphate at Bagdad. But we deal with this gentleman hereafter; and when the reader sees what store of books upon Mount Lebanon we have reviewed, he will probably appreciate our forbearance, in that we do not force upon him the contents of every pretender's pamphlet upon the Eastern question.

There are travellers, moreover, from other parts of the world, who claim our notice. Never were they more numerous or less valuable. "The Tents of the Tuski" is a stale account of some part of the Arctic Regions; Miss Bunbury comes from Sweden; Mr. Rudstone Read reads an account of what he heard, saw, and did in Australia; Mr. A. Smith, himself a proof of the indomitable energy of the Anglo-Saxon race, has undertaken to cockneyfy and make utterly ridiculous that poor old "Monarch of Mountains" whom they crowned so long ago—Miserable Mont Blanc! Our English Smith has caricatured him in distemper, joked at him, punned about him, sung songs at him, told cockney stories of him—which are believed, or at least laughed at, to the old gentleman's utter disgrace—made money by him, and now, at last, he has written his life! probably choosing the title of his book* with a special object to some villanous pun as to how many "stories" high Mont Blanc is; a nefarious design, wherein we are pleased to think we have anticipated and thwarted this middle-aged man of the mountain.

The inevitable Mrs. Moodie has written and printed another book upon Canada. She calls it "Life in the Clearings versus the Bush." Three hundred and eighty-four pages of diluted chatter of the weakest and most fluent kind.

* The "Story of Mont Blanc." By Albert Smith. London, 1853. Bogue.

The lady tells us that the people in her neighbourhood come to see her as a curiosity, and wonder to find an authoress, a being "like other people." We should be sorry to spoil Mrs. Moodie's home renown; but if she were to whisper to her crowd of Canadian admirers how easy a thing such authorship as hers is, they would probably go home and write down what they have individually seen and heard, and nine out of ten of them would produce a better and more original book than Mrs. Moodie. This is the sort of stuff the lady weaves—

Balls given on public days, such as the Queen's birthday, and by societies, such as the Freemasons, the Odd-Fellows, and the Firemen's, are composed of very mixed company, and the highest and lowest are seen in the same room. They generally contrive to keep to their own set—dancing alternately—rarely occupying the floor together. It is surprising the goodwill and harmony that presides in these mixed assemblies. As long as they are treated with civility, the lower classes shew no lack of courtesy to the higher. To be a spectator at one of these public balls is very amusing. The country girls carry themselves with such an easy freedom, that it is quite entertaining to look at and listen to them. At a Freemasons' ball, some years ago, a very amusing thing took place. A young handsome woman, still in her girlhood, had brought her baby, which she carried with her into the ball-room. On being asked to dance, she was rather puzzled what to do with the child; but, seeing a young lawyer, one of the *élite* of the town, standing with folded arms looking on, she ran across the room, and, putting the baby into his arms, exclaimed—"You are not dancing, sir; pray hold my baby for me till the next quadrille is over." Away she skipped back to her partner, and left the gentleman overwhelmed with confusion, while the room shook with peals of laughter. Making the best of it, he danced the baby to the music, and kept it in high good humour till its mother returned.

"I guess," she said, "that you are a married man?"

"Yes," said he, returning the child, "and a mason."

"Well, I thought as much any how, by the way you acted with the baby."

"My conduct was not quite free from selfishness: I expect a reward."

"As how?"

"That you will give the baby to your husband, and dance the next set with me."

"With all my heart. Let us go a-head."

If legs did not do their duty, it was no fault of their pretty owner, for she danced with all her strength, greatly to the amusement of her aristocratic partner.

Or this—

A gentleman who was travelling in company with Sir A—— told me an anecdote of him, and how he treated an impertinent fellow on board one of the lake boats, that greatly amused me.

The state cabins in these large steamers open into the great saloon; and as they are often occupied by married people, each berth contains two beds, one placed above the other. Now it often happens, when the boat is greatly crowded, that two passengers of the same sex are forced to occupy the same sleeping room. This was Sir A——'s case, and he was obliged, though very reluctantly, to share his sleeping apartment with a well-dressed American, but evidently a man of low standing, from the familiarity of his manners and the bad grammar he used.

In the morning it was necessary for one gentleman to rise before the other, as the space in front of their berths was too narrow to allow of more than one performing his ablutions at a time.

Our Yankee made a fair start, and had nearly completed his toilet, when he suddenly spied a tooth-brush and a box of tooth-powder in the dressing-case his companion had left open on the washstand. Upon these he pounced, and having made a liberal use of them, flung them back into the case, and sat down upon the only chair the room contained, in order to gratify his curiosity by watching how his sleeping partner went through the same process.

Sir A——, greatly annoyed by the fellow's assurance, got out of bed, and placing the washhand basin on the floor, put his feet into the water, and commenced scrubbing his toe-nails with the desecrated tooth-brush. Jonathan watched his movements for a few seconds in silent horror; at length, unable to contain himself, he exclaimed—

"Well, stranger! that's the dirtiest use I ever see a tooth-brush put to, any how."

"I saw it put to a dirtier just now," said Sir A——, very coolly. "I always use that brush for cleaning my toes."

The Yankee turned very green, and fled to the deck, but his nausea was not sea-sickness.

This is not only a nasty story, but it is so old, so well known, and so popular among Transatlantic travellers, that we have heard at least half a dozen men tell it, and each constituted himself the witty hero of the anecdote.

"A Cruise in the *Ægean*," by Mr. Walter Watson, is a book we recommend to any bachelor who, at the commencement of the next autumn, may be meditating where he shall spend a couple of months. It contains just that practical information which is useful to a tourist; does not disdain to enter upon a consideration of pounds, shillings, and pence; and will be a very interesting companion in a "P. & O." or "Austrian Lloyd's" steamboat. It is occasionally a little ambitious in the descriptive style, but it contains sound useful facts, that will save money, time, and patience.

To the tourists who are just returned from Ireland, and have its scenery fresh in memory, we recommend a capital little book, called "Lake Lore; or an Antiquarian Guide to some of the ruins and recollections of Killarney." There is a great deal of learning and research in this guide-book on a new plan, and a fund of amusement brought together in a very unpretending manner. We cannot express any warm admiration of A. B. R.'s *metrical legends*; but every page of his prose gives some new point of interest to spots that have long been fixed in our memory.

Several writers follow in the wake of the Rev. Mr. Foster and others, in the somewhat dangerous task of bringing all the facts of modern discovery into exact correspondence with the records of Bible History. Of these, the principal is Mr. J. W. Bosanquet, who, in a work called "The Fall of Nineveh and the Reign of Sennacherib historically and chronologically considered," attacks Niebuhr for having taken his ideas of chronology from a

Pagan point of view, and insists that the history of Assyria will soon be as well known as the history of England. We give every credit to Mr. Bosanquet for his zeal; but before we commit the sacred historians to an identity with Colonel Rawlinson's interpretations, it would be well to wait until some formed opinion has been arrived at by the learned men of Europe as to the truth of the gallant Colonel's translations. At present there is a very general idea that Colonel Rawlinson knows nothing whatever of the *Assyrian* language, and that his versions of the really ancient inscriptions are nothing more than rash guesses.

The translations are, of course, very numerous, for the publishers get them at a very cheap rate. One of the most noticeable is that of M. de Sauley's "Narrative of a Journey round the Dead Sea, and in the Bible Lands." Those who can do so should read this book in its original language; for although Count de Warren's translation is very tolerably executed, much of the freshness of his descriptions evaporates in the change of idiom. Perhaps the following account of the Dead Sea may be new to some of our readers.

From the summit of the mountain which we have just descended, this strange sea, which all writers describe as presenting the most dismal aspect, appeared to us as a splendid lake, glittering in the sunshine, with its blue waves gently breaking on the sands of the softest beach. Through the transparent water appeared a white tint which enlivened the shore. We guessed at once that this appearance was owing to the salt crystallized under the water, and, when near, we find that our conjecture is right. Are we now to be convinced that no living thing can exist on the shores of the Dead Sea, as has been so often repeated? We ascertain the contrary fact the very moment we touch the shore. A flock of wild ducks rises before us, and settles on the water out of gunshot, where they begin sporting and diving with perfect unconcern. As we advance, beautiful insects shew themselves on the gravelly beach; rooks are flying and screaming among the rent cliffs of the steep hills which border the lake. Where, then, are those poisonous vapours which carry death to all who venture to approach them? Where? In the writings of the poets who have emphatically described what they have never seen. We are not yet five minutes treading the shores of the Dead Sea, and already all that has been said of it appears as mere creations of the fancy. Let us, then, proceed fearlessly forward; for if any thing is to be dreaded here certainly it is not the pestilential influence of the finest and the most imposing lake in the world."

This work is really so valuable to the student of Biblical antiquities, that we regret the publisher should not have thought it worth while to go to the expense of an Index, in order to make its contents accessible. A *cheap* translation in one volume, with a good Index, would deserve, and would obtain, a very large sale.

Another translation is Miss Frederica Bremer's "Impressions of America," which would probably have had a very extensive popu-

larity had it appeared in a shilling volume, but which is scarcely worth purchasing in the expensive three-volume form in which it is now produced. Gibbon spoke of the "Dublin Pirates" of his great work as "at once his friends and his enemies;" and there can be little doubt that Miss Bremer owes her wide popularity among us very much to the cheap price at which her tales were distributed by the pirates of Paternoster Row. We hope she will gain in purse what she loses in fame.

Come we now to the Essayists.

We are not sure that we do right in classing under this head Professor Creasy's announced exposition of the British Constitution. A school-book on this subject is wanted. De Lolme is become an absurdity; Blackstone's Commentaries on English law are too extensive, both in their subject and in their treatment; Mr. Hallam's Constitutional History of England is not digestible enough for childhood; Mr. Bowyer's Commentaries on the Constitution is an elaborate, learned work for men to study. But we want a book for boys. We have not yet seen the Professor's "Text Book," but we have every confidence, from what he has done before, that this will be worthy of his reputation, and equal to his purpose.

There is an opportunity for a brilliant article lost—lost, for ever, by that swathing-band rule of the NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW, which ostracises all controversy other than literary. Why might we not prove that Cardinal Wiseman was St. Augustine, or Dunstan, or Thomas à Becket? or why might we not prove that he is a failure, unequal to the occasion—according to our fancy or convictions? Well, we refrain; and we only dare remark upon the author of these essays*, that although a cardinal and a bishop, he, upon the very head and front of every volume, reserves to himself the right of translation. Of the style of the essays we shall choose a little specimen—one which must be favourable to the author, because no Christian can refuse to go with him in the general scope of his argument. If any should differ from him, it must be a mere question of taste and style:—

When Jesus was brought before Herod, he wished to see him perform a miracle, and Jesus refused to gratify his insolent curiosity. What fitting miracle could he have wrought under such circumstances? He might most justly have struck the *profligate idiot* with blindness, as St. Paul did Elymas; and it would have been a just judgment, as well as a true sign. [Wherein the Cardinal appears to differ from the Saviour.] Yet a sign was wrought before him, and a wonder that made angels weep

with amazement; and we see it, but *that worthless infidel* did not, &c. &c.

We shall not commit ourselves to any opinion as to the erudition displayed in these essays, for, in truth, we have not yet had time to test it. As a mere matter of scholarship we may perhaps deal more copiously with the Cardinal upon some future occasion.

"The Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of the Church of England" is of course a controversial squib. An individual comes back from the colonies, and looks about for the good old Church; tumbles among a low-Church family, and is stunned by the eloquence and energy of their favourite exciter; is puzzled by the learning and alarmed by the tendencies of the very gentlemanlike and profound Tractarian, Mr. Rubric; and at last finds, as he supposes, the real old Church in a country village, presided over by a country pastor.

"Church Experience," by the Reverend C. B. Pearson, is a religious pamphlet that must be considered as somewhat of the High Church school, since it recommends daily service and intoning the Liturgy. But the author also recommends an alteration in the Liturgy, so as to render the morning service shorter by the suppression of frequent repetitions. He moreover requires an improved education for the clergy, a greater number for the service of popular parishes, and an order of itinerant or home Missionary priests.

"Hebrew Politics in the Time of Sargon and Sennacherib" is a book we shall be cautious how we meddle with. Mr. Edward Strachey undertakes an inquiry into the historical meaning and purpose of the prophecies of Isaiah, and brings these historical meanings to bear on the social and political life of England. All the really sane portion of our readers—but, alas! how small a proportion of mankind are really sane—will already understand what sort of book this is. Perhaps, however, it will be as well to do here, as they do in certain inquiries at the Gray's-Inn Coffee-house, that is to say, allow the subject-matter of the inquiry to speak for himself. "Why," asks Mr. Strachey, "should Hebrew history alone depart from the law of all other histories, that the earlier events must be read in the light of the later, which are their necessary developments? Why should prophecy be honoured by making it out to be a mere verbal sooth-saying? Let us entreat the reader—the Christian reader—and student of the Hebrew prophets, to dread neither of these bugbears, but to see and to reflect for himself, in the firm belief that reason and faith are ever in harmony, and that neither can ever be rightly possessed to the exclusion or neglect of the other. If the English poet of the 19th century claim

* "Essays on various subjects." By his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman. 3 Vols. 8vo. London: Dolman. 1853.

a vision and a faculty divine for his readers as well as himself, we need not hesitate to recognise a like power in ourselves for the better understanding Isaiah." (p. 106.) As we of the NEW QUARTERLY are conscious of no special inspiration, we of course feel a proper humility before such a teacher. It is, however, perhaps right to record, for the information of Colonel Rawlinson, that Mr. Strachey is of opinion that "the monuments we have from Assyria are couched in the very plainest and simplest language;" and it is also proper to allow Mr. Strachey to state the purpose of his work in his own words—"To ascertain whether an English squire could find in the Bible any political instruction which might avail him at Union boards and County elections, and in his relation with the parson and the magistrate, was my purpose when I began the study of the writings of Isaiah many years since." Country squires should not become speculative upon prophecy—else they go mad.

We have a second volume of Lord Ingestre's "Meliora, or, Better Times to Come." It consists of twenty-one articles, descriptive of the evils existent in the condition of the working-classes. Such men as Sidney Godolphin, Osborne, Montagu Gore, and Dr. Guy, are the chief contributors; and Glasgow sewers, Paris lodging-houses, and the evils of almsgiving, are the chief subjects. The working-classes themselves also contribute their papers; and we must say, that if the foolish people, who delude themselves that they are doing God service when they give a drunken beggar a penny, would read Dr. Guy's article, and act upon it, they would get rid of the guilt of maintaining a class of ruffians and reprobates, who, without their aid, would be obliged to become, if not honest, at least industrious.

Mr. James Hannay's "Sketches in Ultra Marine" would deserve our notice if they were new. The volumes, however, are but a reprint of articles that have appeared in the United Service Magazine, some of them so long as five or six years ago. In their collected form they are now dedicated to Mr. Thackeray, and are not very unlike, in their style, to that author's "Cornhill to Cairo"—lacking, of course, that quiet, subdued spirit of fun, and that oily satire, which are Thackeray's own, and which, though compounded of many imitations, are, in their compound state, inimitable.

Miss Catherine Sinclair, who plumes herself upon the authorship of "Beatrice" and "Modern Accomplishments," with a long sequel of *et ceteras*, has written a little book called "London Homes." We wish this lady would edit an edition of "Joe Miller" at once, and so make a clean breast of it. We do assure her

that every one of her anecdotes falls upon the ear like a grave intimation of the death of good Queen Anne.

The novels are not very numerous. The best are the shortest. Mr. Gwynn's "Silas Barnstarke" will be found reviewed hereafter. "Cranford," by the Author of Mary Barton, well deserved a special article, and would have received one, but that it has already been printed in "Household Words," and may be presumed to be extensively read and thoroughly known. Should, however, any of our novel-loving readers have missed this volume, we recommend them to send for it, and we are sure they will thank us for introducing them to Captain Brown and Miss Matty. We should be very glad if we could point out some neglected novel of undiscovered power and interest. Alas, they are all of the usual common-place. Even Comte de Jarnac's "Electra" is but a jumble of impossibilities: however, let the reader turn to the separate reviews, and see whether he can derive any promise from them.

Mr. Dickens' "Bleak House," which we have occasionally mentioned during its progress, is now completed. It is scarcely a subject for elaborate review in the NEW QUARTERLY. In the first place, it is now twenty months' old. Again, it has been read by probably every one who ever will read it; for the trick of writing, which sustains the interest of these number-published novels, renders them difficult to master in a finished form. "Bleak House" will not add greatly to the reputation of "Boz;" but there are scenes in the fortunes of poor Lady Dedlock equal to any thing the author has previously achieved; and we are not without a hope that Mr. Dickens' onslaught upon the Court of Chancery may be remembered by the wide public whom he amuses. It should not be forgotten that there are still in that Court suits more than thirty years old, and, notwithstanding all the so-called reforms, these suits seem to be as far from ultimate decision as ever.

There are, of course, multitudes of American reprints such as "Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio," so fantastically feminine in its title and contents: and "The Old House by the River," by the Author of the "Owl Creek Letters," a series of stories of a mediocre cast, but which have that general degree of interest that attaches to all wild tales of daring wherein wild beasts and American forests hold prominent place. There are also many such *pièces de circonstance* as "The Industrial Movement in Ireland" which is a very Irish account of the Cork Exhibition. But we think we have now mentioned, either in rapid review here, or more fully elsewhere, every little chick of the quarter that has had strength enough to break its shell.

HAYDON AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, Historical Painter, from his Autobiography and Journals.
 Edited and Compiled by TOM TAYLOR, of the Inner Temple, Esq. 3 vols. Longmans. 1853.

THE time for an appeal on behalf of Benjamin Robert Haydon has been ill chosen. The present age has small toleration for the eccentricities of genius. There is no objection to a little peculiarity of costume; but the world expects that the tailor has been paid. You may turn down your shirt collar and shave your forehead, if it so please you; but society will not tolerate the bleat of an unpaid laundress, and the County Court will espouse the cause of the unremunerated barber. You may borrow money if you will; but your man of business will require security, just as in the case of an ordinary mortal, and your friend will expect to be as punctually repaid as if you had not an ounce of genius in your composition. Madness and genius are no longer thought to be so nearly allied as they were in the times of Democritus and of Dryden: even a poet must pay his wife her housekeeping money, or his neighbours will cry shame upon him.

The world has become thoroughly convinced that the highest powers are quite consistent with all the household virtues. The law of Philip the Emperor is become the edict of modern society—"Poetæ nullâ immunitate donantur." As to that *bona pars* which

Non unguis ponere curat

Non barbam; secreta petit loca; balnea vitat—

the British public is content to shun them as bad company. A modern man of genius is almost invariably a quiet-looking person, who makes close bargains with his publisher, has a balance at his banker's, and insures his life; he is seldom late for dinner, serves upon juries and parochial offices to avoid fines, and goes to bed as soon as he can persuade his daughters to leave off dancing. Such was Scott, such was Wordsworth, such emphatically was Southey; despite his miserable failings, such in many respects was Moore, for he never borrowed in society, and he employed all the spare moments of his life in creating a sort of literary life insurance for the benefit of his family. Such are the men who live among us, and who will live after us—historians, novelists, painters, and poets, if any of the last there be.

Benjamin Haydon was precisely the contrary of all this. It is commonly said, and sometimes believed, that the Barebones Parliament entered upon the journals a syllogistic resolution, the major and minor whereof were thus expressed:—

"Resolved—That the Lord hath delivered all things to the saints.

"Resolved—That we are the saints."

Haydon had adopted a similar curt process of reasoning. He would have put it—

"Resolved—That every thing is permitted to a man of genius.

"Resolved—That *I* am a man of genius."

Having settled both these propositions entirely to his own satisfaction, Haydon started forth with all the single-mindedness of an apostle, making it a duty to disregard all human ties, and careless of what suffering he inflicted or endured so long as he preached his new religion—"There is but one school of art, and Haydon is its master." His father, a poor bookseller, worn down with sickness, and going back in the world, looked to his son for help; his mother, poor creature, depended upon her son for solace and protection. But the boy "would be a painter," chafed under their opposition, insulted the bookseller's customers, scorned the shop, preferred to be a burden upon the old age of his parents, and started for London.

A life thus begun in renunciation of the most sacred duties had its natural series of events, and its not unnatural conclusion. It was a constant war with every one who would not believe in Haydon. It was a constant course of victimizing every one who could be persuaded to believe in Haydon. It was a career of impudent assumption, importunate mendicancy, unmitigated selfishness, and heartless fraud. He contributed to the ruin of his father and to the misery of his mother; he robbed honest tradesmen; he fleeced and insulted his humble friends; he passed his days in writing begging letters to the rich and in staving off the just demands of the poor; he consumed his nights in querulous complaints to his Maker, which were rather the whine of the beggar than the prayer of the Christian (and which may all be summed up in one formula—"Pray God give Benjamin Haydon 3000*l.* a year"); he swindled his pupils by inducing them to sign bills; and having, by these and other means, extracted from the pockets of his countrymen a larger sum than was necessary to maintain himself and family in opulence—having twice passed through the Insolvent Court, and attitudinized on each occasion, without shame or contrition, as a great man borne down by misfortune, he forsook his duties as a father, as he had abandoned those of a son, and died a suicide.

It is a relief to be able to add, this Haydon was *not* a man of genius. His works, like those of Angelica Kauffman and Benjamin

West, afflict the beholder with a sense of ambitious mediocrity. His best picture is the "Judgment of Solomon," which was recently allowed a place in the British Institution, where, we presume, it was received rather as a curiosity than a masterpiece. His "Raising of Lazarus" is more properly placed upon the staircase of the Bazaar in Oxford Street. That the man has worked hard at his art can be seen at once; that there is some merit in the conception will be readily conceded; that the colouring is not very bad will also be allowed; but genius! there is not a spark nor a flash to vivify these sprawling exaggerations.

Yet Haydon was a man of very considerable talent, and people will read his book who will never care to look at his paintings. The portraits he draws with his pen are much better than those he painted. His energy was unconquerable, and forced him into all societies. His belief in himself was so sincere, that he thought the meanest act, if done for Benjamin Haydon's advantage, was a creditable action. He never felt humiliated. He would sit next a man at dinner whom he had never seen before, talk with him for an hour, and write him a note next day to ask him to lend him ten pounds. Yet he would meet the same man afterwards without a blush, praise his love of art if he had lent him the money, and perhaps scold him if he had refused it. He had not an idea of the sensitiveness which accompanies real genius, so he pushed himself well in society, saw everybody, talked to everybody, and described everybody in his diary.

These sketches commence with his first arrival in London in 1804. Of course the ambitious student was anxious to become known to the notables of his art.

NORTHCOTE AND OPIE.

Prince Hoare called on me. I explained to him my principles, and shewed him my drawings. He was much interested in my ardour, and told me I was right, and not to be dissuaded from my plan. I flushed at the thought of dissuasion.

He gave me letters to Northcote and to Opie. Northcote being a Plymouth man, I felt a strong desire to see him first.

I went. He lived at 39 Argyle Street. I was shewn first into a dirty gallery, then up stairs into a dirtier painting-room, and there, under a high window, with the light shining full on his bald grey head, stood a diminutive wizened figure in an old blue striped dressing-gown, his spectacles pushed up on his forehead. Looking keenly at me with his little shining eyes, he opened the letter, read it, and, with the broadest Devon dialect, said, "So you mayne tu bee a peinter, doo-ee? what zort of peinter?" "Historical painter, sir." "Heestorical peinter! why yee'll starve with a bundle of straw under yer head!" He then put his spectacles down and read the note, again put them up, looked maliciously at me, and said, "I remember yer vather and yer grandvather tu: he used tu print." "So I have heard, sir." "Ees; he peinted an elephant once for a tiger, and he asked my vather what colour the indzine

of's ears was, and my vather told un reddish, and your grandvather went home and peinted un a vine vermillion." He then chuckled inwardly, enjoying my confusion at this incomprehensible anecdote. "I zee," he added, "Mr. Hoare zays you're studying anatomy: that's no use: Sir Joshua didn't know it, why should you want to know what he didn't?" "But Michel Angelo did, sir." "Michel Angelo! What's he tu du here? You must peint pertraits here!" This roused me, and I said, clenching my mouth, "But I won't." "Wou't!" screamed the little man, "but you must: your vather isn't a monied man, is he?" "No, sir; but he has a good income, and will maintain me for three years." "Will he? hee'd better make 'ee maintain yeezself!" A beautiful specimen of a brother artist, thought I. "Shall I bring you my drawings, sir?" "Ees, you may," said he, and I took my leave.

I was not disconcerted. He looked too much at my head, I thought, to be indifferent. "I'll let him see if he shall stop me," and off I walked to Opie, who lived in Berners Street. I was shewn into a clean gallery of masculine and broadly-painted pictures. After a minute down came a coarse-looking intellectual man. He read my letter, eyed me quietly, and said, "You are studying anatomy: master it. Were I your age I would do the same." My heart bounded at this. I said, "I have just come from Mr. Northcote, and he says I am wrong, sir." "Never mind what he says," said Opie, "he doesn't know it himself, and would be very glad to keep you as ignorant." I could have hugged Opie. "My father, sir, wishes me to ask you if you think I ought to be a pupil to any particular man." I saw a different thought cross his mind directly, as, with an eagerness I did not like, he replied, "Certainly; it will shorten your road. It is the only way." After this I took my leave, and mused the whole day on what Northcote said of anatomy, and Opie of being a pupil, and decided in my mind that on these points both were wrong. The next day I took my drawings to Northcote, who, as he looked at them, laughed like an imp, and, as soon as he recovered, said, "Yee'll make a good engraver indeed."

I saw through his motive, and, as I closed my book, said, "Do you think, sir, that I ought to be a pupil to any body?" "No," said Northcote; "who is to teach 'ee here? It'll be throwing your vather's money away." "Mr. Opie, sir, says I ought to be." "Hee zays zo, does he? ha, ha, ha; he wants your vather's money!"

I came to the conclusion that what Opie said of Northcote's anatomy and Northcote of Opie's avarice was equally just and true, so took my leave, making up my mind to go on as I had begun, in spite of Northcote, and not to be a pupil in spite of Opie, and so I wrote home.

His next visit was to

FUSELL.

I walked away with my drawings up Wardour Street. I remembered that Berners Street had a golden lion on the right corner house, and blundered on till, without knowing how or remembering why, I found myself at Fuseli's door. I deliberated a minute or two, and at last, making up my mind to see the enchanter, I jerked up the knocker so nervously that it stuck in the air. I looked at it so much as to say, "Is this fair?" and then drove it down with such a devil of a blow that the door rang again. The maid came rushing up in astonishment. I followed her into a gallery or show-room, enough to frighten any body at twilight. Galvanized devils—malicious witches brewing their incantations—Satan bridging chaos, and springing upwards like a pyramid of fire—Lady Macbeth—Paolo and Francesca—Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly—humour, pathos, terror, blood and murder, met one at every look! I expected

the floor to give way—I fancied Fuseli himself to be a giant.

I heard his footsteps, and saw a little bony hand slide round the edge of the door, followed by a little white-headed lion-faced man in an old flannel dressing-gown, tied round his waist with a piece of rope, and upon his head the bottom of Mrs. Fuseli's work-basket.

"Well, well," thought I, "I am a match for you at any rate, if bewitching is tried;" but all apprehension vanished on his saying, in the mildest and kindest way, "Well, Mr. Haydon, I have heard a great deal of you from Mr. Hoare. Where are your drawings?" In a fright I gave him the wrong book, with a sketch of some men pushing a cask into a grocer's shop. Fuseli smiled, and said, "By Gode de fellow does his business at least with enenergy." I was gratified at his being pleased in spite of my mistake.

"You are studying anatomy: you are right. Shew me some drawings. I am keeper of de Academy, and hope to see you dere de first nights." I went away, feeling happy that my bones were whole and my breathing uninterrupted.

* * * *

My incessant application was soon perceived by Fuseli, who, coming in one day when I was at work and all the other students were away, walked up to me and said in the mildest voice, "Why, when de devil do you dine?" and invited me to go back with him to dinner. Here I saw his sketches, the sublimity of which I deny. Evil was in him. He knew full well that he was wrong as to truth of imitation, and he kept palliating it under the excuse of "the grand style." He said a subject should interest, astonish, or move: if it did none of these it was worth "noding by Gode." He had a strong Swiss accent, and a guttural energetic diction. This was not affectation in him. He swore roundly, a habit which he told me he had contracted from Dr. Armstrong. He was about five feet five inches high, had a compact little form, stood firmly at his easel, painted with his left hand, never held his palette upon his thumb, but kept it upon his stone, and, being very near-sighted, and too vain to wear glasses, used to dab his beastly brush into the oil, and, sweeping round the palette in the dark, take up a great lump of white, red, or blue, as it might be, and plaster it over a shoulder or face. Sometimes, in his blindness, he would put a hideous smear of Prussian blue in his flesh, and then, perhaps discovering his mistake, take a bit of red to deaden it, and then, prying close in, turn round to me and say, "By Gode, dat's a fine purple! it's vary like Corregio, by Gode!" And then, all of a sudden, he would burst out with a quotation from Homer, Tasso, Dante, Ovid, Virgil, or perhaps the Niebelungen, and thunder round some with "Paint dat!" I found him the most grotesque mixture of literature, art, scepticism, indelicacy, profanity, and kindness. He put me in mind of Archimago in Spenser. Weak minds he destroyed. They mistook his wit for reason, his indelicacy for breeding, his swearing for manliness, and his infidelity for strength of mind; but he was accomplished in elegant literature, and had the art of inspiring young minds with high and grand views. I told him that I would never paint portraits, but devote myself to high art. "Keep to dat," said Fuseli, looking fiercely at me, "I will, sir." We were more intimate from that hour. He should have checked me, and pointed out that portrait was useful as practice, if kept subordinate; but that I was not to allow myself to be seduced by the money that it brought in from making high art my predominant object. This would have been more sensible.

We next note the small beginnings of a greater man than Haydon.

WILKIE.

Jackson wrote to me on his return to the Academy, and I well remember his saying, "There is a raw, tall, pale, queer Scotchman come, an odd fellow, but there is something in him. He is called Wilkie."

* * * *

When the Academy closed in August, Wilkie followed me to the door, and invited me to breakfast, saying, in a broad Scotch accent, "Whare d'ye stay?" I went to his room rather earlier than the hour named, and, to my utter astonishment, found Wilkie sitting stark naked on the side of his bed, drawing himself by help of the looking-glass. "My God, Wilkie," said I, "where are we to breakfast?" Without any apology, or attention to my important question, he replied "It's jest copital practice!" I left him, and strolled for an hour over the fields where is now the Regent's Park. When I returned I rallied him on his "copital practice," and I shall certainly never forget his red hair, his long lanky figure reflected in the glass, and Wilkie, with port-crayon and paper, making a beautiful study. He shewed me his wonderful picture of the "Fair," painted at nineteen, before he had ever seen a Teniers. The colour was bad, but the grouping beautiful, and the figures full of expression. But at that time I was too big with "high art" to feel its perfections, and perhaps had a feeling akin to contempt for a young man with any talent who stooped himself to such things.

Wilkie went on with his "copital practice," and very soon astonished the town with his

VILLAGE POLITICIANS.

During the progress of the picture his employer called and said towards its conclusion, "What am I to pay you for this picture, Mr. Wilkie?"

Wilkie, timid and trembling, said, "I hope your Lordship will not think fifteen guineas too much." "Fifteen guineas!" replied his Lordship, "why, that is rather too much: you had better consult your friends, Mr. Wilkie."

"Fifteen guineas!" I said when I heard it, "a hundred and fifty guineas is not too much. Don't you let him have it, my dear Wilkie." Everybody was of the same opinion. In the mean time his Lordship had heard the picture talked about. Suddenly in he popped upon Wilkie, looked, admired, and said, "I believe, Mr. Wilkie, that I owe you fifteen guineas: I will give you a cheque." "No," replied Wilkie, "your Lordship told me to consult my friends, as you thought it too much. I have done so, and they agree that it is too little." "Oh, but I considered it a bargain," said Lord Mansfield, rising and leaving the room. On the hanging day the Academicians were so delighted that they hung it on the chimney, the best place for a fine picture. On the private day there was a crowd about it, and at the dinner Angerstein took the Prince up to see it.

On the Sunday (the next day) I read in the news:—"A young man, by the name of Wilkie, a Scotchman, has a very extraordinary work." I was in the clouds, hurried over my breakfast, rushed away, met Jackson, who joined me, and we both bolted into Wilkie's room. I roared out, "Wilkie, my boy, your name's in the paper!" "Is it rea-al-ly," said David. I read the puff. We huzzaed, and, taking hands, all three danced round the table until we were tired. By those who remember the tone of Wilkie's "rea-al-ly" this will be relished. Eastlake told me that Calcott said once to Wilkie, "Do you not know that every one complains of your continual rea-al-ly?" Wilkie mused a moment, looked at Calcott, and drawled out, "Do they rea-al-ly?" "You must leave it off." "I will rea-al-ly!" "For heaven's sake, don't keep repeating it," said Calcott, "it annoys me." Wilkie looked, smiled, and in the most unconscious manner said, "Rea-al-ly!"

Jackson, he, and I, made an appointment to go together to the Exhibition the next day: Wilkie was to call on me at 49 Carey Street.

Ah! these unalloyed moments never come twice: our joy was the joy of three friends, pure from all base passions, one of whom had proved a great genius, and we felt as if it reflected honour on our choice of each other.

Wilkie called accordingly, looking bewildered with his success. Segulier and Jackson met us at Somerset House, and, paying our money, we mounted the steps, Wilkie and I arm in arm, Segulier and Jackson following us. I walked straight to the picture, but there was no getting in sideways or edgewise. Wilkie, pale as death, kept saying, "Dear, dear, its jest wonderful!"

After enjoying the triumph, which was complete, we left the Academy and went to dinner, Segulier saying to me, "I suppose you'll astonish us next."

We dined at "John O'Groat's," Rupert Street, and, going home with Wilkie, we found his table covered with cards of people of fashion, people of no fashion, and people of every fashion.

The rush was tremendous. Wilkie became drunk with success, and very idle.

Next year Haydon produced his "Flight into Egypt," which, as he says, took him six months to paint, and "was a wonderful first picture."

THE FIRST HANGING.

For days I wandered about in hope. I could not eat nor drink. I lost my wish for every thing. I could not sleep, I could not paint. Called on one friend after another, affecting gaiety; bored Fuseli, who, being keeper, saw what was daily doing by the Committee, until at last one morning, when, after a timid knock, I opened the door at the usual "Come in," Fuseli turned suddenly round with his lion-head, the white hair glistening as the light quivered down upon it from the top of his high window, and roared out, "Wale, is it you? For your comfort den you are hung, be Gode, and d—d well too, though not in chains yet." "Where, sir, for God's sake?" "Ah! dat is a sacrate; but you are in the great room. Dey were all pleased. Northcote tried to hurt you, but dey would not listen. He said 'Fye, zure I see Wilkie's hand dere.' 'Come, come,' said Westall, 'dat's too bad, even for you!' "Wilkie's hand!" replied I, "good heavens, what malice! I would as soon let Wilkie feed me with a pap-spoon as touch a picture of mine." But what petty malignity!" "Wale, wale," said Fuseli, "I told him (Northcote) 'You are his townsman, hang him wale.' When I came back whayre de deyvil do you tink he was hanging you? Be Gode, above de whole lengts and small figures about eight inches. 'Why,' said I, 'you are sending him to haven before his time. Take him down, take him down, dat is shameful!'"

And so down I was taken and hung on the right of the entrance door in the old great room at Somerset House, which, for a first picture by a young student, was a very good situation, and obtained me great honour.

The original of the mother in Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler" was a sort of Madame Roland in her way. The picture of artist life in Rathbone Place is better grouped than the "Reform Banquet."

LIZZY AND HER ARTISTS.

There never was a group of young men so various and characteristic, with Lizzy, the only woman among us, giving a zest and intensity to our thoughts and our

arguments. First was David Wilkie—Scotch, argumentative, unclassical, prudent, poor, and simple, but kindled by a steady flame of genius. Then Du Fresne—thoughtless, gay, highly educated, speaking French and Italian with the most perfect accent, reading Virgil and Horace, quoting Shakspeare or Milton, believing in high art, glorying in the antique, hating modern academies, and relishing music like a Mozart. In perfect contrast came George Callender—timid, quiet, unobtrusive, but withal well read. Then Dr. Millingen—a Whig devotee, mad at a Westminster election, raving out a speech of Fox's, adoring Sheridan, and hating Pitt. Last of all, thou not least in our dear love, came B. R. Haydon—energetic, fiercely ambitious, full of grand ideas and romantic hopes, believing the world too little for his art, trusting all, fearing none, and pouring forth his thoughts in vigorous language; while Liz, making tea at the table, completed the group. My tea was so good and my cups so large, that they always used to say, "We'll have tea at Haydon's in the grand style."

An attractive girl on the second floor of a house full of young men is in rather a dangerous position, and what with Du Fresne's fascinating conversation, Will Allan's anecdote, Dr. Millingen's furious admiration of Charles Fox, George Callender's sound sense and quiet humour, Wilkie's genius, and B. R. Haydon's high views and energy of argument, poor Lizzy was so fascinated that she positively forswore her sex, and became as much a young man in mind as if she too were going to be a student in art, divinity, or medicine.

She attached herself to the party, made tea for them, marketed for them, carved for them, went to the play with them, read Shakspeare with them, and on one occasion I found her studying, with an expression of profound bewilderment, "Reid on the Human Mind." To men of fashion there will be no doubt as to what her position must have been with these young men, but they are wrong in this case. Suspicion followed suspicion, but she cared not. She had more pleasure in listening to a dispute on art between Wilkie and me, or a political battle between M'Claggan and Callender, or an account of the beheading of Marie Antoinette from Du Fresne (who used to declare that he saw it, and flung his red cap in the air), than in making love or having love made to her. Her position was anomalous, but I fully believe it was innocent. She was a girl with a man's mind—one of those women we sometimes meet who destroy their fair fame by placing themselves in masculine society, with what is perfect innocence in them, but could not be innocence in any woman brought up to nurse those delicacies of feeling which are among the most delightful attributes of the sex.

Liz was as interesting a girl as you would wish to see, and very likely to make a strong impression on any one that knew her. However, I kept clear, and she ultimately married the Frenchman.

He was violent in temper and she had great spirit: they quarrelled as they went to church, and quarrelled when they returned. The marriage was a wretched one. They separated. She went to Paris, and he became a surgeon on a slave estate in the West Indies, and died from yellow fever. What has become of her I never heard, but have always felt a deep interest in her fate. To her I read my first attack on the Academy, and she gloried in my defiance. She sat in my first picture, and watched the daily progress of "Dentatus," saying when I finished it, "Now, who would have thought of little Haydon painting such a work?"

If Haydon had married Lizzy perhaps he had been a better and a happier man. He wanted a strong spirit to govern him, much more than a heart to sympathise with him.

But all this time our historical painter is proceeding with his second work. Lord Mulgrave had commissioned him to paint an historical picture, and "Dentatus" was the work which was to astonish the world and to demonstrate Haydon's supremacy in the regions of high art. Alas! "Dentatus" was a failure: as Haydon thought, because the Hanging Committee placed it in the ante-room; as every one else thought, simply because it was a failure. It is amusing to read the indomitable confidence of the man—his utter incapacity of imagining the possibility that *he* could be less than an Apelles.

LORD MULGRAVE AND DENTATUS.

Lord Mulgrave immediately sent me 160 guineas, saying that, notwithstanding the injustice the picture had met with, his opinion was unaltered. He subsequently sent me 50 guineas more. And yet dear Lord Mulgrave, in spite of his belief that his sincere opinion was unaltered, began at last to fancy that "Dentatus" would not have been placed where it was had it really deserved a better place. He did not possess knowledge sufficient to defend his opinions; and when he heard the picture abused by the Academicians in society, he felt his faith in its merits waver.

Wilkie and I continued frequently to dine at his Lordship's table, but there was certainly a distant coolness to me, as if he had been imposed upon. Wilkie's picture made as much noise as ever, and now he was the great object of attraction, where before I had been the lion. The old story in high life.

Before "Dentatus" made his *début* at the Academy I used to be listened to as if I was an oracle, and poor Wilkie scarcely noticed: now it was his turn, and I was almost forgotten. Now he was frequently invited without me. Jackson was not there at all, because Lord Mulgrave had parted from him in a pet. These are the caprices and anxieties inseparable from introduction to the company of a class who are ambitious of the *éclat* of discovering genius, but whose hearts are seldom truly engaged for it. They esteem it no longer when public caprice, or private malignity and professional envy, can excite a suspicion that my Lord has been hasty, and made a mistake.

People of fashion were ashamed to acknowledge that they had ever seen either the picture or the painter. My painting-room was deserted. I felt like a marked man. How completely the Academicians knew that class whose professions of regard and interest I had credited like a child! Here was a work, the principles of which I could do nothing but develope for the remainder of my life; in which a visible and resolute attempt had been made to unite colour, expression, handling, light, shadow, and heroic form, and to correct the habitual slovenliness of the English in drawing, based upon an anatomical knowledge of the figure, wanting till now in English art, for West and Barry had but superficial knowledge; the first picture which had appeared uniting the idea and the life under the influence and guidance of the divine productions of Phidias, seen for the first time in Europe, and painted by the first artist ever permitted to draw from those remains; and this picture was ruined in reputation through the pernicious power of professional men, embodied by Royalty for the advancement of works of this very description. I, the sincere, devoted artist, was treated like a culprit, deserted like a leper, abused like a felon, and ridiculed as if my pretensions were the delusions of a madman. Yet these delusions were founded on common sense and incessant industry, on

anatomical investigation, and on a constant study of the finest works of the great masters of the world. This is, and has been, the curse of European art for two hundred and fifty years, ever since the establishment of those associations of vanity, monopoly, intrigue, and envy, called Academies; and until they are reformed and rendered powerless, except as schools of study, they will be felt as an obstruction to the advancement of art.

Haydon's position in public estimation was now pretty well settled. By vociferous pretension, and by gigantic masses of canvas, he sometimes startled the world out of its fixed opinion for a moment; but the factitious excitement always passed away, and the historical painter was again left alone in his self-idolatry.

His father had now maintained him for six years, for Haydon scorned to relieve his sire by stooping to paint portraits. A letter now arrived, telling him that he must reckon no longer upon remittances from home. Haydon quarrels with his patron Sir George Beaumont, sets to work upon a large picture, "Macbeth," and—borrows money.

It is quite wonderful to mark what success he had in borrowing.

MACBETH UPON CREDIT.

I pursued my ardent course day after day and hour after hour. There was a friend who came forward nobly to the extent of his power. He is a humble man, though connected with one who has made noise enough—John Hunt, the brother of Leigh, as noble a specimen of a human being as ever I met in my life: of him I borrowed 30*l*. This had carried me on with my mouldings and castings of the negro. Peter Cleg-horn, a friend of Wilkie's and mine, lent me 30*l*. more. I called my landlord, and explained to him my situation, and asked him to wait till Macbeth was done. He said, "You paid me when your father supported you, and I see no reason not to believe you will do so when you can support yourself."

Again—

How could I submit who had told the students that failure should stimulate and not depress? Contemptible! How bear my own reflections—how the reflections of others, knowing I deserved them? Something instantly circulated through me like an essence of fire, and, striding with wider steps, I determined to bear all—not to yield one particle of my designs—to go at once for my model—to begin to-morrow, and to make the most of my actual situation. "Well done!" said the God within, and instantly I was invincible. I went to the house where I had always dined, intending to dine without paying for that day. I thought the servants did not offer me the same attention. I thought I perceived the company examine me. I thought the meat was worse. My heart sunk as I said falteringly, "I will pay you to-morrow." The girl smiled, and seemed interested. As I was escaping with a sort of lurking horror, she said, "Mr. Haydon, Mr. Haydon, my master wishes to see you." "My God!" thought I, "it is to tell me he can't trust." In I walked like a culprit. "Sir, I beg your pardon, but I see by the papers you have been ill-used: I hope you won't be angry; I mean no offence; but—you won't be offended—I just wish to say, as you have dined here many years, and always paid, if it would be a convenience during your present work to dine here till it is done—you know—so that you may

not be obliged to spend your money here, when you may want it." I was going to say "You need be under no apprehension—hem! for a dinner." My heart really filled. I told him I would take his offer. The good man's forehead was perspiring, and he seemed quite relieved. From that hour the servants, who were pretty girls, eyed me with a lustrous regret, and redoubled their attentions. The honest wife said if I was ever ill she would send me broth, or any such little luxury; and the children used to cling round my knees, and ask me to draw a face. "Now," said I, as I walked home with an elastic step, "now for my landlord." I called up Perkins and laid my desperate case before him.

He was quite affected. I said, "Perkins, I'll leave you if you wish it, but it will be a pity, will it not, not to finish such a beginning?" Perkins looked at the rubbing in, and muttered, "It's a grand thing: how long will it be before it is done, sir?" "Two years." "What! two years more and no rent?" "Not a shilling." He rubbed his chin, and muttered, "I should not like you to go—it's hard for both of us; but what I say is this, you always paid me when you could, and why should you not again when you are able?" "That's what I say."—"Well, sir, here is my hand,"—and a great fat one it was—"I'll give you two years more, and if this does not sell"—affecting to look severe—"why then, sir, we'll consider what is to be done; so don't fret, but work."

These good folk took Haydon at his own estimation, and thought they were the humble cause of immortal works. Perhaps the following reflection, which occurs in the diary, will explain how Haydon obtained his influence over his butchers, bakers, and landlords.

When you find people inclined to treat you with respect, never check it from modesty, but rather increase it by a quiet unassuming air of conscious worth.

He seems to have been at the lowest point, both in money, credit, and popularity, when he fell in love and got married. The lady was evidently much too amiable and too yielding for Haydon.

On the 18th of March 1822 he reviews his position after a fruitless application for money to his munificent patron, Sir G. Phillips.

"I left his house," he says, "braced to an intensity of feeling I have not experienced for years. I called immediately on some turbulent creditors, and laid open the hopeless nature of my situation. Having relieved my mind, I walked furiously home, borne along by the wings of my own ardent aspirations. I never felt happier, more elevated, more confident. I walked in to my dear wife, kissed her, and then to my picture, which looked awful and grand. 'Good God!' I thought, 'can the painter of that face tremble? can he be in difficulty?' It looked like a delusion."

Here is one of a hundred similar scenes.

MASTER AND PUPIL.

Just as I was beginning the head of Lazarus, I was arrested by Smith the colourman in Piccadilly, with whom I had dealt for fifteen years. The sheriff's officer said, "I am glad, Mr. Haydon, you do not deny yourself: Sir Thomas Lawrence makes a point never to be denied." I arranged the affair as rapidly as I could, for no time was to be lost, and wrote to my old land-

lord for bail. The officer took it, and appointed to meet him in the evening, and then I set to work. For a few minutes my mind, hurt and wounded, struggled to regain its power. At last, in scrawling about the brush, I gave an expression to the eye of Lazarus. I instantly got interested, and before two I had hit it. My pupil, Bewick, sat for it, and as he had not sold his exquisite picture of Jacob, looked quite thin and anxious enough for such a head. "I hope you get your food regularly," said I. He did not answer. By degrees his cheeks reddened, and his eyes filled, but he subdued his feelings. This is an illustration of the state of historical painting in England. A master and his pupil—the one without a pound, and the other without bread.

The reader nauseates at the repetition of money miseries so entirely induced by the man's own recklessness.

DEALINGS WITH THE SHERIFF.

Nov. 12—Out the whole day on business, and settled every thing. Come home to relieve dear Mary's anxiety. Just as I was beginning to finish the right hand corner, in came a man with, "Sir, I have an execution against you;" and in walked another sedate-looking little fellow, and took his seat. I was astonished, for I had paid part of this very matter in the morning. I told the man to be civil and quiet, and left him in charge of old Sammons, who was frightened as a child, and pale as death. I then ran up stairs, kissed dearest Mary, and told her the exact truth. With the courage of a heroine, she bade me "never mind," and assured me she would not be uneasy. Tired as I was, I sallied forth, again telling the little Cerebus that I hoped he knew how to behave. These people are proud of being thought capable of appreciating gentlemanly behaviour. I find this is the weakness of all sheriff's officers. I went to my creditor, a miserable apothecary. I asked him if this was manly, when he knew my wife was near her confinement, and told him to come to the attorney with me. He consented, evidently ashamed. Away we went to the attorney, who had assured me in the morning nothing of the sort should happen, as he had not given the writ to an officer. He now declared the man had exceeded his instructions, and wrote a letter to him, which I took. The man declared he had not, and as I was going away with a release, he said, "I hope, Mr. Haydon, you will give me an order to see your picture when it comes out." I rushed to dear Mary, and found my little sedate man, with his cheeks rosy over my painting-room fire, quite lost in contemplating Lazarus. He congratulated me on getting rid of the matter; assured me he thought it all a trick of the attorney's; and hoped when the picture came out I would let him bring his wife. In the interim some ladies and gentlemen had called to see the picture, and he intimated to me he knew how to behave. Dearest Mary, quite overcome with joy at seeing me again, turned about me like an infant, wept on my shoulder, and pressed her cheeks to my face and lips, as if she grew on my form. My heart beat violently; but, pained as I was, I declare to God no lovers can know the depth of their passion unless they have such checks and anxieties as these. A difficulty conquered, an anxiety subdued, doubles love; and the soul, after a temporary suspension of its feelings from an intense occupation of a different sort, expands with a fulness no language can convey. Dearest love, may I live to conquer these paltry creatures, and see thee in comfort and tranquillity!

In the midst of all this he becomes a father.

MORE GRAPHIC THAN DELICATE.

At night, December 12th—Never to my dying day

shall I forget the dull, throttled scream of agony that preceded the birth, and the infant's cry that announced its completion. Tatham the architect, a worthy man, was in the painting-room; and Mrs. Tatham, who had had fourteen children, was with my dearest Mary. I had been sitting on the stairs listening to the moaning of my dearest love, when all of a sudden a dreadful dreary outcry, as of passionate, dull, and throttled agony, and then a dead silence as if from exhaustion, and then a peaked cry as of a little helpless being who felt the air, and anticipated the anxieties, and bewailed the destiny of inexorable humanity. I rushed into the ante-chamber. Mrs. Tatham came out and said, "It is a boy." I offered to go in, and was forbidden. I went down into the painting-room and burst into tears.

This is very characteristic—

THE KEY TO HAYDON'S "DIFFICULTIES."

Dearest Mary and I were so set agog by Richmond, that I said as we awoke, "Let us go to Windsor." She agreed, and away we went with barely money enough, but full of spirits. We got there at six, dined at the "White Swan," evidently the remains of an ancient inn, and sallied forth to the Castle, so full of spirits, that we laughed at an odd-shaped stone, or any thing that would excuse a jest. The "White Swan" became so full and noisy we went to the "White Hart," a clean neat inn, and were in comfort. We went to Eton, and sat and lounged in the shade of its classical play-ground. Our money lasted well; but unfortunately a barber, who shaved me, as he was lathering so praised his Windsor soap, that I, victim as I was, took six cakes, spent four shillings out of the regular course, and thus crippled our resources. The great thing was now, whether we should pay the inn bill, or pay our fare to town, and leave part of the bill to be sent. Mary was for paying the bill and part of the fare, and paying the rest when we arrived. We did this, and I was reduced to sixpence when we took our places on the top. Before the coach set off I took out the sixpence as if I had 50*l.* in my pocket, and said, "Porter, here's sixpence for you;" flinging it so that it rang on the pavement. The porter, unused to such a present for looking after luggage, bowed and thanked me so much, that all the passengers saw it; and, without sixpence in my pocket, I got as much respect all the way home as if I had 100*l.*

And so is this, which closely follows—

September 30*th*—Out all day to battle with creditors: some I conquered, and some held out.

Haydon held West in much contempt as "a skilful sign painter." Yet he was indebted to the steady old quaker for many a kindness. The Americans are carefully buying up West's pictures; but it will be a long time before Plymouth will erect a Haydon gallery.

WEST.

While I was drawing there (the Elgin marbles) West came in, and, seeing me, said with surprise, "Hah, hah, Mr. Haydon, you are admitted, are you? I hope you and I can keep a secret." That very day after he came down with large canvases, and without at all entering into the principles of these divine things, hastily made compositions from Greek history, putting in the Theseus, the Ilyssus, and others of the figures, and restoring defective parts; that is, he did that which he could do easily, and which he did not need to learn how to do, and avoided doing that which he could only do with difficulty, and which he was in great need of learning how to do.

While I was in this state, the picture (Solomon) began to make a noise. West called, and was affected to

tears at the mother. He said there were points in the picture equal to any thing in the art. "But," said this good old man, "get into better air: you will never recover with this eternal anxiety before you. Have you any resources?" "They are exhausted."—"Do you want money?" "Indeed I do."—"So do I," said he: "they have stopped my income from the King: but Fauntleroy is now arranging an advance, and if I succeed, my young friend, you shall hear. Don't be cast down: such a work must not be allowed to be forgotten." This was noble of West.

* Such is the lot of high art in England. West, whose Wolfe had immortalized his name and his country, President of the Academy, cut off suddenly from his means of existence to help to make up 10,000*l.* a-year for the Duke of York—without a guinea—I without a shilling: Hilton helping me on the one hand, and the venerable old President promising to do so on the other if his banker helped him.

* * * *

In the course of that day down came from West 15*l.*

I hope this will be read some day throughout Europe. I hope it will shew the great nations, France, Germany, Russia, Spain, and Italy, how England encourages high art—in what condition it leaves its professors, young and old. Whilst I write this I have been eight years without a commission from the nobility; and of the thirty-nine years I have been a historical painter, thirty-two have been without an order of any kind. Hilton could have told a tale as sad; West, but for the King, perhaps worse. At eighty years of age this celebrated old man, who had been taught to rely on his income from the King as long as he lived, had had it, by the hatred of Queen Charlotte, taken from him.

I took a survey of my liabilities, and found myself eleven hundred pounds in debt—four hundred pounds to my landlord, forty-nine pounds to "John O'Groat's," Rupert Street, and so on. As I tottered down the Haymarket I leaned on a post and said, "What shall I do if it do not sell?" "Order another canvas," said the voice within, and begin a greater work." "So I will," I inwardly replied, and thenceforth lost all despondence.

And yet the public did not deceive him, although Wordsworth and Miss Mitford fed his vanity with foolish verses. We hope Miss Mitford has the grace to be ashamed—

Of those master spirits thou
Art one—a greater never wreathed his brow
With laurels gathered in the field of Fame.

Such flatterers, or fun-pokers, have much to answer for when they deal with morbid egotists. The public held no such language.

THE HAYDON MASTERPIECES.

September 5*th*—Saw elder Reinagle, a nice old fellow. He remembered Sir Joshua using so much asphaltum that it dropped on the floor. Reinagle said he thought me infamously used, and wondered I had not gone mad or died. "Where is your 'Solomon,' Mr. Haydon?" "Hung up in a grocer's shop."—"Where your 'Jerusalem'?" "In a ware-room in Holborn."—"Where your 'Lazarus'?" "In an upholsterer's shop in Mount Street."—"Where your 'Macbeth'?" "In Chancery."—"Your 'Pharaoh'?" "In an attic, pledged."—"My God! and your 'Crucifixion'?" "In a hay-loft."—"And 'Silenus'?" "Sold for half-price." Such was the conversation, at which the little man "Shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff."

Yet notwithstanding all this Haydon continued to agitate for Government commissions for the furtherance of "high art;" and when

Mr. Lambton sensibly asked who were to be selected, and who were to judge, the modest man of genius thus journalises—

HAYDON'S OPINION OF HIMSELF.

I think myself the man, and I would venture to predict that, if the books were open for the public to write the name of the man they think most capable of conducting a great system of art, Haydon would preponderate fifty to one. I can only say, that 'Dentatus,' in Italy, would have given me employment the rest of my life, and posterity will think so.

Haydon's income was, upon the average, about a thousand a year, yet he never could pay his water-rate or his landlord, was always being taken in execution, and was at least once a-week in the City "upon cash matters—cursed cash matters." His sentiments were as fine as those of Joseph Surface, and his prayers were as fervent as those of that gentleman in "Gil Blas," who petitioned importunately that a good rich traveller might be sent into the wood where he kept his ambuscade:—When he got cleared of his debts by the Insolvent Court, or by public subscription, or by calling his creditors together, he made multitudes of fine reflections, but never in a single instance a resolve to live for the future within his means. He was always, life through, buying those six squares of Windsor soap. Mr. Dickens is not accustomed to underdraw his characters; but Macauber must be put under a microscope to become a Haydon. This is the style—

Reader, you see that I always trusted in God. This day I received 75*l.* from Miller the Liverpool merchant, &c. &c.

It is evident in every page, that Haydon thought it a faith to be proud of, when he squandered and promised, and sat quietly down "trusting in God" to fill his pockets and pay his debts. It was no doubt in pursuance of this "faith" that he induced his pupils to accept accommodation bills for him.

When in the hands of a lawyer, if I wanted time, 'Get another name,' was the reply. As I wished for secrecy, I asked these young men . . . I relied on the honour and enthusiasm of my pupils.

Of course these bills were not met.

Bewick hoisted the enemy's colour at once: not so Lance, Chatfield, Tatham, or the Landseers. Lance's friends advanced 125*l.*, Landseer's father 70*l.*, say 50*l.*, Chatfield paid up his premium 210*l.* They all rallied, but too late.

Again,

Awoke with 39*l.* to pay, and only eight sovereigns in my snuff-box, where I always kept my money. I trusted and prayed. Before twelve I received 20*l.*, then 15*l.* 15*s.* on a commission from Sir John Hammer, and 4*l.* 4*s.* came by post from Bath, for a proof after letters, making up the money.

Another,

Bennoch and Twentyman advanced 100*l.* on my sketch of George IV. visiting Waterloo; so I have only got. 40*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* to make up. I trust, where I have al-

ways trusted, and shall never trust in vain. How grateful I am!

"Faith" and "gratitude" like this do more harm to real religion than the blasphemies of a whole hell of atheists.

There are a thousand entries such as this—

Called on my dear friend Kemp, who helped me to get over the difficulties which harrassed me. Thank God!

The next is familiar to every reader.

I had written to Sir Robert Peel, Duke of Beaufort, and Lord Brougham, saying I had a heavy sum to pay. Who answered first?

"Sir—I am sorry to hear of your continual embarrassments. From a limited sum which is at my disposal, I send, as a contribution towards your relief from those embarrassments, the sum of 50*l.*

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"ROBERT PEEL."

What a sad list of importunities pushed beyond all bounds does the following paragraph disclose—

Mackenzie gave me an order; Lord Carlisle sent me 5*l.*; Stanley refused; Peel declined; the Queen Dowager declined; the Duchess of Kent never replied; the Duke of Devonshire called and gave me a commission.

We have passed over Haydon's quarrel with the Academy, his letters in the *Examiner*, his Reform letters to the *Times*, and his lectures. Those whom these matters can interest will seek their details in the volumes. We tread silently past the closing scene, where the suicide sits with the pistol and the razor within reach, finishing the twenty-sixth volume of his Journal, and inditing a will "In the name of Jesus Christ!" Let us hope and believe that, at a still later moment than this,

His mercy sought, and mercy found,
and let us shut the door upon the hapless wretch.

We have done with the painter, but not with the memoir writer. In this capacity Haydon may yet be known to posterity—other selections from the twenty-six volumes may yet be welcomed—and the author of forgotten pictures may yet rank, if not with Horace Walpole, at least with Reresby, Doddington, and Wraxall.

After what we have already written, we fear to enter upon the wide field that remains unreaped; yet a criticism of this work must be very incomplete, if it convey no impression of the autobiographer's power in describing the literary and political notables of his time.

JEFFREY.

Called on Jeffrey, and found him preparing to have his face cast. Breakfast was ready, and friends began to drop in. In spite of all efforts to conceal it, he was pleased at having his face cast before others. Can it be possible that critics should be liable to the weaknesses of human nature? Sidney Smith came in the most play-

ful impudent careless cassock I ever met. Mrs Jeffrey and another Scotch lady were with us; and Sidney Smith began playfully to plague them, by affecting to agree with them, giving in to all their little prejudices, sympathizing with all their little grievances, and bantering all their little nonsenses, in a way the most agreeable and amusing. I saw that he was drawing them out for material, for a good story for the evening, and capital materials he had.

By this time Jeffrey's coat was off, his chin towelled, his face greased, the plaster ready, and the ladies watching every thing with the most intense interest.

Mrs. Jeffrey began to look anxious. The preparations for casting a face are something like those for cutting off a man's head. Not liking to seem too fond before others, she fidgetted in her seat, and at last settled on the sofa, with her smelling-bottle barely visible, grasped tightly in her hand. The plaster was now brought, a spoonful taken up, Jeffrey ordered to keep his mouth close and his nerves firm, and the visitors to be quiet. Sidney Smith was dying with laughter, and kept trying to make Jeffrey laugh, but it would not do. When his face was completely covered, up jumped Sidney, mock heroically, exclaiming, "There's immortality! but God keep me from such a mode of obtaining it." Unfortunately, Jeffrey's nostrils were nearly blocked up, breathing became difficult, his nerve gave way, and the mould was obliged to be jerked off and broken. So much for this attempt at immortality.

MOORE AND WORDSWORTH.

Met Moore at dinner, and spent a very pleasant three hours. He told his stories with a hit-or-miss air, as if accustomed to people of rapid apprehension. It being asked at Paris who they would have as a godfather for Rothschild's child, "Talleyrand," said a Frenchman. "Pourquoi, Monsieur?" "Parcequ'il est le moins Chrétien possible."

Moore is a delightful, gay, voluptuous, refined, natural creature, infinitely more unaffected than Wordsworth, not blunt and uncultivated like Chantrey, or bilious and shivering like Campbell. No affectation, but a true, refined, delicate, frank poet, with sufficient air of the world to prove his fashion, sufficient honesty of manner to shew fashion has not corrupted his native taste, making allowance for prejudices instead of condemning them, by which he seemed to have none himself, never talking of his own works, from intense consciousness that everybody else did; while Wordsworth is always talking of his own productions, from apprehension that they are not enough matter of conversation. Men must not be judged too hardly: success or failure will either destroy or better the finest natural parts. Unless one had heard Moore tell the above story of Talleyrand, it would have been impossible to conceive the air of half-suppressed impudence, the delicate, light-horse canter of phrase with which the words floated out of his sparkling Anacreontic mouth.

One day Wordsworth, at a large party, leaned forward at a moment of silence, and said, "Davy, do you know the reason I published my 'White Doe' in quarto?" "No," said Davy, slightly blushing at the attention this awakened. "To express my own opinion of it," replied Wordsworth.

Once I was walking with Wordsworth in Pall Mall. We ran into Christie's, where there was a very good copy of the "Transfiguration," which he abused through thick and thin. In the corner stood the group of "Cupid and Psyche kissing." After looking some time, he turned round to me with an expression I shall never forget, and said, "The Devils!"

HAZLITT.

But in coming round he met me, and, holding out his two cold fingers, said, "By God, Sir, it is a victory:" went away, and wrote a capital criticism in the *Morning Chronicle*. What a singular compound this man was of

malice, candour, cowardice, genius, purity, vice, democracy, and conceit!

Is this gratitude for the capital criticism, or hatred for one who was far too great a man to join the little mob of believers in Haydon?

LOWE.

Saw Sir Hudson Lowe to-day in the streets. Micheli and an Italian had stopped me. Micheli's friend had sailed with him, and knew him. We all walked by, then turned, and had a d—d good stare. He turned and looked fiercely at us, and gave us a good opportunity by crossing. A meaner face no assassin ever had. It answered Napoleon's description to a T.

WELLINGTON AND MELBOURNE.

Attended Irish Church debate in the Lord's closely, and with great advantage to the picture.

The Duke spoke well, and without hesitation. There was a manly honour about his air; and when he read a quotation, to see him deliberately take out his glasses and put them on was extremely interesting. He enforces what he says with a bend of his head, striking his hand forcibly, and as if convinced, on the papers. He finished, and, to my utter astonishment, up started Lord Melbourne like an artillery rocket. He began in a fury. His language flowed out like fire. He made such palpable hits, that he floored the Duke of Wellington as if he had shot him. But the moment the stimulus was over, his habitual apathy got a-head. He stammered, hemmed, and hawed. But it was the most pictorial exhibition of the night. He waved his white hand with the natural grace of Talma, expanded his broad chest, looked right at his adversary like a handsome lion, and grappled him with the grace of Paris.

THE BYRON MANUSCRIPT.

Called on Leslie in the morning. Talked of Byron. Rogers said Moore had scarcely read his (Byron's) manuscript; that he was occupied, and lent it about; that the women read the worst parts, and told them with exaggeration that Moore got frightened at hearing it abused, and burnt it without ever having read it through. Irving told Leslie he had read a part, and there was exquisite humour, though it could not all have been published.

Belgrave Hopner told me that he had read it, and it ought to have been burnt.

But it would have been justice to have heard what Byron could say about his marriage, and now my Lady has it all her own way.

MADAME DE STAEL AND COLERIDGE.

Leslie said Coleridge and Madame de Stael met, each furious talkers. Coleridge would talk. The next day she was asked how she liked Coleridge. "For a monologue," said she, "excellent; but as to a dialogue—good heavens!"

This reminds us of a current anecdote of a very celebrated living conversationist. After an evening at Holland House, Sydney Smith walked homewards with a friend. "M—— was very great to-night," remarked the nameless friend. "Yes," replied the witty churchman, "there were occasional flashes of silence that were supremely refreshing."

Here is a

CORONATION ANECDOTE.

I spent an hour last week with my old friend Sir Thomas Hammond, who amused me as usual. He said he knew the late king sent a messenger to Charles X., and

told him, if he insisted on forcing religion down the throats of the people, his government would be overturned. Charles replied that no government could subsist without religion.

He told me an anecdote of the late King, which illustrates the 'asides' of a coronation. When the bishops were kissing the King and doing homage, and the music was roaring, the Bishop of Oxford (whom they used to call Mother Somebody) approached and kissed the King. The King said, "Thank'e, my dear." This is exactly like him.

A propos of "asides" we cannot refrain from a couple of anecdotes of our own.

Not many years since, we were standing at the door of the House of Lords, when the session was about to be opened by the Queen in person, and the Lord Chancellor of that day advanced, full robed, and in magnificent procession. By his side, but out of the procession, tripped two of his Lordship's nearest relations; and as he walked into the House he whispered into the ear of one of them some remark heard only by the lady. The reply, however, was distinctly audible to every bystander: it was, "Bah! comme tu es bête."

Such a man, in such a robe, in such a wig, and with such a mace, in all his pride and pomp of state! and a pretty woman can find it in her little iconoclastic soul to call him *bête*, and he laughs good-humouredly, and seems to enjoy the epithet! What a conquest of human affections over perriwigs and spangled dresses!

The other relates to the same great lawyer and powerful statesman. Many of our readers, perhaps, have witnessed the ceremony of bringing up bills from the House of Commons to the House of Lords. The Commons advance with a succession of bows, the Lord Chancellor meets them bowing his wig to his knees, the clerks of the House and the Masters in Chancery bow more gravely than mandarins, and as frequently. Upon the occasion to which we now allude, the *Times* of the morning had announced that the Chancellor's lady had presented him with a daughter, and it was notorious that he would have preferred a male heir. The renowned Billy Holmes represented the Commons, and he brought up a bill to enable some country squire to grant leases of his settled estates. Advancing with the three ceremonial bows, the great "whipper in" presented the bill, saying, in a loud tone, "My Lord, a bill to enable—;" then dropping his voice to a whisper—"you to have only male children." The Lord Chancellor took the bill, bowed with imposing dignity, and replied, "You be d—d."

About five persons heard the "asides;" the rest of the spectators were much edified by the grave ceremonial.

But we must hurry on, and turn to Haydon's account of the interviews he obtained

with the Reformers of 1832, while he was painting his picture of the "Reform Banquet."

Many of these men are still utterly unknown to their contemporaries. Lord Grey has his proper place in men's memories, but Lord Melbourne is entirely unappreciated; Peel is not fully understood; O'Connell is but a burly outline; Lord Althorpe, Coke, and Byng are but names to the present generation; Burdett cannot be judged; Brougham, Lansdowne, and Lord John Russell are still living, acting men, and long, long years we hope will yet elapse before either of them may become subjects of biography. But upon those first named we could write many a page, and cite many an anecdote, were we limitless in the *NEW QUARTERLY*. Haydon saw and talked with, and bored all these men, and begged or borrowed of most of them. Moreover, he wrote down all he saw.

Lord Grey appeared to Haydon to be "a fine, amiable, venerable, vain man." There are several entries that prove his amiability, but none that shew his vanity. Thus, on the 1st of May 1835, we read, "Lord Grey's help to-day has secured me from immediate ruin, and, under the blessing of Providence, I will get through;" but for the vanity we must recur to the painter. Lord Grey had unwittingly brought Haydon into contact with an engraver at Lord Althorpe's house.

What had I in common with an engraver, let him be ever so eminent? I was there by Lord Grey's desire, and as his representative, and I ought to have been treated with marked distinction. However, I have a scale—

Those noblemen who come to me,
Those who oblige me to come to them,
And those who do not sit at all,
shall all be represented according to their respective amiabilities.

Very conscientious, and exceedingly "high art" this, and grateful withal!

CHARLES FOX IN A DUEL.

Mr. Coke came late, and a most delightful sitting he gave me. He is full of reminiscences. He told me a story of Charles Fox. One night, at Brookes', he made some remark on government powder, in allusion to something that happened. Adams considered it a reflection, and sent Fox a challenge. Fox went out and took his station, giving a full front. Fitzgerald said, "You must stand sideways." Fox said, "Why, I am as thick one way as the other." "Fire" was given. Adams fired: Fox did not; and when they said he must, he said, "I'll be d—d if I do: I have no quarrel." They then advanced to shake hands. Fox said, "Adams, you'd have killed me, if it had not been government powder." The ball hit him in the groin, and fell into his breeches.

Haydon could not have caught his idea of Lord John Russell's "marked inflexibility of purpose" from Moore—whose very opposite opinion upon this matter we noticed in our last Number. This difference between the estimate

of Lord John Russell's firmness by Moore and Haydon should make us cautious in too readily adopting the opinion of any single contemporary.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Lord John Russell sat to-day. He did not say much. There is a marked inflexibility of purpose about his head. He was pleased with the picture, and thought I ought to place the more prominent characters conspicuously. Lord Lansdowne differed. He thought, however improperly placed the company were, I ought to be strictly correct as to the first line, since the picture was to be an historical record. I was much gratified by the honour of his visit.

THE STATESMAN AND THE ARTIST.

November 19th.—Saw Lord Grey, who was sitting quietly by the fire reading papers. When I came to the door Col. Grey was talking to Lord Essex. Lord Essex saw me, and said, "I have nearly persuaded Lord Holland to sit."

It would be a pity if such a strenuous advocate of reform should be out.

I sent in my name and was admitted. Lord Grey was looking the essence of mildness. He seemed disposed for a chat. In my eagerness to tell him all he wanted to know, I sprung up off my chair, and began to explain, bending my fist to enforce my argument. Lord Grey looked at me with a mild peacefulness of expression, as if regarding a bit of gunpowder he had admitted to disturb his thoughts. Now I should have sat still, and chatted quietly, for that is what he wanted—to be relieved by gentle talk. But he began to talk to me about the picture, and touched a sensitive spring. I blazed away, made arrangements for his sitting next week, and took my leave.

I came in like a shot, talked like a congreve-rocket, and was off like an arrow, leaving Lord Grey for five minutes not quite sure if it was all a dream. How delightfully he looked by the fire! What a fine subject he would make in his official occupation!

LORD BROUGHAM.

February 21.—The Chancellor sat to-day. His eye is as fine as any eye I ever saw. It is like a lion's watching for prey. It is a clear grey, the light vibrating at the bottom of the iris, and the cornea shining, silvery, and tense. I never before had the opportunity of examining Brougham's face with the scrutiny of a painter, and I am astonished at that extraordinary eye.

THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.

March 23d.—Duke of Sussex sat amiably. I never saw any thing like it. He exceeds all my sitters for patience and quiet. There he sat smoking and talking. I felt quite easy, and sketched with more ease than I ever did before. He talked on all subjects. I hit him, and he was pleased. No interruption whatever took place.

25th.—Finished the Duke of Sussex till he comes. There is literally as much difference between a royal person and a mere nobleman as between a nobleman and a mere plebeian. Such is the effect of breeding and habit.

LORD PLUNKETT.

27th.—Lord Plunkett sat very amiably and quietly. He has an arch humour. "When do you sketch O'Connell?" said one of his daughters. "There is one thing," said Lord Plunkett, "if you could take his head entirely off, you would do great good to society."

Lord Plunkett said "You have put — between the candles. I'll lay my life he would be thinking of the expense of so much wax." I thought I should have died with laughing, because — actually said, as he looked

at the candles, "That's bad wax." "Why, Sir?" said I. "Because there is too much snuff; no good wax has any."

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

February 22d.—A very interesting day. At twelve I went to O'Connell's, and certainly his appearance was very different from what it is in the House of Commons. It was on the whole hilarious and good-natured. But there was a cunning look. He has an eye like a weasel. Light seemed hanging at the bottom, and he looked out with a searching ken, like Brougham something, but not with his depth of insight.

I was first shewn into his private room. A shirt hanging by the fire, a hand-glass tied to the window-bolt, papers, hats, brushes, wet towels, and dirty shoes, gave intimation of "Dear Ireland." After a few moments O'Connell rolled in in a morning gown, a loose black handkerchief tied round his neck, God knows how, a wig, and a foraging cap bordered with gold lace. As a specimen of character, he began, "Mr. Haydon, you and I must understand each other about this picture. They say I must pay for this likeness." "Not at all, Sir." This is the only thing of the sort that has happened to me. He sat down and I sketched him.

March 1st.—O'Connell has a head of great sentiment and power, but yet cunning. The instant he came in he looked at the picture, and said, "Ah, there's Stanley," with a smile I never yet saw on his countenance; "Melbourne, Graham, Russell; Grey, but too handsome; Althorp, the bitterest enemy of Ireland, but he shall never legislate for her."

O'Connell was in great good humour, and I begged him to give me a history of his early life. He did so immediately; explained their first meeting to consider the grievances of Catholics; their being interrupted by a company of soldiers, &c. &c. The poetical way in which he described the crashing of the muskets on the stones at "Order arms" was characteristic.

* * * *

He told me some capital stories. Some great big Irish counsellor said to Curran, "If you go on so I'll put you in my pocket." "By God, if you do," said Curran, "you'll have more law in your pocket than ever you had in your head."

"Upon my word," I said, "you take up more time in the House than you ought." "We can't help it," said O'Connell. "Don't you think the Irish people barbarous?" said I. O'Connell was shaken, and he tried to explain why they were not, but did not succeed. O'Connell spoke of himself with great candour. He said, "How could the Government expect, after the character and publicity I gained by emancipation, I could relapse into a poor barrister? Human vanity would not permit it."

This last paragraph reads like an invention. The painter could hardly have ventured the impertinence, and O'Connell was quite incapable of the frankness.

There are many entries of interviews with Lord Melbourne. That nobleman, so exquisitely sensitive to the ludicrous, seems to have amused himself with the idiosyncracies of Haydon, and to have used him as a study.

LORD MELBOURNE.

Lord Melbourne (says Mr. Taylor) being now at the head of the administration, Haydon availed himself of his easy good-humour and accessible habits to urge on him, as he had done on his predecessors for twenty years, the duty of providing public employment for artists. But the charming insouciance of Lord Melbourne was worse than the most frigid formality of any of his predecessors. He was always ready to listen when Haydon talked, but as to

impressing him with any sense of the importance of the subject! Here is one example, out of many, of these conversations between the pleasant Minister and the passionate painter:—

September 21th.—Called on Lord Melbourne; was very glad to see him and he me. We had a regular set-to about art. I went on purpose. I said, "For twenty-five years I have been at all the Lords of the Treasury without effect. The first Lord who has courage to establish a system for the public encouragement of high art will be remembered with gratitude by the English people." He said, "What d'ye want?" "2000*l.* a year." "Ah," said Lord Melbourne, shaking his head and looking with his arch eyes, "God help the Minister that meddles with art." "Why, my Lord?" "He will get the whole Academy on his back." "I have had them on mine, who am not a minister and a nobleman, and here I am. You say the Government is poor: you voted 10,000*l.* for the Poles, and 20,000*l.* for the Euphrates." "I was against 10,000*l.* for the Poles. These things only bring over more refugees," said Lord Melbourne. "What about the Euphrates?" "Why, my Lord, to try if it be navigable, and all the world knows it is not." Then Lord Melbourne turned round, full of fun, and said, "Drawing is no use; it is an obstruction to genius. Correggio could not draw, Reynolds could not draw." "Ah, my Lord, I see where you have been lately." Then he rubbed his hands, and laughed again. "Now, Lord Melbourne," said I, "at the bottom of that love of fun you know you have a mine of solid sense. You know the beautiful letter you wrote me. Do let us have a regular conversation. The art will go out." "Who is there to paint pictures?" said he. "Myself, Hilton, and Etty." "Etty! why he paints old —," said Lord Melbourne. "Well, come on Sunday at eleven."

November 9th.—Sent down in the morning to know if Lord Melbourne could see me. He sent me back word he would receive me at one. At one I called, and saw him. The following dialogue ensued:—"Well, my Lord, have you seen my petition to you?" "I have." "Have you read it?" "Yes." "Well, what do you say to it?" He affected to be occupied, and to read a letter. I said, "What answer does your Lordship give? What argument or refutation have you?" "Why, we do not mean

to have pictures. We mean to have a building with all the simplicity of the ancients." "Well, my Lord, what public building of the ancients will you point out without pictures? I fear, Lord Melbourne, since I first saw you, you are corrupted. You meet Acadamecians at Holland House. I am sure you do." He looked archly at me, and rubbed his hands. "I do. I meet Calcott. He is a good fellow." "Good enough; but an Academician." "Ha, ha," said Lord Melbourne. "Now, my Lord, do be serious." "Well, I am: Calcott says he disapproves of the system of patrons taking up young men to the injury of the old ones; giving them two or three commissions, and letting them die in a workhouse." "But if young men are never to be taken up, how are they to become known? But to return. Look at Guizot. He ordered four great pictures to commemorate the barricades for the Government. Why will not the Government do that here? What is the reason, Lord Melbourne, that no English Minister is aware of the importance of art to the manufactures and wealth of the country? I will tell you, my Lord: you want tutors at the Universities." I was going on, talking eagerly, with my hand up. At that moment the door opened, and in stalked Lord Brougham. He held out his two fingers, and said, "How d'ye do, Mr. Haydon?" While I stood looking staggered, Lord Melbourne glanced at me, and said, "I wish you good morning." I bowed to both and took my leave.

I cannot make out Lord Melbourne, but I fear he is as insincere as the rest.

We cannot conclude without an acknowledgment of the manly taste with which the editor has performed his portion of these volumes. We do not, of course, agree with him in his great admiration of the head of Lazarus, but we thoroughly coincide in every thing else he has said; and we especially thank him for having utterly repudiated the office of apologist for the vices, follies, or claims to genius of this Benjamin Haydon.

THE APOLOGY FOR SIR HUDSON LOWE.

The History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena, from the Letters and Journals of the late Sir Hudson Lowe. By WILLIAM FORSYTH, M.A. 3 Vols. 8vo. Murray, 1853.

ON the 15th of July 1815 Napoleon was received on board the "Bellerophon." On the thirty-first the letter of Lord Melville was read to *General Buonaparte*, announcing his future destination. On the 15th of October in the same year the "Northumberland" arrived at St. Helena. On the 5th May 1821 the captive died.

To fill up the details of the events marked by these dates, Mr. Forsyth has compiled the work before us.

Nothing but a very enthusiastic abstract love of truth could induce any one to resuscitate a controversy so old, so stale, and so exhausted, as is that upon the treatment of Napoleon. Every one resident upon the island, except only Sir Hudson Lowe, has written his own account of what occurred there. The French have formed a conviction that their captive emperor was tortured to death by petty annoyances, small discomforts, and constant insults. The English had, before Mr. Forsyth opened his defence, an almost equally settled persuasion that the prisoner was undignified and querulous, insensible to such kindness as a gaoler could shew, and ever upon the watch for grievances. But while the French can speak and write of Sir Hudson Lowe only as a vulgar ruffian, the English believed him to have been a zealous officer, but a splenetic and ungentle man, ill chosen for his office, and unfitted to its delicate duties, yet not unwilling to treat his captive as courteously as he could with security. The Whigs of 1820 used to declaim about the sufferings of Napoleon, as though he had been a martyr—"with a thief-catcher ferreting his dirty linen, harrassed by a hideous complaint, and tortured by insults." The French of the present day represent him in their writings and upon their stage as opposing a calm dignity to all the outrage and petty persecutions of a mean-minded tyrant. History, however, was gradually accumulating the atoms that went to make up a decision, and was gradually arriving at the conclusion that Napoleon was treated with no greater severity than was absolutely necessary for the object proposed—impossibility of evasion—but that these precautions might have been disguised with more tact, and conducted with more delicacy, than they were by Sir Hudson Lowe.

This conclusion is not fortified by the very elaborate apology now put forth by Mr. Forsyth; for that gentleman, although he disclaims the character of a partisan, has, perhaps

unwittingly, fallen into the tone and manner of an advocate. Never, surely, did an author so deceive himself as to the tone of his work as Mr. Forsyth has done. There is not a book in the language which displays a more laborious subtlety, a more constantly-sustained bending of small facts towards a foregone conclusion, or a more manifest contempt for the understanding of its readers. It is just such a case as a bold advocate might venture before a Parliamentary Committee, or as a barrister might address to a jury while the judge is out of Court. The abuse of O'Meara is overdone, and the proofs against him overstated: the little Court at Longwood is, it is true, shewn to have been guilty of constant prevarication and a good deal of lying; the deposed emperor is convicted of a hundred acts of petulance at times when contemptuous submission would have been more majestic; and the whole band of Sir Hudson's prisoners are seen engaged in a constant conspiracy to magnify their grievances, in order to mortify their gaoler and to gain for themselves sympathy in Europe. All this, if not very dignified, is not very startling. It was Napoleon's business to get away from the island if he could; it was Lowe's duty to keep him there; and these two objects were much too conflicting to render a good understanding between the emperor and the baronet very easy to be kept up by the latter.

To those who have read the works of O'Meara and Las Cases these three bulky volumes will afford nothing new, except a lengthy and tedious amplification of the topics there discussed; a defence, sometimes successful and sometimes very unsatisfactory, of the charges brought against the governor; constant abuse of O'Meara; and a secret correspondence between O'Meara and Mr. Croker, now for the first time brought to light. This last topic is one of very great interest, and is worthy of a much more impartial consideration than that bestowed upon it by Mr. Forsyth.

In his "Voice from St. Helena" O'Meara says he had the following conversation with Napoleon:—"Napoleon asked, 'Are you to be my surgeon, or surgeon *d'une galère*; and are you expected to report what you observe or hear?' I answered, 'I am your surgeon, and not a spy, and one in whom I hope you may place confidence: I am not surgeon *d'une galère*, nor do I consider it imperative on me to report any thing which is not contrary to my allegiance as a British officer, &c.'"

Two years later, in his report of a conversation with Lowe, O'Meara tells us, that when Sir Hudson Lowe said to him he did not think a person under a pledge to Napoleon Bonaparte ought to be received into company, he replied, "I was under no other pledge to Napoleon than one which was tacitly understood in every society of gentlemen."

Mr. Forsyth insists that one of these statements must be false. We do not think so. If we are to trust O'Meara's statement ("Voice," vol. i. p. 47), Napoleon said to him, "All I want of you is to act as a *galant uomo*, and as you would do were you surgeon to Lord St. Vincent. I do not mean to bind you to silence, or to prevent you from repeating any *barardage* you may hear me say; but I want to prevent you from allowing yourself to be cajoled and made a spy of, unintentionally on your part, by this governor." This seems to us to amount to exactly that tacit understanding which O'Meara mentioned.

So far as the governor was concerned, O'Meara appears to have acted properly. He told him indifferent matters, but utterly refused to answer interrogations, or to be used as a *mouton*, or spy. Sir Hudson Lowe was much enraged, turned him out of his room, and threatened to expel him the island. Mr. Forsyth thinks his hero was right, but he takes what we think a most unfair and even unjustifiable advantage of the mere verbal discrepancy between the accounts given by O'Meara of his understanding with Napoleon. O'Meara relates the scene thus: "My refusals to disclose Napoleon's conversations caused me to be treated in an outrageous manner. The governor followed me out of the room, vociferating after me in a frantic manner, and carried his gestures so far as to menace me with personal violence." Lowe's account, in his despatch home, is not very different, although he, of course, omits the tone of voice and the gestures.* Mr. Forsyth's commentary is as follows:—

O'MEARA'S PLEDGE TO NAPOLEON.

The interview thus briefly alluded to, and summarily dismissed, deserves a fuller notice. It was not to be expected that O'Meara would give a faithful account of it. He might, indeed, with no greater dishonesty than he has exhibited throughout his book, have garbled it to suit his purpose; but it was more convenient not to attempt any detail of a conversation which covered him with disgrace. For he confessed to the governor on that occasion, after much hesitation, and with great reluctance, that notwithstanding his frequent spontaneous communications to himself, and his series of gossiping and garrulous letters to Mr. Finlaison, from May 1816 to December 1817, a period of nearly twenty months, he was, during the whole of that period, under a pledge to Napoleon not to reveal the conversations that passed between them, unless they related to his escape!

* The disputes between O'Meara and the governor will be found best detailed in the correspondence printed in the Appendix to Mr. Forsyth's second volume, p. 469.

Major Gorrequer was desired by the governor to take a note of the expressions used by O'Meara, and he put them down in the following words:—

"Mr. O'Meara says he pledged his word to Napoleon Bonaparte not to reveal the conversations that passed between themselves, except they had a tendency to his (Napoleon Bonaparte's) escape, last May was a twelve-month."

He then shewed O'Meara what he had written, who read it, and said it was what he had expressed, and, if required, he would give it in his own handwriting. The governor then said, "What, Sir! and you have thus pledged yourself without consulting me about it, or even thinking proper to apprise me of it until now; and you do not blush to avow it!"

O'Meara answered, "I beg your pardon, Sir; I told you of it." This the governor immediately denied, and O'Meara did not persist in the assertion.

Sir Hudson Lowe afterwards asked, "If you engaged your promise not to reveal any thing that passed in conversation between Napoleon Bonaparte and yourself, except what had a tendency to his escape, how came you to repeat to me all that you have mentioned of those conversations which had no tendency whatever to escape?" He answered, "Because you have asked me, and I thought they might be interesting to Government; but though I told you some parts, I did not tell you all: besides, I thought I might in some things depart from it [*i.e.* the promise] without impropriety."

The governor said that a person who had made such a promise was not fit to remain in such a situation; and after, in warm language, pointing out the impropriety of his conduct, which he characterized as dishonourable and uncandid towards Government and himself, he told him he did not wish him to remain in the house any longer, and desired him to quit it. It will however, I think, be generally felt that O'Meara was more to blame for systematically violating his promise, when once made, than for making it in the first instance. The promise might be an error of judgment; the breaking it was the deliberate breach of a solemn engagement.

Now we submit that this is special pleading; and very bad special pleading. O'Meara had pledged himself to Napoleon not to act the spy upon him, and Napoleon had replied, "I don't bind you to secrecy: repeat what gossip you please, but act like a man of honour." Therefore O'Meara was quite right in repeating what gossip he thought unimportant, and also quite right in stating that he was pledged to submit to no questioning.

A further imputation remains. Although O'Meara did not play the spy for Lowe, did he not do so for Lowe's masters? Mr. Forsyth continues thus:—

On the 23d, O'Meara wrote a long letter to Sir Hudson Lowe, which is nowhere noticed in his printed works. The reason of this no doubt was, that it would have been very difficult to do so without revealing to the world that he had given the pledge of secrecy to Napoleon which he so repeatedly violated. After saying that his principle was "to forget the conversations he held with his patients on leaving the room, unless as far as regarded his allegiance as a British officer to his sovereign and country;" and that, if he had consented to report to the governor verbatim his conversations with Bonaparte, he would have acted "a most base and dishonourable part," and, in fact, been "a spy," and a "mouton;" and that "such conduct would cover his name with well-merited infamy, and render him unfit for the society of any man of honour;" he thus proceeded to develope his conception of the duties of his office:—

"He who, clothed with the specious garb of a physician, insinuates himself into the confidence of his patient, and avails himself of the frequent opportunities and facilities which his situation necessarily presents of being near his person to wring, under the pretence of curing or alleviating his infirmities, and in that confidence which has been, from time immemorial, reposed by the sick in persons professing the healing art, disclosures of his patients' sentiments, for the purpose of afterwards betraying them, deserves most justly to be branded with the appellation of "mouton."

To this sentence of condemnation upon the physician who violates his trust no exception can be taken; and out of his own mouth shall O'Meara be judged. We are lost in amazement at the effrontery of a man who could so write after he had deliberately, during the whole period of his residence at St. Helena, broken, not merely the implied agreement which, according to himself, tacitly subsists between the physician and his patient, but his express promise to Napoleon. So far from "forgetting conversations with his patients on leaving the room, he used to hurry to his apartments, where he was seen noting down in his journal all that had occurred.

Moreover, he did not scruple afterwards to publish to the world the sayings of Napoleon, which he had heard from him solely through means of the access which he had to his privacy in the character of physician; and from time to time he sent off his narrative of conversations with the exile, of the most confidential kind, to his friend at the Admiralty, to be by that friend communicated to the ministers of the Crown; so that it was clear to demonstration that either he had constantly and deliberately been in the habit of violating it. And here it may be convenient to mention, that not long afterwards Sir Hudson Lowe was officially made acquainted with the fact that O'Meara continued to forward his letters to Mr. Finlaison; for on the 23d of January 1818 Mr. Goulburn wrote thus to Sir Hudson Lowe:—"Lord Bathurst thinks it proper that you should be informed that this correspondence is still kept up; and that it is so with his lordship's knowledge; for as the letters received from Dr. O'Meara are regularly submitted to Lord Bathurst's perusal, he has thought it advisable not to do any thing which, by driving Dr. O'Meara to seek another channel of correspondence, might deprive Lord Bathurst of the knowledge of its contents, and of the objects with which it is evident that his communications are made."

Now, albeit not accustomed to interfere in a quarrel between two Irishmen—for both O'Meara and Sir Hudson Lowe were natives of the emerald isle—we feel strongly impelled to take up the cudgels for the surgeon.

In the first place, we must admit that he did write gossiping and garrulous letters to Mr. Finlaison, and that he knew that the details therein given were intended for the amusement of the Prince Regent and the English aristocracy. Mr. Wilson Croker (whose name, by some fatality, always crops out whenever any secret mine of official dirtiness is discovered about this time) appears to have been the instigator and manager of the correspondence.

On the 3d July 1816 Mr. Finlaison writes to O'Meara thus:—

"Your letters of the 16th of March and 22d of April came duly to hand, and furnished a real feast to some very great folks here. I also received a letter from you on your first arrival, which was considered very interesting: not a line of any thing you have written to me since you sailed was ever made public. The moment your letters

came they were given to Mr. Croker, who considered them extremely interesting, and circulated copies among the cabinet ministers; and he desires me to assure you that they never have been, nor shall they ever hereafter be, seen by any other person. I conjecture, also, that your letters have even amused His Royal Highness the Prince Regent: they are written with that discrimination, good sense, and *naïveté*, that they could not fail to be acceptable; and I am quite sure that they have done you a great deal of good at the Board, a proof of which is, that Captain Hamilton of the Havannah, and Sir E. Thornborough, reported in a public letter that, a few hours after the ship's arrival, a letter was inserted in the Portsmouth paper about Bonaparte, and that it had been traced that you were the author of it. Mr. Croker sent for me, and desired me to request you to be careful in respect to your private letters to any other person, as every thing now-a-days gets into the papers; but to me he repeated his hopes that you would write in full confidence, and in the utmost possible detail, all the anecdotes you can pick up, resting assured that none but the Government ever will see them, and to them they are and must be extremely interesting, as shewing the personal feelings of your great state prisoner."

Mr. Forsyth quotes no more of this letter, but we learn from one of the Governor's despatches that it concludes with a request to procure a scrap of Bonaparte's handwriting for Mr. Croker, "and, on the whole, manifests a kind of interest in every thing relating to the extraordinary personage referred to, which, if communicated to him, could not fail, I think, of proving in a certain degree flattering to him; and, with a personage of his artifice, lead, through Dr. O'Meara, to communications for the ear and observations of the Prince Regent himself."

Of the conduct of Mr. Croker and his superiors there can, we conceive, exist but one opinion. They, at any rate, thought that they were suborning a spy who was to jot down for them all the agonies of their illustrious prisoner, and serve them up as "a real feast," to gratify the miserable appetites of "very great folks;" and all this amusement was to be obtained for them by a sordid breach of the most sacred confidence. O'Meara's object, however, does not appear to have been one of such unmixed baseness as Mr. Forsyth wishes to make out. It probably had a threefold purpose: first, to obtain better appointments for himself from the ministers; secondly, to annoy and injure Sir Hudson Lowe, whom he and everybody hated; thirdly, to insinuate to the Prince Regent and the ministers the causes of complaint which Napoleon had.

When he wrote the following, he doubtless had the first object in view:—

"In fact, if the Government does not choose to give me what Bonaparte offered me himself, viz. 12,000 francs, and repeated once in a letter from General Montholon, which has been forwarded to the Admiralty, I must decline holding the situation any longer. If I must be a prisoner, it is only the hopes of emolument which will induce me to continue in this cage. You will perceive that

the greatest part, if not the whole, of this letter would be unfit to meet the public eye, perhaps would not be altogether agreeable to the Government also: however, of this you are, of course, the best judge. I merely tell you in confidence of what really happened."

"In the long letter which O'Meara wrote to Finlaison on the 29th December 1816 he detailed Napoleon's desire to be allowed to reside in England—his inclination to drop his pretensions to a royal title, and to take a *nom de voyage*—his resentment at the governor having come in person to convey him news which he thought would afflict him, and to enjoy his torment. O'Meara then goes on to detail the new restrictions adopted by Sir Hudson Lowe, and proceeds:—"Since these new restrictions have been put in force, Bonaparte has never been out on horseback. For the last six weeks he has not stirred out of the house, except one evening for about ten minutes, and rarely quits his room or dines at table with the rest. This confinement has had a visible effect upon his health and appearance; and I have no doubt that if he persists in it, his existence will be closed in a few months, either by hydrothorax or apoplexy." He vindicates the emperor from all knowledge of the plot attributed to Las Cases; he repeats the emperor's fears lest the governor should seize upon his manuscripts; he states that Napoleon said, when he saw the governor and his staff surrounding the house, "*Il me parut voir les anthropophages des îles de la mer de midi, qui dansent autour de leurs victimes avant de les dévorer;*" he mentions, with a somewhat hypocritical show of defending the governor, that that functionary had caused Napoleon great anxiety by detaining the papers of the emperor that were among those of Las Cases, not to examine them, but because he was too busy to think of returning them; and he ends this long letter of sixteen pages thus:—

"I must confess that I am one of those who think that a great deal of unnecessary rigour has been practised towards him, as you may yourself conceive from the nature of the restrictions; and I know that such is the opinion of every officer on the island, except Sir Hudson's personal staff. Sir Hudson himself, indeed, appears to be conscious of it; within a few days he has taken away his prohibition against speaking, removed some of the sentinels, and rescinded his order about persons not being able to make use of the same pass to speak to any of his staff, and allow them to hold converse with him. Bonaparte asks that things should be put upon the same footing they were in Sir George Cockburn's time. Few, I believe, will doubt Sir George Cockburn's capacity and capability of placing him in as secure a position as any governor would desire. In fact, he was then just as secure as he is now, and was not tormented with unnecessary, frivolous, and annoying restrictions.

"Sir Hudson has repeated again to me his prohibition of communication, during which, he observed that none of the ministers had any business to know what was going on about Bonaparte, except the one with whom he corresponded; and that such correspondence should go through

him, and him alone; adding, that he had written to Lord Bathurst, to acquaint him that I had been in the habit of corresponding with you, and that I had furnished you with every information respecting Bonaparte, in order that he might take steps to prevent the same, adjoining [adding?], however, that he had done it in such a manner as not to do me any mischief.

"By this you will be able to judge how requisite it must be not to make known to his Lordship that I still am a channel of communication; though it appears a little strange and unaccountable to me that Sir Hudson should be so dreadfully alarmed at the idea of His Majesty's ministers being made acquainted with the truth of what occurs with respect to a man who has made so much noise in the world, while at the same time he sends Pioutkowski and three others to disseminate, not only the truth, but gross exaggerations blended with it, through all Europe. Until I came to Saint Helena I never was aware that the ministers were not to be put in possession of whatever might regard state prisoners."

Now there is not one word in this letter which Napoleon would not have wished to go forth to England; and although O'Meara is very importunate with his correspondent to prevent it getting into the papers, *lest Napoleon should see it*, it is by no means impossible that Napoleon saw the letter, or knew the purport of it, before it was sent.

The same remark occurs upon a subsequent letter, wherein O'Meara transmitted to Croker* the substance of a letter which Count Montholon wished him to have conveyed to Europe for publication.

In a letter published in the *Morning Chronicle* of the 3d of March 1823, Mr. Finlaison, speaking of a letter which he had received from O'Meara in July 1815, said, "Some expressions in this letter led me to doubt the propriety of entertaining a correspondence of the nature offered to me by Mr. O'Meara, without the authority of my official superiors: I therefore thought proper to communicate the letter to Mr. Croker, who declined authorising such a correspondence without consulting Lord Melville. His Lordship, on being referred to, said that he saw no reason why I should not receive the letters which Mr. O'Meara might choose to write to me, and that it might even be advantageous to hear from an impartial and near observer the situation of Bonaparte and his suite. But in order that no duplicity should be practised on Mr. O'Meara, I was desired to apprise him that his letters would be seen by the ministers."

O'Meara refused to retain the letter, but read it.

"I told Sir Hudson, this day, that Montholon had done so, and that he had given me the letter. He was very much displeased at the idea of its being made known, and also with me for having read it, so that I was obliged in my own defence to make known to him that I was authorised to make communications respecting Bonaparte to the Admiralty. He appeared surprised and annoyed at this, and said that it was not proper; that the Admiralty had nothing to do with what took place respecting him; that he did not communicate it to the

* We say to Croker; for although Mr. Forsyth makes a quibble upon the subject, there can be no dispute that Croker was the real correspondent who received these letters, any more than there can be that he was the writer who afterwards so savagely attacked O'Meara in the *Quarterly*, and called him a spy.

Duke of York; that it ought not even to be made known to any of the *Cabinet Ministers*, except the Secretary of State, with whom he corresponded himself; and that he would make some arrangements accordingly. He added, that my correspondence ought to go through him. I replied very respectfully, that as I had been in the habit of obeying those received from the Board of Admiralty, under whose orders I naturally was, I had not thought it improper to communicate to them such information and anecdotes as I thought they might be pleased with, submitting to him that it would be much better for me to resign the situation, which I was ready to do. To this he replied, he was far from desiring such a step, and said that the subject altogether required some deliberation, and thus the matter rests. Until, however, I have received directions from *you* not to correspond, I will continue to do so, or will, as I told him, resign a situation always delicate, and now peculiarly and embarrassingly so.

Upon the whole, we think that Mr. Forsyth has failed signally in his elaborate attempt to destroy the credit of O'Meara. O'Meara did not love the French attendants of the emperor, but he seems to have succumbed to the influence exerted over all around him by Napoleon. Prudence, lest he should be seduced beyond safe limits, or fear, lest the Montholons and Bertrands should learn his secret, might have kept him from shewing his letters to Napoleon; but the letters to Finlaison were written altogether in the interest of the prisoner his patient.

"He frequently breaks out into invectives against the English Government for sending him to this island, which he pronounces (with some reason) to be the most detestable spot in the universe. 'Behold the English Government,' said he, gazing around at the frightful and stupendous rocks which encompassed him. 'This is their liberality to the unfortunate, who, confiding in what he so blindly imagined to be their national character, in an evil hour gave himself up to them.'"

It was by his agency that exclamations such as these reached the ears of the Prince Regent and his ministers. O'Meara used the licence which the emperor gave him, and, *quoad* Napoleon, we think he used it fairly. He repeated what, in his opinion, the emperor would not have objected that he should repeat.

Mr. Forsyth is not less unsuccessful in his defence than he has been in his attack. He has succeeded in disproving, what no temperate man ever believed—stories of threatened violence, of studied insult, and of compelled hunger. No one seriously credited that Sir Hudson Lowe, in the presence of a captive, put his hand upon his sword as a gesture of menace: no one gave much faith to the stories of the bust of young Napoleon, to the tale of the snuff-box, or to the complaint that the necessaries of life failed at Longwood. It was abandoned to the poets to believe and sing about

The paltry gaoler and the prying spy,
The staring stranger with his note-book nigh:
Vain his complaint—my lord presents his bill;
His food and wine were doled out duly still:
Vain was his sickness—never was a clime
So free from homicide—to doubt's a crime.
And the stiff surgeon who maintained his cause
Hath lost his place, and gain'd the world's applause.

Yet now that Mr. Forsyth's book has appeared, we wonder to find that at least some portion of all this was true. The present generation had tacitly agreed to disbelieve O'Meara altogether. Exaggeration and malice were patent in his book. We opened this work with the full conviction that we should find a complete defence of the national honour, and a decisive answer to all the stories of the day. Yet we find Mr. Forsyth—not indignantly denying that any restriction was ever placed upon the quantity of food provided to the emperor—but *proving* that the French ladies and gentlemen who had accompanied their master into captivity were gluttons and wine-bibbers—defending his hero by shewing that even O'Meara thought they used too many pounds of beef for their *consommés*—admitting, in fact, that *there were* miserable, dirty, dishonouring restrictions, disgraceful to the Prince Regent, to Lord Bathurst, and to Lowe, and, whether suggested by the congenial genius of Croker, or originating with the governor, equally unworthy of this country. We had fully expected to find that the restrictions which prevented Napoleon from entering a house upon the island, stopping to speak to any of the inhabitants, or throwing a coin to a beggar, might be justified by constant exertions made to effect an escape. Nothing of the sort! A cock and bull story of some casks pierced with air-holes, and a couple of anonymous letters to the British Government, is all that Mr. Forsyth can adduce of this nature. In truth, Napoleon does not appear to have contemplated escape. He had nowhither to fly. His hope was, to be allowed to live a life of privacy in England, and for that purpose he attempted to keep alive the sympathy of Europe by an exaggeration of his persecutions. Now, however, that we have heard the defence, we must give judgment that those persecutions did exist. Sir Hudson Lowe was unnecessarily harsh, unaccommodating, ungenerous, and indelicate. There are two ways of doing an unpleasant duty. The spirit of Lowe's conduct spake in his answer to the request that the emperor might have a wood fire—Lowe "did not like to humour any person's whims:" it was described, also, by Napoleon, when he said—"Ce n'est pas l'habit qui fait le geolier, c'est la manière et les mœurs."

LITERATURE OF THE RUSSO-TURKISH CRISIS.

- I. *Progress of Russia in the West, North, and South, by opening the Sources of Opinion and appropriating the Channels of Wealth and Power.* By DAVID URQUHART. London: Trübner & Co. 1853.
- II. *The Greek and the Turk; or, Powers and Prospects in the Levant.* By E. E. CROWE. London: Bentley. 1853.
- III. *The Turks in Europe; a Sketch of Manners and Politics in the Ottoman Empire.* By BOYLE ST. JOHN. London: Chapman. 1853.
- IV. *Russian Turkey; or, a Greek Empire the inevitable solution of the Eastern Question.* By G. D. P. London: 1853.

It is now exactly four hundred years since the Greek empire was extinguished by the house of Othman, and Mahomet the Second captured Constantinople. A hundred and fifty years previously a mere marauder, at the head of scarce a thousand fighting men, made to himself a house and a kingdom in the mountains of Anatolia. His son assumed the name of Othman (the bone-breaker), because it was an epithet that was the synonym for the vulture. From that time forwards he and his descendants have followed the instincts of the bird they adopted as a type, and fattened upon the carcasses of decaying empires. Zingis Khan poured his myriads over the territories of the Seljukian Sultans of Iconium, and abandoned the waste he had made. The vulture appeared as he departed, adopted that desert as his kingdom, and fed upon the relics of the prey which the hunter had left. From Emirs the Othmans became Sultans; and although the irruption of Timour for a moment disturbed the progress of their fortunes, ten years sufficed to obliterate the battle of Angora and the fate of Bajazet, and to give them strength to attack with beak and claws the festering cadaver of the Greek empire.

Rigid in their faith, rigid in their discipline, unfaltering in their fatalism, inspired by the happiest of fanaticisms, strong in their institutions, which rendered the whole race a standing army for invasion, and created another from the children of their prisoners, these Turks met with contemptuous confidence the hasty and temporary levies of feudal Europe. On the field of Nicopolis the honour of the West was lost, and it was told with shame that Christian knights had fled before the scimitars of the misbelievers. Northward and westward rolled the tide of conquest, and even Hungary had been reached before Constantinople fell.

The empire of the world had passed, in name at least, from Rome to Constantinople. The Turk was upon the throne of the Cæsars, and claimed to have succeeded to their dominion. The name of Grand Signior is but the translation into a western dialect of a Turkish title that comprehends this claim. Nor was this a mere barren pretension. Mahomet seriously undertook to give it full effect. He crossed

the Adriatic to reduce into decorous submission his disobedient city of Rome; and there was a moment when a Pope was preparing to fly beyond the Alps, and the metropolis of all Christendom was in danger of becoming an appanage to Constantinople, and a provincial seat of Mohammedanism. This claim to empire is still a tradition at Constantinople: it has never been abandoned. Although the immediate successors of the conqueror of Constantinople turned eastward towards Persia, and southwards to Egypt, Solyman the Great, in the early part of the sixteenth century, indignant that Charles the Fifth should assume to himself a title inconsistent with *his* supremacy, vindicated the universal sovereignty of the house of Othman, by invading and annexing Hungary, reducing to tributary obedience Wallachia and Moldavia, expelling the Christian brotherhood of the lance from Rhodes, and besieging Vienna. We are accustomed to think largely of Charles the Fifth, Francis the First, and their contemporaries on the continent of Europe; but Solyman demeaned himself among them as a powerful Lord-Lieutenant would bear him towards a mob of discontented country squires—"The kings of France, Poland, Venice, and Transylvania seek refuge under our shadow," was his observation when Francis the First made overtures for a treaty.

But constant wars in Europe rendered warfare a science, and a standing army a necessity. Austria had, in the seventeenth century, already excelled the military strength of the Turks, and Muscovy was growing into power.

When Constantinople fell, Ivan the Great, who had just assumed the title of Czar, and proclaimed himself an independent sovereign, married the last of the Greek princesses, and assumed the two-headed eagle which had been the ensign of the Eastern empire. But the suggested pretension of the barbarian was somewhat ridiculous. Had Poland been less bigotted, or her form of government more reasonable, the kingdom of Ivan had soon sunk into a province of Poland. But Poland was unquiet and intolerant; the Cossacks were driven into alliance with the Muscovite; Peter the Great joined in battle with the Ottomans, and was beaten on the banks of

as "men of business" is by this time too well established.

If Lord Ellenborough enjoys the credit of having procured the amendments on which we have been remarking to be made, to the Bishop of Oxford's excellent speech on the second reading of the Bill in the Lords we owe an amendment not less important, but of another kind. The thirty-ninth clause of the Bill proposed merely to empower the Board of Control to appoint examiners, under regulations to be made by that Board, for conducting the examinations of candidates for admission into Haileybury and Addiscombe, "and of students or persons leaving such college and seminary for the purpose of entering into the civil or military service of the said Company, and of other persons entering such military service, and of persons desirous of being appointed assistant surgeons in the said Company's forces." The effect of this proposed clause would have been, to leave the *civil* service of the Company the private patrimony of Haileybury students; a monopoly, the evil consequence of which the Bishop of Oxford most forcibly depicted. Lord Granville yielded to the remonstrance, and Section 42 of the new Act accordingly extends the provision generally to all "candidates for appointment to the civil and military service respectively of the said Company," without regard to the place of education, or any other test than that of fitness.

Notwithstanding these decided improvements upon the original plan, it must be confessed that the new Indian Charter Act is a wretched failure, and open, with but little modification, to every one of the vital objections to which the Bill was liable, and which, in our last Number, we endeavoured to point out. One comfort is, that it cannot work, and that, session after session, the legislation of Parliament will continue to be invoked by the jarring functionaries and the agitated people of India, and likewise by the perplexed and confounded occupants of Cannon Row. The thing cannot work; and before CREATION, CHAOS!

A somewhat better result might have been obtained had it pleased the "Young-India party," as Mr. Bright's parliamentary henchmen absurdly call themselves, to be rational, reflecting, and patriotic. We advised them well, when we urged them to reserve themselves for a series of combined and sustained amendments in Committee, and not to expend their fire in the vain attempt to cripple the Bill on the second reading. Lord Stanley, an able and well-meaning young nobleman, was but the cat's-paw of his noble parent and chief on that occasion; and the success of "Young India" under such auspices might have restored the ex-minister to power, but could not pos-

sibly have placed his son in a position either to gratify the expectations of Mr. Bright with a seat in his father's cabinet, or to become the liberator of India. But our advice, as though it had been pearls, was trodden under the feet of those before whom we cast it. "Young India," led by Lord Stanley and Mr. Bright, were signally beaten on the second reading, and their *prestige* rapidly went down. Not a single amendment, good or bad, ever afterwards was carried by their strength, or obtained by their influence. Their want of intelligence, information, tact, and concert, defeated the few which they brought forward; and to those members who, not being noted by their confidence, did succeed in forcing useful alterations or additions now and then, the support which was rendered by "Young India" may be estimated at zero. Sir John Pakington, for instance, in the name of his salt-making constituents at Droitwich, moved and carried, in the very teeth of Government and the India House, a really valuable clause for giving effect to the statutory prohibition of the Company's trade, by closing the Government salt-works in India, and throwing open to all the world the manufacture and sale of that first necessary of Hindû existence. Mr. Bright, whose party, by the way, seem to have excluded, through some unexplained whimsy, the Company's monopolies of land, salt, opium, tobacco, and so forth, from their favourite category of parliamentary topics, allowed the battle to be fought and won by Sir John Pakington, without help or countenance from him; and, forgetful of Manchester and its politicians, sat silently and sullenly aloof. The Bill, thus improved, went up to the Lords; the Lords rejected the improvement, and the Commons were thus again called upon to consider the salt monopoly, and the propriety of adhering to their proposal to abolish it. But, when the day came, Mr. Bright and his party were nowhere: the former had been heard to say, "It is Pakington's clause, and he may pass it if he can; I am off for the country;" and the utmost exertions of the Treasury whip had at last succeeded in getting together a slender majority for Leadenhall Street. Thus deserted, and yet able to extort from Sir Charles Wood the distinct pledge that the Indian legislature should, with all convenient speed, carry into effect the purpose of Parliament so long evaded, Sir John Pakington wisely resolved to allow the Lords' amendment to pass unopposed, and not to incur the risk of diminishing the force of the censure previously pronounced by the Commons against the salt monopoly, by inviting an unsuccessful division on that question, in the last week of a long session, and in a thin and exhausted House.

In the meantime, great is the excitement in Leadenhall which of the Directors shall be eliminated, under Section 4, "on the second Wednesday in the month of March?"—which remained? Mr. Wigram, the brewer, an octogenarian at the least, will resign quietly, and so will old Sir Robert Campbell. But then there will still remain thirteen actual and non-actual Directors to be extruded by brute force; and who shall they be? Colonel Sykes, Mr. Leslie Melville, Major Oliphant, and one or two other Directors of reforming predilections, think that the unreforming and jobbing majority, of which Sir James Weir Hogg is the head, and his son-in-law, Mr. Marjoribanks, the youngest Director, is the tail, ought to perform a noble act of abnegation, and furnish from their own ranks the thirteen victims, by way of grateful sacrifice to the offended justice of their country. But the said majority think far otherwise, and, being the majority, are not unlikely to do precisely as they think; and the imperious voice has been heard to mutter his expectation of being speedily rid "of such men as Colonel Sykes." From that collision may light be vouchsafed to irradiate the vaults of the India House!

The Outram and Khutput papers are still there; a living memorial of the forbearance of the disregarded Parliament. At the rate at which these discoveries proceed, the generation of wrong-doers will have slept with their fathers before the last sheet of copy has reached the Queen's printers. The delay, indeed, is not unaccountable, for the Directors thrive best upon the Fabian policy; but what is really unaccountable is, the supineness with which professing inquisitors have sat by and allowed them to pursue it.

But the Indian press, at least, is not idle. The valuable document lately published in Bombay, which stands the second on the list at the head of this paper, is the crowning act of accusation—we had well nigh said condemnation—against the system which Outram endeavoured to uproot, and to which he was made a victim. Surely some member of Parliament may be found to expose the foul business to the censure of the House, and to procure the redress of the wrong and the chastisement of the offender. The friends of Mr. Roebuck will be gratified to hear of his complete restoration to health, and of his confident expectation of being able to resume his active functions in the House of Commons at the beginning of next session. We shall doubly rejoice if these news be indeed certain; for his presence there will be the sure earnest of the searching inquiry which we demand, being instituted and followed with perseverance and success.

The tale of Surat may be briefly told. Ardaseer Dhunjishaw, in 1835, held his present offices of inferior magistrate and chief constable, and Small Debts' Commissioner at Surat under Mr. Simpson, the then Collector at that place, but now a judge of the Sudder. Ardaseer is described in the "Précis" as "a man of consummate ability, greedy of power, tyrannical, unscrupulous in the means by which he sought his ends, and perfectly *au fait* at all the complicated relations of the British authorities and subjects of Surat with the petty native chieftains of the neighbourhood." Withal, he was greatly in debt, and his principal creditor was a wealthy banker at Surat. In fact, "he owed nearly forty thousand pounds," says the "Précis," "within his own jurisdiction," whilst his official income was scarcely 800*l.* a year. He contrived, however, to enlist the good grace of "the English officials of the old school" on his side, by negotiating loans for them in like manner, and also "by other services infinitely more degrading, according to European ideas;" for the race of "Brahminised Englishmen" (as Mackintosh dubbed that "old school" of officials) was then in full vigour.

His creditor, the Surat banker, died in 1838. His nearest of kin were his father's widow and his own half-sister; and the former being, by Hindú law, entitled to succeed before the latter, he bequeathed his property accordingly to them in that order of succession. Ardaseer, as we learn from the report of Mr. Hutt, a judge of the Sudder Adawlut of Bombay, finding his debt to the bank accumulating largely from the unpaid arrears of interest, and having been obliged to mortgage his property and two-thirds of his pay as a security, conceived the idea of ridding himself of it altogether by getting the sister to contest the right of the matter, and by obtaining the appointment of himself and a friend to be joint trustees for the management of the estate. But his views could not be carried out without the help of his chief, Mr. Simpson; and it is here that the connection of the European officials with the disgraceful business commences.

Mr. Luard, of the Bombay Civil Service, who was judge of Surat in 1843, distinctly states, that Mr. Simpson, whilst Collector at that place, "promised to forward Ardaseer's views, provided he would obtain for him the person of the half-sister, who was young and pretty; that he obtained his desire, and that he kept his word by supporting Ardaseer with the greatest energy against all comers in the subsequent proceedings, and by writing (*though himself at the time on the Sudder Bench*) to assure Ardaseer of his support while the latter was under trial on a criminal charge in an inferior court." The half-sister was

delivered of a son in August 1839; and Mr. Simpson was soon after succeeded by a Mr. Elliott, who is charged in Mr. Hutt's report with trusting implicitly to Ardaseer, with omitting all supervision over his proceedings, and "with leaving to him the performance of the whole of his own magisterial duties."

On his side, Ardaseer was not unsuccessful. A forged deed gave him a pretext for seeking the intervention of the friendly tribunal, and a suborned "native law-officer" falsified the Hindù law of succession in his favour. Mr. Luard charged this official with the receipt of a bribe of 5000 rupees from Ardaseer. To avoid the inquiry he resigned his post; and Government subsequently refused to allow him to recal his resignation. But this did not prevent Mr. Andrews, who succeeded Mr. Luard as judge at Surat—and whom Mr. Luard, in 1851, charged with having himself received from Ardaseer a bribe of 10,000 rupees—from promoting that disgraced native official, and employing him at Baroda, where he took a leading and an effectual part, as the Outram Blue Books shew, in the robbery of the widow Joetabhaee, and the frustration of Colonel Outram's endeavours to bring the perpetrators to justice.

Ardaseer and his friend by these means obtained possession of the coveted inheritance: they carried off the books of the firm; its business was stopped; and the lawful owner was turned out to starve. She endeavoured to appeal to Bombay, but the all-powerful Ardaseer prevented the departure of herself and her agents. One of them, indeed, succeeded in getting on board of the Bombay steam-packet, but he was taken out again, and forcibly brought back. In the language of Mr. Hutt's report, "Such a series of tyrannous and oppressive acts could hardly have been supposed possible to have been perpetrated under British rule; and yet all this is clearly established by Ardaseer's own records, and under his own hand."

Mr. Elliott resigned in 1842, and was succeeded by Mr. Richardson, a man of intelligence and honesty, in the Surat judgeship. Ardaseer found it impossible to deceive Mr. Richardson, or to obtain his connivance. He died on the 21st of May 1843, and Mr. Luard, who succeeded him, expresses the belief that he was poisoned.

The unfortunate widow having petitioned Mr. Luard to review Ardaseer's proceedings in her case, that gentleman, instead of dealing with it himself, forwarded her petition to the Bombay Sudder, and recommended that a case of so much gravity should be tried, not by a single judge, but by a commission from the Sudder itself. Mr. Hutt, one of the Sudder

judges, was accordingly appointed, in the beginning of 1844, to conduct the inquiry; and the result of his investigation was, the conviction of Ardaseer on every one of the charges alluded to, and the reversal of every decision given by Messrs. Simpson and Elliott prejudicial to the rights of the widow. She was accordingly restored to her possession, and Ardaseer was suspended from office until the final determination of the Sudder could be taken as to the proper steps to be pursued in his regard.

But Mr. Simpson was himself a Sudder judge, and in his colleague, Mr. Bell, possessed a powerful friend. Mr. Luard's accusation, and their colleague, Mr. Hutt's, unexpected report, exasperated them beyond all bounds; and the coarseness of their strictures on their colleague's conduct was such as to draw down the marked censure of the Directors themselves, as being "most reprehensible, exceptionable, unbecoming, and inexcusable." Mr. Luard, however, was otherwise treated. A Mr. Remington, who was "about twenty places below Mr. Luard in the Civil list," was selected to try Ardaseer's case and that of the widow over again: the trial was conducted in English; no counsel was allowed to Mr. Luard; the leader of the Bombay bar appeared for Ardaseer; and Mr. Luard himself, after preparing the charges, was allowed to take no further part in the proceedings. The consequence was, that the report made by Mr. Hutt, the judge, was overruled by this young gentleman; Ardaseer restored to office; the widow again reduced to poverty; Mr. Luard removed to Ahmedabad; and Mr. Remington rewarded with the succession to him in the judgeship of Surat. The Directors, in their letter to the Bombay Government of the 3d of March 1847, express the opinion, that the trial was so conducted as to be "at variance with the principles of equal justice to all parties concerned;" and, having expressed that opinion, allowed the matter to rest where the result of the trial had placed it.

The triumphant Ardaseer now in his turn charged Mr. Luard with intemperate and arbitrary behaviour, while at Surat, towards himself; and Mr. Luard was aroused from his sick furlough in the hills to meet this new charge. To do so with effect, he found it necessary to prefer, on his own part, against Mr. Simpson, of the Sudder, specific and formal charges of corrupt relations with Ardaseer; and these charges the commission which was to have tried Mr. Luard would have had to entertain and investigate. "But," says the "Précis," "the Court of Directors sent out orders that the whole proceeding should be quashed, as being calculated, if further ventilated, to bring discredit on the administration of justice in

Western India;" and so Mr. Simpson remains on the Sudder Bench, and Ardaseer at Surat. Mr. Luard memorialized the Directors, but no further attention was paid to his complaints.

In the vain hope of compelling a prosecution at the hands of Mr. Simpson, Mr. Luard, in 1851, published in the *Bombay Gazette* the Surat case, with the names of the actors; but neither the Government nor the parties implicated took the slightest notice of the accusation. In 1853, however, the Bombay Government, having dismissed two obnoxious members of the Sudder, Messrs. Grant and Legeyt, on the mere ground of their alleged inability or unwillingness to prosecute the *Bombay Gazette* for certain reflections on their supposed indebtedness and lax morality, Mr. Luard naturally concluded that the same rule would be applied to the case of their colleague, Mr. Simpson; and he immediately published in the papers, under his own name, a letter charging Mr. Simpson distinctly with judicial delinquency in the affair of Surat, and, with him, all his colleagues of that time, except Mr. Hutt, and offering to make good the charge before any tribunal that the accused parties or the Government might think fit.

The Government did not apply their new rule to that case. They continued to withhold all inquiry into it, and they punished Mr. Luard with suspension from his office for having dared to demand it.

Later accounts state that there is to be no inquiry granted; that the affair is to be hushed up; and that, to quiet Mr. Luard, he is to be restored to his office without any explanation given or demanded in any quarter! We should insult the understanding of our readers were we to offer one observation on this most scandalous case.

We pass to a more grateful topic, suggested by the third work on the list which heads this paper.

What the now degraded Hindú, under a good government and an intellectual nurture, is morally and physically capable of becoming, we may learn from the history of the Sikhs.

It is little more than three centuries since this wonderful body of "Disciples,"—for such is the import of the word "Sikh," now their national appellation,—came into existence. Nâ-nuk, their founder, was a Hindú reformer, who flourished between the latter end of the fifteenth century and the middle of the sixteenth; and the coincidence of date is even less remarkable than the striking analogy of some point of his doctrine to that of his contemporaries, Huss and Calvin. He proclaimed the unity and spirituality of God; he taught the sinfulness of idolatry; he denounced ascetics, miracle-mongers, and legendaries; he condemned

the privileges of caste; he vindicated the freedom of conscience and the equality of man. It was thus, as the late Captain Cunningham observes, that "he extricated his followers from the accumulated errors of ages, and left them erect and free, unbiassed in mind, and unfettered by rules, to become an increasing body of truthful worshippers. His reform was religious and moral only: his care was to prevent his followers contracting into a sect."*

But the moral teachings of Nâ-nuk were insufficient to constitute a nation. Arjoon, the third "Gooroo" in succession from Nâ-nuk, was the first law-giver of the Sikhs; and when, within a little more than half a century after Nâ-nuk's death, Hur Govind succeeded his father Arjoon in the same office, it appeared that the mantle of the Indian Calvin had fallen upon another John Knox. When Hur Govind, the first hero of the Sikhs, appeared, he found them a numerous, docile, and united band of brethren; yet unarmed to resist foreign aggression, and knit together by no other tie, than their common reverence for their Gooroo or guide, the successor for the time being of their first teacher Nâ-nuk. From 1606 to 1645 Govind was their Gooroo. It was he who first armed them, and gave to their "Khâlsa" that military character which still distinguishes those Covenanters of the Punjâb. During his ministry the Sikhs increased greatly in numbers; and, in the heart of the Moghul empire, albeit then ruled by the son of Akbar, they already constituted a separate state. In 1675 another Govind appeared, the tenth and last of these Gooroos, or Prince Bishops, and by him the Congregationalism of Nâ-nuk was pushed yet further. The practices of Mahomedans and Hindus were declared to be of no avail; the readings of Kurâns and Purâns to be vain; and the idolaters and the worshippers of dead men to be deprived of bliss. "God," he said, "was not to be found in texts or in forms, but in humility and truth." He taught his enthusiastic disciples that henceforth "the Khâlsa (the saved or liberated) should alone prevail; the Lord could only be beheld by the eye of faith in the general body of the Khâlsa; all must become as one; the lowest be made equal with the highest; caste must be forgotten; the four races must eat out of one vessel; the graves of those called saints must be neglected; the Brahmin's thread be broken." Many Brahmin and Kshutree followers murmured, but the contemned races rejoiced; and Govind exclaimed that the lowly should be raised, and

* History of the Sikhs, by Joseph Davey Cunningham, late Captain of Engineers in the Indian Army. (2d edition, pp. 43, 44.)

that hereafter the despised should dwell next to himself. "It was," says Captain Cunningham, "in allusion to this design of inspiring the Hindús with a new life, that Govind is also reported to have declared, that 'he would teach the sparrow to strike the eagle.'" His death, which occurred in 1708, was of a piece with the teachings of his life. He refused to name his successor in the episcopate. "The appointed Ten had fulfilled their mission." The Sikh commonwealth must henceforward govern itself with the aid of the Sacred Books of Nānuk. "He who wishes to behold the Gooroo, let him search the Grunt'h of Nānuk. The Gooroo will dwell with the Khālsa. Be firm and be faithful. Wherever five Sikhs are gathered together, there also will I be present." The apostolic succession of Gooroos had ceased. But the ecclesiastical authority had devolved entire upon the congregation; and the armed theocracy of the Sikhs was definitively established.*

The results have been answerable. The dormant energies of this once-debased people were aroused into action by the teaching and example of their deliverers, and a fire was kindled which has not been extinguished; neither is its lustre waning. The Sikh enthusiasm is still fresh, because their emancipation has not lost its freshness. By the valour of our countrymen, indeed,—aided most effectually, as Captain Cunningham shews, by a more judicious than honourable distribution of gold, amongst the scoundrel ministers of the successors of Runjit Singh,—the Sikh territories are now re-annexed to that empire once wielded by the Moghul; but, happily for them, the Company has not found time as yet to entangle them in the meshes of "Regulation," and to degrade them to the level of its Presidency subjects. They have now much less to fear. The ill-jointed and anarchical model which the wisdom of Parliament has just devised for the provisional administration of India, has at least this to recommend it, that it leaves the Home Government as incapable for evil as for good, and, above all, that it deprives the Company of every present motive to maintain that traditional policy to which it has been hitherto wedded. If the Sikhs are true to themselves, therefore, they may consider themselves out of danger.

They are little likely to be else than true to themselves. The faith of Nānuk and the deeds of Govind have permanently imprinted a new character upon these regenerate children of the debased Hindú vassals of Akbar and Aurungzeeb. "Their enthusiasm," says Cunningham, an attentive observer, who knew them well,†

"is still fresh, and their faith is still an active and a living principle. They are persuaded that God himself is present with them, that he supports them in all their endeavours, and that, sooner or later, he will confound their enemies for his own glory. A living spirit possesses the whole Sikh people. The impress of Govind has not only elevated and altered the constitution of their minds, but has operated materially [upon] and given amplitude to their physical frames. The features and external form of a whole people have been modified; and a Sikh chief is not more distinguishable, by his stately person and free and manly bearing, than a minister of his faith is, by a lofty thoughtfulness of look, which marks the fervour of his soul, and his persuasion of the near presence of the Divinity.‡ Those who have heard a follower of Gooroo Govind declaim on the destinies of his race,—his eye wild with enthusiasm, and every muscle quivering with excitement,—can understand that spirit which impelled the naked Arab against the mail-clad troops of Rome and Persia, and which led our own chivalrous and believing forefathers through Europe, to battle for the Cross on the shores of Asia. The Sikhs have now become a nation. They occupy, or have extended their influence, from Delhi to Peshawur, and from the plains of Sindh to the Karakorum mountains. Yet their strength is not to be estimated by tens of thousands, but by the unity and energy of religious fervour and warlike temperament. They will dare much, and they will endure much, for the mystic 'Khālsa,' or commonwealth. They are not discouraged by defeat; and they ardently look forward to the day, when Indians and Arabs, and Persians and Turks, shall all acknowledge the double mission of Nānuk and Govind Singh. This feeling of the Sikh people deserves the attention of the English, both as a civilized nation and as a paramount government."

In this world, and more especially in the Anglo-Indian portion of it, that which ought to be, is not always that which is; and we very much fear, that if their conquerors have not learned long ago to appreciate the Sikhs, by what they achieved against us in the field, the spirit which inspired the action may escape the official "attention," until it becomes once again fruitful in great deeds;—when probably "attention" will be somewhat of the latest. In 1842, we held them "unequal to cope with the Affghans;" and, in 1845, they were officially styled "a rabble." But the victories of Moodki,

‡ Captain Cunningham here observes, in a note, that this physical change had also been noticed in their time by Alexander Burnes (*Travels* i. 285, and ii. 39); by Mountstuart Elphinstone (*History of India*, ii. 564); and by Sir John Malcolm (*Sketch of the Sikhs*, p. 129.)

* *Id.* pp. 61—81. † *Id.* pp. 1. 13. 82.

Phcerooshuhur, and Aliwâl, secured by a vast expenditure of blood in the field, and bribes in the council chamber, satisfied the few who were capable of observation, that this "rabble," scarcely superior in numbers in any instance*, were not inferior to their conquerors in courage, discipline, and endurance. Lord Hardinge had bought Tej Singh, and Gholab Singh, the unworthy ministers of Runjit Singh's infant successor; and it was arranged that the key-posts of the Sikh lines should be occupied, not by the enthusiastic and faithful troopers of the Khâlsa, but by Rajpoot mercenaries, aliens alike by relation and by blood. A similar understanding was come to, when the unsuspecting and dauntless Sikhs prepared themselves at Subrâon to do battle for the fifth time with their victors. Lord Hardinge's letter, of the 19th February 1846, to the Secret Committee of the India House,—written of course in the full certainty of its being sooner or later laid before Parliament,—is naturally silent as to the terms of this disgraceful compact;—or rather, as Captain Cunningham—who, as a military servant of the Company, was unwillingly "mixed up" with a policy which he might condemn, but which it depended not on him to frustrate—significantly observes, in a note at this passage of his interesting volume (p. 317),—"those only *who were mixed up with the negotiations* can extract aught indicative of the understanding with Gholab Singh which is alluded to in the text."† At Subrâon he acted as aide-de-camp to the Governor-General, and he declares that the understanding of that day was,† "that the Sikh army should be attacked by the English, and

that, when beaten, it should be openly abandoned by its own government; and further, that the passage of the Sutlej should be unopposed, and the road to the capital laid open to the victors. Under such circumstances of discreet policy and shameless treason was the battle of Subrâon fought."

In all their battles with the British, moreover, (a fact which ought to be remembered, as illustrating above all the wonderful genius and spirit of the Sikh commonwealth,) the Sikh armies fought literally without leaders. Unprepared for the extreme treachery, which was besetting them, and delivering them over irretrievably into our hands, they were yet sufficiently distrustful of the valour, skill, and patriotism of the boy Dhuleep Singh's mother and courtiers, to take their own conduct on those occasions very much into their own hands. Had they done so altogether—had they dreamed of an "understanding"—had they suspected the foul part assigned to the Rajpoot mercenaries—and, in short, had the fate of their commonwealth, in those days of trial, been determined by the heads and hands of loyal and honest men,—who had to mutiny before they could fight for it at all, and who supplied the want of officers by "regimental juries, or Committees of Five"§ chosen, like the Roundhead "Adjutors" of Cromwell's camp, from the ranks of the faithful—it seems to be the deliberate opinion of Captain Cunningham, as it certainly is ours, that not all the gallantry displayed by Her Majesty's troops and those of the Company—at Moodki, Aliwâl, Phcerooshuhur, and Subrâon,—could have saved them from a defeat,—or the campaign of 1845-46 from a termination most disastrous to Her Majesty's Indian empire. But the traitors, "on whom the maintenance of British dominion intact" says Captain Cunningham (p. 304) "mainly depended," and whose authority had been thus superseded, found means to regain it, by simulating the patriotism of the men they had plotted to betray to the enemy. The children of the Khâlsa were seethed in its milk; and their devotedness to the free commonwealth of Govind became the means of carrying into effect the atrocious "understanding," for its subjection to the British.||

The Sikh army itself understood the necessity of unity of counsel in the affairs of war; and the power of the regimental and other committees was temporarily suspended by an agreement with the executive heads of the state, which enabled these unworthy men to effect their base objects with comparative ease. Nevertheless, in the ordinary military arrangements, of occupying positions, and distributing infantry and cavalry, the generals and inferior commanders acted for themselves; and all had to pay some respect to the spirit which animated the private soldiers, in their readiness to do battle for the com-

* At Moodki, for example, where they were the assailants, they were as nearly equal to Lord Gough's force of 11,000 men as calculation can make it. (*Id.* p. 301.)

† His brother, and literary executor, Mr. Peter Cunningham, to whom the publication of this edition, completed by Captain Cunningham before his death, has been entrusted, here remarks:—"It was for this note chiefly, if not entirely, that the author was removed from political employment by the East-India Company! This was the author's own conviction, from careful inquiries made in India, and has been the result of equally careful inquiries made by me in England." Elsewhere, (*Advertisement*, p. i.) he also says, "The author fell a victim to the truth related in this book. He wrote History in advance of his time, and suffered for it. But posterity will, I feel assured, do justice to his memory." Even the Court of Directors, it is said, were shamed into the withdrawal of the disqualification with which they had noted him; but the reparation was inadequate and tardy, and he never received it. Captain Cunningham died in February 1851. We earnestly exhort his brother,—than whom no living writer is better qualified, in every way, for the performance of the task he has imposed upon himself,—to allow his "regard for the living no longer to interfere with the truth of History,"—but to publish at once the damning case against the Company, "already written," he says, "and to be published hereafter." (*Advertisement*, &c., p. i.)

‡ *Id.* p. 317.

§ *Id.* p. 245.

|| *Id.* p. 299.

monwealth of Govind. The effects of this enthusiastic unity of purpose, in an army headed by men, not only ignorant of warfare, but studiously treacherous towards their followers, was conspicuously visible, in the speediness with which numerous heavy guns, and abundance of ammunition, were brought across a large river. Every Sikh considered the cause as his own; and he would work as a labourer as well as carry a musket; he would drag guns, drive bullocks, lead camels, and load and unload boats, with a cheerful alacrity, which contrasted strongly with the inapt and sluggish obedience of mere mercenaries,—drilled indeed, and fed with skill and care, but unwarmed by one generous feeling for their country or their foreign employers.

At Moodki, where the Sikhs attacked the English camp, and where the opposing forces were exactly equal,—*

the English may, in a military sense, be said to have been surprised. The Sikhs were repulsed with the loss of seventeen guns. But the success of the English was not so complete as should have been achieved by the victors in so many battles; and it was wisely determined to effect a junction with the division of Sir John Littler, before assailing the advanced wing of the Sikh army, which was encamped around the village of Pheerooshuhur.

At Pheerooshuhur, where the Sikhs engaged “did not greatly surpass their assailants,” and where those assailants left one-seventh of their own number upon the field of battle,—†

darkness, and the obstinacy of the contest, threw the English into confusion. Men of all regiments and arms were mixed together; generals were doubtful of the fact or of the extent of their own success; and colonels knew not what had become of the regiments they commanded, or of the army of which they formed a part. Some portions of the enemy's line had not been broken; and the uncaptured guns were turned by the Sikhs upon masses of soldiers, oppressed with cold, and thirst, and fatigue; and who attracted the attention of the watchful enemy, by lighting fires of brushwood to warm their stiffened limbs. The position of the English was one of real danger and great perplexity. Their mercenaries had proved themselves good soldiers in foreign countries as well as in India itself, where discipline was little known, or while success was continuous; but, in a few hours, the five thousand children of a distant land found that their art had been learnt, and that an emergency had arisen which would tax their energies to the utmost. On that memorable night, the English were hardly masters of the ground on which they stood: they had no reserve at hand, while the enemy had fallen back upon a second army, and could renew the fight with increased numbers . . .

As the day advanced, the second wing of their army advanced in battle array; and the wearied and famished English saw before them a desperate and perhaps useless struggle. This reserve was commanded by Tej Singh: he had been urged by his zealous and sincere soldiery to fall upon the English at daybreak; but his object was to have the dreaded army of the Khālsa overcome and dispersed; and he delayed, until Lal Singh's force was everywhere put to flight, and until his opponents had again ranged themselves round their colours. Even at the last moment, he rather skirmished and made feints, than led his men to a resolute attack; and, after a time, he precipitately fled, leaving his subordinates, without orders and without an object, at a moment when the artillery-ammunition of the English had failed, when a portion of their force was retiring upon Ferozapore, and when no exertions could have prevented the remainder from retreating likewise, if the Sikhs had boldly pressed forward.

At Buddowāl, where Sir Harry Smith commanded in person, his left flank was turned and enfiladed, with immense loss, by the Sikh artillery; and his “retirement or retreat upon Loodiana,” leaving his “wounded and missing” to the mercy of the enemy, became a matter of immediate necessity; but—‡

the Sikhs did not pursue, for they were without a leader, or without one who wished to see the English beaten. That he accompanied them into the fight is more than doubtful; and it is certain that he did not essay the easy task of improving the success of his own men into the complete reverse of his enemy. The mass of the British baggage was at hand, and the temptation to plunder could not be resisted by men, who were without orders to conquer. Of the prisoners, some were taken to Lahore. Every beast of burthen which had not got within sight of Loodiana, or which had not been taken back to Jugraon, fell into the hands of the Sikhs; and they were enabled boastfully to exhibit artillery store-carts, as if they had captured British cannon.

At Aliwāl, where the Sikhs commenced the action, the capture of the village of that name was stated, by Sir Harry Smith, to be of “the first importance;” for he was probably not unaware that the traitor Tej Singh had placed it in the hands of the Rajpoots. The right wing of the British was led against it, and the necessary battalions who held the post,—§

raised because their demeanour was sober, and their hearts indifferent to the Khālsa,—after firing a straggling volley, fled in confusion, headed by Runjor Singh, their immediate leader, [the traitor who had allowed Sir Harry Smith to escape at Buddowāl], and leaving the brave Sikh artillerymen to be slaughtered by the conquerors. One half of the opposing army was fairly broken and dispersed, &c. &c.

And finally, at Subraon, the Sikhs had kept the first division in check, had actually repulsed the second, and had placed the diminishing lines of their assailants everywhere in great jeopardy; when,—thanks to the “understanding” with Lord Hardinge's Government,—||

the traitor, Tej Singh, instead of leading fresh men to sustain the failing troops on his right, fled on the first assault, and, either accidentally or by design, sank a boat in the middle of the bridge of communication. Gradually each defensible position was captured, yet no Sikh offered to submit, and no disciple of Govind asked for quarter. They everywhere shewed a front to the victors, and stalked slowly and sullenly away, while many rushed singly forth, to meet assured death, by contending with a multitude, &c.

The army of the Khālsa was now dispersed; “the road to the capital” was at length “laid open to the victors;” and thus the “discreet policy” of Lord Hardinge, and the “shameless treason” of his Lahore correspondents, had received their fulfilment. We cannot say that Englishmen are like to feel much pride at the recital. We cannot desire, in the language of Burke, that this country may continue to hold dominion in the Punjāb, by the arts which acquired it. Neither can we see

* *Id.* p. 301 and note. † *Id.* pp. 302—306.

‡ *Id.* p. 811. § *Id.* p. 314. || *Id.* p. 319 bis.

that it is now possible to undo the wrong altogether, by surrendering back that dominion into hands more worthy certainly to retain, than ours to withhold. But surely it is possible to find a middle course, safe at once and honourable; and, in our future relations with that noble race, fitted for self-government above all the other races of India, to derive, from the instructive examples with which the history of their conquest is most pregnant, some practical wisdom for the advantage of our sovereign, and also for that of Her Majesty's Sikh subjects.

It must be perfectly obvious, to any man of the meanest capacity, who is familiar with that history, that, except with their help and concurrence, it will be impossible to govern them at all. That anile jealousy, of every thing and every body not belonging to the "Services," which is the true spirit of the Company's policy, and has done so much mischief in every other part of India, will be positive ruin in this. The Queen must trust her subjects of the Punjab with the principal—we might even say, the exclusive—administration of their own territory, if the peace and prosperity of the governed be thought to be, in India, as in Europe, the aim and object of government. They are worthy of their Sovereign's reliance; for they rely nobly on themselves, and continue, in their present adversity, to display unimpaired, the noble spirit which gave existence to their commonwealth. When their army came up, to the Court of the Governor-General, to be disbanded, says Captain Cunningham, an eye-witness—*

the soldiers shewed neither the despondency of mutinous rebels, nor the effrontery and indifference of mercenaries; and their manly deportment added lustre to that valour, which the victors had dearly felt and generously extolled. The men talked of their defeat as the chance of war, or they would say, that they were mere imitators of unapproachable masters. But, amid all their humiliation, they inwardly dwelt upon their future destiny with unabated confidence; and, while gaily calling themselves inapt and youthful scholars, they would sometimes add, with a significant and sardonic smile, that the *Khālśa* itself was yet a child, and that, as the commonwealth of Sikhs grew in stature, Govind would clothe his disciples with irresistible might, and guide them with unequalled skill. Thus brave men sought consolation! The spirit of progress, which collectively animated them, yielded, with a murmur, to the superior genius of England and civilization, to be chastened by the rude hand of power, and perhaps to be moulded, to noblest purposes, by the informing touch of knowledge and philosophy. In March 1846, or immediately after the war, the author visited the Sikh temples and establishments at Keeritpoor and Anundpoor—Makhowal. At the latter place, the chosen seat of Govind, reliance upon the future was likewise strong. The grave priests or ministers said, by way of assurance, that the *pure faith of the Khālśa* was intended for all countries and times; and added, by way of compliment, that the disciples of Nānuk would ever be grateful for the aid, which the Stranger English

had rendered, in subverting the empire of the intolerant and oppressive Mahometans!

The empire, which those "Stranger English" have planted in its place, appears to have reached to the very crisis of its destiny. It is no longer the object of hope from any quarter of that political horizon. The Moghul is gone, the Affghan feeble and remote, the Mahratta subsided into a quiet country gentleman. The princes and people of India have now nothing to fear, except that misrepresentative of British power, the Company's government. "She"—that is, the Company—"can never lean upon the enthusiasm of their gratitude or predilections," observes Captain Cunningham (p. 327), most truly; for she has done nothing to deserve their thanks or their confidence. It is very true that the said Company is on her last legs, and that Parliament very soon—perchance before the end of next session—will have to busy itself about her testamentary and funeral expenses. But the new Government—be it the most righteous and rational in the world—which opens that *prava hæreditas*, the succession to John Company—must be contented to labour for awhile,—it may be for years,—under the ill-fame which is now, and for the last century has been, the very breath of her nostrils. It will take many long years, of the best and wisest administration, to rid the Queen's Government in India of the imputation of cousinship to the East-India Company. We therefore earnestly recommend all who have to do with India now, or may have to do with it hereafter, to lay up in their hearts the concluding admonitions of the son of Allan Cunningham, and to believe, that,—if even it be possible for Her Majesty to govern India at all, without the assistance of the Sikhs,—the strong tendency towards Sikhism, now, and for some time past, observable throughout British India, is a most material element in the question—"How is India to be governed?"

The English, like their own stranger Sovereigns of the last century, govern in the East according to law; but they cannot give themselves a place in the hearts of their subjects, while those whom reason can convince are neither numerous nor influential in political affairs. Hitherto all her thoughts have been given to the extension of her supremacy. Her rule has hitherto mainly tended to the benefit of the trading community. Men of family name find no place in the society of their masters, and no employment in the service of the state. The peasants are oppressed and impoverished, by a well-meant but cumbersome and inefficient law, and by an excessive and partial taxation. The husbandman is sullen and indifferent. The gentleman nurses his wrath in secrecy. Kings idly chafe and intrigue. All are ready to hope for every thing from a change of masters. The people have as yet to be enlisted in the cause of justice and order. England has carefully to watch the progress of that change, in social relations and religious feelings, of which Sikhism is the most marked exponent. Among all ranks of men, there is a spirit at work, which rejects as vain the ancient

forms and ideas, whether of Brahminism or Mahometanism, and which clings, for present solace and future happiness, to new intercessors, and to another manifestation of Divine Power and Mercy. This feeling pervades the Indian world, and the extension of Sikh arms would speedily lead to the recognition of Nanuk and Govind as the long-looked for Comforters. England will add fresh lustre to her renown, and derive an additional claim to the gratitude of posterity, if she can seize upon the essential principles of that element, which disturbs her multitudes of Indian subjects, and give to it an impulse and direction, which shall surely lead to the prevalence of a religion of truth, and to the adoption of a government of FREEDOM AND PROGRESS.*

These are the words of an Englishman, as well as of a servant of the Company, and they stamp the character of the lamented gentleman who uttered them. He was not of the common herd of Indian officials, all redolent of Haileybury, Addiscombe, and the "Presidency," and ignorant of all beside. Captain Cunningham was of another order—that of Outram and Sleeman—and of course had to pay the penalty of merit. We part from him with considerable regret; but, in doing so, we will take the opportunity of making one concluding extract from his admirable volume, on another topic, which although we have done our best to make familiar to our readers, they will not be displeased to see it illustrated by the philosophic pen of the historian of the Sikhs.

APPENDIX XVI.—ON THE LAND-TAX IN INDIA.

The proportions of the land-tax to the general revenue of British India are nearly as follows:

Bengal, $\frac{3}{4}$; Bombay, $\frac{4}{5}$; Madras, $\frac{3}{4}$; Agra, $\frac{1}{2}$: Average= $\frac{3}{4}$ of the whole.

In some European states the proportions are nearly as below:—

England, $\frac{1}{4}$; France, $\frac{1}{3}$; Belgium, $\frac{1}{2}$; Prussia, $\frac{1}{2}$; Naples, $\frac{1}{3}$; Austria, $\frac{1}{4}$.

In the United States of America, the revenue is almost wholly derived from customs.

It is now idle to revert to the theory of the ancient laws of the Hindûs, or of the more recent institutes of the Mahometans, although much clearness of view has resulted from the learned researches or laborious inquiries of Briggs and Munro, of Sykes and Hall and Galloway. It is also idle to dispute, whether the Indian farmer pays a "rent" or a "tax," in a technical sense;—since, practically, it is certain, 1. that the government (or its assign, the jagheerदार or grantee) gets, in nearly all instances, almost the whole surplus produce of the land; and, 2. that the state, if the owner, does not perform its duty,—by not furnishing, from its capital, wells and other things, which correspond, in difficulty of provision, with barns and drains in England. In India, no one thinks of investing capital, or of spending money on the improvement of the land, excepting, directly, a few patriarchal chiefs through love of their homes; and, indirectly, the wealthy speculators in opium, sugar, &c., through the love of gain. An ordinary village "headman," or the still poorer "ryot," whether paying direct to Government or through a revenue farmer, has just so much of the produce left, as will enable him to provide the necessary seed, his own inferior food, and the most simple requisites of tillage; and, as he has thus no means, he cannot incur the expense or run the risk of introducing improvements.

Hence it behoves England,—if in doubt about Oriental "socage" and "freehold" tenures,—to redistribute her taxation, to diminish her assessment on the soil, and to give her multitudes of subjects, who are practically "copyholders," at least a permanent interest in the land, as she has done so largely by "customary" leaseholders within her own proper dominion. There should likewise be a limit to which such estates might be divided; and this could be advantageously done, by allowing the owner of a petty holding to dispose as he pleased, not of the land itself, but of what it might bring when sold.

In the three Presidencies, and perchance in the North-West Provinces likewise, the mischief is too well accomplished to admit of a thorough reformation; and in their transition state of circumstances the course pointed out by Capt. Cunningham is the only practical road to something better. But the Punjab is not yet ruined. The "Regulation" has not got its nose over the Sutlej. The people continue to administer their own affairs; their representative assemblies are not yet prohibited; the screw has not been put on the ryot; there are no "balances;" the revenue is not bankrupt. If these things be so, let us keep them so; and we can do that if we will consent to govern the Punjab as Arjoon and Govind and Runjit Singh governed it, by the wisdom of Menû and the righteousness of Akbar. Then, at least, the trial may be made: it is worth the making, and it is not as yet too late to make it; but the night cometh!

We will say nothing of Pegu, our more recent acquisition, and, as some say, as rich a province by nature as the favoured land of the Sikhs. We cannot believe that any Governor-General who shall succeed the Marquis of Dalhousie, will dream of retaining that mischievous incumbrance one moment longer than is necessary to enable him effectually to hand it over to its Siamese neighbours, and so rid India for ever of the fatal and wasting excrescence. Geographically and politically, it belongs to China, or to Tartary, if you will, but certainly not to India; and it was a great mistake to annex it. There are those, indeed, who think that Behring's Straits are the natural boundary of British India to the eastward, but with such we do not argue. They are at least consistent; and they have, moreover, this in common with us, that both they and we are agreed as to the impossibility of settling down contented in Pegu, without a frontier on any side but the sea, and separated by some thousand miles from the basis of operations, in the event of a renewal of hostilities.

Nor is that event a remote one. It is all very well for Her Majesty to congratulate Parliament on the present cessation of arms in that quarter, but the startling fact remains—the Government of Ava continue to decline the Treaty of Peace, just as they did at the time

of our last publication. Lord Dalhousie's precipitate haste to "proclaim" a peace under such circumstances appears to us neither dignified nor wise, and it was certainly without justification in the proceedings of the enemy. What the enemy desired was, to obtain their usual supplies of rice and grain from Pegu, and for that purpose they offered Lord Dalhousie to leave his outposts unmolested if he would leave free the navigation of the Irrawaddy. At the same time they distinctly informed him that their determination, previously expressed, "not to sign away one foot of Burmese ground," remained unaltered, and that they declined to sign any treaty of peace which stipulated the cession of Pegu.

All they sought was an armistice. How the Governor-General can, upon his own shewing, have felt himself authorised, under such circumstances, to infer the conclusion of a peace, and put his "army of Pegu" on the peace establishment, we do not venture to surmise. The last days of his viceroyalty will have been gilded with but a false splendour, if the speedy

event of this triumphant proclamation of "Peace! peace! when there is no peace!" should be the re-conquest of Pegu from its diminished British garrison, and another and a still more costly and bloody war be undertaken to recover the prestige which we shall have lost. Already the sufferings of our troops from the deadly sickness of that inhospitable region have been such, that every mail from Rangoon conveys to Calcutta, of all places in this world, their ardent aspirations for a return to that comparative paradise! The first occurrence of a mortality amongst the regiments which are to be left in occupation will be the signal for the renewal of the war; and the inability of Pegu—wasted with the last two campaigns—to supply food to Ava is already, as we learn from the Calcutta journals, beginning to excite alarm even in official quarters, as not unlikely to create a new misunderstanding with the Golden-Footed Monarch.

On the whole, we must hesitate to consider Pegu, in any sense of the word, an "acquisition" to the Empire.

Mount Lebanon; a Ten Years' Residence from 1842 to 1852, with a full and correct account of the Druse Religion. By COLONEL CHURCHILL, Staff Officer of the British Expedition to Syria. 3 Vols. 8vo. Saunders and Otley. 1853.

ON the eastern limit of the Mediterranean, between Cape Madonna and the mouth of the river Leontes (close to Tyre) stretches a coast which has Beyrout for its centre sea-port, and which rises from the shore into a lofty range of mountains. The river Leontes passes on the inner side of the peaks, receives their waters, and pours them, round the southern base, into the Mediterranean. The Jordan here has its source, and flows southward towards Jerusalem. Damascus lies far away behind. Tyre and Sidon are upon the coast. • This rocky district of our old earth is 100 miles in length by thirty in breadth. The Maronites inhabit the north, the Druses the middle, and the Metuali the southern portions; and, together, the population numbers 400,000 souls.

This is *the* Lebanon. In the centre rises the "White Mountain" itself, which dominates and gives name to the whole range. This is the Lebanon where Solomon kept ten thousand men to cut him cedar for his temple—Lebanon, up whose sides Sennacherib vowed to come with the multitude of his chariots, and to cut down the tall cedar-trees and the choice fir-trees thereof—Lebanon, which has given stones to the most sacred edifices of the Mahomedans, even as it gave cedar-wood to the temple of the Jews; which was the refuge of the ancient pagans when the Jews under Joshua spread in devastation over Palestine; which gave shelter to the "Caucasian Arabs" when a like fate befel them at the hands of the Romans; which received the Christian fugitives who fled before the great Mahometan invasion, and the Arabs who retired from the tyranny of the Governor of Aleppo. This is the same Lebanon where Joshua hunted "the Hivites in their fastnesses of Mount Lebanon;" where Sennacherib kindled the fire that destroyed the tall cedars; where passed the Macedonian phalanx to the conquest of the world; where Godfrey, Bohemond, and Tancred led their hosts to the recovery of the holy places that lie among the valleys of the azure mountains just visible in the far distance; and where, perchance, other armies may again be seen passing on to play a battle game, whereof distant India shall be the stake.

The cedars of Lebanon have diminished from a forest to a sacred grove, guarded by a priest and protected by a superstition. The prophecy of Isaiah has long since been fulfilled, and "Lebanon is turned into a fruitful field," "the rest of the trees of his forest are few, that a child may write them." The cedars of Lebanon scarcely occupy a space

equal to two acres of ground! But Lebanon is a fruitful field; the mulberry tree yields its luscious fruit, and its more useful leaves, with graceful luxuriance; and in its valleys the harvests wave spontaneously in autumn.

Let us listen to Colonel Churchill when he tells us of the present habits of the Christian tribes that dwell among these hills.

THE CHRISTIAN SYRIANS.

The wine of the Lebanon has ever been famous. It was much sought after by the Roman epicures, and, indeed, some of its wines to this day can hardly be surpassed, for richness of colour and delicacy of flavour. Nor is this surprising, when it is considered that there are upwards of thirty distinct species of grapes flourishing in its mountains. The rocky nature of the soil, and the extreme purity of the air, no doubt tend to bring this delicious fruit to a perfection not attainable even in the south of Europe. Independently of the constant toil required by these employments, the mulberry grounds have to be ploughed at least three times during the summer months, and to be watered as often, where there are copious springs.

Towards the end of September and the beginning of October the peasants have a slight respite from their labours, previous to the sowing season, which begins in November. This is the period of the year they generally appropriate to the celebration of marriages.

The same rules hold good amongst them as amongst the nobility, with regard to the choice of brides. No young man can marry out of the immediate range of his relations, so long as there are any single girls in the family; and a deviation from this rule is so fiercely resented, that it is scarcely ever heard of. On the other hand, should a young girl dare to fix her affections on any young man not her cousin, the whole of her male relations rise up in arms, and, after having made for her what they consider a fit and appropriate choice from amongst themselves, if argument and persuasion fail in bringing her to a sense of her impropriety, bring her to the altar by force. Such an occurrence, to be sure, is rare, but the exception proves the rule.

The consequence of this custom is, that there are families of one name in the Lebanon so numerous as to amount to clans, and who boast of from 100 to 150, and even 200 men bearing arms, which is a source of immense pride and gratification, and confers influence and importance. A few days before the marriage takes place, the peasant takes a propitiatory present of fowls, coffee, or sugar, to his landlord or feudal chief, and asks permission to perform the ceremony. A week is spent in rejoicings at his own home by the bridegroom, who all this time wears a pelisse of honour sent him by his landlord; by the bride, in preparations for her nuptials. On the day fixed, usually on a Sunday, the bridegroom's relations come for the bride, when all her connections make presents, varying from one to five shillings each, which are collected in a purse and given to the bride before she leaves the paternal roof. She takes her farewell by kissing the hands of all the male members of her family in succession.

The procession is now formed, and moves on at the slowest pace possible; the bride walking or riding, according to principles, closely veiled. A halt is made every five minutes, when the party sing songs accompanied by music, while some perform the sword dance. An hour is sometimes taken up in traversing a hundred yards. This uncommonly tedious rate of advancing is

MOUNT LEBANON.

intended to indicate that the bride is in no extraordinary haste to reach her future husband, and is a part of that characteristic reserve and modesty, whether real or fictitious, which distinguishes the sex on all such occasions in the East.

If the party has to go through a village on their route, the bride keeps her hand to her head, which is bashfully held down all the time occupied in passing through; thus respectfully saluting the inhabitants, who, on their parts, sprinkle her with corn and raisins. On reaching her future home, the bride flings a pomegranate amongst the party, which is greedily snapped up and partitioned by the young men, and is supposed to give the marriage infection. As she crosses the threshold, she takes out of her bosom a piece of yeast, which she has brought from her father's house, and sticks it firmly on the door-post; signifying thereby her resolution to cleave closely to her husband; the latter, at the same moment, standing on the roof, exactly above the door, with a drawn sword over her head, emblematical of the absolute sway which he is to hold over her throughout life.

As soon as the first rains have fallen, in the month of November, the peasants are all at work again in the sowing of their crops. Those inhabiting the villages in the neighbourhood of the valley of the Bekaa and the plains of Baalbec, generally find occupation on the government lands of those districts. Each takes his pair of oxen with him, sows as much land as his animals can turn up, pays a sum of five pounds to the public treasury, and at the harvest takes two-thirds of the produce.

Ideas obtain, amongst the people of the Lebanon, with regard to the influence of the moon upon certain operations, which to a stranger appear singular and absurd, but which they affirm to be grounded upon trial and experience. They divide the progress of the moon, in its successive stages, into propitious and unpropitious days.

The first five days of the new moon are propitious, the next five unpropitious; four the one, four the other; three the one, three the other; two the one, two the other; thus completing the twenty-eight days. Nothing will induce a peasant to sow any vegetable productions except on the propitious days, which he watches and calculates with the greatest care; and yet, in sowing corn and barley, the distinction is never attended to.

The moon in its third and fourth quarter is considered especially propitious to taking up the produce of the garden, to cutting down timber, and even to roofing houses. The beams of a house, it is asserted, which have been cut down in the first and second quarter, rot and decay much sooner than those which have been cut down during the third and fourth quarter.

Some of their religious superstitions are even more ridiculous. They stand more in awe of Elias, than of God himself. There is a church at Unt-Elias, near the Dog River, dedicated to that prophet. A man will cheat and lie with the most persevering audacity, until challenged to swear to the truth of his statement on the altar of Mar Elias. This test is decisive. He trembles at the very thought of undergoing an ordeal which will expose his treachery and wickedness to certain and immediate punishment; for the fate of Ananias, it is firmly believed, will instantaneously attend every one who dares to lie to the prophet.

Occasionally a report is raised, that a fountain of water has burst forth in a certain locality, possessing miraculous qualities of healing. Hundreds of the afflicted will repair to the spot, whether men, women, or children, in confident expectation of supernatural relief. After days spent in washing and cleansing, the assemblage breaks up, pretty much in the same condition as when they arrived; some pocketing their delusion in sullen silence, others trying to protect themselves from ridicule by asserting loudly the efficacy of the waters, and unscrupulously quoting instances of cures effected before their eyes; while the priest, who has been present all the while, to encourage the faith of the pilgrims, and to

receive their anxious confessions, walks off with a very respectable booty.

In the chapel of the convent of St. George, near Heit-tat, there is a picture of that warrior, with a little cup below it, into which the perspiration from the canvas is said gradually to distil. The Greek Christians greedily purchase this inestimable ichor, at any price which the officiating priest may demand, for its medicinal properties.

The blind superstitions of the Maronites even exceed these instances of folly and credulity, and are far too numerous to be quoted. But to say that the Christians of the Lebanon believe in the most rhapsodical stories about the marvellous interference of the whole company of saints in worldly affairs; that they burn lamps night and day, and offer up incense before their pictures, both in the public churches and in their private habitations; that they sacrifice an unlimited quantity of their hard-wrought earnings in votive and propitiatory presents and offerings to the various chapels and convents which the saints are supposed more especially to patronize; that they are, in fact, the unresisting dupes of priests, who are themselves dupes to the system of Christio-Paganism, which prevails over the mountain; is but to say in other words that they are still under the yoke of a system of fraud and deception, which as widely estranges them from the true consolations of the religion which they profess, as it robs Christianity itself of that moral influence which the sublime simplicity, and the noble and elevating tendency of her doctrine, if fairly put forth in all their heavenly purity, could not fail of commanding, even amongst populations to whom the Cross is still "a stumbling-block," and "its preaching foolishness."

Till within the last few years the feudal system which has existed so long in the Lebanon pressed on the peasants with peculiar severity. On the slightest pretences, horsemen were quartered upon them, and not taken off until they had paid whatever sum it pleased their chiefs to exact. The slightest resistance was immediately punished by summary corporal punishment. Indeed, the Emirs and Sheiks looked upon this power of fining as a considerable source of revenue. Under the despotic rule of the late Emir Bechir, the exactions on the people were so repeated, as more than once to raise them into rebellion, and they obtained the reputation of being restless and insubordinate.

How far this is from being the real character of the mountaineers is evident from their general conduct since the establishment of the more humane regime, under the auspices of the European powers, ten years ago. It may be fairly asserted that there is no State in Europe where crimes are so rare in comparison with the population as in the Lebanon at the present day, and this, too, at a period when the principle of repression, as exercised by the authorities, is by no means such as to intimidate evil-doers.

"The patriarch is our Sultan" is the reply of the Maronites when the Sultan bids them tolerate an American Missionary. The power of the priest seems, indeed, to have superseded all other authority among the Maronites; for Turkish exaction and civil wars have broken the power of the old feudal Emirs and Sheiks.

THE EMIRS OF THE LEBANON.

"In the district of El Metten" says Colonel Churchill, "stand conspicuous the feudal residences of Kurneille, Soleema, El Mettane, Ras El Metten, Felooga and Brumana, all appertaining to various Emirs of the House of Bilemma. The architecture of these edifices is nameless. They are solid, irregular masses of masonry, without plan or symmetry, built for strength and defence. If ever ornament is attempted, it is on the

entrance, which, as at Felooga, displays a very creditable degree of handywork. The gateway and the Meedan are indeed the only places where an Emir or Sheik ever thinks of making an expenditure for mere outward show. The former, because there he exhibits his state and authority, receiving his vassals and dependants on business, and his friends and guests with ostentatious hospitality; the latter, inasmuch as it affords a ready and inviting field for the display of his stud, and of those feats of horsemanship, which, in the East, is almost an indispensable ingredient of baronial reputation.

The vaults, however, are broad and capacious, and used in former times to be generally well-stored. When the plains of the Bekaa were under their control, and its well-filled granaries a source of yearly supply, the aristocracy of the Lebanon, whether Druse or Christian, lived in affluence: no inconsiderable portion of their revenue likewise arose from a per-centage, varying from six to ten piastres, on the heads of the male population over which they ruled, and which was very carefully abstracted from the Miri, together with sundry other deductions not much questioned, before it was paid over to the government. Within these last ten years, since the restoration of Syria to the Porte, both these sources of territorial and pecuniary income have been abridged. An imperial firman has deprived them of the one, and a new political and fiscal arrangement of the other. They are now in comparative penury. Nearly all the castles above alluded to were burnt and destroyed in the civil war between the Druses and Maronites. Their proprietors, with one exception, that of the Emir Moosa Bilemma, of El Met-tane, who happened to have a good sum of money saved up, are too poor to rebuild them. The others live in villages, avoiding rather than courting the respects of their vassals.

The feudal tie, however, which binds them together, is not yet entirely broken. Still they are at the call of their chiefs. Still, as of old, on the birth of a son, or a marriage in the Emir's family, and on the festivals of Christmas and Easter-day, the peasantry may be seen carrying their tribute of fowls, coffee, sugar, &c., to the feudal abode; but what was once accepted as a mark of dependence, is now anticipated as a means of existence.

In these mountains the Greek and Greek-Catholic churches dispute with great fervour and with ultra-orthodox hatred. A patriarch has been stripped of his robes in the streets of Beyrout; a Greek-Catholic bishop was lately assaulted at the altar, and owed his safety from the assaults of his brother-Christians to the protection of the Mussulman police. These churches unite only to persecute the Evangelical Protestant Church, introduced by the American Missionaries. The Turks tolerate, protect, and restrain all three.

The religion of the Druses, who are, as we suspect, a mixed race, having its basis perhaps in the Hivites whom Joshua could not destroy, is a problem that has been worked at with very moderate success. Colonel Churchill, after ten years' residence upon the mountain, has gained so little new information upon the subject, that he has contented himself with translating large portions of the Baron de Sacy's work, "*La Religion des Druses*." The Baron, we believe, was never out of France in his life; but being the most profound of Eastern scholars, and the most industrious of inquirers, he collected every book and manuscript that existed in

France upon this subject, and epitomized them in his work.

In seventeen chapters, and 248 pages, Colonel Churchill discusses this subject. The prophet of the Druses is Hakem, who disappeared in 1021 A.D., to prove the faith of his servants, but who will re-appear in due time, in glory and majesty, to give the kingdom of the earth to his faithful worshippers.

THE DRUSE CREED.

To believe that the "Universal Intelligence" is the first of God's creations—the only direct and immediate production of his Almighty power; that he has appeared on earth simultaneously with each manifestation of the Divinity; and that, lastly, in the time of Hakem, he took the figure of Hamzé, the son of Ali, the son of Ahmed; that it is by his ministry and agency that all things have been produced; that he alone possesses the knowledge of all truths; that he is the first Minister of the true religion; that it is he who communicates, directly or indirectly, to other ministers, and to simple believers, but in different degrees and proportions, the knowledge and the grace which he receives immediately from the Divinity, and of which he is the sole medium; that he alone has direct access to the Deity, standing as Mediator between the Supreme Being and the great family of mankind.

To acknowledge that Hamzé it is to whom Hakem will intrust his sword, in the last day, to smite all his adversaries, to make his religion triumphant, and to distribute rewards and punishments to every one according to his deserts; to know the other ministers of the Unitarian religion, and the rank and offices which belong to each of them individually, and to render them that obedience and submission which is due.

To confess that all souls were created by the "Universal Intelligence;" that the number of human beings is always the same—neither increasing nor decreasing; but that souls pass from one body to another; that they rise, and become perfect in excellence, or deteriorate, and become lost and degraded, according to their love and attachment to the truth, or their neglect and disregard of it; to practise the seven commandments which the religion of Hamzé imposes on his followers, and more especially those which inculcate a strict regard to truth in words, charity towards the brethren, entire renunciation of all former modes of belief, and complete and unreserved submission to the will of God.

And, finally, to confess that all preceding religions whatever were but types, more or less complete, of the only truly religion—all their legal and ceremonial precepts and injunctions, but allegories; and that the revelation of the true religion necessarily induces the complete abolition of all anterior ones. Such is an abridgment of the principal points of belief laid down in the religion of the Druses, of which Hamzé is the founder, and the followers of which are called Unitarians.

The practical religion of a sect is, however, not always to be learned from its Koran,* and Colo-

* The Koran of the Druses is, it would appear, not very well known to Oriental scholars. Among the MSS. advertised for sale in Mr. Quaritch's most recent catalogue (No. 65) we find the following—

"33. KORAN of the Druses, in Arabic, 4to., very distinctly written, excessively rare, owing to the extreme difficulty of procuring any work on the religion of this singular race; original binding, 14. 8s.

"The above cataloguing is by the eminent Arabic

nel Churchill admits that he has never been able to obtain, from any living member of this sect, an account of his belief or his ritual. The Druses practise the curious sentiment of Lord Chancellor Shaftesbury, that, "sensible men never tell what their religion is." The religion of the Druses is left by Colonel Churchill as unsolved a problem as he found it.

The mysterious ceremonial which has excited so much European curiosity is thus mentioned, and the enigma is thus "given up"—

THE DRUSE CEREMONIAL.

Every Thursday evening the Ockals assemble in their respective Hologes, for the purpose of reading in their sacred books. Should a stranger, and even an European, express a desire to be present, no objection is made, and admittance is granted. On such occasions, however, nothing appears but the Koran, which is read aloud with every mark of respect and attention, in order that their visitor may go away with the impression that they are good Mussulmans; so that, as far as regards any anticipated insight into their real religion, nothing can possibly be gained to a looker-on by such inquisitiveness. At the commencement of the evening, earthenware saucers filled with figs, raisins, sugar-plums, &c., are ranged on the floor all round the room, for the refreshment of those present. The Druses, both Ockals and the uninitiated, lounge about the door, talk over the events of the day, and pass to and fro in the apartment indiscriminately. Sud-

denly, the doors are closed, and the latter disappear. The precautions taken by a body of Freemasons are not greater than those now used. Sentries are placed in the immediate neighbourhood, to prevent the possibility of any one intruding on the privacy of the Ockals. *What now passes must be fancied, for it has never been witnessed, except by the Unitarian brethren.*

As a body of information upon the state of this very interesting country, upon the manners, customs, and historical traditions of its inhabitants, and upon its position relatively to the political questions that still agitate Europe, we cannot too highly praise Colonel Churchill's work. We must, however, warn the reader to expect no more from it than the qualities we have enumerated. There is a want of order, an incapacity of generalization, a frequently recurring prosiness, all which probably proceed from the inexperience of the author in bookcraft, but very much interfere with the pleasure of the reader. Had the work been compressed into one volume it would have been much more amusing: it would have been doubtless much more instructive in its three volume state, but that the absurd omission of of an index renders it absolutely useless as a book of reference.

The Ansyreeh and Ismaeleeh; a Visit to the Secret Sects of Northern Syria, with a view to the establishment of Schools. By the Rev. SAMUEL LYDE, B.A., late Chaplain *pro tem.* of the Anglican Church at Beyrout. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1853.

"THESE pages do not pretend to be a revelation of the secret of the Ansyreeh (which probably consists of nothing more than a few unintelligible prayers, a medley of Christianity and Mohammedanism, and a trivial, if not obscene rite): *that* could only be discovered by a lengthened residence among them." This passage from the author's preface weakens our curiosity.

Mr. Lyde is a clergyman whose ill health prevented him from performing clerical duties in England. He went to Syria, and proposes there to establish a Mission, and to found schools. It is a benevolent idea, and of that idea his volume is but an expansion. If we had not already said much upon the Lebanon, we might have dwelt more upon his labours.

The Adventures of a Lady in Tartary, Thibet, China, and Kashmir. By MRS. HERVEY. 3 Vols. Hope and Co. 1853.

WHAT! has an English lady been travelling in those rugged regions, whereof Jesuit Missionaries in full chase of martyrdom have hitherto been the only explorers? Has a young and finely-nurtured daughter of our aristocracy—

scholar, Mr. Barker, a native of Syria; other scholars, however, told me that this MS. was a collection of religious essays."

Attracted by the promise of so great a prize we examined this volume, and are compelled to confess that we agree with the "other scholars." The contents consist of detached treatises on religious subjects. This is quite evident from the titles; and at the end of several of them is the usual formula *تمت الرسالة* or, "End of the Treatise." In good sooth this "Koran of the Druses" is no more a Koran than a cookery book.

one who can write pages about a pet lap-dog, and how beautifully he catches wasps, and then buries his little head contentedly in her lap—who encamps in healthy places for days, when "Princey" (said lap-dog) is indisposed—who shudders at the pure rills that flow down the mountain side, and will not drink because she looks at the necks of the women who stand round, and marks that they are swollen with *Goitre*—who exerts her woman's privilege to order a commander in chief and all his men away from the spot she has chosen for her encampment—has *she* been to Thibet and to Tartary? One understands that Mrs. Pfeiffer, whose grandchildren, we believe, are all mar-

ried, can jog round the world in tolerable comfort; but Mrs. Hervey, *c'est différent*. Has *she* been sleeping upon the hot stove of a Tartar-Chinese inn, riding on the backs of camels and oxen, undergoing all the hardships which have almost entitled M. M. Gabet and Huc, and their convert, Samdadchiemba, to canonization, and which have quite entitled them to the gratitude of Europe? Has this gentle child of fashion been investigating the analysis of the Buddhist religion,* visiting the

* The mention of a subject (suggested by the title of this book) so interesting, will perhaps excuse the citation of a few passages from M. Huc's two volumes. The analogies between the Roman-Catholic Church and Buddhism are so striking, that no one should be ignorant of the statement of the Jesuit Missionaries. M. Huc says.—

"One day we had an opportunity of talking with a Thibetian Lama for some time, and the things he told us about religion astonished us greatly. A brief explanation of the Christian doctrine which we gave to him seemed scarcely to surprise him. He even maintained that our views differed little from those of the Grand Lamas of Thibet. 'You must not confound,' said he, 'religious truth with the superstitions of the vulgar. The Tartars, poor, simple people, prostrate themselves before whatever they see. Every thing, with them, is Borhan—Lamas, prayer-books, temples, Lama-series, stones, heaps of bones—'tis all the same to them: down they go on their knees, crying, Borhan! Borhan!' But the Lamas themselves admit innumerable Borhans?' 'Let me explain,' said our friend, smilingly: 'there is but one sole sovereign of the universe, the Creator of all things, alike without beginning and without end. In Dehagar (India) he bears the name of Buddha; in Thibet, that of Samtche Mitchaba (All-Powerful, Eternal); the Deha-Mi (Chinese) call him Fo; and the Sok-Po-Mi (Tartars), Borhan.' 'You say that Buddha is sole: in that case, who are the Talé-Lama of Lha-Ssa, the Bandchan of Djachi-Loumbo, the Tsong-Kaba of the Sifan, the Kaldau of Tolon-Noor, the Guison-Tamba of the great Kouren, the Hobilgan of Blue Town, the Hotokton of Peking, the Chaberon of the Tartar and Thibetian Lamaseries generally?' 'They are all equally Buddha.' 'Is Buddha visible?' 'No; he is without a body; he is a spiritual substance. 'So Buddha is sole, and yet there exist innumerable Buddhas: the Talé-Lama, and so on. Buddha is incorporeal: he cannot be seen: and yet the Talé Lama, the Guison-Tamba, and the rest, are visible, and have bodies like our own. How do you explain all this?' 'The doctrine I tell you is true', said the Lama, raising his arm, and assuming a remarkable accent of authority. 'It is the doctrine of the West, but it is of unfathomable profundity. It cannot be sounded to the bottom.'

"These words of the Thibetian Lama astonished us strangely: the Unity of God, the mystery of the Incarnation, the dogma of the real presence, seemed to us enveloped in his creed; yet, with ideas so sound in appearance, he admitted the metempsychosis and a sort of pantheism, of which he would give no account."

Again: "Upon the most superficial examination of the reforms and innovations introduced by Tsong Kaba into the Lamanesque worship, one must be struck with their affinity to Catholicism. The cross, the mitre, the dalmatica, the cope which the Grand Lamas wear on their journeys or when they are performing some ceremony out of the temple, the service with double choirs, the psalmody, the exorcisms, the censer suspended from five chains, and which you can open or close at pleasure, the benedictions given by the Lamas by extending the right hand over the heads of the faithful, the chaplet, ecclesiastical celibacy, spiritual retirement, the worship of the

Kouren of the thousand Lamas, interrogating "living Buddhas," penetrating to the great Lha Ssa to see the Guison Tamba newly transmigrated? Not quite. Mrs. Hervey has not crossed the line of the Jesuit pilgrimage. Her experience of Thibet, Tartary, and China extends no further than the countries that lie at the northern foot of the Himalaya mountains. Quite enough, however, was to be accomplished in scaling these mighty barriers; quite enough to startle her friends who dwell "in the monotony of well-arrayed and well-behaved society." We shall offer specimens of the work, rather than an analysis. It is the journal of a lady who "under the pressure of severe domestic affliction, which was paralysing every energy of mind and body, formed the project of visiting these almost-unknown countries, and found no means so efficacious in enabling her to escape from the demon, thought, as the constant change of scene in travelling."

Here is specimen the first.—

JUGADRIE. (DAK BUNGALOW.)

Two marches—Distance, twenty-six miles.

March 3, 1850: Monday—I arrived here to breakfast, but finding the Dāk Bungalow full, I was riding away, when one of its occupants, Mrs. G—, sent me a civil message to come into her half of the Bungalow. We breakfasted and dined together, after which she went away dāk.† She seems a nice merry little lady.

My camp has gone on to Molanuh, where I breakfast to-morrow. I was nearly drowned in crossing the Jumna which I passed about four miles from this. The late heavy rain carried away the bridge of boats about ten days ago, and it has not since been repaired. There were sticks to mark the ford; but little knowing the depth of the water, I verged perhaps a yard to the right, and was carried down by the force of the stream a considerable distance. "Rival" swam bravely, but the gallant steed could not stem the current, so that we were in imminent danger of meeting a watery grave, from which we were only rescued by the courage of a *Sycc*, and some ferry-men, who struck out to our aid. Of course I was drenched, and my poor saddle ditto.

This is two marches (twenty-four miles) from Sehârunpore. The intervening march is Chilkana, fourteen miles from this. The road is heavy, though broad and well marked. There is a large and thriving mart at Jugâdrie, a mile beyond this Dāk Bungalow. I crossed the canal by a *puckha* bridge not far from Sehârunpore.

The reader will quickly discover that Mrs. Hervey had much more to do with India than with the countries that lie to the north of it; and he will not be surprised to find occasional notices of the doings of our old friend John Company.

saints, the fasts, the processions, the litanies, the holy water, all these are analogies between the Buddhists and ourselves."

† "Dāk" signifies "post." It is generally used in reference to palanquin travelling, when the bearers are ordered before hand, and wait on the road to relieve each set every eight or ten miles. The expressions "horse-dāk," or "carriage-dāk," &c., are also used, and imply relays of horses on the road.

THE ADVENTURES OF A LADY IN TARTARY.

HOW THE EAST-INDIA COMPANY PUNISH POISONERS.

A little more than a year subsequent to the above, the Rājah of Mundy suddenly and mysteriously died. There were hoarse murmurs of foul play; dark whispers of poison; and the corrupt "Goshañ" was deeply implicated by popular rumour. And yet—can it be believed—this man was elected to more than vice-regal power by the Deputy Commissioner of Kangra, and he is the "Regent" now, with full scope for his wicked designs. The blood with which he imbued his guilty hands appears forgotten—wilfully forgotten—by the moral British rulers to whom the State of Mundy pays tribute and subjection.

Surely none but an Englishwoman would have dared or could have survived, such a peril as the following:—

FALL FROM A PRECIPICE.

The road from the ferry to Chōng is not at all good; steep, stony, and rugged. It winds along the banks of the Pārbuttie river the whole way to Munnie Kārñ, only occasionally deviating for a short distance. Chōng is much higher than Sūltānpore, and from Bōhun (where the ferry is) the greater part of the road is a steep and difficult ascent. It has been "made," but it would be dangerous to attempt riding a large horse along such a narrow path, flanked by such terrific *khud*s. The Pārbuttie is a rapid torrent, rising in the snowy hills beyond Munnie Kārñ, and flowing into the Beās a little above Bōhun. Chōng is situated at a considerably higher elevation than the bed of the Pārbuttie. I arrived there at ten o'clock at night, and saw but little of a place which so nearly proved fatal to me. On the road, before it became quite dark, I observed numbers of wild pomegranate trees, covered with small unripe fruit.

My servants, luckily, sent pine-torches to light me to my camp; otherwise I might have had an accident even before reaching the tents, for the night was pitch dark, and the narrow precipitous road had many abrupt turnings. However, I arrived in safety. I went to my sleeping-tent, and ordered tea. While my servant was preparing it, I took a stroll about the place, little imagining that my camp was pitched on the brink of a precipice. I saw a *Chiboutra* round a tree of large size, and I sauntered towards it. The fires, at which the servants were cooking their dinner at some little distance, only rendered the darkness more complete at fifty yards, and I had no idea of my danger. I walked across that *Chiboutra*, and I remember no more till I found myself in bed surrounded by terrified servants. I was in such frightful agony, that I screamed madly when I endeavoured to move a single inch in bed.

My servants told me subsequently that they had heard two half-smothered screams, and at first concluded that it was a *Puhārie*, crying down the *khud*. My *Sirdār-bearer*, however, declared that it was the voice of the "Mem-Sāhib," on which they rushed with torches in every direction, and at last found me lying senseless at the foot of a *khud* some twenty feet deep (on a stone), and on the brink of a precipice, which probably only terminated in the roaring waters of the Pārbuttie hundreds of feet below. Had I fallen one foot further, my remains even would never have been found. The servants carried me up, and laid me in bed. On first attempting to move me, the agony they inflicted roused me for a moment, they say, but only to swoon again.

Fever came on that night, and messenger after messenger was sent to apprise Captain H— of my imminent danger; but they made some mistake, and it was not till the third day that he heard of it. For sixteen hours after the fever supervened I was delirious, and raved frantically. My ayah kept incessantly moistening my lips with diluted sal volatile. My situation was indeed perilous; I had no medicine-chest in camp, no resources of any kind, and I was in the hands of ignorant native servants. When the sun became powerful, I was carried

into a *Déotah*, or temple, the villagers volunteering to take out their monstrous idol to make room for the dying lady,—“dying,” as all supposed. Repeated attacks of hæmorrhage came on, and by three o'clock r.m. the third day all fever had disappeared. I was perfectly sensible then, and was told by my servants of my danger. I felt myself that but little hope of life remained, and it was a bitter thought to die thus in my youth, far from all dear to me, and without even an effort being made to save me.

I had evidently sustained great internal injury, for besides the intense pain I suffered in my side, I coughed up blood in fearful quantities, and the slightest exertion brought cold drops of agony to my face. When I remembered that the nearest medical attendant was one hundred miles distant, I felt that I must prepare myself for the worst. It was a fearful thing to be thus prostrated, suddenly and unexpectedly, in the midst of health and youth. It was a fearful thing to feel myself, at such a time, all alone in a wild country. I was in too great bodily agony to give any connected thought to the awful change which appeared then so near. And, oh! what further suffering could I require,—than that, on a bed of death, (if it were one of pain as was mine,) the mind is utterly incapable of preparing for that unseen realm beyond the grave, or of repenting a life spent “without God in the world,” however blameless that life may otherwise have been.

Here is a story told to the authoress at Lahore.

THE INDIAN BATHSHEBA.

The great Jehāngir is said to owe the political prosperity of his reign to his beloved wife, the beautiful Noór Mahul, who was subsequently, in the height of her prosperity, called by a still more flattering appellation—Noór Jehāñ, or the “Light of the World.” The decrees of the Emperor, though ostensibly issued by him, there is mass of evidence to prove were in reality fulminated by his favourite Empress, the signal display of whose intellectual energy and unbounded ambition finds no parallel in the annals of a seraglio. It may not be uninteresting to give a slight sketch of the career of this remarkable woman, whose obscure origin strangely contrasted with her subsequent elevated position. Her powerful intellect could conceive, and her indomitable spirit could carry out, any enterprise, however vast. There is no similar instance in the history of the East, where a woman attained an ascendancy so paramount, and exercised such a complete political sway over the destinies of mighty principalities, as the far-famed queenly beauty, who held captive the heart of her lion-consort. She was the daughter of a native of Western Tartary, by name Chāia Aias, whose family were in comparative poverty at the time of her birth. Hoping to ameliorate his fortunes, he departed with his wife (a beautiful girl whom he had but recently espoused) to the renowned capital of the great Akbār. They suffered all sorts of miseries from want of the common necessaries of life, and to add to their perplexities, the young wife gave birth en route to a daughter. They were then in the midst of an extensive desert, where “the foot of man hath ne’er or rarely been,” and expected to be provided for in no better way than by furnishing food to the savage denizens of the trackless wilds. The mother was so weak and ill, she could not carry the unwelcome little addition to their party, and so they covered the wean with leaves, and left it to the mercy of the great Allah, (which, in my opinion, was carrying a beautiful trust in Providence a little too far!) But after proceeding a mile or two, the mother remembered her child: maternity at last prevailed, and she refused to go on without the babe. The young husband being still uxorious, was touched by the entreaties and lamentations of the lady, and returned to seek his deserted offspring. As he approached the spot, he saw a huge black snake enveloping the screaming infant in its folds, but on seeing

him the serpent glided away without doing it any injury, and suffered the father to carry off his child unhurt. After this wonderful interposition of Providence they reached Lahore in safety.

A long series of good fortune ensuing, the Tartar refugee became the Lord High Treasurer of the Empire, and Akbâr's especial favourite. His lovely daughter, as she grew to womanhood, so far surpassed all the other Oriental beauties, that she was styled in consequence "Mehr-ul-Nissa," or "The sun among women." She was taught to excel in every fascinating accomplishment, and her talents were as unequalled in every way as her wit and vivacity were surpassing. Selim, the son of the great Akbâr, saw the lovely girl, and *instantly* became desperately enamoured. He demanded her in marriage, but his august parent harshly scorned the *mésalliance*, and she became the wife of a Turkoman noble called Seëri Afkoon. The unhappy Selim vowed vengeance on his rival, and, when he became Emperor, tried a hundred devices to compass his death. Shër Afkoon, however, escaped for a long time the imperial wiles, through his own most wonderful prowess and sagacity, but at last was one day overpowered by numbers, and fell in a sanguinary and treacherous conflict in the province of Burdwân, while making a political tour of the territory he commanded.

The widow was transported to Delhi, and Jehângir, dreading his own implication in the cruel murder of the Turkoman noble, whose bravery had won, long since, the esteem and affection, as well as the unbounded and enthusiastic admiration of all the people of the land, ordered the widow of his victim to be immured in the meanest apartment of the harem. For a long time he refused to see her, and was gradually forgetting his violent passion, when he met her suddenly one day in an undress robe of white muslin, and his former *entêtement* returned with renewed vehemence. As saith the bard: "She was one whom women dread,—men fatally adore!"

The great Jehângir, if he felt poetically inclined, doubtless exclaimed—

"Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel!"

At all events, he at once wooed and won her, and the royal nuptials were immediately proclaimed. Her name was first changed by her royal lover into Nûor Mâhul, the "Light of the Harem," (or palace, more properly,) and as I have before remarked, in the zenith of her power over the Emperor he ordained that she should be universally styled, "the Light of the World," or Nûor Jehân. She was allowed to assume the title of Empress, (Shâhe,) and the currency of the realm was stamped with her name as well as the Emperor's, so tenderly did the lover-husband delight in exhibiting his deep devotion.

Our readers now know what they may expect from these volumes: they will scarcely, we think, be found to yield a *continuous* amusement to English readers, unless they should happen to be acquainted with the authoress or her friends. The lady of Captain Hervey, however, cannot but have a sufficient number of persons interested in her adventures to ensure her a numerous audience, and the work will certainly be popular in India. We, who have heard of this lady's name before, have looked with much curiosity through her description of the beautiful vale of Kashmir, and are disappointed to find no trace of some remarkable and rather romantic adventures which we had, it seems erroneously, ~~understood to~~ have there befallen her.

Ten Months among the Tents of the Tuski, with Incidents of an Arctic Boat Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. By Lieut. W. H. HOOPER, R.N. London: Murray. 1853.

ANOTHER book of icebergs. The author was a lieutenant on board the "Plover," and took part in the expedition of 1848. He wrote letters home, and Mr. Barrow, of the Admiralty, advised their publication.

We doubt whether any book upon the arctic seas would now attract much attention, unless it should clear up the great Franklin mystery, give a daguerreotype of the north pole, or at least describe a sail round that comfortable tepid ocean which is understood to seethe

within the arctic circle. To all who feel a still unflagging interest in the manners and organizations of the rude tribes that grow sleek upon blubber, and dietize on moss, we can recommend this volume as containing much original and valuable information of an ethnological character. Were the events more recent, or the subject less worn, we should have attempted to enlist the attention of our subscribers to Mr. Hooper's work by a full analysis.

Life in Sweden. By SELINA BUNBURY. 2 Vols. London: Hurst & Co. 1853.

MISS BUNBURY gives us two volumes upon Sweden which are pleasant, light, and epigrammatic. Here is a specimen of the style:—

THE SWEDISH CARRIOLE.

"Can I travel four or five hundred miles without any protection?"

"Certainly; no one wants protection in Norway: you can very well travel alone, if you do not dislike it, and are not afraid."

"I do not dislike it, but I am afraid."

"Then you must not go."

"Could I not get some one to travel with me? I would pay all the expenses of one person."

"Certainly," said the Professor hastily, "every one will be rejoiced to go."

"I can only take one, that is, I can only pay for one," I interposed, feeling that caution was necessary; "and that one must speak either French or English."

"Oh! yes, every one does so; I will get a student, or candidat, who will be delighted to make a little journey."

"A candidat, that is the best; a clergymen that is to be;—the very thing," I said.

"The very thing," the Professor repeated, as if he

liked the phrase. "I know one who will do excellently. You must have two carriages."

"And drive myself still!"

"That is true; no, that will not do. An English clergyman was just in the same distress with his wife the other day; of course he wished for the carriage, but as she did not wish that they should be separated, he proposed that their carriages should be tied together. But have you seen a carriage yet? I suppose they are fashionable in England now; the Englishmen take many over."

"More —" Herr B. now called out that his carriage should be brought into the court. The servant held up the shafts; he put himself into a little bit of a leather covered seat, between very high large wheels, and put a foot on each shaft.

"See now," said Herr B., "you must sit so; and when you go fast down the hills you must lean back, so; and then the horse will gallop down without your minding him."

"Very pleasant! thank you; I do not think it would suit me; besides, if the candidat drives, where could he go?"

"The driver stands on the board behind."

"And would the candidat do that?"

"Nay, I think not. Besides, you have a portmanteau, and also the postboy must come with you from stage to stage, so he will sit on the portmanteau and drive you."

"You had better immediately make a trial of this carriage," said Herr B.

I was clapped into it almost as soon as the horse was; the servant stood on the board behind, held the long reins *à la* Hansom-cabman, and we set off in a manner, and with a motion, that deprived me of the power of utterance. I held my cheeks with both hands, for I feared they would drop off. I had once fondly imagined myself travelling over Norway in a carriage, but how little did I then imagine what a carriage was! And over the rough pavement of Christiania, with the open drains across them, that cause the spring carriage to jolt you half a yard up from your seat. What torture I endured, without being able to express it! Strange to say, it was in my cheeks I felt the jolting most.

"That carriage is not very good," said Herr B., complacently, when I returned with a face of crimson, and a hand holding my forehead; "but I hope you like it."

"The thing has no springs," I muttered.

"No, we do not like springs to carriages; they swing then so,—and that is sickening," he answered, swinging himself to shew the motion.

"I will desire the Candidat to take a gig for you," said the good Professor, looking at me with silent compassion.

The candidat, however, took up the whole of the gig, and could not be squeezed into the carriage. Miss Bunbury was obliged to seek a substitute in the person of a gentleman who had been commissioned by his government to travel in search of fairy legends, and who speaks English thus:—

HERR FAIRY.

Herr Fairy-hunter made a great many bows; and as so many bows involve a good many curtsies, I inclined nearly as often. Then with a last reverence he spoke, in English, and said, very slowly,—

"I complain of you much, that you are so disagreeable; but now I make an extra."

I made my last reverence in reply. Such a speech, by way of a complimentary one, was rather startling, and not a little alarming. I looked nervously at the Professor, who, with profound gravity, interpreted his friend's meaning, thus:—

"He pities you for being so disagreeably circumstanced; but he is making an abridgment of his book, and therefore cannot now make his tour."

I bowed with a sense of relief, and the Fairy-hunter and myself exchanged some sentences which I do not record, as I believe the fairies alone would be able to understand the language.

"I have got another plan for you," said the Professor: "yes, this is the very thing. A teacher of music here wishes to take his wife and child into the country, and one of our opera-voices, who also speaks Italian—which you do likewise—will go with them. They will all join you; but as they must leave their affairs here, they expect you will pay all the travelling expenses. They will bring their own provisions, because there are none to be got on the road. That is fair."

"Very fair, indeed," I answered. "The very thing."

"I complain of you much!" murmured the Fairy-hunter, looking at me compassionately.

"You must, then, take a carriage," said the Professor.

"It will be quite filled," I replied. "Four persons, with Norse-cloaks, pipes, tobacco-pouches, provisions, and luggage!"

"And the child?" added my Professor.

"Ah! I suppose I must take it on my knee."

"You are very disagreeable," said the Fairy-hunter, with a look of commiseration at me; but I thought, secretly, that others were still more disagreeable.

"But Mr. Murray's Hand-book says it is dangerous to take a heavy carriage over the hills of Norway, and certainly a roll down them among such *et ceteras* would not be pleasant," I added.

Herr Fairy-hunter moved uneasily on his chair, worked his hands together, shook his head disapprovingly, and said, "You must be complained of."

"Mr. Murray is not followed much in Norway now," the hardened Professor resumed: "there is a compatriot of yours here, a Mr. Bennett by name, who manages all for the English. If they come directed to 'Herr Bennett, Christiania,' they have no further trouble: their carriages are given to them readystuffed and provisioned; they are sent on, and brought back, and returned home, almost without their knowledge."

"Poor Norway! He will be the means of bringing too many English here. But why does he not take any trouble about me? Is it because I am so disagreeable, and so much to be complained of?"

In Stockholm Miss Bunbury finds a plague of flies, that has rendered the inn a place wherein she could not take her ease; so she removes to a boarding-house, kept by a live Swedish countess.

A SWEDISH BOARDING-HOUSE.

There was a broad smile on one side, a great many bows on the other; and then my guide said to me, "This is the Countess."

She shewed me two small rooms, the rent of which was very large. I did not like them at all; but when she said that fire was included in the rent, I thought that fire in Sweden, for the winter, must cost so much that the rent was really low. And when she added that the house was very quiet, and her son, Giefven, of the Court, talked English, why I thought I could not be better off, and as the old lady said lodgings were only let from October to April, I took mine for that term.

The salong, which, according to the mode of Swedish pronunciation, is spelt as the word *salon* is there pronounced, communicates with my rooms by a narrow folding door; the whole house, almost, is *en suite*, consisting of a row of rooms, the number and length of which are really curious; so that, standing at the end of mine, at one extremity, and looking on when all the doors are open, you see a view perfectly enchanting to a Swedish eye; an immensely long line of rooms, the floors of which are of very clean, bare wood, unpainted, unpolished, uncarpeted, and nearly as long as the breadth of a dozen common sized houses in an English street.

The salong was profoundly still when I took my apartments, and I understood that it was not in ordinary use. Alas! when I take possession of them I find it is the only sitting as well as eating-room of the household; and the gabble of voices, and the loud laughs of which I have the full benefit through the folding doors, give me plenty of noise without society, and cause me fully to experience what it is to be a solitary in a crowd.

See what it is to yield to persecution. I fled from the flies, but I have only exchanged one plague for another.

And when I opened the folding doors, thinking I would begin my acquaintance with social life in Sweden, what do you think was the first thing? A little woman in a Bloomer costume—a tunic and trousers of coarse brown merino.

"What is it?" I inquired.

"One of my young ladies is on the gymnastics," said my new hostess.

So it is; in summer every one who can rushes from the capital to the country, to take baths or drink waters; and in winter, or autumn rather, every one who suffers any bodily complaint, and can manage, to move, moves up to Stockholm to take gymnastic exercises; young men and maidens, old men and children, if they are too weak or too stout, too little worked or too hard worked, they must "go on the gymnastics" when winter draws on.

And when these doors are shut, I have sufficient evi-

dence through that barrier, that Swedish hilarity at home bears some proportion to Swedish quietness abroad. Such ringing laughter, such fearfully loud voices, might be tolerated, were it not for the offensive—to refined ears I could term it appalling—practice of mingling in common, and even jocund discourse, the most reverend, sacred, or awful words and phrases. My own ears, at least, tingle at some of these sounds, uttered often amid bursts of laughter, or with trifling expressions of pleasure, surprise, or admiration.

The commonest, vulgarest of Swedish exclamations is *Kors Jesu!*—Cross of Jesus!—the most sacred words to Christian hearts! And this, contracted usually to *Kors*, prefaces a remark that a dress is pretty, or a dance is pleasant. The little children can exclaim *Herr Gud!* with their first accents; and a young lady, who is one of my next-door neighbours, appears to be quite an adept in stringing whole lines of sacred words together, and uttering them as the only means of attracting observation to what she says.

We may ask, Why do not the priests of the land set themselves against this vile practice? Alas! the priests themselves are not exempt from it.

The reader now knows what manner of performance Miss Bunbury's *Life in Sweden* is—light, sketchy, agreeable gossip, and no more.

The British Jews By the REV. JOHN MILLS. Post 8vo. London: Houlston and Stoneman. 1853.

THIS is the production of a clergyman of the Church of England, who assures us that he has had more extensive intercourse with the British Jews, and collected more materials on the subject of their history, than any other living man.

His aim has here been to describe the various religious duties and ceremonies in vogue at the present day among what may be termed the *strict* but enlightened Jews.

He has not attempted to collect all the absurd superstitions of the ignorant, nor has he omitted those duties which only the irreligious among the Hebrews neglect. The treatise is compendious, written in a popular form, without any aim or pretension to be considered a learned work. Had it been otherwise, Mr. Mills might have greatly enhanced the value of his labours had he consulted those standard works that treat minutely of the laws and observances of this strange people; such as Bingham's "*Christian Antiquities*," Churdon's "*Histoire des Sacramens*" (tome VI.), Seldon's "*Uxor Ebraica*" (Vol. II. pages 529—836).

The persecutions inflicted on the Jews during the early period of England's history are too well known to need more than a passing allusion.

It was in the reign of the first Edward that the whole of their property was confiscated, numbers of them were slain, and the rest banished from the kingdom, nor were they again allowed to take up their abode here until the

time of Cromwell. They now perhaps thrive in this country more than in any other part of Europe.

Mr. Mills furnishes us with a curious and succinct detail of their religious customs and domestic habits. The ceremony that ensues when an Israelite declines to marry the widow of his brother is in many respects singular. Having expressed his disinclination, the Chief Rabbi calls for "the shoe," and commands the man to put it on: the Rabbi then twists and ties certain laces around his leg. The widow, having been led by the Rabbi to the man, she repeats in Hebrew these words, "My husband's brother refuseth to raise up unto his brother a name in Israel. He will not perform the duties of my husband's brother." She then unties the knots, a somewhat difficult matter, as she must do so with her right hand only. Having loosed the shoe, she throws it on the floor, and spits before the man, (although it is currently believed no Israelite can perform that vulgar act), repeating after the Rabbi this formula: "So shall it be done unto that man who will not build up his brother's house; and his name shall be called in Israel, 'The house of him that hath his shoe loosed.'" All those who witness this strange ceremony exclaim, as audibly as they are able, "His shoe is loosed! His shoe is loosed! His shoe is loosed!" neither more nor less than three times. After this, the Rabbi declares the lady free to wed whomsoever she pleases, and

gives her his consent, and the Secretary of the Synagogue writes a certificate to that effect when the ceremony is completed.

The washing or purifying of hands is not a morning ritual solely: it is a duty strictly enjoined on many occasions, though we fear not as rigidly observed. We have no explanation given of the accredited fact, that the Jews, as a race, are the dirtiest people in the world. The Old Clothes' Exchange affords sufficient evidence to convince the most sceptical, that the only clean, or comparatively clean inhabitants of that locality are the costermongers, who have introduced themselves into this New Exchange, and earn a living by bartering glass and different kinds of ornaments with the public for antiquated apparel.

In Petticoat Lane and its adjacent parts there are no less than three miles of shops for the sale of old clothes. Great bales of worn clothes, including many once dazzling liveries, are exported to Holland, Belgium, and Ireland, &c. They are generally packed up and hatched on Sundays. At the old Rag Fair, unquestionably the commodities offered for sale are among the cheapest that can be conceived. Pickles, cucumbers, ginger-beer, and a spurious sort of soda-water, are passing cheap; and so are good scissors and knives sold by Jew children, and other things of a similar character. A single visit to Petticoat or Rosemary Lanes will not, we are assured, be thrown away. The people there are invariably very civil, or as *they* call it, *polite*.

To shew at what extremely low rates raiment may be purchased for the poor, we give the following statement of the expense of fitting out a pauper bridegroom and his bride—

As we were here providing for a female, and the winter was approaching, we added the extra clothing of the last item, but a summer dress would have been complete without it, which would have reduced the total to 2s. 3d.

The Man's.		s.	d.
Full linen-front shirt, very elegant	- - -	0	6
Pair of warm worsted stockings	- - -	0	1
Pair of light-coloured trousers	- - -	0	6
Black cloth waistcoat	- - -	0	3
Pair of white cotton braces	- - -	0	1
Pair of low shoes	- - -	0	1
Black silk velvet stock	- - -	0	1
Black beaver, fly-fronted, double-breasted paletôt coat, lined with silk, a very superior article	- - -	1	6
Cloth cap, bound with a figured band	- - -	0	1
Pair of black cloth gloves	- - -	0	1
		3	3

The Woman's.		s.	d.
A shift	- - -	0	1
Pair of stays	- - -	0	2
Flannel petticoat	- - -	0	4
Black Orleans ditto	- - -	0	4
Pair of white cotton stockings	- - -	0	1
A very good light-coloured cotton gown	- - -	0	10

Pair of single-soled slippers, with spring-heels	- - -	0	2
Double-dyed bonnet, including a net cap	- - -	0	2
Pair of white cotton gloves	- - -	0	1
A lady's green silk paletôt, lined with crimson silk, trimmed with black velvet, quilted and wadded throughout	- - -	0	10
		3	1

This account is taken by Mr. Mills from an article in the City Mission Magazine. The vendor was a "literary dustman," fluently speaking English, German, Dutch, Swedish, and Danish, and gaining his livelihood by raking dusthills and selling the bones. It would scarcely be right to pry into the antecedents of the bride.

Sunday is of course utterly disregarded by the Hebrews: it is with them one of the busiest days at the Old Clothes' Exchange in Houndsditch, until about two o'clock: a halfpenny is paid for admission on week days, but nothing on Sundays.

The Hebrews are very particular in the matter of food. Animals intended for their use must be killed by a Jew butcher, who attaches a leaden seal, with a Hebrew inscription, to the meat. A Jewish butcher assured the writer that his method of slaughtering animals was the most cruel of all, for they cut the poor beasts' throat and let it bleed slowly to death; while the stunning blow from the Christian butcher's pole-axe destroys all further sensation. As there is no specific mark to distinguish the cleanness or uncleanness of poultry, all birds, not prohibited by Moses, are lawful food. Fishes with fins and scales are permitted, but every kind of shell-fish is strictly forbidden: oysters, however, are sold and eaten by the Jew boys if their freshness be on the wane. Mixtures of divers natures are to be strenuously avoided, such as the grafting of one description of fruit tree upon stocks of another kind; but no Jew could eat a pear or an apple off a grafted tree if he were strictly to obey this injunction. A Hebrew must not sow different seeds simultaneously in the same ground. We are furnished with an enumeration of the Jewish schools, but they are said to be greatly neglected, and many of the pupils who have attended them long can neither read nor write. They prefer employing their time in selling fruit, and pass their evenings quarrelling and gambling in the coffee-houses about the London-road, leading to the Elephant and Castle, near which is a Synagogue of considerable size. Their favourite diversion is backgammon, one of the oldest games known. Many Jewish children are employed for the merest pittance in cigar making, but even they also spend much time in gambling.

The Synagogues, except on the Passover and

such like occasions, are very sparsely attended : all seem to neglect the ritual, walking in and out as they please. An idle, desultory conversation is carried on. A knot of Jews in their seats in the Synagogue were, on one occasion, overheard talking of Mendoza the boxer, and saying how well the "old fellow" looked, and that they would back him still if they found him going to "a mill." The Jew fighters, such as the Belascos and Mordecais, now keep the most disreputable houses in London, their wives assisting them in the infamous business.

The Jewish community comprises three kinds of members—the Cohen, or priest, belonging to the family of Aaron; the Levite, who has, under the Mosaic dispensation, to perform specific duties long since dispensed with; the term Israelite comprises every Jew having no claim to the distinctions just mentioned. The Chief Rabbi is Dr. Adler, a native of Hanover, and his income is about 1200*l.* a year. Many of the members of the Synagogues did not think it worth their while to vote at the last vacancy, and Dr. Adler was returned by a great majority, although, in 1844, there were four candidates. This salary is raised partially by fines for absence from all religious worship, and the wealthy Jews contribute the rest.

The greed of the Jews is manifested in their neglect of their own literature. A valuable work on the Hebrew language was brought, not long since, from Poland, to be disposed of in England. Even the Rothschilds, who are enormously rich, would not advance a farthing to get it printed.

The Jews assert that their women are far more chaste than the generality of Christian women—an assertion that we are not prepared to admit. If true, however, how is it to be accounted for? They traffic in all the vile houses in London, without the smallest apparent compunction, and laugh at any remonstrance at such a money-making avocation. Their laziness in these haunts, and their drunkenness, are notorious. Yet they attend the Synagogue once or twice a year, and subscribe for the help of the poor when the churchwarden calls upon them. This plainly is a tax for a toleration of their immoral practices, and not a word of reprobation is heard by them, as themselves admit.

They are generally reputed to be not over honest in their dealings. Many hundreds of them indeed are receivers of stolen goods, realizing, of course, immense profits. Their very children carry on this trade at the rag and marine-store shops until they are wealthy enough to aspire to something better. They seldom get convicted : many of them make no

scruple at perjury. Even in the days of hanging for larcency they somehow or other generally escaped the gallows. Yet of all these, and many other traits, our author says nothing, except that the Israelites shew remarkable laxity in their lives!

We may conclude by observing that they are forbidden by their laws to sow or to plough, to mow, to gather into sheaves, to thresh, to winnow, to grind, to sieve, to knead, to bake, to shear wool, to wash wool, to card, to dye, to spin, to warp, to shoot two threads, to tie, to unite, to sew two stitches, to tear thread, to catch game, to slaughter it, to skin it, to salt a hide, to tan, to cut up a hide, to build or demolish, to extinguish fire, or to hammer, or, we might add, to pursue any manly occupation.

On the day of atonement the *Maphtir* reads a portion of the book of Jonah, and closes the ritual with the *Nergilah*, or great concluding thanksgiving. The *Shophar* is then blown, and they conclude with the words, "Next year we shall meet in Jerusalem." The festival is then commenced after a fast of twenty-four hours. Neither leather shoes nor any thing made of calf-skin are allowed to be worn on the day of atonement on account of the *Golden Calf* worshipped by their forefathers, and certainly as fondly adored by themselves. So the majority wear on that occasion cloth boots or shoes, or go with stockings only on their feet. The most honourable portion of the Synagogue is that near the ark, less so is that next the doors at the west end. All the seats increase in honour, and in price, as they approach the ark.

A goodly number have visited the gold diggings, not to dig, but to buy the gold, both in Australia and California. Much destitution prevails among the Jews there; thus adding to the poverty of their community, like that of the Irish. The Gentiles there are far richer, because more laborious.

The metropolitan Jews number about 20,000, while 5000 are to be found settled in the provinces, or as wandering pedlars. There are now forty-one registered Synagogues in the kingdom; besides which, there are three others in process of construction—one at Birmingham, one at Glasgow, and another at Edinburgh.

With respect to the Talmud, Mr. Mills observes—

THE TALMUD.

A knowledge of the Hebrew language will enable any person, with the assistance of a commentator, to understand the Talmud. But whoever pursues that ancient work, must bear in mind that it contains the religious and philosophical opinions of thousands of learned and highly-gifted men, who lived, during the long extent of nearly a thousand years, in different countries, various situations, and under the most variegated circumstances;

and that above a thousand years have elapsed since those opinions were collected. The piety of its authors is unquestionable. Its morality, with the exception of a few isolated opinions, is excellent. To believe that its multifarious contents are all dictates of unerring wisdom, is as extravagant as to suppose that all it contains is founded in error. Like all other productions of unaided humanity, it is not free from mistakes and prejudices, to remind us that the writers were fallible men, and that unqualified admiration must be reserved for the works of divine inspiration, which we ought to study, the better to adore and obey the all-perfect Author. But while I should be

among the first to protest against any confusion of the Talmudic Rills with the ever-flowing Stream of Holy Writ, I do not hesitate to avow my doubts, whether there exists any uninspired work of equal antiquity, that contains more interesting, more various, and valuable information, than that of the still-existing remains of the ancient Hebrew Sages.

Until we read Mr. Mills' book we had no idea how little is popularly known of this curious people domiciled among us, and holding so many of us free Britons in *bondage*.

The Stones of Venice. Vol. II. The Sea Stories. By JOHN RUSKIN. With Illustrations drawn by the Author. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 65 Cornhill. 1853.

THE first volume of this most interesting and beautiful work treated of THE FOUNDATIONS, the present, concludes the account of the ancient architecture of Venice.

After a most vivid and sparkling description, which forcibly recalls to our recollection the Queen of the Sea, our author aptly remarks, that "They little thought, who first drove the stakes into the sand, and strewed the ocean reeds for their rest, that their children were to be the princes of that ocean, and their palaces its pride;" and yet, he proceeds to observe, how strange was the preparation of those matters upon which the whole existence and fortune of the Venetian nation were in future ages to depend. Had their islands indeed been separated by deeper currents, the nascent city would over and again have been reduced, by hostile navies, to servitude: had the shores been lashed by sterner waves, all the richness and glory of Venetian architecture must have been replaced by the unpretending massiveness of a common port. Had there been no tide, as in the rest of the Mediterranean, the marsh surrounding the city, and the narrower canals within it, would have yielded continually pestiferous exhalations. If, on the other hand, the tide had but occasionally risen a few inches higher, all access to the doors of the palaces would have been impossible, their courts and entrance-halls would have been continually flooded, and covered with masses of dripping sea-weed and slimy limpets. In short, the streets would have been widened, the *sagene* of canals filled up, and all the present striking peculiarities of Venice utterly destroyed.

Thirteen centuries ago, the sand-banks which stretch irregularly to the northward of the city, the long dreary tracts of moorland beyond them, the purple mountains reflecting the "light of the dying day," all bore much the same aspect as at this very hour; but the sad wail of woe mingled then—once—with the rippling murmur of the wave as the terrified inhabitants of Altinum fled in anguish from their burning

city, and sought a doubtful safety in the shallows of the Adriatic.

Lowing herds are grazing on the site of the town whence they were banished; the chief street it boasted once is now a level meadow.

Let us go down into that little space of meadow land.

The inlet which runs nearest to the base of the campanile is not that by which Torcello is commonly approached. Another, somewhat broader, and overhung by alder copse, winds out of the main channel of the lagoon up to the very edge of the little meadow which was once the Piazza of the city, and there, stayed by a few grey stones which present some semblance of a quay, forms its boundary at one extremity. Hardly larger than an ordinary English farmyard, and roughly enclosed on each side by broken palings and hedges of honeysuckle and briar, the narrow field retires from the water's edge, traversed by a scarcely traceable footpath, for some forty or fifty paces, and then expanding into the form of a small square, with buildings on three sides of it, the fourth being that which opens to the water. Two of these, that on our left and that in front of us as we approach from the canal, are so small that they might well be taken for the out-houses of the farm, though the first is a conventional building, and the other aspires to the title of the "Palazzo publico," both dating as far back as the beginning of the fourteenth century; the third, the octagonal church of Santa Fosca, is far more ancient than either, yet hardly on a larger scale. Though the pillars of the portico which surrounds it are of pure Greek marble, and their capitals are enriched with delicate sculpture, they, and the arches they sustain, together only raise the roof the height of a cattle-shed; and the first strong impression which the spectator receives from the whole scene is, that whatever sin it may have been which has on this spot been visited with so utter a desolation, it could not at least have been ambition. Nor will this impression be diminished as we approach, or enter, the larger church to which the whole group of building is subordinate. It has evidently been built by men in flight and distress, who sought in the hurried erection of their island church such a shelter for their earnest and sorrowful worship as, on the one hand, could not attract the eyes of their enemies by its splendour, and yet, on the other, might not awaken too bitter feelings by its contrast with the churches which they had seen destroyed. There is visible everywhere a simple and tender effort to recover some of the form of the temples which they had loved, and to do honour to God by that which they were erecting, while distress and humiliation prevented the desire, and prudence precluded the admission, either of luxury or ornament or magnificence of plan. The exterior is absolutely devoid of decoration, with the exception only of the western entrance and the lateral door, of which the former has

carved sideposts and architrave, and the latter, crosses of rich sculpture; while the massy stone shutters of the windows, turning on huge rings of stone, which answer the double purpose of stanchions and brackets, cause the whole building rather to resemble a refuge from alpine storm than the cathedral of a populous city; and, internally, the two solemn mosaics of the eastern and western extremities,—one representing the Last Judgment, the other the Madonna, her tears falling as her hands are raised to bless,—and the noble range of pillars which enclose the space between, terminated by the high throne for the pastor and the semicircular raised seats for the superior clergy, are expressive at once of the deep sorrow and the sacred courage of men who had no home left them upon earth, but who looked for one to come,—of men “persecuted but not forsaken, cast down but not destroyed.”

I am not aware of any other early church in Italy which has this peculiar expression in so marked a degree; and it is so consistent with all that Christian architecture ought to express in every age (for the actual condition of the exiles who built the cathedral of Torcello is exactly typical of the spiritual condition which every Christian ought to recognise in himself, a state of homelessness on earth, except so far as he can make the Most High his habitation), that I would rather fix the mind of the reader on this general character than on the separate details, however interesting, of the architecture itself.

From Torcello and Murano our author leads us to contemplate, with veneration and awe, St. Mark and the Byzantine palaces; he then points, with evident feelings of exultation, to the remains of the Gothic period.

The former, he justly affirms, contribute but little to the effect of the streets, that effect being almost entirely due to those of the Gothic and the Renaissance eras. In themselves the Renaissance buildings are neither pleasing nor picturesque, but they afford an agreeable contrast, by their combined severity and refinement, with the wildness and variety of the sea-life beneath them, and by the solidity of their white marble, around which the soft green waves incessantly play.

The Gothic edifices, on the other hand, are in themselves essentially picturesque, and exercise over the spectator an independent power. Under any sky, even the dull, leaden pall of our own ungenial clime, they would still be essentially beautiful.* The principal of these is of course

THE DUCAL PALACE.

In spite of all architectural theories and teachings, the paintings of this building are always felt to be delightful: we cannot be wearied by them, though often sorely tried; but we are not put to the same trial in the case of the palaces of the Renaissance. They are never drawn singly, or as the principal subject, nor can they be. The building which faces the Ducal Palace on the opposite side of the Piazzetta is celebrated among architects, but it is not familiar to our eyes; it is painted only incidentally, for the completion, not the subject, of a Venetian scene; and

even the Renaissance arcades of St. Mark's Place, though frequently painted, are always treated as a mere avenue to its Byzantine church and colossal tower. And the Ducal Palace itself owes the peculiar charm which we have hitherto felt, not so much to its greater size as compared with other Gothic buildings, or nobler design (for it never yet has been rightly drawn), as to its comparative isolation. The other Gothic structures are as much injured by the continual juxtaposition of the Renaissance palaces, as the latter are aided by it: they exhaust their own life by breathing it into the Renaissance coldness; but the Ducal Palace stands comparatively alone, and fully expresses the Gothic power.

And it is just that it should be so seen, for it is the original of nearly all the rest. It is not the elaborate and more studied development of a national style, but the great and sudden invention of one man, instantly forming a national style, and becoming the model for the imitation of every architect in Venice for upwards of a century. It was the determination of this one fact which occupied me the greater part of the time I spent in Venice. It had always appeared to me most strange that there should be in no part of the city any incipient or imperfect types of the form of the Ducal Palace; it was difficult to believe that so mighty a building had been the conception of one man, not only in disposition and detail, but in style; and yet impossible, had it been otherwise, but that some early examples of approximate Gothic form must exist. There is not one. The palaces built between the final cessation of the Byzantine style, about 1300, and the date of the Ducal Palace (1320—1350), are all completely distinct in character,—so distinct that I at first intended the account of them to form a separate section of this volume; and there is literally *no* transitional form between them and the perfection of the Ducal Palace. Every Gothic building in Venice which resembles the latter is a copy of it. I do not mean that there was no Gothic in Venice before the Ducal Palace, but that the mode of its application to domestic architecture had not been determined. The real root of the Ducal Palace is the apse of the Church of the Frari. The traceries of that apse, though earlier and ruder in workmanship, are nearly the same in mouldings, and precisely the same in treatment (especially in the placing of the lions' heads) as those of the great Ducal Arcade; and the originality of thought in the architect of the Ducal Palace consists in his having adapted those traceries, in a more highly developed and finished form, to civil uses.

This edifice, unlike many others as widely celebrated that fall upon the eye, endows with undiminished attractiveness every picture or drawing in which it forms the principal subject. From it we learn that Venetian architecture is divisible into two periods—one, in which was developed no consistent type of domestic building, though it exhibited many irregular Gothic tendencies. The second, on the other hand, from direct imitation of the great design of the Ducal Palace, insensibly formed a consistent school of domestic architecture. Our author discusses very ably these two periods, and adverts to their relative merits, their products, and results.

In 1419 a fire occurred which damaged much, both the church of St. Mark's and a large portion of the palace. The noble old Doge Mocenigo proposed its re-construction on a vaster scale and of mightier proportions than before; though in so doing he incurred and paid, a fine of a thousand ducats, the

* Mr. Ruskin here takes occasion to observe, that the most characteristic sentiment of all that we trace in the working of the Gothic heart, was the frank confession of its own weakness; that of the Renaissance, firm confidence in its own wisdom; and this view of the matter he loses no opportunity of inculcating.

penalty inflicted by an ancient law "upon any one who should propose to throw down the *old* palace, and to rebuild it more richly and with greater expense;" and in 1422 a decree was accordingly passed to rebuild it. In 1423 Mocenigo died, and Francesco Foscari was chosen in his place. On the 27th March 1424 it was, that the first hammer was raised against the grand old palace of Ziani.

That hammer stroke was the first act of the period properly called the "Renaissance." It was the knell of the architecture of Venice,—and of Venice herself.

The central epoch of her life was past; the decay had already begun: I dated its commencement above (Ch. I. Vol. I.) from the death of Mocenigo. A year had not yet elapsed since that great Doge had been called to his account: his patriotism, always sincere, had been in this instance mistaken; in his zeal for the honour of future Venice, he had forgotten what was due to the Venice of long ago. A thousand palaces might be built upon her burdened islands, but none of them could take the place, or recall the memory, of that which was first built upon her unfrequented shore. It fell; and, as if it had been the talisman of her fortunes, the city never flourished again.

It was about the middle of the sixteenth century that the whole work was completed. Led by fire, the successive architects of the palace, gradually advancing round the great square, finally reached the point whence they originally proceeded. Thus was the work of 1560 united to that which had been erected about the dawn of the fourteenth century. But another conflagration in 1574 devastated the building, leaving, in many parts, a mere shell, and that blackened or calcined by flame. After a protracted discussion as to whether it should be rebuilt or restored, the venerable Gothic pile was restored to its pristine glory. "It is as if the palace had been built at various epochs, and preserved uninjured to this day, for the sole purpose of teaching us the difference in the temper of the two schools."

By the aid of beautiful drawings, executed on the spot by himself, and most admirably engraved, our author leads his readers over every portion of the lordly pile, commenting upon this capital, drawing attention to yonder column of porphyry, expatiating on the exquisite beauty of that fig-tree stem or its matchless foliage, chiselled in imperishable stone, with a skill and yet with a grace and delicacy that no modern hand has ever successfully rivalled.

We cannot quite give implicit assent to all that Mr. Ruskin advances in the course of his remarks on collateral topics, but he displays in them much thought, erudition, and research, combined with enthusiasm and rare eloquence. None can peruse this book without pleasure, few without profit; and on all that pertains to art, his opinion is at least entitled to the greatest deference. His talents justify his criticisms.

We heartily concur with him in the following remarks upon pictures and their owners—

The greater number of persons or societies throughout Europe, whom wealth, or chance, or inheritance has put in possession of valuable pictures, do not know a good picture from a bad one,* and have no idea in what the value of a picture really consists. The reputation of certain works is raised, partly by accident, partly by the just testimony of artists, partly by the various and generally bad taste of the public (no picture, that I know of, has ever, in modern times, attained popularity, in the full sense of the term, without having some exceedingly bad qualities mixed up with its good ones), and when this reputation has once been completely established, it little matters to what state the picture may be reduced: few minds are so completely devoid of imagination as to be unable to invest it with the beauties which they have heard attributed to it.

This being so, the pictures that are most valued are for the most part those by masters of established renown, which are highly or neatly finished, and of a size small enough to admit of their being placed in galleries or saloons, so as to be made subjects of ostentation, and to be easily seen by a crowd. For the support of the fame and value of such pictures, little more is necessary than that they should be kept bright, partly by cleaning, which is incipient destruction, and partly by what is called "restoring," that is, painting over, which is of course total destruction. Nearly all the gallery pictures in modern Europe, have been more or less destroyed by one or other of these operations, generally exactly in proportion to the estimation in which they are held; and as, originally, the smaller and more highly finished works of any great master are usually his worst, the contents of many of our most celebrated galleries are by this time, in reality, of very small value indeed.

On the other hand, the most precious works of any noble painter are usually those which have been done quickly, and in the heat of the first thought, on a large scale, for places where there was little likelihood of their being well seen, or for patrons from whom there was little prospect of rich remuneration. In general, the best things are done in this way, or else in the enthusiasm and pride of accomplishing some great purpose, such as painting a cathedral or a campo-santo from one end to the other, especially when the time has been short, and circumstances disadvantageous.

Works thus executed are of course despised, on account of their quantity, as well as their frequent slightness, in the places where they exist; and they are too large to be portable, and too vast and comprehensive to be read on the spot, in the hasty temper of the present age. They are, therefore, almost universally neglected, whitewashed by custodes, shot at by soldiers, suffered to drop from the walls piecemeal in powder and rags by society in general; but, which is an advantage more than counterbalancing all this evil, they are not often "restored." What is left of them, however fragmentary, however ruinous, however obscured and defiled, is almost always *the real thing*; there are no fresh readings: and therefore the greatest treasures of art which Europe at this moment possesses are pieces of old plaster on ruinous brick walls, where the lizards burrow and bask, and which few other living creatures ever approach; and torn sheets of dim canvas, in waste corners of churches; and mildewed stains, in the shape of human figures, on the walls of dark chambers, which now and then an exploring traveller causes to be unlocked by their tottering custode, looks hastily round, and retreats from in a weary satisfaction at his accomplished duty.

* Many persons, capable of quickly sympathizing with any excellence, when once pointed out to them, easily deceive themselves into the supposition that they are judges of art. There is only one real test of such power of judgment. Can they, at a glance, discover a good picture obscured by the filth, and confused among the rubbish, of the pawnbroker's or dealer's garret?

Many of the pictures on the ceilings and walls of the Ducal Palace, by Paul Veronese and Tintoret, have been more or less reduced, by neglect, to this condition. Unfortunately they are not altogether without reputation, and their state has drawn the attention of the Venetian authorities and academicians. It constantly happens, that public bodies who will not pay five pounds to preserve a picture, will pay fifty to repaint it;* and when I was at Venice in 1846, there were two remedial operations carrying on, at one and the same time, in the two buildings which contain the pictures of greatest value in the city (as pieces of colour, of greatest value in the world), curiously illustrative of this peculiarity in human nature. Buckets were set on the floor of the Scuola di San Rocco, in every shower, to catch the rain which came through the pictures of Tintoret on the ceiling; while, in the Ducal Palace, those of Paul Veronese were themselves laid on the floor to be repainted; and I was myself present at the re-illumination of the breast of a white horse, with a brush, at the end of a stick five feet long, luxuriously dipped in a common house-painter's vessel of paint.

The sum of much that Mr. Ruskin has advanced, both in this and in former works, is contained in the following canons, which should be borne in mind by all who wish thoroughly to understand his writings:—

1. That the true object of all art is to testify man's delight in the beauty and perfection of God's works.

2. That no encouragement should be bestowed upon the manufacture of any article not absolutely necessary, in the production of which invention has no share.

3. That "exact finish" should never be sought for its own sake, but only for some practical or noble end.

4. That all imitation or copying should be discouraged, except merely for the sake of preserving the record of great works.

5. That rough work is to be selected in preference to smooth, so that only its practical purposes be answered.

In explanation of this last dictum, he gives the following example:—

Our modern glass is exquisitely clear in its substance, true in its form, accurate in its cutting. We are proud of this. We ought to be ashamed of it. The old Venice glass was muddy, inaccurate in all its forms, and clumsily cut, if at all. And the old Venetian was justly proud of it. For there is this difference between the English and Venetian workman, that the former thinks only of accurately matching his patterns, and getting his curves perfectly true and his edges perfectly sharp, and becomes a mere machine for rounding curves and sharpening edges, while the old Venetian cared not a whit whether his edges were sharp or not, but he invented a new design for every glass that he made, and never moulded a handle or a lip without a new fancy in it. And therefore, though some

Venetian glass is ugly and clumsy enough, when made by clumsy and uninventive workmen, other Venetian glass is so lovely in its form that no price is too great for it; and we never see the same form in it twice. Now you cannot have the finish and the varied form too. If the workman is thinking about his edges, he cannot be thinking of his design; if of his design, he cannot think of his edges. Choose whether you will pay for the lovely form or the perfect finish, and choose at the same moment whether you will make the worker a man or a grindstone.

It seems to us, however, as though there were some sophistry in reasoning such as this. We know not why "lovely form" should not be combined with "perfect finish," seeing that here, at least, the two depend on different artisans. The workman who moulds the goblet or the vase is never the one who finishes it on the wheel.

The exercise of his mechanical skill and dexterity, however low it may be, militates in no respect with the superior inventive powers of him who fashions the object from the molten "metal." His task is concluded before the succeeding operation commences. We might in the same way, in many other instances, point out fallacies as palpable as the above, throughout these pages, had we time and space. Mr. Ruskin's fault is one to which many young authors are prone, and mainly arises from a too great tendency to generalise, and to adopt as incontrovertible convictions, what are, after all, only strong opinions of his own.

One more extract, and we have done: it pertains closely to the subject of Venice, and cannot fail to interest alike, those who have passed many bright and dreamy hours in gondolas upon her canals, or those, less fortunate, whose only acquaintance with that mode of locomotion is from the description of others.

Most persons are now well acquainted with the general aspect of the Venetian gondola, but few have taken the pains to understand the cries of warning uttered by its boatmen, although those cries are peculiarly characteristic, and very impressive to a stranger, and have been even very sweetly introduced in poetry by Mr. Monckton Milnes. It may perhaps be interesting to the traveller in Venice to know the general method of management of the boat to which he owes so many happy hours.

A gondola is in general rowed only by one man, *standing* at the stern; those of the upper classes having two or more boatmen, for greater speed and magnificence. In order to raise the oar sufficiently, it rests, not on the side of the boat, but on a piece of crooked timber like the branch of a tree, rising about a foot from the boat's stern, and called a "forcola." The forcola is of different forms, according to the size and uses of the boat, and it is always somewhat complicated in its parts and curvature, allowing the oar various kinds of rests and catches on both its sides, but perfectly free play in all cases, as the management of the boat depends on the gondolier's being able in an instant to place his oar in any position. The forcola is set on the right-hand side of the boat, some six feet from the stern: the gondolier stands on a little flat platform or deck behind it, and throws nearly the entire weight of his body upon the forward stroke. The effect of this stroke would be naturally to turn the boat's head round to the left, as

*This is easily explained. There are of course, in every place and at all periods, bad painters, who conscientiously believe that they can improve every picture they touch; and these men are generally, in their presumption, the most influential over the innocence, whether of monarchs or municipalities. The carpenter and slater have little influence in recommending the repairs of the roof; but the bad painter has great influence, as well as interest, in recommending those of the picture.

well as to send it forward; but this tendency is corrected by keeping the blade of the oar under the water on the return stroke, and raising it gradually, as a full spoon is raised out of any liquid, so that the blade emerges from the water only an instant before it again plunges. A downward and lateral pressure upon the forcola is thus obtained, which entirely counteracts the tendency given by the forward stroke; and the effort, after a little practice, becomes hardly conscious, though, as it adds some labour to the back stroke, rowing a gondola at speed is hard and breathless work, though it appears easy and graceful to the looker-on.

If then the gondola is to be turned to the left, the forward impulse is given without the return stroke; if it is to be turned to the right, the plunged oar is brought forcibly up to the surface; in either case a single strong stroke being enough to turn the light and flat-bottomed boat. But as it has no keel, when the turn is made sharply, as out of one canal into another very narrow one, the impetus of the boat in its former direction gives it an enormous lee-way, and it drifts laterally up against the wall of the canal, and that so forcibly, that if it has turned at speed, no gondolier can arrest the motion merely by strength, or rapidity of stroke of oar, but it is checked by a strong thrust of the foot against the wall itself, the head of the boat being of course turned for the moment almost completely round to the opposite wall, and greater exertion made to give it, as quickly as possible, impulse in the new direction.

The boat being thus guided, the cry "Premi" is the order from one gondolier to another that he should "press" or thrust forward his oar, without the back stroke, so as to send his boat's head round to the left; and the cry "Stali" is the order that he should give the return or upward stroke which sends the boat's head round to the right. Hence, if two gondoliers meet under any circumstances which render it a matter of question on which side they should pass each other, the gondolier who has at the moment the least power over his boat cries to the other "Premi," if he wishes the boats to pass with their right-hand sides to each other, and "Stali," if with their left. Now, in turning a corner, there is of course risk of collision between boats

coming from opposite sides, and warning is always clearly and loudly given on approaching an angle of the canals. It is of course presumed that the boat which gives the warning will be nearer the turn than the one which receives and answers it; and therefore will not have so much time to check itself or alter its course. Hence the advantage of the turn, that is, the outside, which allows the fullest swing, and greatest room for lee-way, is always yielded to the boat which gives warning. Therefore, if the warning boat is going to turn to the right, as it is to have the outside position, it will keep its own right-hand side to the boat which it meets; and the cry of warning is therefore "Premi," twice given; first as soon as it can be heard round the angle, prolonged and loud, with the accent on the *e*, and another strongly accented *e* added, a kind of question, "Prémi-é," followed, at the instant of turning, with "Ah Premi," with the accent sharp on the final *i*. If, on the other hand, the warning boat is going to turn to the left, it will pass with its left-hand side to the one it meets! and the warning cry is, "Stali-é, Ah Stali." Hence the confused idea in the mind of the traveller that "Stali" means "to the left," and "Premi" to the right; while they mean, in reality, the direct reverse; the Stali, for instance, being the order to the unseen gondolier who may be behind the corner, coming from the left-hand side, that he should hold as much as possible to his own right, this being the only safe order for him, whether he is going to turn the corner himself, or to go straight on; for as the warning gondola will always swing right across the canal in turning, a collision with it is only to be avoided by keeping well within it, and close up to the corner which it turns.

There are several other cries necessary in the management of the gondola, but less frequently, so that the reader will hardly care for their interpretation; except only the "sciar," which is the order to the opposite gondolier to stop the boat as suddenly as possible by slipping his oar in front of the forcola.

The "Stones of Venice" are, we find, to be completed in the third volume, which is already in the press.

A History of Roman Classical Literature. By R. W. BROWNE, M.A. Ph. D., Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Professor of Classical Literature in King's College, London.

THE history of Roman Literature is the history of an exotic. The root was Greek, and the culture was Greek also. This is one of the numerous truisms which we promptly acknowledge when stated, and which we systematically forget to bear in mind. If we learned the classical languages in the order in which they existed—if we learned Greek first, and did not take up the Latin authors until we had acquired some familiarity with their Hellenic originals—we should feel this truth more forcibly than can be the case under our present system of education. As it is, Virgil and Cicero have already usurped the fresh loyalty of our young tastes, and appropriated the keenest exercise of our young memories, before we are allowed to enter the shrines of the true Olympians—of Homer, Plato, and Demosthenes. A history of classical literature, by preserving the natural order, may, to some extent, redress the influence of this. We regard the present

work of Professor Browne as the natural supplement of the History of Greek literature which he published about a year ago. They should have formed one book; but the separation may have financial advantages.

In a single volume of moderate bulk the Professor now gives us a clear and comprehensive account of the lives and works of the principal Latin writers, from Livius Adronicus to Frontinus, from B.C. 240 to A.D. 98. He deserves great credit for this succinctness, especially as his brevity is not purchased by meagreness or tameness. He evidently loves his subject; and he writes with a degree of animation, and a general elegance of thought and expression, which will render his chapters agreeable, even to ripe scholars, and which will make the book an useful favourite with the more advanced pupils of schools, and the junior students of Universities—the classes for which it is best adapted. We do not concur with all

the opinions expressed in it, nor can we say that it often shews critical powers of the highest order. It is, moreover, blemished by inaccuracies, some of which are quite startling, and are such as a man of strong mind and memory, thoroughly conversant with the Latin classics, should not have permitted to escape from his pen.

Professor Browne begins his work by a short examination of the Latin language, which he rightly considers a fit introduction to his main topic, but which has been executed by him but indifferently. In discussing the elements of the primitive Latin he principally relies on Donaldson, who, in our judgment, is about the most dogmatic, and the most unsound philologist, that has made a noise in the learned world for a long time. Strangely enough, Professor Browne makes no mention of Francis Newman, and seems to be entirely unacquainted with the "Regal Rome" of that writer. Newman's discovery of the large amount to which the Celtic element entered into the early Latin language, and of the peculiar class of Latin words which are of Celtic origin, is one of the most remarkable additions to our stock of ethnological knowledge that has been made for many years. Professor Browne takes no notice of this, and gives a list of elements of Latin, from which the Celtic is wholly excluded (p. 12). Differing from him as to the Præ-Roman Origins of Latin, we also differ from his remarks on the fate of the Latin language after the fall of Rome. He says (p. 5)—

Greek has evinced not only vitality, but individuality likewise. Compared with other languages, its stream flowed pure through barbarous lands, and was but little tinged or polluted by the soil through which it passed. There is nothing of this in Latin, neither the vitality nor the power of resistance to change. Strange to say, although partially derived from the same source, its properties appear to be totally different. Latin seems to have a strong disposition to change: it readily became polished, and as readily barbarized: it had no difficulty in enriching itself with new expressions borrowed from the Greek, and conforming itself to Greek rules of taste and grammar. When it came in contact with the languages of other nations the affinity which it had for them was so strong that it speedily amalgamated with them, but it did not so much influence them, as itself receive an impress from them. It did not supersede, but it became absorbed in, and was corrupted by, other tongues. Probably, as it was originally made up of many European elements, it recognised a relationship with all other languages, and therefore readily admitted of fusion together with them into a composite form. Its existence is confined within the limits of less than eight centuries. It assumed a form adapted for literary composition less than two centuries and a half before the Christian era, and it ceased to be a spoken language in the sixth century.

On the contrary, we believe the vitality of the Latin language to have been remarkable: and its plastic power of adopting and assimilating new words from other tongues, as expressions for new ideas were required, was at once a proof and a cause of that vitality.

There are some excellent observations on the wide and long-continued dominion of the Latin language in the introductory chapter to Sir Francis Palgrave's History of Normandy and England, which would be perhaps more appropriately placed in a history of Latin literature than in the work which at present contains them. As Palgrave there reminds us, a Latin dialect is at this moment subsisting in the parts of Dacia which constitute the modern Wallachia. It certainly is not the Latin of literature; but the vernacular, the vulgar Latin, was not the Latin of literature, or of educated society, even in Cicero's time. The masses understood the correct Latin when spoken to them, though they were unable to speak it themselves.

This was the case, not only in Rome and Italy, but throughout the provinces of the empire, excepting those where the Hellenic or the Semitic tongue prevailed. The conquering power of the Latin was eminently exemplified by the extent to which the Teutonic races, who overthrew the material empire of Rome, abandoned their own languages for the *Romana Rustica* of the Provincials. Classical Latin ceased to be intelligible to the masses, not in the sixth century, but about the beginning of the ninth. The date is tolerably well fixed by the Canon of the Council of Tours, 813*, by which the bishops throughout Charlemagne's Transalpine empire were enjoined to translate their sermons out of the learned Latin, in which they were composed, into *Romana Rustica*, or into *Thestisca*, or *Deutsch*, for the benefit of the common people. But long after that time Latin was a living language: it was the sole common language of educated Europe. Palgrave truly says, "The Church never employed any other. Whenever western Christendom came together in her representative form, no language but that of Rome was heard; no Council was ever debated, no Canon was promulgated, in any peculiar or vulgar tongue. In the State, the Latin retained the same pre-eminence: Latin still continued to be the language of all official communications, the language of respect, the language of courtesy; and till the conclusion of the Hildebrandine era, or longer, the educational language of knight and baron, count and marquis, duke and prince, and queen and king."†

The truth is, that a complete history of Latin literature would embrace many centuries after the extinction of the Roman western empire. The Latin fathers, the Jurists, the Schoolmen, the Mediæval chroniclers, the writers of the Mediæval rhymed political songs and satires, and the authors of the marvellous rhymed

* See Palgrave, 64.

† P. 75.

hymns of the Roman church, would all be embraced in it. It is a chapter of the history of literature which has been undeservedly neglected, and which, if treated by a discriminating, as well as a learned and powerful mind, would give to Europe a new standard work. We do not blame Professor Browne for not having attempted it: he has judiciously limited his efforts to Roman classical literature. But he seems to be hardly aware of how much remains behind.

By far the best part of Professor Browne's present volume is that in which he deals with Roman literature anterior to the Ciceronian and Augustan times. There was room for exertion here, and the Professor has done his work well. His accounts of Nævius and Ennius, and of the other morning-stars of Roman poetry, are admirably written. We possessed nothing of the kind before; and we heartily recommend this part of the book to all who wish to know what were the intellectual achievements of the men of the young vigorous Roman Republic, and what the Cincinnatus were before they were quite denationalised into Musæ Pierides. Professor Browne also sketches with great ability the characteristics of the early Roman comic dramatists, Plautus and Terence. We quote with much pleasure some of his observations on the dramas of the latter author, viewed as moral lessons. The allusion to the comic dramatists of Charles the Second's time is excellent.

Talents of so popular a kind as those of Terence, and a genius presenting the rare combination of all the fine and delicate touches which characterize true Attic sentiment, without corrupting the native ingenuous purity of the Latin language, could not long remain in obscurity. He was soon eagerly sought for as a guest and a companion by those who could appreciate his powers. The great Roman nobility, such as the Scipiones, the Lælii, the Særvolæ, and the Metelli, had a taste for literature. Like the *Tyranni* in Sicily and Greece, and like some of the Italian princes in the middle ages, they assembled around them circles of literary men, of whom the polite and hospitable host himself formed the nucleus and centre.

The purity and gracefulness of the style of Terence, *per quam dulces Latini leporis faciliæ nituerunt*, shew that the conversation of his accomplished friends was not lost upon his correct ear and quick intuition. To these habits of good society may also be attributed the leading moral characteristics of his comedies. He invariably exhibits the humanity and benevolence of a cultivated mind. He cannot bear loathsome and disgusting vice: he deters the young from the unlawful indulgence of their passions by painting such indulgence as inconsistent with the refined habits and tastes of a gentleman.

His truthfulness compels him to depict habits and practices which were recognised and allowed, as well by the manners of the Athenians, from whom his comedies were taken, as by the lax morality of Roman fashionable society. Nor can we expect from a heathen writer of comedy so high a tone of morality as to lash vice with the severe censure which the Christian feels it deserves, however venial society may pronounce it to be. It is as much as can be hoped for, if we find the

principles of good taste brought forward on the stage to influence public morals. Even the code of Christian society too often contents itself with rebuking such vice as interferes with its own comfort or safety, and stigmatises conduct, not for its immorality, but for its being unbecoming a gentleman. It is a standard which has its use, but it is not higher than the Terentian.

And if the plays of Terence are compared with those of authors professing to be Christians, which form part of the classical literature of the English nation, and were unblushingly witnessed on their representation by some of both sexes, who, nevertheless, professed a regard for character, how immeasurably superior are the comedies of the heathen poet! Point out to the young the greater light and knowledge which the Christian enjoys, and the plays of Terence may be read without moral danger. No amount of colouring and caution would be sufficient to shield the mind of an ingenuous youth from the imminent peril of being corrupted by those of Wycherly and Congreve. Pictures of Roman manners must represent them as corrupt, or they would not be truthful; but often a good lesson is elicited from them. When the deceived wife reproachfully asks her offending husband with what face he can rebuke his son because he has a mistress, when he himself has two wives, one is far more struck with the strictness of Roman virtue paid to the nuptial tie, than offended at the lenient view which is taken of the young man's fault. The knaveries and tricks of Davus meet with sufficient poetical justice in his fright and his flogging. The very dress in which the Meretrix, or woman of abandoned morals, was costumed, kept constantly before the eyes of the Roman youth their grasping avarice, and therefore warned them of the ruin which awaited their victims; and the well-known passage, in which the loathsome habits of this class are described, must have been, as Terence himself says, a preservative of youthful virtue—

“Nosse omnia hæc salutis est adolescentulis.”

The Pandar, who basely, for the sake of filthy lucre, ministers to the passions of the young, is represented as the most degraded and contemptible of mortals. The Parasite, who earns his meal by flattering and fawning on his rich patron, is made the butt of unsparing ridicule. And the timid, simple maiden, confiding too implicitly in the affections of her lover, and sacrificing her interests to that love, and not to lust or love of gain, is painted in such colours as to command the spectator's pity and sympathy, and to call forth his approbation when she is deservedly reinstated in her position as an honourable matron. Lastly, her lover is not represented as a profligate, revelling in the indiscriminate indulgence of his passions, and rendering vice seductive by engaging manners and fascinating qualities; but we feel that his sin necessarily results from the absence of a high tone of public morality to protect the young against temptation; and in all cases the reality and permanency of his affection for the victim of his wrongdoing is proved by his readiness and anxiety to become her husband.

So far as it can be so, comedy was in the hands of Terence an instrument of moral teaching, for it can only be so indirectly by painting men and manners as they are, and not as they ought to be.

The following remarks on the causes why tragedy never flourished in Rome are well penned—

Nor was the genius of the Roman people such as to sympathise with the legends of the past. The Romans lived in the present and the future, rather than in the past. The poet might call the age in which he lived degenerate, and look forward with mournful anticipations to a still lower degradation, whilst he looked back admiringly to bygone times. Through the vista of past

years, Roman virtue and greatness seemed to his imagination magnified: he could lament, as Horace did, a gradual decay which had not as yet reached its worst point:—

“Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosorem.” *Od.* III. vi. 46.

But the people did not sympathise with these feelings: they delighted in action, not in contemplation and reflection. They did not look back upon their national heroes as demigods, or dream over their glories: they were pressing forward and extending the frontiers of their empire, bringing under their yoke tribes and nations which their forefathers had not known. If they regarded their ancestors at all, it was not in the light of men of heroic stature as compared with themselves, but as those whom they could equal or even surpass: they lived in hope, and not in memory.

These are not the elements of character which would lead a people to realize to themselves the ideal of tragedy. The tragic poet at Athens would have been sure that the same subject which inspired him would also interest his audience: that if his genius rose to the height which their critical taste demanded, he could reckon up the sympathy of a theatre crowded with ten thousand of his countrymen. A Roman tragic poet would have been deserted for any spectacle of a more stirring nature: his most affecting scenes and noblest sentiments, for scenes of real action and real life. The bloody combats of the gladiators, the miserable captives and malefactors stretched on crosses, expiring in excruciating agonies, or mangled by wild beasts, were real tragedies: the sham fights and *Naumachiae*, though only imitations, were real dramas, in which those pursuits which most deeply interested the spectators, which constituted their chief duties and highest glories, were visibly represented. Even gorgeous spectacles fed their personal vanity and pride in their national greatness. The spoil of conquered nations, borne in procession across the stage, reminded them of their triumphs and their victories; and the magnificent dress of the actors—the model of the captured city, preceded and followed by its sculptures in marble and ivory—represented in mimic grandeur the ovation or the triumph of some successful general, whose return from a distant expedition, laden with wealth, realized the rumours which had already arrived at the gates of Rome; whilst the scene, glittering with glass, and gold, and silver, and adorned with variegated pillars of foreign marble, told ostentatiously of their wealth and splendour.

Again, the Romans were a rough, turbulent people, full of physical rather than intellectual energy, loving antagonism, courting peril, setting no value on human life or suffering. Their very virtues were stern and severe. The unrelenting justice of a Brutus, representing as it did the victory of principle over feeling, was to them the height of virtue. They were ready to undergo the extreme of physical torture with Regulus, and to devote themselves to death like Curtius and the Decii. Hard and pitiless to themselves, they were, as might be expected, the same towards others. They were, in fact, strangers to both the passions, which it was the object of tragedy to excite and to purify, Pity and Terror. They were too stern to pity, too unimaginative to be moved by the tales of wonder and deeds of horror which affected the tender and marvel-loving imagination of the Greeks. Being an active, and not a sentimental people, they did not appreciate moral suffering and the struggles of a sensitive spirit. They were moved only by scenes of physical suffering and agony.

The public games of Greece at Olympia or the Isthmus were bloodless and peaceful, and the refinements of poetry mingled with those which were calculated to invigorate the physical powers and develop manly beauty.

Those of Rome were exhibitions, not of moral, but of physical courage and endurance: they were sanguinary and brutalizing,—the amusements of a nation to whom war was not a necessary evil or a struggle for national existence, for hearths and altars, but a pleasure and a pastime—the means of gratifying an aggressive ambition. The tragic feeling of Greece is represented by the sculptured grief of Niobe; that of Rome by the death-struggles which distort the features and muscles of Laocoon. It was, if the expression is allowable, *amphitheatrical*, not *theatrical*.

To such a people the moral woes of tragedy were powerless: and yet it is to the people that the drama, if it is to flourish, must look for patronage. A refined and educated society, such as always existed at Rome during its literary period, might applaud a happy adaptation from the Greek tragedians, and encourage a poet in his task; for it is only an educated and refined taste which can appreciate such talent as skilful imitation displays, but a tragic drama under such circumstances could hardly hope to be national. Nor must it be forgotten, with reference to their taste for spectacle, that the artistic accessories of the drama would have a better chance of success with a people like the Romans than literary merit, because the pleasures of art are of a lower and more sensuous kind. Hence, in the popular eye, the decoration of the theatre and the costume of the performers naturally became the principal requisites, whilst the poet's office was considered subordinate to the manner in which the play was put upon the stage; and thus the degenerate theatrical taste which prevailed in the days of Horace called forth the poet's well-known and well-deserved criticism.

There is one exception which we must make to our general commendation of Professor Browne's treatment of the early Roman writers—we mean, part of his criticism on Lucilius. It contains an error singular in itself, and involves an extraordinary misconception of some well-known passages in Horace. Professor Browne says of Lucilius (p. 145)—“His real defect was want of facility; and it is not improbable that if prose had been considered a legitimate vehicle, he would have preferred pouring forth, in that unrestricted form, his indignant eloquence, rather than that, as Horace says, every verse should have cost him many scratchings of the head, and biting his nails to the quick.”

We ought, perhaps, to apologize to our classical readers for quoting the passages in Horace which are here so strangely misunderstood. Horace says of Lucilius (*Sat.* I. iv. 8) that he was

Durus componere versus,
Nam fuit hoc vitiosus. In hora sæpe ducentos,
Ut magnum, versus dictabat stans pede in uno:
Cum fluere lutulentus, erat quod tollere velles,
Garrulus, atque piger scribendi ferre laborem,
Scribendi rectè, nam ut multum nil moror.

In the tenth Satire of the same Book Horace refers to the subject of his having said

Incomposito pede currere versus
Lucili,

and maintains his right to criticise his predecessor, and

Quærere num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius.

He there asserts, that if Lucilius had lived in a later age,

Detereret sibi multa; recideret omne, quod ultra
Perfectum traheretur: et in versu faciendo
Sæpe caput scaberet, vivos et roderet ungues.

We hope that there are few Somerset-House students who would misapprehend these passages of Horace as our author has done. The word *durus*, as applied by Horace to Lucilius, seems to have been the main cause of Professor Browne's error. He evidently interprets it as implying that Lucilius was hard (costive, as it were,) in composition. But of course the meaning of Horace is to censure Lucilius for the rugged rapidity of his verse—for his folly in indulging in, and even boasting of, a fatal facility of composition, while he disliked the trouble of retrenching and correcting.

There is another queer slip of Professor Browne's as an Horatian scholar, which he makes in his account of the elder Cato. He says of him, "Cato, with all his virtues, was a hard-hearted man" (p. 161). The remark is true enough; but Mr. Browne unfortunately backs it up by a reference to Horace. *Od. ii. 1.* He here applies the fine stanza

Audire magnos jam videor duces
Non indecoro pulvere sordidos,
Et cuncta terrarum subacta,
Præter atrocem animum Catonis,

to Cato the Censor, instead of to Cato of Utica, to whose "stern spirit,"* as displayed amidst the woes of civil war, the poet was paying homage. It is strange that he could have so completely forgotten the preceding stanzas. The very first line of the Ode, in which Horace says that Pollio was describing the

Notum ex Metello consule civicum,
ought to have kept a critic clear of this portentous blunder.

If Professor Browne has done the elder Cato any wrong by trying to make a piece of evidence tell against him, which only applies—and that favourably—to his descendant, he has done full justice to the stern old Censor by an excellent account of his writings. We quote the part that speaks of Cato's agricultural treatise.

Circumstances invest his treatise "*De Re Rustica*" with great interest. The population of Rome, both patrician and plebeian, was necessary agricultural. For centuries they had little commerce: their wealth consisted in flocks and herds, and in the conquered territories of nations as poor as themselves. The *Ager Romanus*, and subsequently, as they gained fresh acquisitions, the fertile plains, and valleys, and mountain sides of Italy, supplied them with maintenance. The statesman and the general, in the intervals of civil war or military service, returned, like Cincinnatus and Cato, to the cultivation of their fields and gardens. The Roman armies were recruited

from the peasantry, and when the war was over the soldier returned to his daily labour; and, in later times, the veteran, when his period of service was completed, became a small farmer in a military colony. To a restless nation, who could not exist in a state of inactivity, a change of labour was relaxation; and the pleasures of rural life, which were so often sung by the Augustan poets, were heartily enjoyed by the same man whose natural atmosphere seemed to be either politics or war.

Besides the possession of these rural tastes the Romans were essentially a domestic people. The Greeks were social; they lived in public; they had no idea of home. Women did not with them occupy a position favourable to the existence of home-feeling. The Roman matron was the centre of the domestic circle: she was her husband's equal, sometimes his counsellor, and generally the educator of his children in their early years. Hundreds of sepulchral inscriptions bear testimony to the sweet charities of home-life, to the dutiful obedience of children, the devoted affection of parents, the fidelity of wives, the attachments of husbands. Hence, home and all its pursuits and occupations had an interest in the eyes of a Roman. For this reason there were so many writers on rural and domestic economy. From Cato to Columella we have a list of authors whose object was instruction in the various branches of the subject. They are thus enumerated by Columella himself:—"Cato was the first who taught the art of agriculture to speak in Latin; after him it was improved by the diligence of the two Saserne, father and son; next it acquired eloquence from Scrofa Tremellius; polish from M. Terentius (Varro); poetic power from Virgil." To their illustrious names he adds those of J. Hyginus, the Carthaginian Mago, Corn. Celsus, J. Atticus, and his disciple J. Græcinus.

The work of Cato, "*De Re Rustica*," has come down to us almost in form and substance as it was written. It has not the method of a regular treatise. It is a common-place book of agriculture and domestic economy, under 163 heads. The subjects are connected, but not regularly arranged; they form a collection of useful instructions, hints, and receipts. Its object is utility, not science. It serves the purpose of a farmers' and gardeners' manual, a domestic medicine, a herbal, a cookery-book: prudential maxims are interspersed, and some favourite charms for the cure of disease in man and beast. Cato teaches his readers, for example, how to plant osier-beds, to cultivate vegetables, to preserve the health of cattle, to pickle pork, and to make savoury dishes. He is shrewd and economical, but he never allows humanity to interfere with profits; for he recommends his readers to sell every thing which they do not want, even old horses and old slaves. He is a great conjuror, for he informs us that the most potent cure for a sprain is the repetition of the following *hocus-pocus*:—"Daries dardaries astataries dissunapiter;" or, "Huat hanat huat hista pista sista domiabo damnaustra;" or, "Huat huat huat ista sis tar sis ordannabon dumnaustra." This miscellaneous collection is preceded by an introduction, in which is maintained the superiority of agriculture over other modes of gaining a livelihood, especially over that of trade and money-lending.

The early Roman orators are passed over somewhat slightly in this work. But we fully admit the weight of what is said in the Preface, that "if the reader finds some features, which he considers of great importance, rapidly touched upon, the extent of the subject, and the wish to compress it within a moderate compass, must be offered as the author's apology." But this is no excuse for saying that "*Patricians* like the Gracchi stood forward as Plebeian tribunes" (p. 185). Professor Browne ought to have known that the Gracchi were members of

* This fine translation of "*atrocem animum*" is Hallam's. He well applies the phrase to Coligni.

one of the noble, though plebeian, families, the rise of which he correctly describes in his next page. The case of Clodius, about half a century later, should have made him remember that a man of Patrician birth could not be eligible as tribune of the people, unless he renounced his Patriciate, and—as Clodius did—procured himself to be formally adopted into some plebeian family. It is also not substantially—though it may be literally—accurate to say (p. 187) that no fragments remain of the orations of the elder Gracchus. Plutarch gives us Greek translations of portions of two very celebrated and very beautiful speeches of Tiberius Gracchus. Professor Browne refers to Plutarch for the character of Tiberius's oratory: if he had read much of Plutarch, he could hardly have missed the extracts.

Coming to the *Didactica* of Latin literature, we find a critique on Lucretius of very high merit. We quote some portions of it, as displaying a breadth of view, a freedom from prejudice, and a love of truth, that do Professor Browne the highest honour. What he says respecting Lucretius as a poet forsaking the cold and heartless system of his own philosophy, of his defying nature, and all the fair objects of nature, is strongly applicable to our own Shelley. Professor Browne observes—

Although he asserts that the phenomena of nature are the result of a combination of atoms, that these elementary particles are self-existent and eternal, he seems to invest Nature with a sort of personality. The warm sensibility of the poet overcomes the cold logic of the philosopher. Dissatisfied with the ungenial idea of an abstract lifeless principle, he yearns for the maternal caresses of a being endued with energies and faculties with which he can sympathise. He therefore ascribes to Nature an attribute which can only belong to an intelligent agent having ruling power. Nay, he even goes farther than this, and absolutely contradicts the dogmas of the Epicurean school. Even the works of nature are represented as instinct with life. The sun is spoken of as a being who, by the warmth of his beams, vivifies all things. The earth, from whose womb all things spring, fosters and nurtures all her children. The very stars may possibly be living beings, performing their stated motions in search of their proper sustenance. These are, doubtless, the fancies of the poet rather than the grave and serious belief of the philosopher; but they prove how false, hollow, and artificial is a system which pretends to account for creation by natural causes, and how earnestly the human mind craves after the comfort and support of a personal deity.

The denial of the immortality of the soul is inferred from the destructibility of the material elements out of which it is composed. It must perish immediately that it is deprived of the protection of the body. In accordance with this psychical theory, he accounts for the difference of human tempers and characters. Character results from the combination of the elementary principles:—a predominance of heat produces the choleric disposition; that of wind produces timidity; that of air a calm and equable temper. But this natural constitution, the strength of the will, acted upon by education, is able, to a certain extent, to modify, though it cannot effect a complete change. Thus it is that, although moral as well as physical phenomena are produced in accordance with

fixed laws, human ills result from unbridled passions, and may be remedied by philosophy.

Although, if tried by a Christian standard, the Lucretian morality is by no means pure, yet even where he permits laxity he is not insensible to the moral beauty, the happy and holy results, of purity and chastity. Nor, notwithstanding the assertions of Cicero, can the charge of immorality or of a selfish love of impure pleasure be made against Lucretius or Epicurus. The distinction which the latter drew between lawful and unlawful pleasures was severe and uncompromising. The former speaks of the hell which the wicked sensualist always carries within his own breast—of the satisfaction of true wisdom, and of a conscience void of offence.

Again, Epicurus was a man of almost Christian gentleness. Stoical grossness and contempt of refinement revolted him; the unamiable severity of that sect was alien to his nature. He was thus driven to the opposite extreme; and although he was careful to make pure intellectual pleasure the *summum bonum*, his standard laid him open to objections from his jealous adversaries. The zeal with which many distinguished females devoted themselves to his system, and became his disciples because his doctrines and character especially recommended themselves to the female sex, made it easy for his enemies to stigmatise them as *effeminate*, instead of praising them as *feminine*. With that illiberality which refused to woman freedom of conduct and a liberal education, his adversaries calumniated the characters of his pupils, represented them as unchaste, and their instructor as licentious. Nor did they hesitate even to support these accusations by forgeries.

A careless reception of their calumnies without investigation, added to the general, and perhaps wilful, misapprehension which prevailed among the Romans in the days of Cicero, led to the misrepresentations which are found in his writings. These have been handed down to after ages; and thus the doctrines taught by Epicurus have been loaded with undeserved obloquy. There is, however, no doubt that Epicurism was adopted by the Romans in a corrupt form, and that it became fashionable because it was supposed to encourage indifferentism and sensuality. It is probable, too, that the denial of immortality contributed much to the depravation and distortion of his system. Nothing so surely demoralizes as destroying the hopes of eternity. Man cannot commune with God, or soar on high to spiritual things, unless he hopes to be spiritualized and to see God as He is. Whatever the philosopher may teach as to the true nature of happiness, man will set up his own corrupt standard, which his passions and appetites lead him to prefer: he will act on the principle, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Still it must be confessed that the views of Epicurus respecting man's duty to God were disinterested—founded on ideas of the Divine perfections, not merely on hopes of reward. His views of sensual pleasures were in accordance with his simple, frugal life, diametrically opposed to intemperance and excess. He taught by example as well as by precept, that he who would be happy must cultivate wisdom and justice, because virtue and happiness are inseparable. He attached his disciples to him by affection rather than by admiration; submitted to weakness and sickness with patient resignation; and died with a heroism which ~~no~~ Stoic could have surpassed.

Catullus is disparaged in this volume. We must doubt either Professor Browne's knowledge of the writer whom he criticises, or his own power of feeling poetry, when we find him asserting (p. 229) that Catullus "had skill and taste to adopt the materials with which his vast erudition furnished him, and to conceal his want of originality and inspiration." Why, if

ever a poet in this world had his soul full of genuine poetic inspiration, it was Catullus. Try him by the two best tests; first, by his power of expressing deep human feeling simply, sweetly, and so as to come home to the heart at once; and, secondly, by his sensibility to the objects of external nature, and his power of depicting the ideas which they suggest. Try him by either or both of these tests, and you will rank Catullus with Burns. Professor Browne has quoted, in this very volume, one of the exquisite poems of Catullus on his brother's death. We would appeal, also, to the sweet lines in the "*Peninsularum Sirmio*," on the blessing of returning to ease and one's own home—

Oh quid solutis est beatius curis,
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.

Then there is the address to himself on the folly of continuing to love a faithless fair—

Miser Catulle desinas ineptire
Et quod vides perisse, perditum duces, &c.

Moore has translated this, and justly praised it. But Moore had not the simplicity of Catullus. He failed accordingly in his version; and he would have failed worse had he tried the still more simple and beautiful poem on the same subject, which contains the couplet:

Difficile est longum subito deponere amorem;
Difficile est. Verum hoc qualibet efficias.

We could adduce many more examples, but space forbids; and we must be brief with our proofs of the inspired eye with which Catullus viewed the beauties of nature. Could mere crudition have given him the wonderful third line in his celebrated comparison of a young maiden in the retirement of her home to the flower in the quiet garden?—

Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
Ignotus pecori, nullo contusus aratro,
Quem mulcent auræ, firmat sol, educat imber, &c.

We will cite one passage from the old bard of Verona, and only one more. It is the stanza—quite in the same spirit as that which gave Scotland the "*Lines on a Mountain Daisy* on turning one up by the plough"—in which Catullus compares the downfall of slighted love to the fall of the flower at the extreme edge of the greensward, which the ploughshare grazes as it passes through the adjoining glebe—

meum spectet, ut ante, amorem;
Illius caput cecidit; velut prati
Ultimi flos, prætereunte postquam
Tactus aratro est.

The chapters on Cicero form, of course, one of the most important part of Professor Browne's volume. He succeeds better with Cicero as a philosopher than as an orator. There is much beauty, both of feeling and of expression, in the following observations on the moral excellence

of Cicero. It has called our attention to a phase of the social life of the best of the Roman aristocracy, which we never had remarked before, and which is in many respects important.

His age was not an age of poetry; but he paved the way for poetry by investing the language with those graces which are indispensable to its perfection. He freed it from all coarseness and harshness, and accustomed the educated classes to use language, even in their every-day conversation, which never called up gross ideas, but was fit for pure and noble sentiments. Before his time, Latin was plain-spoken, and therefore vigorous; but the penalty which was paid for this was, that it was sometimes gross and even indecent. The conversational language of the upper classes became in the days of Cicero in the highest degree refined: it admitted scarcely an offensive expression. The truth of this assertion is evident from those of his writings which are of the most familiar character: from his graphic Dialogues, in which he describes the circumstances as naturally as if they really occurred; from his *Letters* to Atticus, in which he lays open the secret thoughts of his heart to his most intimate friend, his second self. Cicero purified the language morally as well as aesthetically. It was the licentious wantonness of the poets which degraded the pleasures of the imagination by pandering to the passions, at first in language delicately veiled, and then by open and disgusting sensuality.

It is difficult for us, perhaps, to whom religion comes under the aspect of revelation separate from philosophy, and who consider the philosophical investigation of moral subjects as different from the religious view of morals, to form an adequate conception of the pure and almost holy nature of the conversations of Cicero and his distinguished contemporaries. To them philosophy was the contemplation of the nature and attributes of the Supreme Being. The metaphysical analysis of the internal nature of man was the study of immortality and the evidence for another life. Cato, for example, read the *Phædo* of Plato in his last moments in the same serious spirit in which the Christian would read the words of inspiration. The study of ethics was that of the sanctions with which God has supported duty and enlightened the conscience. They were the highest subjects with which the mind of man could be conversant. For men to meet together, as was the habitual practice of Cicero and his friends, and pass their leisure hours in such discussions, was the same as if Christians were to make the great truths of the Gospel the subjects of social converse.

Again, if we examine the character of their lighter conversations when they turned from philosophy to literature,—it was not mere gossip on the popular literature of the day—it was not even confined to works written in their native tongue—it embraced the whole field of the literature of a foreign nation. They talked of poets, orators, philosophers, and historians, who were ancients to them as they are to us. They did not then think the subject of a foreign and ancient literature dull or pedantic. They did not consider it necessary that conversation should be trifling or frivolous in order to be entertaining.

We regret to find in this portion of Professor Browne's work another trace of imperfect reading, or of hasty writing, or both. He enumerates (p. 357), among Cicero's philosophical writings, the "*Paradoxa*, in which the six celebrated Stoical paradoxes are touched upon in a *light and amusing manner*." Professor Browne had better read them. He will find no levity or mirth in them. If, indeed, he stops short at the introduction, he will certainly find Cicero saying, "*illa ipsa quæ vix in gym-*

nasius et in otio Stoici probant *ludens* conjeci in communes locos. But this only means that Cicero wrote them as a literary exercise, and not for the sake of inculcating his own real opinions. But he took them up with all the zeal of a first-rate advocate; and they contain the most energetic passages that are to be found in the whole of his philosophical works. The fourth paradox, in which he assails the character of his old enemy Clodius, and the sixth, in which Crassus is the imagined mark of his invectives, are perfect models of fiery and almost savage vigour and earnestness.

Our limits will not permit us to follow Professor Browne further into his delineations of the other Roman classical authors. They are fairly done, and will probably give information to many in a pleasing form, though there is not much in them that is very striking or very new. We readily admit that it is by no means easy to say any thing that shall be both new and

true about Virgil or Horace; and the same difficulty occurs, though in a less degree, when a critic approaches their contemporaries and their successors.

Altogether, Professor Browne's work will find, and will deserve, readers. Whether the fact of such works being in request speaks in favour of the present state of English scholarship, is a serious question, and leads to others more serious still. When facilities are sought and given for obtaining knowledge about the Classics second-hand, it looks as if there were either a disability or a disinclination to seek the fountain heads. The latter may be the case; and it may imply no want of intellectual vigour, but only the encroaching necessity on the mind of educated England of becoming scientific rather than classical, while it yet wishes to retain the show of classicality. Whether this be so, and whether, if it be so, it be so for good or for evil, we cannot now pause to deliberate.

The Homeric Dialect. By J. S. BAIRD. G. Bell.

THE mighty Homer, the preservation of whose wondrous Epics will be a source of rejoicing to mankind to the latest ages, combined within himself the highest characteristics of the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, the historian, and the priest. In analogy with this marvellous variety of excellence is the remarkable circumstance of his uniting in his poems all the various dialects of Greece. While the stately Xenophon confines himself to the Attic, the sweet-voiced Herodotus to the Ionic, the stal-

wart Theocritus to the Doric, &c., the great magician of antiquity, from whose inspirations all succeeding generations have largely drawn, combines them all in harmonious beauty. He, therefore, does good service to the cause of literature, who sets forth clearly and methodically these various dialects; and Mr. Baird shows himself fully competent to the task. The student of Homer will find all his inquiries in this respect answered by a series of tables, arranged so as to be at once and easily intelligible.

Sketches and Characters, or the Natural History of the Human Intellects. By JAMES WILLIAM WHITECROSS. Saunders and Otley. 1853.

THIS book contains nothing very profound, nor very new, and it will scarcely take a high place amongst the text-books of British literature. Still it groups together, in a not unpleasing manner, many observations that are only to be found in a multiplicity of authors. It opens with a chapter, which the author styles the "Natural History of the Human Intellects." We know not whether any of our statesmen will subscribe to the following description of the hurtful tendency of Parliamentary oratory to its possessor:—

The tendency of parliamentary life is to develop and encourage ready wit at the expense of learning, deep thought, and close reasoning. The most vigorous minds, when taking a serious part in Parliamentary debates, are often inveigled to bring forth arguments that no man of sense would publish in writing—arguments which may pass unrefuted when set off with pointed language and fluent delivery. They have, it is true, frequent occasions for developing their talent for debate; but the habit of loose reasoning is the more prejudicial, as the ablest of

them usually takes a seat in Parliament at a very early age, before the mind has expanded to full maturity; and it is not always that they retain unimpaired those faculties which are required for close reasoning or enlarged speculation.

This is doubtless a little overcharged. It would have been more true if the application had been restricted to the Parliamentary puppy so admirably described by Walter Scott—

Or is it he, the wordy youth,
So early trained for statesman's part,
Who talks of honour, faith, and truth,
As themes that he has got by heart;
Whose ethics Chesterfield can teach;
Whose logic is from *single speech*;
Who scorns the meanest thought to vent,
Save in the phrase of Parliament;
Who, in a tale of cat and mouse,
Calls 'Order,' and divides the House;
Who 'craves permission to reply';
Whose 'noble friend is in his eye'.

Bridal of Triermain, Canto 2.

* *Single-speech* Hamilton.

The following is amusing, and true—

The nativity of a proverb is a secret guarded by nature with its usual success: nobody could say who is its author, where and when it was born, how it came into circulation, till it has become the property of all. Everybody applying it to a particular circumstance in conversation, bears upon his countenance a slight shadow of satisfaction of having uttered something witty, if not strictly new. The only exception to that rule known to us is *Swift*, who had an odd humour of making extempore proverbs. Observing that a gentleman, in whose garden he walked with some friends, seemed to have no intention to request them to eat any of the fruit, *Swift* observed, that it was a saying of his dear grandmother, "Always pull a peach when it is within your reach;" and, helping himself, he induced the company to follow his example. At another time he framed "an old saying and true," for the benefit of a person who had fallen from his horse into the mire—"The more dirt the less hurt." The man rose much consoled; but as he happened to be a collector of proverbs, he wondered he had never heard that one before.

The second chapter, upon the characteristic mental capacities of different races, is the best and most original part of the work. Nearly all nations, Spaniards, Germans, English, Hungarians, Slavonians, and Greeks, ancient and modern, are passed in review before us; and to each is assigned, often with considerable discrimination, their peculiar mental characteristics. We suspect, however, that if lions were painters, or, in other words, if our author were any other than an Englishman, our own race would not have figured as the type of all moral and intellectual pre-eminence; but we should have heard something of our cold reserve, of our mammon-worship, our "flunkeyism," &c. We have, however, this consolation, that whatever may be our faults as a race, nothing derogatory could be said against us containing half as much truth as the following—

CHARACTERISTICS OF ITALIANS.

"There is no other nation in Europe so unlike its ancestors; so decayed, degenerated, unmanned, and emasculated, as the Italians of our days. Timidity has ceased to be shameful—cowardice is not despised. They have vices belonging to timid dispositions, fraud and hypocrisy; and regard with lenity those crimes which require cunning, quick observation, knowledge of human nature, and self-command. Military courage they neither possess nor value; but a young highwayman, when successful, is with them a hero, though he is weltering in innocent blood; when entrapped, he excites universal sympathy, and is spoken of with endearment as a "poverino."

You see in Italy no ambition, no pride, no violent desire of distinction or wealth, no panting after fame, or at least notoriety, or reputation, no high aspirations. All nobility of thought is there withered up. They seem to have smothered in their breast all human passions, except *hatred*, which, after love, is their only cherished and fostered passion; and the only thing they are longing for is the "*dolce far niente*," and *revenge*. This last is corroding the ulcerated heart of an Italian, yet every look is a cordial smile, every gesture a familiar caress; he never excites the suspicion of his adversary by petty provocations or threats. His purpose is disclosed only when it is accomplished. His face is unruffled, his speech is courteous, till vigilance is laid asleep, till a vital point is

exposed, till a sure aim is taken—and then he strikes, for the first and last time.

This, we fear, is but too true a picture of modern Italy, where, as in Greece,

—All, except her sun, is set!

What is the cause of such appalling degeneracy? Our author discusses this question, and concludes that it is attributable to the *climate*; but is there any reason to suppose that the climate of Italy has materially altered since the days when the recently-uncovered pavement of the *via sacra* clanged with the tramp of Cæsar's legions, as they defiled in their hero's triumph; or when the glorious odes of Horace sparkled in the banqueting-halls of the now-crumbling villa of Mæcenas? To our minds, the superstitions of Rome, and the withering tyranny of Austria, are much more probably

"— the fiends, that have prevailed
Against the seraphs they assailed."

It is but just, however, to our author, to state that, against this view, he cites the miserable failure of Italy, in a political sense, in 1848; but is it quite fair, after having educated a cur with kicks and cuffs, to blame it for treacherously snapping at your hand the first time you trust it within its reach?

The third chapter, on the intelligence of animals, and its limits, opens a subject of much interest, but is here most meagrely worked out; and for this there is less excuse, as the minds of some superior men have been recently brought to bear upon this subject. See, for instance, Sydney Smith's lectures on Moral Philosophy, and Cornwall Lewis's "Method of observation and reasoning on Politics." Any one who has perused these works will scarcely rest satisfied with our author's definition of the limits of animal intelligence—"that it has no consciousness of its own existence, and lacks the great faculty of reflection."

We have a chapter on *Fools*, and the varieties of that very extensive *genus* are elaborated with praiseworthy minuteness. Thus we have the "Irish innocent," the "tip top fool," the "blinking idiot," the "questioning fool," the "learned fool," the "simpleton," the "ninnyhammer," and many others, whose various characteristics are admirably described, often with excellent touches of racy humour. Then follows a chapter on the deficiencies of wit, as instanced in the "pedant," the "punster," the "quibbler," the "riddle-maker," the "penny-a-liner," and many others, including the "love-sick person," "whose indignation," we are told, "spins out a golden string, throws rosy hues over all" (? the string) "and gives bewitching attraction to every minute action." We think we can *recollect* (for our own dancing days have been long over) what this means,

albeit not expressed so clearly as the subject merits.

Turning from the deficiencies of human nature, the next three chapters exemplify the characteristics of wit, common sense, tact, and understanding. The definition of the last (p. 214) occupies about half a page of as involved and confused language as we ever remember to have read, even in a book professing to be entirely metaphysical. However, let the reader skip this, and he will find a good deal worthy of note in these chapters. Take, for example, the following characteristic of

THE MAN OF TACT.

He is never betrayed into argument, which always makes people more obstinate, even if they are confuted. Or, if constrained to reason, he is pitching the whole tone of his argument to the capacity, prejudices, and passions of those, whom he has to deal with: intent only to govern the action of men by a sagacious calculation of their motives, he always prefers a feeble argument, but readily understood, to a stronger one, but apt to escape the appreciation of the common mind.

A chapter on the female intellect, in which "the witty Miss" plays a conspicuous part, is amusing, though destitute of any originality.

We have then the characteristics of scepticism, a part of the book we forbear from criticising, out of respect to its excellent tendency. After that, our author's ideas, like an Australian river, lose themselves, ere they reach their ocean limit, in the barren sands of metaphysics, whither it is certainly not our intention to follow them. Kant, Mr. Whitecross tells us, made "a great discovery," and "levelled with the ground all former philosophical systems." That our author has caught no inconsiderable portion of the obscurity of his great master is but too apparent. But we have a worse fault to find with him than that. His grammar is frequently so faulty, and he uses words so often in wrong

senses, that he renders the really good parts of his book needlessly repulsive. Take, for instance, the following sentence selected at random:—

"A sceptic, in the (for 'from his') love of paradox, wishes to prove every thing uncertain; is (for 'he is') not inspired (for 'gifted' or 'imbued') with an intense love of truth, and never (*sibi* *bandi* 'is') in sincere search of it; he prefers refuting (and) re-arguing, instead of proving; has (for 'he has') no confidence in the evidence of ('the' or 'his') senses *as well as* (meaning probably 'nor of his') reason; very clever when it comes to call any thing in question; he is never advancing (for 'never advances') an opinion," &c. &c.—p. 297.

Again, p. 102, we have *Mudiar* for *Magyar*, and *Herodote* for *Herodotus*; p. 115, *are decreasing* for *decrease*; indeed, the last solecism of using the participle for the verb, meets us in every page. In p. 128 we have "*drenching* the thirst," and in p. 197, "*a man takes* the pains, and *did not* fail to examine," &c.: this error, also, is very frequent. But with all this the work is above mediocrity; and should it reach a second edition, we recommend the author to recollect that, even in a degenerate age, Statius did not venture to aspire to Mantuan fame until he had bestowed an amount of care and correction on his work that Mr. Whitecross evidently little dreams of.

Thebais, multâ concitata limâ,
Textat, audaci fide, Mantuanæ
Gaudia famæ.

We must add, that Mr. Whitecross has not been fortunate in some pilfering upon which he ventured. He has appropriated largely from the back Numbers of the "Edinburgh Review," and the writers are loudly reclaiming their property.

The Lives of the Poets-Laureate. With an Introductory Essay on the Title and Office. By WILTSHIRE STANTON AUSTIN, Jun., B.A., Exeter College. Oxon, and JOHN RALPH, M.A., Barrister at Law. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street. 1853.

THAT Laureateship is "a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance" does not render its history, as it has existed, less interesting or less instructive. To learn how merit has stooped, and mediocrity been exalted, might teach a lesson to an age whose swans are so generally geese—an age that does not so much spurn genius, since so little exists in it, as it adores mock pretensions; in fact, an age of great appreciation, but with little to appreciate, yet, when it does, almost infallibly wrong. As to Laureateship in its ancient sense, it has been transferred from the palace to the tailor's shop. Instead of exalted personages, the mercenary

bard sings the clothes of mean ones: the liveries of Lord Mayors or their flunkies are now-as days as warmly extolled in verse, as ever the masquerade dress of a monarch, who appeared decked with virtues, like garments which he never wore, save in the poet's conception—we beg pardon, the poet's song. If any thing were wanting to prove the absurdity of the Laureate institution, it would be the fact, that an objection has been made to this work by a somewhat bitter and surly critic, who wrote to the effect, that the lives of the giants composing part of the tuneful crew were too well known to need further illustration; and that the lives

of the pigmies forming the remainder were not worth illustrating; a dictum contradicted often by the reproach, that our authors have not discovered beauties which must certainly exist amid the trash perpetrated by the smaller bards. We ourselves think that the work is by no means badly executed. The diction is eloquent, although, perhaps, too florid, and the compilation and observation display considerable judgment. On the whole, it is an agreeable and satisfactory book, sometimes superior to the subject, and never below it.

Although we consider the authors give evidence of too much leaning towards the Wordsworthian and Tennysonian schools of poetry, yet they are by no means bigoted; which is evinced by some very just remarks on the character and mental attributes of the Cockermouth songster, and by their perfect appreciation of that dullest of all platitudes, the "Prelude," of which the author thought so much, and the world so little. However, when our authors say that Wordsworth wrote "the best and worst poetry in the language," we beg leave to differ from them as to the first half of their assertion. As to the last, Wordsworth bears the palm in triumph from any "Laureate," including even Pye and Eusden. To recur to the character given of him in the "Lives of the Laureates," we consider the following as both true and happy:—"We shall be induced to suppose," (if considering his views on great political and social questions) * * * "that, after his wayward boyhood was over, he had passed from youth to age without the intervening period of manhood; that he was an old man, at the time of life when others are young, *and an old woman when he should have been an old man.*" This is severe enough from admirers. We think it deserved, because Wordsworth was essentially of the emasculated twaddling school. When we consider, however, that this butter-cup and daisy-sentimentalist "exulted in the destruction of the troops of his own country"—when he chose to sympathise with the *sans-culottes* of the first French revolution,—we are by no means inclined to shew mercy to his gentle beneficence, or to abstain from flinging a stone, as we pass by, into the placid waters of that solitary lakeling—the Wordsworthian mind. With regard to the general scheme of the work, let us consider what we knew, previous to its appearance, of the fifteen Poets and Poetasters whose lives are here chronicled. Every one (which means the select few who are what is called well-read persons) has perused, or glanced at, Dryden's life, as written by Dr. Johnson or Sir Walter Scott; the same "every one" is, or was, acquainted with Gifford's defence of "rare Ben Johnson;" and a few have, perhaps, met with the

somewhat inaccurate memoir of a more recent writer. Some elaborate or accidental readers have been amused by the vain and garrulous narrative of Colley Cibber. "Every one," again, has of late been made aware, by the booksellers, of the great bad biographers of Southey and Wordsworth. Sir William Davenant we knew as the first *manager* of a theatre, in the sense in which we now use the word. Shadwell as the petty antagonist of Dryden. Tate as the coadjutor of Brady in Psalmody. Warton was well known as the author of the History of English poetry, but of the man himself little was known. Eusden is damned to fame in the Dunciad. We remember "Spartan Pye" as the source of much mirth to his contemporaries. Whitehead was but little known by his "Roman Father," though he was "somebody, by virtue of his Laureateship, in his own day—

"Next Whitehead came, his worth a pinch of snuff;
But for a Laureate he was good enough."

Now Messrs. Austin and Ralph have given us the best opinion they could of this Laureate, and surely it is not their fault if they could find *nothing* worth quoting from some of his brethren. The account of Colley Cibber's daughter, Charlotte Cibber, is both new and curious. We cannot refrain from giving it to our readers, together with one of those excellent, scant jests, affixed to conspicuous names, which go down to posterity one scarcely knows how.

THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY.

In very early life she gave indications of an excitable temperament, and an unruly will. Among her juvenile pranks, she relates how one morning, when but four years old, she got up early, put on her father's wig, dressed herself as well as she could in male attire, and, mimicking the paternal strut, went out to receive the obeisances of the passers-by: how, on another occasion, her father was awoken by deafening acclamations, and on looking out of the window, beheld his hopeful daughter making a triumphal entry into the village, sitting astride upon an ass, and attended by a retinue of screaming urchins, whom she had bribed to take part in the procession. At eight years of age she was sent to school, and devoted herself to her studies with passionate vehemence. The needle—woman's ordinary weapon against inactivity—she could never learn to manage; but every masculine pursuit or amusement had for her an irresistible attraction. She would hunt, shoot, ride races, dig, drink beer, do any thing, in short, that a young lady ought not to do. At fourteen, she went to live with her mother at a house near Uxbridge. There she became a capital shot, would rise early, spend the whole day at her sport, and return home, laden with spoil. Her gun, at the suggestion of a good-natured friend, was soon taken away from her, and she revenged herself by attempting to demolish the chimneys of the house, by firing at them with a huge fowling-piece that had hung over the kitchen mantel-piece.

To the gun succeeded the curry-comb, and she became an adept in all the mysteries of the stable. She next applied herself to the study of physic, obtained some drugs, and with formal gravity practised among those poor people who were credulous enough to swallow her conco-

tions. Her next employment was gardening, which she pursued with her usual enthusiasm, and after two or three hours hard work would not allow herself rest even for her meals, but with some bread and bacon in one hand, and a pruning knife in the other, continue, unremittingly, her self-imposed labour. At this time her father was abroad, and the man who acted in the double capacity of groom and gardener was for some irregularity dismissed. Charlotte was in ecstasies, as she was now arch-empress of his two-fold domain, and unceasing were her manœuvres to prevent the engagement of a successor. The dismissed servant having been seen straying near the house one evening, suspicions were aroused, which Charlotte skillfully inflamed by her dark suggestions, and then boldly undertook the defence of the leaguered house. The plate was carried up into her room, which she garnished with all the weapons of war the establishment could afford, and then sent the household to bed. After a long vigil, to her great mortification no attack was made, universal silence prevailed, when luckily a cur began to bark. Up went the window, and volley after volley was poured into the unoffending void, while her mother and the domestics lay below in trembling consternation. While still a girl, she married Mr. Charke, an eminent composer on the violin, but he was a worthless libertine, and, after the birth of a daughter, they separated. She then obtained an engagement on the stage, and relates with childish simplicity, how, for a whole week, she did nothing but walk from one end of the town to the other, to read her name on the bills. Her success was such as to justify expectations of her becoming a most accomplished actress, and as Lucy in "George Barnwell" she attracted considerable attention; but she soon quarrelled with the manager, and afterwards satirized him in a farce she wrote, termed, "The Art of Management." She then tried a new sphere, and opened a shop in Long Acre, as oil-woman and grocer, and her whole soul was absorbed in the fluctuations of sugar. The shop did not pay, and she quitted it to become the proprietress of a puppet-show, by which she lost all she had, and was arrested for a debt of seven pounds. Her release was effected by the contributions of some acquaintances, when she dressed herself in male attire, and assumed the name of Mr. Brown. Under this disguise, she engaged the affections of a young heiress, to whom, in order to escape a private marriage urged by the amatory damsel, she was compelled to disclose her secret. Shortly afterwards, she exhibited her valorous spirit by knocking a man down with a cudgel for having fabricated some story at her expense. She next obtained a situation as valet-de-chambre to a nobleman, where she appears for a short time to have known something like comfort; but on being dismissed from this place, she became extremely reduced, her child fell ill, and ruin stared her in the face. A timely supply from a friend relieved her from her more immediate necessities, and with some small remainder she set up as an itinerant sausage-seller. This, like her other avocations, did not prove remunerative; and we next hear of her as a singer at some musical entertainment, then as a performer at Bartholomew fair, then as assistant to a master of legerdemain. She next, by means of some advances made by an uncle, opened a public-house in Drury Lane, the first she saw vacant, which of course failed; and her next employment was as a waiter in a tavern at Marylebone. Here she made herself so useful, that a kinswoman of the landlady intimated that her hand would not be refused if applied for; and the captivating waiter, to escape a second involuntary marriage, was obliged again to reveal the secret of her sex. She next engaged herself to manage Punch at a puppet-show, and afterwards joined a band of strolling

players. Tired of wandering, it would seem, she settled at Chepstow, and opened a pastry-cook's shop. When she had built her oven, she had not wherewithal to heat it, and when she had obtained the fuel, she was without the necessary materials for her trade; but every obstacle gave way before her ingenuity and perseverance. After a short trial, she removed her business to Pell, a place near Bristol, received a small legacy, with which she paid off her debts, and commenced life afresh. She wrote a short tale for a newspaper, and obtained thereby a situation as corrector of the press; but her earnings at this toilsome occupation being insufficient to support her, she obtained employment as prompter at the theatre at Bath. She afterwards returned to London and kept a public-house at Islington; but as we here lose the aid of her narrative, her movements at this epoch are uncertain. She finally had recourse to her pen for subsistence, and began the publication of her memoirs. Her next production was a novel, and a graphic picture has been given of her home at this period. When the publisher, with a friend, called for the purpose of purchasing her manuscript, she was living in a wretched hut near the Clerkenwell prison. The furniture consisted of a dresser, extremely clean, ornamented with a few plates, and a fractured pitcher stood underneath it. A gaunt domestic guarded the establishment, while on a broken chair by the grate sat the mistress in her strange attire. A monkey was perched on one hob, a cat on the other, at her feet lay a half-starved cur, and a magpie chattered from her chair. The remains of a pair of bellows laid upon her knees served as a desk, her inkstand was a broken teacup, and her solitary pen was worn to the stump. On her visitors seating themselves on a rough deal board, for there was not a second chair in the room, she began, with a beautiful clear voice, to read from the manuscript before her, and asked thirty guineas for the copyright. The grim handmaiden stared aghast at the enormity of the demand. The iron-hearted publisher proposed five pounds, but finally doubled the sum, and offered in addition fifty copies of the work. The bargain was struck, and the authoress was left in temporary affluence. From this time Mrs. Charlotte Charke disappears from our view, and she died shortly afterwards, on the 6th of April 1760.

We must now dismiss the "Lives of the Laureates," with the remark, that both pleasure and profit are to be derived from its pages. The chief fault we have to find is, that it is not a two-volume work; and that the authors, in their anxiety not to exceed their proposed limits, do not give sufficient illustrations of the writings of the fifteen bards. We think they have, on the whole, performed their task well; and while stating our opinion that the "Lives of Laureates," as Laureates, will want no re-writing, we may be permitted to add, that we hope in future there will be no lives of Laureates to be written. The only men fit for such an office are the writers of national songs. Dibdin, in our opinion, was a much more eligible man than Wordsworth or Southey for some such distinction and remuneration; whilst, of all the writers of the past age, none perhaps had so good a title as Campbell. We believe it was offered to him in his old age, and refused; but of this we are not certain.

Life and Times of Madame de Staël. By MARIA NORRIS. D. Bogue. 1853.

It is an admitted literary axiom, that in order to give the true delineation of a woman's character, a female hand must guide the pen; and further, that the mind and temperament of a biographer must correspond, in some degree, to that of the subject of the biography. Both these conditions are fulfilled in the present volume, which, accordingly, affords a striking and interesting picture of one of the most remarkable women of the age in which she lived. The incidents of her life, and the scenes she passed through, present hues as strongly contrasted, as those of the political world during the same period. The general European peace, on the close of the American war, which had every appearance of permanence, and, in the estimation of the most eminent statesmen of the day, promised the happiest results, was suddenly broken up by convulsions reducing the nations of the Continent to a state of depression and misery unexampled in the history of civilization. In like manner, *magnis componere parva*, the brilliant career of Madame de Staël in her beloved Paris, where she reigned the literary and social cynosure, was doomed to be exchanged for exile, perilous wanderings, and distresses of every kind, bringing her to a premature grave. It might have been expected that this idol of the *haute* *ton* would be amongst the first of those overwhelmed by the revolutionary torrent. Not so, however. Madame de Staël was "armed at all points, and fit for either fray;" whether the war of wits in the refined *abandon* of the salons, or the ferocious onslaught of the demon Jacobins. Without a thought of flying from their fury, she busied herself, amid the murderous din, in concealing or aiding to escape those of her friends who were in the most imminent danger. When the emissaries of the bloody tribunal presented themselves at her house, boldly facing them, she asserted the inviolability of the Swedish Embassy with so much of dignity and courage, as to gain time for securing the safety of those who had sought refuge under her roof. Subsequently, in presence of the dread Robespierre himself, she maintained the same undaunted bearing, bearded the lion in his den, and owed her escape from the death that impended over her, partly to the respect thus inspired into her savage judges, partly to the assistance of one of the leading revolutionists, Manuel, who thus requited the habitual solicitude of her father, Necker, to supply the Faubourg St. Antoine and other poor quarters with bread during periods of scarcity. While the storm from whose fury she thus escaped, was raging throughout her

native country, she paid her first visits to England and Germany, both of which are pleasantly described, and eagerly returned to Paris on the re-establishment of something like orderly government. Here, however, her evil genius soon declared himself in the person of the redoubtable Napoleon. He who strode on from one victory to another in unbroken succession, till he laid all the Continent at his feet, trembled before the influence of a woman. The antipathy he conceived against his fair adversary, which ultimately vented itself in the most relentless persecution, dated from an early period, and manifested its beginnings in malicious banter.

"Whom do you consider the greatest woman living or dead?" inquired Madame de Staël of General Bonaparte, at a party given by Monsieur de Talleyrand. "Her, madame, who has borne the most children," curtly replied the soldier. "It is said," she resumed, a little discomfited, "that you are not very friendly to the sex." "I am passionately fond of my wife," he answered, turning abruptly away to converse with some one else.

He forgot that Madame de Staël, in any combat of wit, was likely eventually to be the winner, and by his rebuffs he made himself an enemy, who, woman though she was, and the victim of his arbitrary power, kept him at bay with her pen for many years. "Why do you take any notice of her?" said some one to Napoleon, long subsequently: "surely you need not mind a woman." "Madame de Staël," replied the emperor, "has shafts which would hit a man were he seated on a rainbow."

At what, indeed, did she aim these her far-reaching shafts? At that giant despotism which she beheld establishing itself, far more grinding and oppressive than that which her father had striven, unhappily without success, to modify, under the legitimate monarchy. She had even warmly sympathised with, and vigorously advocated, the constitutional principles maintained by her father, adverse alike to irresponsible arbitrary power, and to republican or democratical licence. These principles the frowns neither of the First Consul nor of the Emperor could induce her to disavow. Hence his ever-increasing malignity towards her. When first he saw reason for taking precautions against the hostile influence she was exerting, he surrounded her with spies, from whom he received intimation that she had instigated Benjamin Constant to the covert attack made by him in the Senate on the ambitious projects of the First Consul. His displeasure quickly became known among her friends:—

She was to entertain several persons on the evening following Monsieur Constant's speech. Five o'clock came, and with it a note of excuse; the disappointing *billets* continued to flow in, and she spent her evening alone. No doubt it requires a considerable degree of philosophy to bear such things calmly. Whatever men profess, we cannot believe in such a thing as perfect indifference to

opinion; Madame de Staël never pretended to attain to it. She keenly felt every neglect of society.

Nor was she relieved, probably, when waited on by Fouché, the minister of police, one of the Jacobins who had lately "been regenerated by the baptism of Napoleon's favour." Fouché told her it was suspected she prompted Monsieur Constant's speech. She laughed at this compliment, and assured him that Monsieur Constant was a man whose talents placed him above the obligation of borrowing ideas from a woman. He agreed; but told her the First Consul was offended by the speech, and that she was considered an implicated party.

She remonstrated that the First Consul had no authority to consider the speech personal; that Monsieur Constant had made only such statements as affected the welfare of the Republic; that he had mentioned no names; and that he had only advanced such principles as the First Consul, the head of a free Republic, ought to approve.

Fouché could not deny all this; but recommended her to retire to the country for a few days, and prophesied that in that space all would be forgotten.

This flattering prospect was not realised: she returned to find herself more unpopular than ever.

Napoleon now forbade her presence within forty leagues of Paris; and shortly afterwards gratified his spite against her by causing the entire edition of her "*Allemagne*," amounting to 10,000 copies, just printed in Paris, to be destroyed, and its publication prohibited. He followed up this pitiable malice by banishing her from the French territory, and compelling her to confine herself to the paternal mansion at Coppet. Finally, ascertaining that her friends sought her out in her retreat, he issued a further injunction, strictly debarring her from all visitors, and punished, by banishment or imprisonment, any who presumed to disregard the inexorable decree. The depression of soul consequent upon this enforced solitude, and the dread of something yet worse, set her thoughts wholly upon the means of escape. Her active spirit revolted at the thralldom imposed upon it, and cried aloud for freedom. England alone echoed the call, and thither she resolved to make her way; but, with all Europe in subjection to her persecutor, and every path beset by his emissaries, obstacles insuperable appeared to arise before her. Despite them all, she contrived warily and stealthily to effect a passage to Vienna, where, having fortunately obtained a Russian passport, she remained for some time in doubt whether to proceed to England by way of Galicia, Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Sweden; or by Odessa, Constantinople, the Mediterranean, and the Straits of Gibraltar! To such *détours* was she driven by the watchfulness of her enemy, who may be said to have been almost as intent upon imprisoning a solitary woman as upon the success of the Russian expedition on which he was then engaged. After much deliberation, she decided on the former route; and, having painfully and in the midst of perils traversed Austrian Poland, and so far placed herself out

of immediate danger, she prosecuted her wearisome journey, two hundred leagues out of the direct road, through Russian Poland and the Ukraine to Moscow, whence her progress was comparatively easy to St. Petersburg. In the imperial city she was received with much honour by the emperor and the nobility; and again by Bernadotte at Stockholm, where she rested for eight months, and arrived in England, for the second time, in the middle of 1813. Here she enjoyed, for a short period, the companionship of Scott and Byron, Sir F. Mackintosh, and Lords Lansdowne, Holland, Grey, &c.; and proceeded to Paris to exchange their society for that of Wellington, Chateaubriand, Humboldt, Schlegel, Canova, and other eminent personages of the day. The return of Napoleon drove her once more into retirement at Coppet, where, in the course of two years, death overtook her, greatly accelerated by the vexations and hardships she had recently undergone. She died the victim of the tyrant whose disgrace and downfall she had prophesied, and lived to see, and who was thus ultimately overthrown by the force of those principles he had ever persecuted in her.

It was impossible, says our authoress, that she could please the Emperor. Her very least sentence breathed a spirit of generous enthusiasm, which was distasteful to him. He is said to have remarked peevishly, "It is no matter what she writes: let it be politics, history, or romance, it comes to the same thing in the end. After reading her, people do not like me."

There is one circumstance, as the authoress suggests, that leads us to feel less regret at the seclusion to which she was for many years doomed by the fears of the Autocrat; namely, that to it we owe those emanations of her genius, "*Corinne*" and "*L'Allemagne*," which have won the admiration of the sternest critics. Had she been fated to pursue, uninterruptedly, her brilliant social career, the vivacity, the refinement, and the wisdom now preserved, in those writings, for posterity, would have wasted their perfume in the light atmosphere of the Parisian salons. In treating of the times in which Madame de Staël lived, the authoress judiciously refrains from entering into details familiar to all the world, confining herself to what is necessary to illustrate the subject immediately in hand. Her views of the leading incidents, and her estimate of the most conspicuous actors in the Revolution, evince much acuteness of observation and appreciation of character. On the other hand, her reflections are frequently too diffuse, and the order of the narrative not sufficiently consecutive. These are faults of inexperience which she has talent to correct, as is shewn by the portrait she draws of her heroine,—a spirited picture, evidently ex-

ecuted *con amore*, and the result of earnest study, congenial in every way to her feelings. As might be expected, she defends, with right good-will and all the energy of thorough conviction, the moral character of Madame de Staël, against which the slanderous shafts of her enemies were assiduously directed. Her vivacity of temperament, openness of disposition, and easy freedom of discourse, offered a certain foundation for calumny to build upon; or, as the authoress tersely sums it up, the society around her ranked the *bienséances* above the virtues, and the contempt she manifested for this shallow judgment laid her open to im-

putations from which she would otherwise have been exempt. The sound and moderate political views, also, which she inherited from her father exposed her to the hostility of the Royalist emigrants, who looked upon the Constitution-
alists with a greater degree of aversion than they felt even for the Jacobins. With them is supposed to have originated the charge against her of undue intimacy with Monsieur de Montmorin, one of Louis XVI.'s ministers, whom she had secreted in her house in Paris to shield him from the fury of the *sans culottes*. On this essential point her fair biographer takes up her cause with equal earnestness and ability.*

"The Life and Death of Silas Barnstarke" By Talbot Gwynne, Author of "The School for Fathers" and "The School for Dreamers." Smith, Elder, & Co., 65 Cornhill. 1853.

LIKE all this author's preceding works, the present, displays much originality both in the conception and execution. It will be more generally appreciated than "The School for Dreamers," though we now indeed congratulate Mr. Gwynne on having equalled his first essay.

Silas Barnstarke is in every respect of a higher order than the other works of fiction of the quarter, and will be duly appreciated by all who can estimate the superiority of a tale of this kind, in which the interest never for a moment flags, over the prosy vapid inanities that usually inflate our three-volume novels.

Silas and Walter Barnstarke are the orphan sons of a man of small possessions, though his father owned at one time many broad acres; but having been seized with the ruinous idea of vying at court with men richer and nobler than himself, he squandered his estate on equipages, horses, a vast retinue, and extravagant banquets, which, after all, procured him only the laughter of the courtiers of the day, and the contempt of the country gentlemen in his neighbourhood.

Sir John Jovell, the uncle of our hero, took care that the bereaved children of his sister should have a better home than the wide world. He kept Silas at his own house, making no difference between him and his sons. Walter, being at his father's death but a babe, was placed under the care of one Joanna Elderfield (a cottager's wife), to be nursed and brought up.

YOUNG SILAS.

Silas was not an ordinary child. He was taciturn, which is not the usual character of children; he joined his cousins in all their country sports, but he had no real love for boyish plays, though he was stout of limb, deep-chested, and robust. He had none of the airy gaiety of childhood: he was a grave and sedate boy, with a deep look in his dark grey eyes; whilst his mouth shut with a firmness which had more of the man than the child

about it; and his head had a squareness that denoted great strength of body, as well as a most determined disposition.

He was dull at learning, and the family chaplain and tutor looked upon him as a doomed dunce.

It was not till this chaplain thought it his painful duty to try and teach Silas something of figures that his hard-brained pupil woke up from his lethargy. Then, to the good tutor's astonishment, he found that there actually did exist a capacity for something in "the poor little dolt," as he had been wont to call Silas. He seemed born for arithmetic. In his walks, in his bed, at every spare moment, Silas was making calculations: golf and bowls, sword-play, single stick, wrestling and riding, he now left entirely to his cousins. As for him, he strolled about the fields and lanes calculating, till, at ten years of age, he was the marvel of all who were aware of his sedate talent. He was rough in his manner, and all the efforts of his uncle and his wife, all the lessons of the tutor, and all the bantering of his cousins, failed to mix one drop of courtesy with his rudeness.

Walter remained under the tender care of Joanna Elderfield till he was three years of age. Her love for him had waxed greater from day to day. He was a meek and a winning little child; and this, together with his orphan state and his gentle blood, rendered him a precious treasure to his nurse. She loved her own children; stalwart children and good were they; but she entertained for Walter a sentiment of respect and tenderness, superadded to her affection for him, which, even at his then immature age, her fosterchild well repaid.

Walter and his brother were as different as it was possible for two brothers to be.

Whereas Silas was rough in manner, and stout in body, little Walter was courteous in his childish ways, and delicately made. He was neither a handsome nor a particularly pretty boy; but the expression of meekness and goodness spread over his countenance was far

* Madame de Staël evidently refers to this circumstance when denouncing her immortal "Corinne" from a similar inference:

Elle a certainement mille fois plus d'expression dans le regard, de vivacité dans les démonstrations qu'il n'en faudrait chez vous (en Angleterre) et même chez vous (en France) pour faire sentir la sévérité d'une femme: mais c'est une raison d'un esprit si supérieur, d'une instruction si profonde, d'un tact si fin que les règles ordinaires pour juger les femmes ne peuvent s'appliquer à elle.

more charming than the greatest beauty would have been.

Silas had heard the history of his lost estates, and how his grandfather's extravagance had ruined the family.

At his desire, Sir John had shewn him the various lands in that part of the country, which should have been his; of which the farm-house, where he was born, alone remained.

Silas loved to hover about his lost property; to walk from meadow and field, to wood and down; to view the splendid abode of his ancestors, and, in his mind, to call it his own.

"Mine it should be; mine it *shall* be!" he said, and firmly he set his mouth, and bent his heavy brows.

Silas was twelve years old when he made this resolve. He was not a boy to ponder over it, nor to build castles in the air concerning it.

No; he told himself that to possess that estate he must buy it; to buy it he must needs have wherewithal to do so; that he was not worth, at that moment, a single farthing; that when he came of age he would have the farm, and the 100*l.* a year it brought forth; therefore to redeem his lost houses and lands he must "*make money.*"

Make money! how was that to be done? He must find out.

From that day all his discourse with Sir John and with the chaplain was on the theme of money-making; and all his questions were inquiries as to how money was to be made.

He thought over all he had gleaned on this subject.

It was evident that by remaining at Sir John's, learning classical lore with the tutor, and finally settling down at his solitary farm on 100*l.* a-year, and any little sum which he hoped his uncle might leave him, was not the way to repossess his estates, and to become a man of weight in his country. That would never do.

Having fully made up his mind as to his future career, he one day bluntly informed Sir John that it was his desire to become a merchant; and that if his uncle would give him an education which would fit him for that line of life, he would repay him, "*with interest,*" as soon as ever it should be in his power to do so; for he felt certain that he should eventually have it in his power so to repay him every farthing spent on his early training.

Animated by this resolve, Silas is sent to Christ's Hospital. He travels to London by the waggon, by which conveyance one "Master Benson" is also proceeding to the metropolis. The conjuncture proves a fortunate one for Barnstarke, for Benson is a wealthy trader, and invites his young companion to visit his offices and warehouses previously to his entry at the Blue-Coat School.

SILAS AT SCHOOL.

Silas had not been long at school before he bore the nickname of "Steady Silas." The Christian name being by degrees omitted, he was at length known by the name of "Steady," and by none other.

Idle boys and dunces were mines to Silas. When they would not, or could not, do their various lessons, "Steady" was always at hand, like some hired scribe, to do the task for them; never, however, delivering over his work until he had been paid for it, and this payment was always to be in hard cash: Silas would take nothing else. He had a wonderful and dangerous talent for imitating all sorts of handwritings, doing it quite well enough to deceive masters; and he could, moreover, write so small, yet so distinctly, that he would copy a lesson on a bit of paper, which would fit into the palm of the hand. These little

papers saved his customers much trouble, as far as memory was concerned. They stuck the copied lessons on the hand, and repeated them with great volubility and precision.

Silas's copying of lessons, and doing of written tasks in feigned hands, became in time to be called "*steadies*"—from the enditer. All his play hours were taken up by these "*steadies,*" which were paid for in copper coin; such pence being carefully put away by Silas till they amounted to the value of a silver coin, for which he exchanged them; the silver being, in its turn, kept until there was enough of it to be exchanged for gold.

Silas' heart expanded with quiet joy when he eyed and handled the first gold piece of his own making. He felt that he was able to "*make money,*" and he felt, at the same moment, that his ancestral estates could not fail of becoming his own.

In spite of his nickname of "Steady," Silas' reputation was very bad with the higher powers. No boy in Christ's Hospital was under punishment more often than Barnstarke; and no boy bore the infliction with so much philosophy and carelessness as he did. And yet Barnstarke suffered for offences which were none of his! As far as his own duties went, he was immaculate; but for a groat—that was his price—Silas would take on himself any offence which could be transferred without fear of being found out, and with it the consequent punishment.

Benson had a son, Anthony, and a daughter, Damaris, the former an idle worthless stripling, caring for nothing but amusement and dissipation of the worst kind; the latter, a pretty blue-eyed girl, the delight of her father's heart, but no favourite with her mother or with Anthony. She was indeed her brother's slave, having been brought up to obey him in all things.

During his holidays, it was a great delight to Silas to wander about the family acres, to gaze at the ancient family mansion through the *grillage* of its massy iron gates, and up the long avenue of beech-trees that led to his ancestral hall. The mansion and the greater part of the estate were at the time in the possession of Sir Peter Markham, Knight, a Roman Catholic of good and ancient descent.

On coming of age, Silas received 1700*l.*, the accumulated rent of a small farm, his sole patrimony, and, with this sum and his previous earnings to trade with, he commenced in earnest his money-getting career; his poor brother Walter, whose only ambition was "to become a country-parson," being solely dependent upon the bounty of his uncle.

Anthony Benson, after a brief but depraved career, dies suddenly, and his father then proposes to Silas to adopt him in his stead. This was to him a glorious event. He now beheld himself well launched, and steadily sailing before the smooth breeze that was ere long to waft him to fortune.

About this time those dire civil wars commenced that inundated England with blood. Silas Barnstarke adopted the demeanour and garb of a Puritan, as soon as he perceived that party to be in the ascendant.

"He did not speak their jargon; he had no

aptitude for picking up such things; but on Sunday he went to chapel, sitting through a two hours' sermon with exemplary patience, thinking over his mundane affairs the while; taking advantage of the lulling effect produced by the monotony of one voice heard for so long a time to settle many an intricate business."

He had made up his mind to work hard till he arrived at the age of fifty, eschewing, till then, all pleasure that could in any way interfere with business; *then*, however, he would increase his weight and power in the country, marry a young and lovely wife, whom he would keep under due discipline, and thus live to a good old age, rich and powerful beyond measure. Beyond that good old age, alas! he, like too many similarly engaged, never bestowed a thought.

Having at length amassed a considerable fortune, he began to turn his mind in earnest to the purchase of Sir Peter Markeham's lands, but, to his surprise, he finds, even after throwing out a hint about the probability of sequestration, no readiness on the part of their owner to dispose of them. Thus foiled, he has recourse to a most unrighteous artifice, and actually urges their sequestration by the dominant power. A lieutenant, with an ample body of men, are accordingly sent to do the unholy bidding of the Parliament.

THE PILLAGE.

On arriving at the house Lieutenant Hew-them-down Higgons found the door wide open.

This leading him to suspect treachery, he sent in the corporal and a couple of men to reconnoitre, but these found nought but empty rooms; Sir Peter having, on second thoughts, sent every servant away, ordering them to seek safety as best they could, for that he was a lost man. His household, thus dismissed, betook themselves to flight, with many a sigh given to their master's ill fortune. At length the corporal opened the door of the room in which Sir Peter and his lady were sitting.

"I know your errand," cried the Baronet, looking up calmly from his book, whilst his wife trembled at the presence of the soldiers. "You will find no resisting with us. Begin your unrighteous work!"

The corporal sent one of the men down to the lieutenant to report progress.

Will Higgons and his soldiers entered the house. "Brethren," cried Lieutenant Hew-them-down, "here is a righteous work to be done! At it like men! Destroy! destroy! Turn out the heathen—tear down their trumpery! Go! and smite as ye go: meet in this hall when ye shall hear the tap of the drum! Here is a privilege! See that ye neglect it not!" On hearing these words the soldiers uttered a shout, and spread themselves over the house. It was not long before they found their way to the chapel. As oaths were deemed scandalous in the parliamentary army, the warriors gave vent to their feelings by yells and denunciations.

The solemn calm, which had ever reigned in that spot, was no more.

The lieutenant wrathfully cut the altar-piece from its frame, and, spitting it on his sword, rushed with it into the presence of Sir Peter and his lady.

He was followed by two or three of his men carrying books, and all that they deemed to be of no value. Higgons

cast the picture on the ground, and, setting his foot on it, threw his arms aloft, crying:

"Repent! repent! There lieth your superstitious trumpery! Your idolatrous temple is no more! Repent! repent! Your home is snatched from you! Verily it shall pass to honest men: the heathen shall not dwell therein. Your gold shall not be used to treasonable purposes: it shall flow into the pockets of the saints! Snodgrass," he continued, turning to one of the soldiers, "light a fire." Snodgrass, a giant of relentless and hard-hearted appearance, obeyed the order, lighting an immense crackling fire in the fire-place that yawned at one end of the hall.

When this was accomplished, and the cheerful roaring flames waved and rushed up the wide chimney, Higgons again put the picture on his sword-point, bearing it in triumph to the fire, whilst his corporal shook his strong fist in Sir Peter's face.

The Baronet appeared not to see him, so unmoved and calm was his countenance.

Hew-them-down Higgons cast the altar-piece among the flames. The fire soon seized upon it, blistering the paint and consuming it as though it had been a thing of no value.

When the last remains of the beautiful picture were devoured by the eager flames; when the valuable, never-to-be-replaced work of art was no more; the Puritans shouted and threw books and "Babylonish garments" into the fire to take its place. The albs were, as usual, reserved for shirts.

The work was soon done. The chapel was demolished; the silver lamp, and other things of value, were brought below and packed in a large case.

The next move was to ransack the house for money, plate, and jewels. These were soon found, and pounced upon.

The lieutenant rubbed his hands demurely as he eyed his prize; then bid the drum beat, which called all his men to the hall.

Being there assembled, Hew-them-down Higgons gave out a hymn, the soldiers singing each verse after him.

There they stood in two ranks, the drummer to the right, the lieutenant fronting them; and there, amidst the spoil, they sang their melancholy, rough hymn tune, in manly, determined tones.

The sound reached Sir Peter and Lady Markeham; but they neither moved nor spoke.

"Now," cried Higgons, "we will chase the heathen from his haunt: even unto holes in the rock we will chase him!" Higgons acted up to his words.

A quarter of an hour afterwards, the Baronet and his wife, mounted on an old cart-horse, were slowly wending their way to the fisherman's cot, towards which Father Humphries had travelled a short time before them.

Whilst his men were stirring up the kitchen fire, and cooking a good dinner, Lieut. Hew-them-down penned a triumphant letter to his betters; which letter, beginning with "Hallelujah," and ending with "Amen," contained many blasphemies, and an account of his proceedings.

Silas rejoiced at the sequestration of Sir Peter Markeham's property, thus brought about through his own instrumentality. He had no moral sense of good or evil, nor was he at all aware how the love of gain was enslaving him, and turning his heart to iron.

He thought not of the poor old houseless knight, who perished soon after at Naseby. He only chuckled at having compassed his ends; for he felt certain that the Government, needy and unscrupulous as it was, would not hesitate to sell him the ancient estate of his family.

Here he reckoned rightly, for, within a month of the catastrophe above described, Barnstarke found himself installed in the old mansion, and sole possessor of all the lands once lost to the family through his grandfather's vanity.

The "sober and respected merchant" soon after received a considerable accession of wealth by the death of his patron and benefactor, Anthony Benson. An increase of opulence ever added to his so-called happiness; strengthening, at the same time, his hardness of heart and grasping love of pelf.

As for poor Damaris, she, though wealthy, was broken-hearted, with nothing, in this world, whereon to rest her hopes. Barnstarke regarded her as a "poor, cold, peaking, old maid," and began to cast about by what means he should possess himself of her half of the fortune she had inherited from her father.

SILAS COURTING.

He was at Mistress Damaris Benson's on business connected with her father's will.

Their *tête-à-tête* dinner was over; the village bells were blithely ringing for church.

Damaris was seated by the window in a high-backed chair; her thin and wasted hands, with the marked blue veins, rested on her lap, holding a book which she did not read, and looking supernaturally white against her black dress.

Her gentle blue eyes were slightly inflamed through bitter weeping; and sighs broke from her sunken chest as she listened to the merrily singing birds; looked on the bright sunshine and on the waving trees, thinking on the spring last past, when she placidly enjoyed country sights and sounds with her beloved and venerable father—now for ever gone from this world, with its change of joy and sorrow.

Barnstarke sat at the table leaning on his elbow.

Church bells, the singing of birds, the shining of the sun, and the waving of green trees, were unnoticed by him.

He looked from time to time on Damaris, thought her "an ill-favoured, silly, pining thing;" told himself it would be best to speak whilst she felt so desolate, and whilst her grief was not unassuaged; faltered a moment; bethought himself of her wealth; cleared his throat solemnly, and spoke as follows:—

"Mistress Damaris, you and I are very old friends, and I have ever felt a great esteem for you. Your good father loved and trusted me, as all his acts have proved. I gave him my promise that at his death I would be, as it were, a father to you; and I hope never to break my word."

Poor Damaris, on hearing her father thus suddenly spoken of, began to weep. Barnstarke, without appearing to notice her, continued—

"You are very desolate, Mistress Damaris; and the world is full of roguery, ever ready to take advantage of a lone spinster. I cannot be with you as I could wish, and as my old friend would have wished, though I shall ever hold myself ready to do your bidding."

Here Barnstarke paused an instant, cleared his throat, changed his position in his chair, and said bluntly—

"Mistress Damaris, will you be my wife? You will then be safe from rogues, and rogue's designs!"

Damaris, thus addressed, started; and, making an effort, stopped her tears, whilst she answered in sad and feeble tones, with her sorrowing eyes fixed on the merchant, who dropped his beneath her gaze:

"Master Barnstarke, I thank you heartily for your

good-will towards me, and shall ever feel grateful to you for it; but my time on earth will not be long: I feel sick at heart, and shall soon follow my dear father. I have no thought of wedlock, or any thing connected with this world. My youth has been sad, and void of all the joys which youth values: I cannot now, in my misery, bind myself to worldly cares. I mean to leave the portion of wealth my father earned so honestly and industriously, and which he has left to me, in charity. May heaven receive the offering, and soon free me from my poor mortal body!"

With these words Damaris extended her trembling hand to the merchant, pressed his, and left the room like a dark shadow; whilst he uttered a scarcely audible oath, called her a fool, and quitted the house.

Sir John Lovell died, leaving a son, Francis, an easy, kind, generous, but indolent man, for whom riches had no charms. Sir John had bequeathed to him his estates in perfect order: they were now getting into confusion by neglect.

Sir Francis, whose cousin and heir Silas was (if he died unmarried), felt a great respect for the prosperous merchant, often consulted him about his affairs, and finally gave up their entire management to Silas, who felt a tantalising delight in setting the property to rights; a small matter for a man of his powers, with his clear mind and solid brain. Lady Lovell, the mother of Sir Francis, had frequently urged him to marry. Circumstances induce her to visit the Continent with her son, and he there becomes enamoured, after a while, with a young French *pensionnaire* of the name of Herminie, "a charming creature of seventeen, black-eyed, glossy-haired, pink and white, modest and ever-smiling. The preliminaries, after a brief courtship, having been satisfactorily adjusted, there only intervened a voyage to England between Barnstarke and his felicity; a voyage he was obliged to undertake, however, to settle various matters connected with his marriage.

A sensation of uneasiness shot through Barnstarke's soul on beholding his cousin's unexpected return. By degrees he learnt the real state of the case.

Barnstarke replied by wishing Sir Francis happiness, and offering to be of service to him in the matter. Lovell readily accepted this offer, as it was needful that he should proceed home to look over certain papers; a troublesome business, in which, he said, his cousin could help him greatly. It was accordingly arranged that they should proceed to the country on the following day, to Sir Francis's home.

They started together at an early hour; the merchant in a sullen frame of mind, and his companion hardly awake. Bitter thoughts had rolled through Barnstarke's mind, like heavy billows in some dark cave. Scheme upon scheme, all alike selfish and full of sin, had he entertained, reviewed, and discarded as nothing worth, regarding that snare of the evil one, his

cousin's estate. He never thought how worthless that estate—nay, the world itself—would be, purchased by an unworthy deed! No: his mind was fixed—his resolve at length was taken. No future progeny should rise between him and his prize.

A DEED OF BLOOD.

As evening drew on, the merchant's full and fallow cheek grew pale and wan, his breathing deep, his look fixed and ferocious.

"Why, Silas, man!" cried Sir Francis Lovell, suddenly drawing bridle, "what doth ail thee? Thou art white as a ghost. Shall we stop at the next inn?"

Barnstarke's dark blush for a second chased away his pallor, which returned again with tenfold ghastliness; whilst, unobserved by Lovell, a slight and hardly to be perceived tremour shook his sturdy frame.

"I am tired," he answered gruffly: "my head and bones do ache. I am not well."

"We had better stop without pushing on to the last stage, then."

"No, no, I can go on: Joyce will have got all things in readiness for us to lie at the appointed place."

Silence was resumed between the travellers, only broken by the tramping of their horses, and the sighing of the evening breeze among the budding trees.

As night began to draw on, the bridle path they were following narrowed more and more, till, running between two high banks topped by hedges and trees, it was little better than a ditch.

Barnstarke, reining in his horse, had dropped to the rear of Lovell, who looked round laughing, and calling Silas his "varlet."

"I am mighty hungry," he cried: "how many more miles, Silas? When shall we get out of this dry ditch?"

"Thou hast but a short way before thee now," returned the merchant, huskily: "we shall soon reach the common."

"To bed thou goest directly we arrive, man; and that without supper, for I fear me all is not right with thee."

Barnstarke made no answer, but he set his teeth tight after taking a deep inspiration.

Night had now arrived at that first stage which, succeeding to evening, gives just sufficient light for those without to see by; whilst to one who should leave the house and the lights within it would seem utter darkness.

The sky was covered by grey clouds: not a star was visible. A light fresh wind blew in the travellers' faces, and whistled through the hedges above them.

The bridle road now led them up a gentle rise, at the top of which spread out a large, sweet-smelling, healthy common; desolate, little frequented, and not having a house within two miles of it.

The spot was well known to Barnstarke, as, indeed, was every inch of that road so often passed over by him from his youth upwards.

As they left the bridle road, he leant his hand on the crupper, and, turning his head, looked with piercing glance down the hill.

"My friend David Waller in doublet white,
Without any arms either dusky or bright,
Charged through them twice like a little sprite,
Which nobody can deny!"

Thus sung Francis Lovell in his melodious bass voice, continuing the ditty as he went.

Barnstarke's heart gave one dull, heavy bound; he raised himself up in his stirrups; drew forth one of his pistols; leant over the horse's head; stretched out his arm; and, pointing the muzzle between Lovell's shoulders, fired.

"Help, Silas, help!" cried Francis Lovell, and fell dying from his horse.

The merchant dismounted, catching his cousin's horse by the rein; then, with his remaining pistol, he shot his own through the head.

The fine creature, with a rear, fell dead at his feet.

Barnstarke stooped beside his cousin.

Torrents of blood were flowing from Lovell's mouth. He feebly lifted his hand, made an effort to raise himself and to speak, and then fell back suffocated by his blood.

Barnstarke, avoiding the crimson stream, proceeded, with trembling hands, to rifle the dead man, turning his pockets wrongside out, and concealing the money he found therein on his own person. He then took the valises off the horses, and scattered their contents about. He next discharged his and Lovell's pistols, reloading one of his own and one of his cousin's, which last he placed beside the still warm body, whilst he returned his own to the holster. He then let Lovell's horse go free; and disarranging his own garments, to make them appear as though robbers had maltreated him, he laid himself down beside his horse to await the event.

At the inquest held the following day on the body of the murdered man a prisoner was produced, who had been taken on the common with Sir Francis's horse in his possession.

THE DOUBLE GUILT.

The justice addressed Barnstarke, saying:

"Sir, have you any knowledge of this man?"

The merchant arose from his seat; raised his heavy eyelids, and fixing his dark eyes resolutely on the man, extended his right hand towards him, as he said in a firm distinct tone:

"That is the man whom I beheld riding close after Sir Francis Lovell, aiming his pistol at his shoulders, as though about to fire!"

These words, and the manner in which they were spoken, caused a great sensation among all present.

The accused man opened his eyes in helpless astonishment, crying out with trembling voice to the merchant:

"Heaven have mercy upon you for a liar!"

The justice rebuked the man; and, made a coward by guilt, Barnstarke exulted in his own safety, made doubly sure by a fellow-mortal's peril.

The merchant stated that the man who shot his horse was a tall man, very different from the being before him; whilst the third had jumped off his nag, as though to be ready for plunder.

Jarvis, the man taken with the horse in his possession, was a known bad character—a poacher, a horse-stealer, one who was ready to turn his hand to any villany.

When caught he was riding a rough horse, and leading Barnstarke's by the rein. He swore, truly, that he had found it feeding on the common; but his captors, who had been ranging in all directions in search of the fabulous highwaymen, believed not what he said, and so made him fast.

After further evidence, much deliberation, and due weighing of the affair, the jury, late in the evening, returned a verdict of "Wilful murder against Abraham Jarvis."

Poor Jarvis was tried, condemned, and executed. His blackening body hung in chains on the common, marking the spot of Barnstarke's ineffaceable deed.

But the ancient dwelling of the Lovell's, acquired through so much guilt, excited the horror of Silas whenever he beheld it. He had it demolished, and seemed to breathe more freely when the goodly mansion was levelled to the ground. But he was still wretched. His old

friends were no more. He felt alone in the world, with a secret crime sitting on his soul, like an unclean bird on the ruins of a fair building. He turned his ideas towards marriage; but the idea gave him no delight. He had lived so long in celibacy that he felt no desire to quit that state, and to undertake the trouble and care of wedded life. In the autumn of 1664, however, he became suddenly deeply enamoured of one Mrs. Catherine Page, the most charming actress of her day, and widely celebrated for her beauty, her wit, her talent, and her liveliness. He burnt with a tiger-like passion, which consumed him in spite of all his efforts.

CATHERINE PAGE,

with all her playfulness and artless bearing, possessed an acute, and, so to speak, business-like mind.

She had a spirit of quick and correct observation; and that spirit had led her to note that stage beauty and prosperity were captivating and lasting but for a time; passing away soon, rapidly, and for ever.

Catherine had been comparatively well conducted, with a view to ultimate advantage; and she had no sooner found out who Barnstarke was, and observed his growing passion, than she determined on winding him round to marriage, that she might quit the stage, and pass the remainder of her life in wealth and luxury.

She had spoken to no living soul on the subject of her saturnine lover. Catherine was too clever to give a secret scheme to the wild winds of "confidence."

It must be confessed that Silas Barnstarke and Catherine Page entertained very different ideas on the subject of their future wedded life.

The merchant meant to marry the actress, that he might never lose her: to shut her up rigorously at his country seat, that no profane eyes might look upon her; giving her every luxury and indulgence short of perfect liberty.

The actress meant to marry the merchant, that she might lead a gay and merry life in town; that she might possess a coach, rich apparel, much and rare jewelry, and be her own mistress.

From her observations on others, she deemed all this to be easy of attainment from a man of the merchant's age.

Mistress Page little knew the hard dogged mind and resolute selfishness of Silas Barnstarke.

He looked on *his* pleasure, and not to *hers*.

He wooed the fair damsel, and was readily accepted. At this crisis in his career the plague suddenly broke out in London. ●

THE PLAGUE.

He heard unmoved the bell toll incessantly for departed souls; hugging himself in the contemplation of his approaching happiness. In time the deaths were so many that the bell was no longer rung: a mournful, sullen silence reigned throughout the streets; the very air, and even inanimate objects, seeming to partake in the doleful, despairing awe of mankind.

The atmosphere felt thick and heavy with fever; unapt to sustain life: fit but to be rent by the raving voices, loud and unnatural, of dying men—by the piercing shrieks and startling groans of pain—or by the sad and heart-breaking cries of those who wailed for the dead.

Barnstarke heard them unmoved. Unmoved he beheld house after house marked by the red cross—fatal, outward sign of the horror that reigned within; unmoved he heard, night after night, the rumbling of the

dead-cart; the cold voice calling through the darkness—"Bring out your dead!" and, after the pause that denoted the carrying forth of the ghastly plague-giving burthen, the renewed sound of the heavy slowly-moving cart.

Catherine Page, frightened and scared by all she gathered concerning the pestilence, had provisioned her house; and then barricading it, had shut herself up within its walls.

It was in vain that Silas Barnstarke raved and stormed beneath them.

The obdurate Page looked from an upper window, like some sly fox of fable, and from thence conversed and coquetted with her intended; or threw him billets, which he read as assiduously as he had formerly plodded over affairs.

Vain were the merchant's intreaties that she would quit her dwelling to marry him at once; to fly from the neighbourhood of infection, and proceed with him to his home in the country.

The bare idea of doing such a thing as leave her walls threw Catherine Page into a panic: she wrung her hands and screamed at the very thought. She deemed that death would seize her for his own, did she but go forth.

She assures him that she is resolved to remain immured one entire month, by which time she hopes to hear that the pestilence has ceased.

Silas returns gloomily to London, and finds that Joyce, his confidential servant, has taken the contagion.

The door of the room was suddenly thrown open: a loud cry aroused the merchant, and words of despair smote his ear.

"I am a dead man! The tokens are upon me! Master, save me, save me! I cannot die. Oh! save me from death. Oh! preserve my life: may Heaven have mercy on me!"

Before Barnstarke stood Joyce, his servant.

He was half naked, with one of his blankets cast about him.

His face was livid; his eyes were dim and sunk in the orbits; his teeth chattered; and he shivered with fever and despair.

"Get thee gone, Sirrah; go to thy bed;" roared Barnstarke, starting from his chair, and eyeing the being before him in dread and fury.

"Save me!" shrieked Joyce. "Oh! Master, do not let me die. Let me stay here. Oh! send for the physician, or in an hour I may be dead. Do not desert me, and Heaven will reward you. Just now, when I awoke, I felt somewhat uneasy about my breast. I looked: I beheld the tokens. Oh! Sir, send for help before it is too late: do not let me die!"

With these words the poor man frantically cast himself at Barnstarke's feet, embracing his knees, and sending his poisoned breath upon him from his upturned mouth.

"May Heaven damn thee! Let me go!" cried the merchant, attempting to force Joyce to let go his hold; but he clung with the strength of despair, still entreating his master to send for help and to save him.

"Let me go, fool, or I'll murder thee!" roared Barnstarke, grinding his teeth with rage.

Still poor trembling Joyce embraced his knees, and besought him.

Barnstarke spoke not another word, but struck his servant in the face with the whole might of his strong arm, rendered doubly strong by fury and horror.

The blood spouted forth; and Joyce, with death upon him, fell moaning and fainting to the ground.

Barnstarke cast one look upon the ghastly, dying being he had just struck down; then going to his bureau he filled his pockets with coin; took his pistols and loaded them; threw his cloak across his arm; drank a long

draught of sack; took the light and left the room, locking Joyce in, lest he should rise again and follow him.

The merchant crept from his own house as though he had been a thief. The thought of the bare possibility of being there, shut up with dead and dying, to breathe poison and himself to die—perhaps the last, with none to tend him—filled guilty Barnstarke with such panic-dread, that his heart beat with so strong a pulsation, he was fain to stay a moment, and press his clenched hand against his breast.

He did not feel safe until, having himself saddled the strongest of his steeds and led him forth, he put his foot in the stirrup, mounted, and rode away; thus, as he hoped, flying from death in all its horror.

All doors were shut against him.

In passing through a country town he vainly tried to interest a physician in his favour.

The doctor would only survey him from an upper window, asking him a few questions, and banging to his casement with the words:

"Drink as much sack as you can, my good man, and get you home and die."

Wearisome was the way, and slowly sped the time.

Barnstarke had, as usual, galloped over the common, the scene of Lovell's murder.

He beheld the stone with the inscription.

On the weather-beaten gibbet that had once supported the body of Abraham Jarvis, sat a raven, which, creaking, flew slowly away as Barnstarke galloped past.

"'Twas a double murder!" cried Barnstarke; and then, startled by the sound of his own voice, he whispered: "A double murder, a double murder. If I die, what am I the better for it?"

In the middle of the day, the merchant, with his horse's rein over his arm, laid him down to sleep beneath an old oak, which stood alone in a wide field.

A heavy sleep came over him, and for two or three hours he lay as one dead, fanned by the gentle summer breeze that whispered through the shivering grass around him, and the sheltering leaves above.

On awakening he felt better; but his head was giddy and his limbs stiff, which he imagined to proceed from his long riding.

He sat up, asking himself the oft-repeated question:

"Have I the plague? Must I die?"

Then he would reply—

"Tush! I am out of sorts for want of sleep. My life is good: I have many years before me wherein to take my pleasure. I shall be better after a night's rest."

He arose heavily, and with aching limbs remounted his strongsteed.

As the distance increased between Barnstarke and London, people became less suspicious, though they still eyed the merchant with some distrust, looking after him as he sped along.

Late at night, unable any longer to sit his horse, he halted before a large inn; taking care before doing so, however, to walk his horse gently past it; then turning his head towards London, Barnstarke trotted him up to the gateway as though he had been riding from the country.

The merchant's head ached, and a burning sensation spread within his chest, whilst he shook with fever and anxiety.

He called for a bottle of sack, together with a pipe of tobacco, the smoking of which soothed for awhile the throbbing of his head, and calmed his agitation.

No sooner did he stretch himself out in his cool bed, than a deep sleep fell upon him; but although it was deep it was restless.

Barnstarke moaned and muttered, turned over wearily, and dreamt the confused and burning dreams of fever.

He wakes with the unmistakeable plague tokens upon him, again mounts his horse, as

though he could flee from death, and gallops towards his home.

THE MURDERER'S DEATH.

The horse turned towards the avenue; but, blind with over-exertion, he ran his head against the iron gate, falling stunned with his rider beside him.

Walter hurried up, and helped his brother to arise.

"Is it you, Walter?" inquired Silas, looking vacantly at him.

"Yes; what aileth thee? what is the matter, Silas?"

Silas grasped Walter's arm, and, putting his lips close to his brother's ear, he said:

"The plague hath struck me! I am a murderer: 'twas I who shot Lovell. Oh! murder, murder! *That* brought the plague on the city. Oh! Oh!" and the merchant roared, tearing his hair, in agony of mind and body.

Walter, full of horror as he was, dreamt not of flying from his death-giving brother.

He calmed his disturbed thoughts, and, taking Silas by the arm, led him towards the house.

The flashes of lightning were becoming more and more frequent, shining vividly blue and forked; the thunder crashing and echoing, and the rain beginning to dash down, as the sighing wind, increased in force, bent the tops of the tall trees.

Walter called out in a loud voice, as they drew near the mansion.

The servants, five or six in number, ran forth on hearing the cry.

"Stand back!" cried Walter. "Your master is sick: he is from town; make his bed quickly; and then leave the house, lest you be infected."

The servants turned pale on hearing these words, and on beholding the distressed horror imprinted on Barnstarke's countenance, and the disarray of his dress.

His cries of agony, as he threw himself on the ground when he entered the house, rang mournfully through it, accompanied by the roaring thunder, the dashing rain, and the moaning wind.

The servants, having made his bed ready, sped from the house in terror, in spite of the raging storm around them.

Walter called after them to bid them tell Joanna that he should shelter for the night at the "great house."

Walter was left alone with his raving brother.

He succeeded in getting him to his bed, and tried to soothe the raging pains of his arms by warm applications; whilst his pure soul trembled at the frantic confessions of Silas.

The storm continued for hours to rage above them; Barnstarke's unearthly voice, raised in loud cries, ringing through the house.

Towards morning the storm rolled away, and towards morning the merchant recovered his scattered senses.

Then his bodily agony was felt by him in all its force.

He sprang from his bed, and rolled himself naked on the cool oaken floor.

Walter, with grave and pitying looks, knelt down beside him. He had seen so much of death that he knew his brother's end was at hand: besides he beheld the fatal purple spots spreading over the merchant's body.

"Brother," cried the Parson, and his gentle voice trembled, "thou art about to die. Try and master thyself awhile, and prepare thy soul for its departure."

Barnstarke supported himself on his hands, and fixed his dull eyes anxiously on Walter's.

"Die? die?" he cried. "No; I cannot die: I will not die! Walter, keep death from me! Pray for me: save me, save me from the grave. I am not fit to die. I am a murderer; my crimes appal me: hell will be my portion. Oh! wretch that I am. Oh! miserable, miserable man!"

Walter's kindness to his guilty brother was cruelly requited. The direful malady struck him also, and in a few hours he lay by the side of the grave he had dug with his own hands for this wretched relative; his countenance after death wearing an expression of gentle patience and of tender resignation, which told better than words how holy and righteous his peaceful life had been.

The moral Mr. Gwynne inculcates is a healthy one, nor is it ever lost sight of. There

is an amount of *nerve* in his style which we may look for in vain in the generality of contemporary writers, and he may be fairly said to have originated a style of his own. It is something to meet at last with a really interesting work of fiction, devoid of the usual namby-pamby love-story, its conventional phases of exultation and despair, and its hackneyed finale.

Silas Barnstarke is an achievement of which the author has just reason to be proud.

Charles Delmer; a Story of the Day. 2 Vols. Bentley. 1853.

THIS work is, we perceive, advertised as "a political novel by a distinguished writer." If it were allowed to us to penetrate anonyms there would be no great difficulty in saying who this "distinguished" writer is, but the temptation to commit a breach of literary etiquette is not in this instance great. Charles Delmer is a clever exposition of the state of parties in England, but it is a weary novel. There is not epigram enough to startle, not sarcasm enough to amuse: there is neither wisdom nor paradox, neither fancy, plot, incident, nor originality.

To ladies who are not "strong-minded" we have said enough to induce them to think no more of Charles Delmer, and to skip the rest of this article; but to their husbands and brothers we can still recommend the volumes as pleasant and not uninteresting reading. The author has attained the difficult art *proprie communia dicere*. His heroine is a rich Lancashire heiress, daughter of a deceased cotton-spinner, right-minded, clear-sighted, and liberal, but left alone in the world to seek her politics, principles, religion (for she is very quaky in her quakerism), and station. Her suitors are the representatives of the various classes of English politicians. Mr. Poyntz is Young England, and the grandson of a duke; Charles Delmer is the Whig; George Pevensy the speculative Liberal; Plynlimon the fraudulent steward and the Protectionist. There is also a Chartist; but the author has not thought him worthy of being a suitor to his heroine, and has provided him with an American damsel as a helpmeet.

There is not one of these characters who is not, in the chief qualities ascribed to him, so notoriously identical with some real person, that we are tempted to question the propriety of making them all rivals in the affections of a cotton heiress, and acting accordingly. When, however, the author introduces Mr. Disraeli under the name of Mr. Jacobi, and Sir Robert Peel under his own proper name, and sets them talking, we become painfully conscious that the

characters are only puppets, and the words are but the words of a showman.

We have said that the forte of the author lies in putting common-places neatly. Here is his idea of the strength of the Tory party.

THE MIDDLE-CLASS TORIES.

The great strength of the Tory party in England does not, after all, lie, as is supposed, in the actual agriculturists—the farmers and their servants; the one being few, the other of no public opinion or weight. The strength of the Tories lies in that section of the middle class which lives on the aristocracy, which have been in the habit of making rapid fortunes in each generation by the prodigal and reckless habits of the rich aristocracy, and which would feel themselves disinherited and impoverished, and, in truth, do feel themselves so, whenever this aristocracy is distressed, and the spending class crippled. The tradesmen, who supply the homes of the rich; the butcher, who makes two hundred per cent. upon his meat; the wine-merchant, who makes a thousand per cent. upon his wine; the credit giver and the usury taker; the professional men of all grades; the clergyman, the lawyer, the physician;—all these, who have hitherto been rich in proportion as their clients and patients were rich—they uphold an aristocracy, and all that belongs to or follows one, loving both the thing and the word with the love of the jackal for the lion. They may call themselves Whigs here and there, and put on certain rags of liberalism; but the whole class is for upholding the aristocracy, and that large inequality of social condition, which the humbler ranks of French abhor and will not suffer, whilst the humbler ranks of English prize it, as offering the best chance to the industrious of profit and advancement.

Our next extract shall be a picture of the old-fashioned farmer and his son. Naomi Worksworth, the heroine of the tale, is a guest in the house of an old friend of her father,

THE FARMER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

And yet Naomi could perceive, both outside and inside the homestead, symptoms of a decline in that prosperity, abundance, and life, which used to gladden her when a child. She had then no more delightful contrast than a change from the rigidity of her own nursery to the freedom of a farm. The increased dullness was, in one respect, owing to a natural cause. The generation of the young and merry had since grown up. But why had the labourers, who thronged round the kitchen-table at repast time, disappeared? There remained but two farm servants, male and female. Of the rest, one had broken his

back, and gone from the hospital to the poor-house. Another had killed a hare, and was sent to poach for other game at Sydney. A third had tried America. And their progeny lived in the loyal town of —, where the wives sought to earn pence independent of their husbands, who, in their turn, ate their bread and cheese at the beer-shop. The duke would not allow of any more cottages. Then there were not only fewer human beings about the farm, but fewer quadrupeds. Naomi could perceive that they stood no longer so thick on the deep fodder of the farm-yard.

"No use in us midlanders," said Mr. Pevensy, "fattening more cattle than we and neighbours want. The droves that used to pass our doors now fly over our heads by steam. The North supplies London, and they have thus got into the way of making beef, as Shuttlefield has of making cloth."

"And losing by it?" asked George.

"That's as the year may be. It's all a lottery now, grazing or weaving," said the old man despondingly.

"Give me the land," said Rachel, "that has no markets, no rent, no poor-house, no tithe, and no landlords to forbid the building of cottages."

"And where there is no clergyman, no physician, no judge; where one must ride a hundred miles for an ounce of tea or of medicine; where every man is his own grocer, his own doctor, his own hangman."

"And his own master," said Rachel, interrupting Miss Pevensy.

George laughed. His father sighed, and remarked that he remembered the time that he would not have borne to hear old England bearded, and sit still.

"And what can have made you faltering or disloyal," asked Naomi, "to the land of your birth?"

"I don't know, if it be'n't the new-fangledness of the world," said Mr. Pevensy. "But every thing old, calling or trade, goes down-hill; and every thing new rises up sky-high, like a balloon. Look at the railroads, and all the men upon them: they go a-coining, some with their shovels, some with their shares. What good is a farmer's pothering in such a time? He is a simpleton, a child, working by the rule of thumb, to scrape his rent and his profit from the man who can sell at the gain of a thousandth part of a farthing, can calculate the fraction, and make money: whilst the poor farmer makes just a guess at his rent, and has then to make it out of weather and prices, such as the world never saw before. I tell you, Miss Worksworth, that a farmer must be treated as a child, with kindness, and with a large margin for his bad chances. If you put him on the footing people do men and men's labour, the farmer will disappear from the land."

"The old race of farmers will indeed," said George; "the farmer of the old English comedy. And so will the old squire, too. But land, as a raw material, will be worth working and paying for, though, I take it, the agriculturists who are to do it are not yet invented."

"That's another of my comforts, Miss Worksworth," said old Pevensy: "I have but one wise son, and he condemns me and my whole farming generation to be raked off like thistles."

"I should have given that bankrupt Duke his farm long ago," said George; "turned my stock into cash ten years ago; and in a small farm have weathered the storm that was coming, and learned how to deal with the times."

"Ay," said the old man, "that was George's advice. But I could not quit the old house, and turn off the old men; no, nor sell even the old team."

"A foolish kind of sentiment that," said George, "by which you lose. Commend me rather to the Squire's and to the Duke's sentiment, who cannot let the magnificence of his hall decline—sentiment forbids—and therefore cannot lower his rents. The landlords have been meeting the farmers year after year, and always give them the finest of sentiment. But they ask in return hard cash, and not a shilling the less of the rent per acre. And the

farmer from sentiment drinks his landlord's health, and goes home damning Cobden, as if Cobden were any thing but the mouth-piece of the millions of non-agriculturists."

Next we take a sketch of

YOUNG ENGLAND.

Mr. Poyntz thought, very naturally, that the fate of the country and of mankind were intimately bound up with the fall of his order. For this he had other than selfish reasons. He had excellent philosophic ones to give, which took away the reproach of narrowness or selfishness from his own conscience or self-appreciation. But to the observer it was plain that Poyntz was the centre of his ideal, as well as the real world; and that he could view the most remote parts of the horizon only through the atmosphere and under the shadow of the ducal residence.

Miss Worksworth found that Mr. Poyntz did not regard the monied and industrious classes, as half a century before he might have done, with contempt. He looked upon them with jealousy and fear. He deemed that, however honest and sensible, they would vulgarise society, give meaner aims to public men, and make of the State a mere trade, unless counteracted by men of higher education, of higher hereditary sentiments, and of minds ennobled by the intellectuality of leisure. He abandoned, however, the re-establishment, or rather the continuance, of aristocratic ascendancy by force of law, but he still thought it might be done by the force of cajolery. To the great astonishment of Miss Worksworth, Mr. Poyntz expressed no indignation against the operatives, nor against Mr. O'Dowd. "Power," he said, "must reside with the people, and had always resided with them; but they could never exercise it. They could delegate it, and they always had delegated it by the royal attachment and trust which they had ever reposed in those whom wealth and birth had constituted their superiors. The middle class throughout the west of Europe had come to interfere with and to dispute this ascendancy, and claim the suffrage and the trust of the lower order for themselves. They had succeeded, but in succeeding had only produced tyranny and revolution. To restore the reign of the true aristocracy over the true people was Mr. Poyntz's millennium."

Naomi seemed almost a convert from her quiet acquiescence in those doctrines, which she did not think it becoming in her to dispute. She merely wished to set George Pevensy's ideas to flash upon those of Mr. Poyntz, viewing, as they did, the moral and political world from two different centres; and these, though by no means the antipodes of each other, were both of them marked by strong and mutual repulsion.

But if it had here been Naomi's delight to set Mr. Pevensy and Mr. Poyntz to dispute, it was by no means with the desire to act either umpire or witness. Her zeal and her reverence of political knowledge had greatly evaporated. She had met with mere perplexity and disgust. And her secret desire already was to return or to escape into life—that life of general interest and conversation, of which politics formed a part, but did not absorb the whole. How to do this she knew not well; but an invitation to spend some time at a mansion in a more northern county offered at least the prospect of company, and the charm of the *inconnu*.

The following is partly true, but not very profound. Like most of the author's reflections, it is taken from the mere surface of events.

THE RADICALS.

People complain that the Radicals have not produced a statesman. It may be true. But it is because Whigs and Tories have never given them a chance. These have got the school-house, with the primer, dictionary, and elements of the profession; and they keep the door closed as carefully as that of the Mint. On coming into office, the

Whigs have often asked the Radicals what they would have; and the *niais*, i.e. the simpletons of Radicals, have asked for some measure,—the penny postage, or some other piece of twaddle,—to serve the public. Why did they not ask for secretaryships, or even under-secretaryships, for their very selves? Only conceive what Molesworth would be, had he been under-secretary for the colonies; or Cobden, had he been under-secretary of the treasury. No fiddle-faddle minister, Whig or Tory, could have stood a week against them.

Few can doubt that the first step of the Radicals towards becoming a formidable party in Parliament must be their becoming, in the opinion of the people, a possible party for power. For this, however, they want unity of action and community of object. But when will these guerilla troops ever submit to discipline?

Charles Delmer is a sort of Whig Canning, ill-used by his party, and dying under the ill-treatment. He has worked hard, spoken well, written well, for the Whig faction, and this is his reward.

THE YOUNG STATESMAN AND THE WHIG PREMIER.

Charles, with his discontent, penetrated to the Premier, who was too much absorbed in high and weighty considerations to be very attentive to little things, or considerate to little men. He had been so tortured and *tracassé* by pretensions, that his impulse was to beat them down ruthlessly. Charles revered the statesman far more than he loved the man; and he in return valued the debater, but feared the interference of the wit.

"I wish sincerely, Delmer," said the Premier, "that the boat was larger; but it is filled, you see, almost before one is aware."

"I have no ambition to thrust myself amongst the company," said Delmer, "unless you think me worthy to pull an oar."

"You do not suppose that the framer of a ministry has merely the delightful task of choosing the fittest from capacity to fill each place, Mr. Delmer? The constitutional machine is worked by influence,—so many influence-power, your engineer would say,—and we must combine them."

"I cannot but think, my lord," said Charles, firmly, "that the most salutary and effective influence is that exercised by a post ably filled, an administration skilfully conducted."

"Very true, Sir, though sharp. But I have not the *carte blanche* that Sir Robert Peel has, for example, who can compose a ministry of all his talents, and get his great backers to feed contentedly on sinecures."

"It is no doubt his great advantage," said Charles, drily.

"But Whigs are Whigs, Mr. Delmer, and cannot be changed; and Whiggism is based on a permanent influence; whereas Peelism, appealing to the aristocracy one day, the middle classes the next, the people at another time, is a party, as the French say, *en l'air*. It is a boat for one voyage, which one voyage Peelism has already performed; and the best that the captain can do would be to pay off his crew. Whereas the Whigs have a permanent establishment, rooted in the soil, in the old families, the old traditions, and in a position to assimilate and make use of all the standing influences of the country. But there is a difficulty in managing and combining all this strength; and allowances should be made for any

one who undertakes the task—allowances to which the head of a transition party, like Sir Robert Peel's, can lay no claim."

In the plea which he had to urge, Charles could desire no better than to introduce the example of Peel, so unfettered in his choice of able colleagues and fit subordinates; but he could not have dared himself to approach such an allusion or argument. The Premier himself fell into it, eagerly and unwittingly pouring forth the excuses and refutations which had risen in his mind against the accusations most generally and popularly made against him. Delmer, however, avoided the delicate subject that his illustrious interlocuter dwelt upon, and said that he put forth claims merely on the ground of assiduity and devotion to the cause. These, he thought, entitled him to place, and to his being enabled to take some step in a career which otherwise became to him mockery and ruin. A man of large and independent fortune might keep, on this ground alone, his position as a public character; but the man who had abandoned the part of playing tribune, and thus estranged himself from popular support, whilst on the other his party shewed no confidence in him, and gave him no rank amongst them, would be obliged to forsake politics altogether, or else strike out some individual path or special object for himself.

"And prosper, as a thorn in the ministerial side, like Horsman and Lord Duncan."

Charles protested.

"Why not play out the radical game?" continued the great man, hardening in his irony. "There are men who make a good thing of it, who earn a mighty reputation by daring the recreant Whigs, and denouncing the Family Compact; and, when they have done so, come to demand place as a reward. They come to demand it, arrayed with all the smiles of friendship. These lions can roar gently upon consideration. These gentlemen are always stretching forth the hand, at one moment to threaten and the next to beg; and, upon my life, we are often obliged to compromise with them."

"Whether your words be serious or ironical," said Charles, rising out of humility, "I must say I find your lordship more gay than considerate, and more witty than polite. Have I ever given reason to be so addressed?"

"Nay, Delmer; no anger. Pardon me if I have allowed myself to draw a general portrait that has neither resemblance nor connexion with you. But such duties as those of last week try temper, and diabolize a man. No one need be a poet to become a Mephistopheles. A first week of premiership would do it better than Goethe and Byron together. But, in sober truth, there is no post possibly vacant worthy of your talents. Would you try administration abroad? I cannot give you the Irish to try your powers of conciliation upon, but there are the Ionians: a reputation might be made by teaching them the nature of constitutional government."

"You adjourn my ambition, I see, to the Greek Kallends. If I have any talent, it is to deal with Englishmen. Beyond our shores, liberty and reform can only be taught and achieved with the bayonet. I must decline making use of such a schoolmaster."

"Patience, then, and confidence, is all that I can recommend."

We shall not attempt an analysis of the plot of this story, for the volume will have no interest for those who read novels for their plots. It is a vivid panorama of the politics of the day, written by a man of considerable observation, and capable of teaching every reader something in our political and social system which he has not himself remarked.

Electra; a Story of Modern Times. By the Author of "Rockingham." 3 Vols.
Hurst and Blackett. London: 1853.

THIS work, with a little freer use of *le rabot et la lime*, would have added to the reputation as a fiction writer, which the Count de Jarnac has already acquired both in France and in England. As it is, it has several palpable defects; the plot is too intricate; the story is unnecessarily protracted; and the interest is weakened by the obvious desire of the author to fill the three times three hundred and fifty odd pages which modern publishers pertinaciously maintain to be essential to works of fiction. In many cases one would imagine, indeed, that this was the only standard these people apply to the MSS. submitted to their perusal—Will it print so as to sell at the conventional price of 1l. 11s. 6d. per copy?

Had "Electra" appeared in a single volume, under the title "Redempta," who is, in fact, the heroine of the tale—had three-fourths of the first and half of the second volumes been omitted—we should have had a capital novel, and one that could not have failed to have greatly enhanced the reputation of the author.

Thus runs the story—

The father of Lord Augustus Glenarlowe, whose autobiography "Electra" professes to record, after the death of that young nobleman's mother, marries Lady Moorsdale, by birth a Creole, whose maiden name was Courtenay, left a widow, with an only daughter Florence. By her second marriage she had a son Ernest, whom she loves with the greatest tenderness, evincing at the same time the most unmitigated hatred for her step-son, owing to a circumstance which it is scarcely necessary to relate. Augustus is far from being a clever lad, and his early years are sufficiently wretched. At ten years old, he and another boy—a warm friend of his of the name of Staunfield—are sent to Harrow, where Byron and the late Sir Robert Peel are among his schoolfellows.

During one of their rambles they encounter a gipsy of surpassing beauty, who professes marvellous prophetic powers. She predicts that Staunfield's career will be a brief but joyous one, and that he is destined to fall by the hand of Glenarlowe.

This gipsy is a natural sister of Lady Glenarlowe and of Electra Courtenay: she is deeply enamoured with Sir Edward Moorsdale (a cousin of Lady Glenarlowe's former husband), who had more than once solicited that lady's hand in marriage. The gipsy hates Lady Glenarlowe with more than mortal hatred, in consequence of Sir Edward's preference for her rival, and her own *spretæ injuria formæ*.

Electra is a perfectly pure and faultless being: amiable, warm-hearted, and intelligent, she evinces great attachment for Lord Glenarlowe, and atones by her conduct, in some measure, for her sister's cruelty. Lady Glenarlowe, with her son Ernest, undertakes a voyage to the West Indies, with a view to his benefit: he there dies, however. She returns to England, and displays, still more bitterly than before, her animosity against poor Augustus, while her daughter Florence is animated towards him by an opposite passion. He does not at first reciprocate the emotion, having conceived an affection for his step aunt Electra, who is unaware of the circumstance, and marries Edmond Hazelbrook—the brother of Sir John Hazelbrook, Lord Glenarlowe's guardian. Sir John being killed by a fall from his horse, Electra becomes Lady Edmond Hazelbrook. She counsels Augustus to purchase a commission in the 23d Dragoons, then serving in the Peninsula; shortly after which he becomes attached to the staff of Sir Peregrine Leatherhead, a gallant officer of distinguished reputation. Lord Glenarlowe's main inducement for taking this step has been the rejection of his suit for Florence, who, although she returns his love, cannot obtain her mother's consent to their union.

Sir E. Hazelbrook takes up his abode for a while at Palermo for the benefit of his health, being accompanied by Electra, Lady Glenarlowe, and Florence. Sicily being at the time in possession of the British, Sir P. Leatherhead is ordered thither on diplomatic business: Glenarlowe of course is in his suite, and he and Florence again meet. The *injuncta noverca*, however, is inexorable, and compels him to put his name to a document, in which he solemnly disclaims all future pretensions to her daughter's hand.

At a masked ball at Palermo, a mistake, arising from the disguise adopted by Glenarlowe, leads to a quarrel with an unknown mask.

THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

All was now uproar and confusion about us. We were surrounded, separated, hurried to the door, while the oft-repeated cry, "La spada! La spada!" well marked that the sword alone could now avenge our quarrel. I could have paused for a moment, even in the wild excitement of the crisis, but a contemptuous exclamation at my side: "Sono Inglesi et l'onor Inglese non e come il nostro!" clearly apprised me that more than my own reputation was already at stake. I pressed my mask closer to my face to avoid detection, and as we had now reached one of the dark side streets adjoining the theatre, I drew my sword and crossed it with the still readier weapon of my adversary. How could we have forborne—how could we have paused while

twenty eager and self-appointed seconds were urging us to washout the foul stain which had fallen upon the fair fame of England, and while my antagonist remained as solicitous as myself to retain the never more welcome privilege of our disguise?

Where is my sword now? It can but have pierced the fold of the flowing domino, for I fight not to kill; and yet a thrill of horror has run through me as fearful as if the subtle blade had been buried up to the hilt in my own chest. Why has his weapon fallen?—why is he sinking so fast and so low?—why are they bearing up that stalwart figure as if he were a helpless infant? If I have wounded him indeed, it cannot be seriously. Turn the dim light of that lantern here, and remove that mask that is stifling him. Oh! how can I have witnessed that sight and lived? I was kneeling by the side of Algernon Staunfield!

When the dusky glare fell full upon us, he knew me also, and said in a faint, hoarse whisper—

"Glen, we were well disguised, rather too well, eh? Who could have thought that you would have changed your favour since the gaming-table? What a blessing that I did not hurt you!"

"Oh! Algernon! Algernon! are you in pain?"

"No, Glen, nothing to signify, only a little smothering about the chest. I believe this wound should be opened. Hold up, man, hold up: it won't be much after all."

The general's house was not far off—much nearer than Staunfield's own lodgings—and we removed him thither with all care. What dismal voice is that which, sweeping across the desolate vale of the past, whispers with such thrilling terror into my ear those unforgetten words?

The swords are drawn—they are crossed, but not for long. Ah! raise him up now, and bear him away, but not to the ball-room. Can you not see that his life is ebbing with the fleetness of the spring-tide? . . . Will the earth, which shrank beneath the footsteps of Cain, bear him upon her heaving bosom who struck where the first assassin would have spared? . . . Oh! trust him not, Staunfield: to-night his arm is folded in yours; but he—he is the appointed murderer.

The dread prophecy was now fulfilled to its sternest letter. Ere the house was reached, ere the helpless burden could be placed on my bed, the priceless life-breath was gone for ever.

All was not over then, however. In that sleep-en-shrouded mansion one anxious heart was aroused from its light repose by the soul-appalling tread of the strangers who were heavily bearing that manly form to its momentary resting-place. God of mercy! has not the cup of thy wrath overflowed ere now, and are mortal senses to endure a still surpassing horror? By the all-stirless corpse a gentle figure is prostrate—around that stiffening neck a slender arm is cast—and oh! the agonized wonder of that tearless eye which never beheld dissolution until it gazed upon it there. Now the whole tale is told; now the cherished secret is wrung from the inmost recesses of the tortured heart. Is death, then, so deaf that it cannot hear even the voice of that distracted passion which never spake before, which never would have spoken but thus, even in the faintest whisper?

"Send them all away, as you are a man, Lord Glenarlowe—send them all away," cried the desolate Sophy. "Now that he is alone with us, he must, he shall revive. There can be no death where such beauty lingers. . . . Oh! Algernon! Algernon!—one word to me, one word only. You know not how long, how wildly I have loved you; one word to say that I have had no share in this deed of horror; that my senseless, causeless jealousy never stirred the heart nor armed the hand of the assassin. Oh! is he to rise again, or open those beaming eyes, never, never more!"

She grew so faint, so exhausted at length, that I laid my hand gently upon her to urge her away. My hand!—She glanced abstractedly at it at first, and then, with a shriek that would have awakened Cain himself from his accursed rest, fell motionless on the floor.

Stung by remorse, Augustus flies to rejoin his regiment in Spain, and arrives on the eve of Talavera. At the door of his tent, a few hours before that memorable fight, he encounters Redempta, who recalls her prophecy, and adverts to its recent fulfilment. She adds that she is, and will still be, his steadfast friend.

The guardian gipsy is now a spy, and in that character has rendered the most important services to the commander-in-chief and generals of the allied forces, her assumption of the character having originated in her passion for Sir Edward Moorsdale, whose interests she endeavours in every way to promote. At Talavera Glenarlowe is taken prisoner, and Redempta, having been detected in her hazardous occupation by the French, is ordered off to immediate execution.

THE DOOM OF THE SPY.

I could behold, from the slight eminence upon which I stood, the mournful procession already in motion. I could see, in the midst of the dark array of soldiers that encompassed her, the erect form of Redempta, her face still colourless as marble, but supported, beyond all that I could have hoped, by the unsubdued spirit within. The priest—the swarthy executioners—the few casual spectators—each appeared more moved than she, as, all unassisted, she trod with her firmest step the very earth which in a few minutes was to enclose for ever her lifeless remains.

Within about two hundred yards of the spot where I was standing, the procession halted, and about twenty grenadiers, with loaded muskets, were drawn up in two ranks. Redempta refused the proffered bandage for her eyes, and having exchanged a few parting words with the priest and with the aid-de-camp, gave, herself, the dread signal, by casting her handkerchief to the ground. I could distinctly discern that she pressed something, doubtless her locket, to her lips; and then, ere the report of the close volley reached me, I saw her fall heavily to the ground. Overwhelmed by the horror of the scene, I was myself on my knees; but I could not withdraw my eyes in time to be spared the crowning agony. Apparently the wretched sufferer had shewn some lingering symptom of life, for two fresh soldiers, by the officer's orders, drew near and discharged their firelocks into her very body. The stirless remains were then raised, placed upon a rude stretcher, and borne away: but I could see no more.

Redempta, however, to the astonishment of Glenarlowe, is not slain, but almost miraculously effects his escape and her own, having reached the British lines—

THE CHARMED LIFE.

I could no longer resist inquiring more particularly into the circumstances of Redempta's marvellous preservation from the fate which, by the distinctest evidence of my senses, had seemingly overtaken her during the previous day, and a few words conveyed the required explanation. After I had left her fully sharing my own impression that her doom was sealed, and a very few minutes before she was led out to execution,

Sebastiani's aid-de-camp had informed her that, by the general's orders, the accomplishment of which was intrusted to him and to a confidential officer of the line, every bullet would be carefully withdrawn; but as two officers and two soldiers alone were to be in the secret, she was, upon the discharge, to fall headlong to the ground, and to remain motionless there until her body could be, in all haste, covered and carried away. These directions having been punctually complied with by the supposed victim, and the whole transaction having been carried out as had been contemplated, she had been borne to a small tent occupied by two vivandieres, one of whom was despatched on a distant errand and the other admitted into the confidence. With the assistance of this latter, a figure of straw was dressed up in Redempta's gown, covered with her mantilla, and borne to the burial ground, while she herself was so effectually disguised in some of the spare clothing of her new acquaintance as to escape, under the protection of the nightfall, any casual chances of recognition. When all had been duly effected so far, she had been desired to remain perfectly quiet, until further advice, in the vivandieres' tent; but the important information respecting the retreat and probable division of the French army having come to her knowledge there, whether accidentally or by some secret intelligence of her own I did not press her to reveal, she had determined upon incurring fresh perils in the faithful discharge of her self-appointed mission.

When Redempta had concluded her laconic narrative, in a style so simple and unpretending as to be at utter variance with her usually emphatic discourse, I could not repress the cry of admiration which such extraordinary courage, constancy, and devotion was well calculated to call forth.

"Ah!" said she, "it is a venturesome existence that the outcast has traced out for herself. Who among the wealthy, the great, the titled in England, that extend so graciously their smiling welcome to Emily, to Electra, to the child Florence, while they would spurn me from their door; who, I say, know what I have dared and what I have suffered to preserve their splendid and happy homes from the foreign despoiler. Do you think that the proud Emily, fearless and inflexible though she may be, would have served her country's cause as I have through the various chances of this day? But it matters not. You have done your duty calmly, collectedly, and well, for your years and experience."

Augustus Glenarlowe, at the fearful siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, is all but slain. Seven in the evening is the hour fixed upon for the storming parties to advance.

THE STORMING PARTY.

Within a few seconds the momentous "Move on!—Move on, steadily!" was circulated all around us, and, with the precision of clock-work, the different columns started from their appointed stations for their fearful goal.

The trenches, so crowded of late, are cleared now, and emerging from the secure recess of the last gabions, we stand on the bright open plain which alone separates us from the beleaguered walls. Rapidly, but all in the prescribed order, the dark battalions press forward. A musket-shot to try the range, and then the sharp report of a heavy piece rend the fair stillness of the breathless atmosphere. And then, volley upon volley, cannon roar upon cannon roar, shout upon shout, shriek upon shriek, follow in such quick succession, that each and all are finally drowned in the one giant voice of the ceaseless war-tumult.

Amid the showers of grape, canister, and musketry which were poured into us from the crowded breach, our brigade hurried steadily onwards, and succeeded, by main force, in gaining the summit; but a serious

and unforeseen obstacle awaited us there. As I was clambering, by Sir Peregrine's side, over the disjointed stones which strewed the foot of the dismantled wall, we were made aware, by the increasing crowd above us, that there was a move backwards among our men.

"Why they arn't giving way, are they?" cried Sir Peregrine, with a stentorian oath. "I shall be up there in a moment and lead them on myself."

"For God's sake, general," said I, "remember that you owe it to us all to incur no useless danger. Allow me first to see what it is."

I sprang forward, and, in a few minutes, was able to report that the enemy were drawn up in a strong entrenchment behind the main breach, in front of which a ditch had been dug of such considerable width and depth as to be actually impassable. Sir Peregrine was close to the summit of the breach when I joined him again, and nothing would satisfy him but to inspect the breastwork in person. I entreated of him to desist, and was heartily joined by Pipeclay.

"Indeed, Sir Peregrine," cried he, "you must go no further. The regulations of the service"

He staggered, fell back, and, a second afterwards, his lifeless corpse was rolling down the steep and dilapidated acclivity which we had just cleared. The poor fellow had actually expired with his wonted expression on his lips.

But he did not fall alone in that hour. Crawford, M'Kinnon, Vandeleur, Colbourne, Napier, and many others, were already down, some, alas! to rise no more, and, on all sides, the troops were thrown under the guidance of accidental leaders. Never perhaps, since the fatal night when, before the lines of Stralsund, the Royal Swede had seen each cherished companion of his adventurous life, and each time-spared veteran of his broken hosts, drop around him in such merciless profusion—never, perhaps, had the demon of slaughter thus revelled in the life-blood of the bravest and the most exalted.

"Ah! my poor Pipeclay," exclaimed Sir Peregrine, "I would rather have lost my right-arm. They must pay for this. What is it, do you say, that is keeping the men back? Eh—Ah!"

"A strong entrenchment faced by a tremendous ditch, Sir Peregrine," repeated I, "and half a regiment at least drawn up behind them with the muzzles of their guns within three yards of our chests: I cannot see how we are ever to dislodge them."

"We must try, any how. Ah! that's a British cheer to our left. Napier's fellows must have got in before us after all. At them again, my men; we must all be mowed down if we stick on here. Do but follow your officers."

Sir Peregrine's alacrity was scarcely equal to his good-will, and when he reached the brink of the fatal ditch he was not slow to perceive that he for one would never cross it. I was lighter, more active, and having, as usual, no sword in my hand, had both arms free. I determined therefore to make the attempt, and had stepped back to take my spring, when a sturdy private, whom I had never seen before to my knowledge, cried out,

"I'll go first, Lord Glenarlowe; your life is worth ten of mine."

With a tremendous bound he cleared the yawning gap, and, after a hearty cheer, extended his hand to me. I followed, and, with his assistance, gained a secure footing on the opposite ledge.

"Under me, my Lord, under me," cried my unknown companion, covering me with his athletic frame; "there are a dozen muzzles at my shoulder. Hurrah for old England!"

An actual volley rattled in our very ears, and the lifeless body of my gallant preserver bore so heavily upon me that I fell with him into the mimic moat. I soon arose, however, unhurt, as yet, and several men having

succeeded in joining me, we made a desperate attempt to clamber over the breast-work above us. Borne upon their stalwart shoulders, upheld by their unflinching arms, and incited to phrensy by their humble and native devotion, I stood, at length, on the rude parapet of the thrice-fatal entrenchment. Where were the enemy gone? A moment since, the whole summit was bristling with their arms, and now they were crouching down before me, as if my swordless right-arm were waving over their drooping heads the death weapon of Azrael.

"On, on, my gallant men!" cried I; "one struggle more for the honour of England! They are giving way, they will not face us!"

But the watchful enemy's move was to be far otherwise accounted for. I heard a low hissing sound, and then the whole space beneath me, between the outer ledge of the ditch and the upper extremity of the breach, seemed to expand into a yawning abyss of living flame, as if the floodgates of perdition had been cast open at our very feet.

A MINE HAD BEEN SPRUNG!

The heavens are rent as with the conflicting crash of twenty thunderbolts, in the midst of which I could distinctly hear and feel a single and slight concussion, which told its own tale to me more fearfully than the universal roar. Oh! Redempta, your prophetic vision has failed you now—my life is gone!

Glenarlowe, desperately wounded, returns to England with a disabled arm and a shattered constitution. At home, however, he is every-

where fêted as a hero, and by Electra's fostering care is speedily restored to health. Even Lady G. relents somewhat towards him, but still evinces a strong desire for the speedy union of Florence with Glenarlowe's former rival, Lord Walsingham. A variety of stirring—though, we must add, somewhat improbable—incidents now occur, and Lord W. and Florence are apparently on the point of being united, when a discovery takes place rendering the marriage impossible, whereupon Lord G. espouses his lady-love, Electra takes her departure for Barbadoes, and Redempta is cruelly murdered by a serjeant, whom she had refused to wed.

It will be seen, from the above extracts, that these pages are interspersed with scenes of great power: that the author's abilities are of no ordinary cast, those who have read "*Rockingham*" need not be told.

Half-a-dozen very clever and spirited illustrations are interspersed throughout the work, contributed by the pencil of Lord Gerald Fitzgerald. They are highly creditable in every way to that young nobleman, and several of them denote artistic merit of a high order.

John at Home. A Novel. By STANLEY HERBERT. 3 Vols. Newby. 1853.

THIS novel begins with a catastrophe. "The Man was married! A man of the great middle class." What spinster will read further? Fancy a hero, with a large stomach and a small establishment; an interesting family, and a wife with submissive instincts—who has no crime, but that of producing a daughter instead of a son. Enliven such a *ménage* as you may with a

fierce mother-in-law and a French teacher, a good-natured friend, an oracular doctor, and Dolly and Mary, and you will still only produce three volumes of type, which it would be a waste of good ivory to employ the paper-knife upon. John is much more at home in these three volumes, than is Mr. Stanley Herbert.

The Maid of Florence; or, Niccolò de' Lapi. By the MARQUIS MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO, Ex-Prime Minister of Sardinia. Translated from the Italian by W. Felgate, A.M. London: Bentley, New Burlington Street.

A ROMANCE on the subject of a fruitless struggle for Italian independence in the middle ages, by a politician who has taken so active a part as the Marquis d'Azeglio, during a late period of revolutionary action and reaction, can scarcely fail to possess some considerable interest. We are only reminded of the possibility of the contrary being the case, by reflecting on certain works of fiction or imagination which have been published by eminent statesmen of various shades of politics in our own country; some of which are by no means equal to the reputations, apparently more easily achieved in the Cabinet or the House of Commons than in the field of literature. Again, some distinguished writers have failed as orators, or rather statesmen; for it must be owned that there

is a wider difference between the two qualifications of oratory and statesmanship than appears generally acknowledged in this country, where fluency is a far more popular quality than honesty, consistency, or wisdom. However, it is not our present intention to examine into the motives or actions of M. d'Azeglio as a statesman, whilst, at the same time, it is impossible to lose sight altogether of his political career. We will premise, then, that he is a moderate liberal, whose sentiments are not so *prononcés* as to be incapable of some degree of modification according to circumstances. This has exposed him to no little opprobrium amongst violent politicians. Such men as Victor Hugo would probably despise or condemn the moderate conduct of the ex-prime-

minister of Sardinia. Possibly the great French romancist would be wrong. The cause of liberty is best aided by gradual reformers. If there be truth in the expressive language of the Frenchman, "that Providence lets years fall on a throne, as we shovel earth on a coffin," it is also true, that generations of enthusiasts must pass away, ere one throne be completely engulfed.

The Marquis d'Azeglio is, then, a moderate politician in action, though perhaps somewhat more vehement in the assertion of his principles when an opportunity seemed to be afforded for the regeneration of Italy than he now is. The title of "*Chevalier d'Apostasie*" is undoubtedly far too harsh a one to be applied to him; but the change, from the sentiments of 1848 to those of 1852, perhaps warrants some bitterness on the part of his exiled countrymen towards one who once himself aided a popular movement. M. Ivan Golovine indeed, a Russian writer of some note, was, in 1852, banished from Piedmont by M. d'Azeglio for having re-published, in the *Journal de Turin*, the very words of that minister, uttered in 1848. Enough of this, however: whatever variation or modification the principles of M. d'Azeglio are capable of receiving, it is certain that his talents are sufficiently diversified. He is, an artist of great merit as well as a romancist, a soldier as well as a politician. Aide-de-camp to the king, colonel of a cavalry regiment, *chef de l'état-major* of Durando, who was general in the Roman army, commanding the contingent of the Pope in the war of independence, and who is at this moment holding a military post in Sardinia, under the ægis of d'Azeglio, it must be owned that the life of our author has been a stirring and a varied one. A wound received in battle, which causes a slight degree of lameness, adds to the interest which the career of M. d'Azeglio excites, and gives to his descriptions of moving incidents a certain *prétexte* of *vraisemblance* which might be in vain sought for in the efforts of a mere student of the closet. A personal friend of the king, d'Azeglio aided in the gift of constitutional rights to Piedmont; but the decree of Monialieri, and a charge on the people in the streets in which he personally took part, have considerably damaged his popularity. Such is the man who has now illustrated, in a romance of no slight fascination and power, an interesting period in the history of Florence, during her vain and fatal struggles against the tyrant family of the Medici. It is a somewhat painful story of a period alike distinguished for known valour and abnegation of self, and for the blackest perfidy, cruelty, and treachery. The moral, undoubtedly—if moral it can be called—is, that however hateful tyranny may be, a people torn by faction and distracted by

jealousy is unworthy of freedom. "Did they deserve their fate?" writes d'Azeglio, speaking of the Florentines, "Shall we have the courage to say it? Yes; in part at least they did richly." Has no parallel to the fate of the Florentines, and no parallel conclusion on that fate, been suggested to the mind of the noble writer? We should say, "Yes; in part at least undoubtedly it has." We leave, however, this question to be solved by politicians, and will now revert to the literary merits of M. d'Azeglio's production. The instances in which a work does not lose by translation must be rare indeed. We do not mean this in the present case as an animadversion upon the translator, who seems to have performed his task very creditably. We are inclined to think that the author has adopted our own Sir Walter Scott as his model, and by no means without some pretension, although undoubtedly he is wanting in that natural charm which is the genius of the northern story-teller, and carries the reader on with such intense interest and impetuosity, that he cannot pause in his perusal. This romance, then, may be characterized as the work of a clever, well-informed man writing a romance, rather than that of a spontaneous romancist. The story is drawn from ample and well-studied materials; but we doubt whether the writer possesses that gift which enables a man to throw himself with all the power of a vivid fancy into the very page he depicts. In this manner, he is perhaps, strictly speaking, a better historical romance-writer, than if gifted with more complete imaginative faculties; for it cannot be seriously denied that Scott has done irreparable injury to history, not so much by his own works, as by introducing a school of writing, which, by intermingling fiction with facts, and dealing with historical events as a kind of theatrical property, amuses rather than instructs, and injures the cause of truth, by presenting her in masquerade attire, decked with fictitious ornaments.

The date of this romance commences with the year 1529. The details of the siege of Florence, 1529-1530, are taken chiefly, as the marquis tells us, from Varchi. His own object, however, being to display the personal and domestic character of the men who figured during that era, he has also, we are told, consulted the chronicles, the archives, the traditions, and even the monuments and ruins which remain, in order to illustrate the period of which he writes. And in some respects a lesson may be taught to this age by the rude echoes of that period. These, he says—

These were the times of greatness and simplicity combined. The merchants, who lent the king of England twenty million florins of gold, had scarcely a silver vessel

on their table; and their wives used to go to market in the morning, attended by a servant-maid, to make their purchases.

The Marquis then pictures "the home of a Florentine citizen during the siege." Let us see how he sets about it. Savonarola had perished, leaving to the people of Florence an inspiration of freedom. The Medici were driven out in 1527, and the city of Florence was divided into two factions, one called the Piagnoni and the Palleschi, who were the professed advocates of an oligarchy, but in reality the tools of despotism. One Niccolò di Ser Cione di Ser Lapo de Lapi, who gives the second title to this romance, is the well-chosen representative of the severe spirit which adorned the better part of the revolutionary faction. A friend of Savonarola, of undoubted integrity, he devoted himself, with his family, to the cause of freedom. It is only in his enthusiasm and his domestic violence and revengeful instincts that the nature of the Italian is developed. He is introduced to us consecrating his youngest son to the service of his country, during the siege, on the occasion of the death, in her defence, of another of his five sons. Of his two daughters, the fate of the eldest, Laldomine, or Laodamia, is interwoven, according to the precedent established by the novelist with respect to wealthy silk-weavers and suchlike, with a handsome young apprentice, hight Lambert, who becomes, for her sake, a gallant soldier. The second, Lisa, forms an imprudent attachment to a gay young patrician of the basest character, named Troilus, who seduces her by means of a fictitious marriage; and being, together with a traitorous governor, Malatesta, in communication with the enemy, finally gains a footing in the house of Niccolò, who had turned Lisa and her child out of doors in the most approved melodramatic fashion, under the base pretence of becoming a renegade to the people's cause. Add to these, one Fanfulla, a comical cut-throat priest, who had turned monk in repentance of his misdeeds, and then turned soldier again in an honest cause; a young lady, named Selvaggia, who, being the light-o'-love of the enemy's free-companions, is smitten with love for Lambert, and thence restored to the paths of virtue, after a series of the most devoted, exaggerated, and extraordinary adventures; together with, lastly, a faithful Swiss, who attaches himself to Lambert, and strongly resembles, both in his conduct and in the language put in his mouth by the translator, a cross between Shakespeare's Welch captain and one of Rob Roy's gillies; and we have a rough outline of this story, which

our readers can fill with tolerable facility, when we give the termination in as few words as possible, prescribed by the author. Niccolò is beheaded; Lambert marries Laodamia; Troilus perishes by a fearful death; Lisa runs about distracted in the mountains, living on berries and sleeping in a cavern, where she is found, a neat and clean, but tattered old woman, fifty years afterwards, by some hunters, with her hair covering her whole body like a silvery veil, and still praying for the scoundrel Troilus! Certes, this is rather powerful romance. In addition to this, let us not forget, Selvaggia dies of mingled love, repentance, and religion; and that Mauritz kills Fanfulla by accident, in a quarrel which ensued between them whilst he was administering penance to the ex-priest with "blows" from the staff of his halpert." This last appears to us rather unnecessary on the part of the author. Fanfulla might have been spared free quarters at Lambert's during the rest of his days. But there is no accounting for these freaks of a writer; and this puts us in mind of an amusing one of Mr. Dickens, at the conclusion of his last novel. He causes an infant to be born into the world deaf and dumb, in a single short paragraph, without any apparent reason whatsoever. Why should he thus deprive that innocent bantling, created by his lively imagination, of two of its senses? The idea is scarcely comical, although eccentric and queer.

We must now commit The "Maid of Florence," to the discretion of the public. It is decidedly among the van of second-rate works, considered merely as a romance. As a romance from such a source, it is deservedly invested with greater interest. To the people of Northern Italy it may well teach a lesson. It may shew them the value of unity, and the dangers of betrayal when their cause is espoused by those whose interests are naturally opposed to their own.

Before concluding, we would offer one very slight criticism to the translator. The word "Ser" in Italian, is equivalent to the French "Sieur," and its use is peculiar to the bourgeoisie. His translation of it into "Sir," which gives a knightly tone, is, we believe, the result of want of consideration rather than of ignorance. Sir Niccolò, *vide* p. 41, vol. III. and *passim*, is decidedly an oversight, and erroneously impresses the mind with the notion of a chivalric title. Undoubtedly the old English use of the word "Master" comes nearest to the Italian "Ser;" as, for instance, Master Brook or Master Ford.

Lady Marion, or a Sister's Love. By MRS. W. FOSTER. 3 Vols. Hurst & Blackett. 1853.

THIS is one of those sad failures in the form of a fashionable three-volume novel, that cause one to wonder how they ever came into existence, or for what purpose they were produced. Their career must necessarily be brief. On the author they confer no renown, and they can bring but little profit into the publishers' till. The more speedily, therefore, they are consigned to oblivion the better. They might aptly have inscribed upon them the unanswerable epitaph once chiselled on an infant's tomb—

If so soon that I were done for,
What on earth was I begun for?

When we say that the plot is as meagre, that the incidents are as commonplace, and the characters as flimsy and as feebly drawn as it is possible to imagine, our readers will not be surprised nor disappointed that we do not inflict the narrative upon them in detail.

It is always most painful to us to speak disparagingly of any lady's writings; and were it not from the impossibility of alluding to "Lady Marion" in any other way, we should not have penned this notice. The position in society which the authoress fills, prevented our taking no heed of the work, as we possibly might, had it emanated from an unknown and obscure writer.

If Mrs. Foster should again favour the world with any new creation of her fancy, we

hope, for her sake as well as for that of the novel-reading public, that she will strive to infuse more vigour and greater liveliness into her tale, and more spirit and energy into her characters. All the individuals to whom we are introduced in the volumes before us are so dull and tame, that we can feel no interest either in the vicissitudes they encounter or in the termination of their career.

—
The Colonel: a Story of Fashionable Life.
By the Author of "The Perils of Fashion."
3 vols. Hurst and Co. 1853.

AN entertaining novel is this; in which the characters are well-drawn, the incidents are natural and well arranged, and the principles inculcated throughout, are those of which we cannot but cordially approve.

The authoress has made a decided hit, and we may confidently recommend her work to the many hundred book-clubs scattered over this country, through India, and the colonies, whose special organ we are, and whose selection, from the publications of the quarter, awaits on our recommendation.

We regret that the work should have made its appearance at so late a period, when we have not space to give an analysis of the plot; but it is so interesting, that none who unravel it for themselves, will be disposed to blame us for the omission.

—
Count Arensberg, or the Days of Martin Luther. By JOSEPH SORTAIN, A.B. 2 Vols.
Folthorp, Brighton. Longman, London.

If this production is to be regarded as of the genus Novel, it is assuredly the most unsubstantial of its class we have ever encountered. Of consecutive narrative there is little or nothing. The author's imagination is not directed, as with ordinary novelists, to the development of a striking climax out of a series of well-devised incidents and situations, but is wholly employed in presenting a picture the most revolting possible of the Romish Hierarchy. If there be any plot, it is one laid against Popes and Cardinals. The model Cardinal, whose never-ending delinquencies form the staple of the two volumes, is not designated even by a fictitious appellation. It is Cardinal ——— who cherishes a criminal passion for the beautiful Bianca Della Scala, and hesitates at no iniquity to attain his object. Finding the arts of cajolery and flattery unavailing, and that the lady, so far from affording him any ground for hope, receives his amorous advances with marked aversion, he resolves to attack her on the side of filial affection. The father of Bianca is the gallant

Marchesa della Scala, who has done Pope Leo X. good service by his conduct of the military operations against the duke d'Urbino, but whose generous and honest spirit has called forth the occasional strictures of his friends, on the tortuous policy adopted by the Pope towards his high-minded, but unfortunate adversary. Having surreptitiously acquired the knowledge of this circumstance, the Cardinal's evil ingenuity suggests to him that it may, by proper management, be magnified into a complicity on the part of the Marquis with the recently-detected conspiracy of five members of the conclave against the life of Leo; and, in pursuance of this project, in the midst of a magnificent entertainment, at which his victim is an invited guest, he treacherously contrives his arrest and conveyance to the Castle of St. Angelo. He then, without delay, communicates the fact to Bianca, and, assuming the utmost solicitude for her father, and alarm at the danger threatening him, offers to exert all his interest with the Pope in fa-

vour of the Marquis, but stipulates that, in acknowledgment of his friendly offices, she shall shew a more compliant disposition than heretofore. Shrinking with horror from this vile proposal, she sets herself to devise other means for securing her father's safety, and thwarting the machinations of her persecutor. The great artist Raffaello, then in the zenith of his brilliant though brief career, has unbounded influence with Leo. His sympathies she engages in her favour, and, through him, obtains a general permission to visit her father in his dungeon. The watchful Cardinal, becoming cognizant of this, clearly perceives that the Marquis, thus establishing a communication with his friends, will be enabled to procure an amount of evidence more than sufficient to refute the false charges concocted against him. No time is to be lost: the daughter is still obdurate, and the father is about to elude his grasp: he therefore seizes the opportunity of glutting his vengeance by consigning the hapless Marquis to fearful tortures, which reduce him to a mere wreck of humanity. Even yet, however, he does not abandon the hope of prevailing with Bianca, by affecting concern for her father's and her own pitiable condition, and an earnest desire to serve them to the best of his ability. While the sorrowing maiden is attendant on her wretched parent, and striving to alleviate his sufferings, their evil genius proffers his services to procure an order for the release of the Marquis, on his avowing a guilty participation in the plot. The indignation of the noble-hearted soldier at this insult is increased tenfold when Count Arensberg, his firm friend and the lover of Bianca, introduces himself as the bearer of a Papal rescript containing the same conditions, and death ensues from the violence of his excitement. Nothing now remains for the Cardinal but the forcible abduction of Bianca. Summoning his myrmidons, he bids them ruthlessly to tear her from her father's corpse, and to convey her to the Convent della Penitenza. Her friends, however, opportunely apprised of the attempt, hasten in pursuit, overtake the ravishers, and engage them in a conflict, in the course of which his Eminence receives a mortal wound. So ends the strange eventful history of Cardinal ———; and since he is the only prince of the Church who figures prominently in the narrative, we may infer that the author would fain present him to the world as a fair average specimen of the fraternity; indeed, he insinuates as much. Now, far be it from us to contend that Cardinals, any more than other men, are free from the taint of human frailty; though we would fain believe they are, and ever have been, for the most part, impressed with a due sense of the sacred-

ness of their office, and have regulated their conduct in accordance with that impression. All friends to Christian unity and brotherhood must regret that sectarian prejudice should so distort the vision of many among us, that they can discern nothing good, religiously or morally, in those who refuse to walk along the hair-breadth line they have marked out for themselves, and would prescribe to all the rest of the world. Mr. Sortain would further have us believe that the most sacred obligations must be set at nought by Romish ecclesiastics, where the interests of the Church are concerned. Father Francis, Confessor of the Marquis della Scala, and a man of the highest probity and conscientiousness, unhesitatingly acts the part of a traitor at the bidding of his superior, and betrays the Marquis, who confides in him, into the hands of the Cardinal's emissaries. Having thus far done what he deems his duty, he considers himself at liberty to afford his best aid to the prisoner; and, with this view, is about to make known certain documents he has discovered, tending to prove the accusation unfounded, when he is suddenly arrested by order of the Cardinal, the papers taken from him, and he himself subjected to the torture. Beyond what we have now sketched, there is nothing in these volumes that can properly be called incident. Count Arensberg, from whom the novel takes one of its titles, is an Envoy from the Elector of Saxony to the Papal Court; but he takes no active part in the story, his diplomacy being almost exclusively confined to the courtship of the Lady Bianca, whom he ultimately marries. Luther, on the other hand, is a more prominent personage, but his sayings and doings have no connection whatever with the rest of the story; neither is any original view taken of his character or conduct. His vehemence, earnestness, and undauntedness in the assertion of his opinions and principles, as contrasted with the equally profound convictions, but more cautious and calculating philosophy of Melancthon, with whom he is frequently brought in contact, present a sufficiently striking picture, and may be reckoned the best feature in the work. But the leading events of such a life as that of Luther are too well known to be legitimately introduced into a novel. We know enough already of his disputation with Eckius, his citation before the consistory, his appearance and demeanour in presence of the assembled Diet at Worms, the friendly capture effected on his journey thence, his assumption of military habiliments, and his quiet year of retreat in the Wartburg. A more practised pen than our author's is required to impart any fresh aspect or colouring to incidents familiar as these. Though Mr.

Sortain is pleased to represent Pope Leo X. as a thorough-going infidel, who would at any time rather offer an oblation to Apollo than officiate at the Mass, he awards full justice to that eminent Pontiff's devotion to, and munificent patronage of, the fine arts. His admiration and even reverence for Raffaello, and the delight with which he witnesses the progress of the great master's immortal works, are dwelt on in glowing terms, and in a strain of enthusiasm indicating in the writer a due sense and appreciation of the artistic marvels he describes. As a specimen of his favorite style, may be cited the following description of a consultation of the leading Reformers, when the refusal of the Elector Frederick to accept the proffered imperial crown, and the consequent election of Charles V., involves their prospects in temporary gloom.

A drearier prospect could scarcely be imagined. And it was evident that several of them had caught the melancholy that such a dreary and perilous waste was fitted to inspire. Philip Melancthon, for example, unselfish though he was, and even mighty in endurance for truth's sake though he was whensoever danger actually confronted him, was ever constitutionally prone to dwell on perils in the distance. He could suffer, when the enemy was flourishing his falchion near him: it was not his virtue to seize the initiative, and to attack that enemy "without the gates."

Martin Luther, on the other hand, while he was as foreseeing of perils as was his friend, never seemed to catch inspiration and daring motives from the prospect.

The little band, under a full consciousness of the imminency of their position, was silent for awhile. There was no movement among them, save when one or more glanced towards Father Martin—partly with sympathy for him, as the one who was the most exposed—partly from a wish that he would be the first to speak, and so, they hoped, to animate and direct them with his spirit and his counsel.

"Why, my German brothers, you all look as woe-begone as if you were the friends of Socrates, and were watching him hemlock in hand!" said Luther, cheerily. "Wake up, Philip, from thy sorrow! Have I made thee promise to give a cock to Asculapius?"

"Nay, good master," returned Carlstadt, for Melancthon was too depressed to speak, "but can we shut our eyes to our many perils? Even Von Miltitz could not obtain thy person, so long as the Elector Frederick was the Regent; but where canst thou be safe from Pope Leo, now that the young Emperor will be sure to wish to soothe him?"

"Von Miltitz!" exclaimed Luther; "the Judas! the crocodile! the impostor! the liar! The villain little thought I knew that, while he was loading me with embraces, he had in his pocket seventy apostolical briefs for leading me bound and captive to that murderous Babylon. No, no, my dear Leo," he continued, snapping his fingers, "you must play the Italian somewhat more cleverly before you catch me!"

"God save thee, my dear master!" sighed Melancthon: "already thy soul is among lions."

"Not with lions, Philip," returned Luther; and then relaxing into playfulness, as was his wont even at moments the most critical, he punned upon his friend's native name. "If thou must deal in such figures, Schwartzland, pray think of the real tenants of thy patrimony: think of snakes and serpents—base, bad, slimy reptiles; ay, and think, too, of bats—blind bats. Such

as these live in the Pope's Sodom. Didst thou say 'lions'? Why, I would go and ask them to give me lessons. But no, Philip: we must now, all of us, fight with asps and adders."

"And be wise as serpents!" added Melancthon.

"Cunning! dost thou advocate cunning, Melancthon?" demanded Carlstadt, with warmth. "As for me, I will become no serpent-charmer. I will sing no hell ditties, I assure you. I will wear mailed boots wherewith to bruise the heads of the devil's brood."

"Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves," meekly returned Melancthon.

"I would counsel you, Doctor Martin," said the rash and imperious Carlstadt—"I would counsel you, not like a Spanish matador, to beguile the animal into blindness by a scarlet scarf, but to take him by the horns."

"Thou art a fool, Carlstadt! albeit I know thou art both learned and sincere. Even if I wished to imitate your Spanish matador, have I enough of scarlet wherewith to make a scarf? And as to taking a bull by the horns, art thou sure they would not be the horns of a dilemma?"

"Take care, take care, Father Martin!" answered Carlstadt. "I liked not thy soft courtesies with the Roman Babylon when we were at Augsburg, and . . ."

"And take care, sir," answered Luther, sternly, "that you insult her not so foully that the whole world should sympathize, and then take part with her."

Carlstadt rose from his seat chafed with indignation. He was about to answer; but Luther's eye, half-commanding, half-mournful, silenced him, and he withdrew.

"There goes a man, Philip, so good, so popular in his faculties, yet so rash, so inconsiderate, that I foretell to thee he will cause us trouble infinite."

The effect that Carlstadt's behaviour had upon Melancthon was very striking. Hitherto during this interview he had (and there were many similar instances in his future as well as former life) shewn little save mental prostration. His was a mind that made him far fitter to live as an intellectual recluse, than to come forth and buffet with the storms and tempests of men's living passions. Yet this arose not so much from cowardice or weakness of character, as from his exquisite sensibility to the pain of giving pain. But no sooner did he find his loved and admired friend, Martin Luther, made an object of insult, than all his gentle melancholy forsook him.

"Yes, reverend Father, he *will* give us trouble infinite; but it may be that he is a snake within our Eden, and, to seize his own figure, *his* head must feel *our* mailed boot."

"That is more worthy of my own Melancthon," cried Luther joyfully, "than all thy previous moaning! Now come," and he settled to the desk before him with an earnestness that betokened business—"now thou art once more alive, let us work."

The subjoined sketch also of Pope Leo, with difficulty roused to action against the Reformers, is graphic, though somewhat exaggerated, and not warranted, we suspect, by any thing recorded of that Pontiff—

The day before, the Pontiff had been taking even more than his accustomed diversion in hunting over the fields of the Campagna. Returning late in the evening, jaded, and only quickened to occasional vivacity by the movements of his favourite hawks and hounds, Cardinal S. Georgio (he who had been so deeply implicated in the conspiracy against his life, but whom he had restored to his confidence) approached him.

"Will it please your Holiness that I summon a consistory for to-morrow?"

"Down! down, Hector!" exclaimed the Pontiff to a large wolf-dog, whom he much cherished, and who, notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, was constantly

leaping up to gain some notice from his sacred master. "Down, I say!"

S. Georgio looked at his Holiness with a surprised smile.

"Did your Eminence speak to us?" asked Leo; and, while asking, he scrutinized the face of the Cardinal.

"The servant of your Holiness but begged commands as to the consistory to be held to-morrow," returned S. Georgio.

"A consistory to-morrow! No, surely not. We have to sing with Rudolphi; then we have to give audience to Michael Angelo, rude man! great though he is; and then, as your Eminence knows well—and we hope you will enjoy it—have we not commanded Battista to give us the Andria of Terence in the evening? We will have no consistory to-morrow."

"Then may the servant of your Holiness humbly ask when this consistory shall be convened?"

"Ah! you beautiful, you brave bird!" exclaimed his Holiness, as one of the falconers passed on before him, carrying a hooded hawk upon his wrist. "Ah! Psyche love," the Pontiff continued, and the poor bird, though bleeding from a frightful gash inflicted by the heron he had destroyed, moved and raised his crest at his master's voice. "Ah! Psyche, love, thou shalt be taken care of well. Thou hast done good work to-day."

* * * *

To explain this ecclesiastical indifference of his Holiness:—Of course he loved his own throne. Of course he loved his own life. Of course, therefore, he looked vigilantly at whatever might threaten the interests of the one or of the other. But, beyond this, what cared he? Nought. Let him but reign, and, while reigning, advance the temporal authority of his See; let him but retain and increase his power of patronizing science, of cultivating philosophy and art, of indulging his private tastes; and what cared he whether his spiritual dominions were kept in quiet acquiescence and subordination, or whether they were convulsed with throes and agonies?

"S. Georgio, we will have no consistory to-morrow," again rejoined the Pontiff. "We must look to our poor wounded birds; then we must see our kennel, for I fear me some of the dogs are sadly wounded by that villanous Actæon; then we must have some hours' practice on the flute before our master comes to us; and then, and then . . . but I am deadly tired, Georgio; do not bore me!"

"Nero played his flute whilst Rome was burning."

"Did you dare to say *that*? Did you dare thus to

add to thine other crimes this one of insult to God's anointed? Cardinal S. Georgio, did you dare to do so?" suddenly exclaimed the Pontiff.

"Nero played his flute whilst Rome was burning," the voice re-echoed.

Then burst forth Pope Leo's shrill, loud voice to all the prickers and huntsmen, commanding them to scour the adjoining forests, and to seize the blaspheming speaker.

"Suffer your poor servant to address your Holiness," spoke the Cardinal, and in a tone so touchingly sorrowful that Pope Leo's wrath was soothed instantly. "Rome is burning, may it please you, though your Holiness, devoted as you are to high art and learning, knows it not. I have despised, as much as may be, the frantic nonsense of this low German monk—Luther, he is called—but, believe me, your Holiness, he hath flung a torch into our sacred homestead. Your Holiness can little tell what a flame is now rampant and devouring."

"Talk to us of that after dinner, good S. Georgio," returned Pope Leo: "we are too wearied with this day's chase: talk to us about it then."

"Nero played his flute while Rome was burning," again, and, for the third time, broke upon the ears of the easy and procrastinating Pontiff.

"Georgio! didst thou hear *that*—that infernal voice?" said Leo, in the deepest agitation. "Have I deserved it?" he continued with great feeling. "Have I ever neglected the best interests of our subjects? Have I ever shewn indifference to their sorrows? Am I a Nero?"

The Pope and the Cardinal had, during this painful conversation, been riding onward, and they had drawn near to the Lateran.

S. Georgio was silent. The Pontiff became seriously alarmed.

"Answer me, S. Georgio!" he said in a voice of command, as every step of his horse brought him nearer to home, and he began to fear lest he should lose the occasion of such confidence with his adviser. "Answer me, S. Georgio!"

"But defer all the other engagements of your Holiness, and command me to summon a consistory, and then your Holiness will know that I am no fool in awaking fears," returned the Cardinal, with grim meaning.

"Then call a Council," said the Pontiff; "we give thee full powers for convening and arranging it."

Christine van Amberg. A Tale by the COUNTESS D'ARBOUVILLE. Post 8vo. London: T. Bosworth. 1853.

THIS is a number of Bosworth's "Literature for the People." It was originally produced in French, and has been well translated by Mr. Maunsell B. Field, M.A. It is not, the authoress states, a story of a sunny climate, but "of cold Holland," where is no cry or song of joy, not even from a bird. The poet, Samuel Butler, has called the country a great ship always at anchor, and one which seems charged to make respected the command of the Almighty to the sea: "Thou shalt go no further."

The tale is a very sad one, but is very readable for all that. The scene is for the chief part in a nunnery, where the passing away of a holy sister occasions no moan, no sorrow, for is she not surely proceeding to the realms of

the blessed? The exception to this impassive manifestation of stoicism is afforded by the heroine, Christine, now Sister Mary Martha, who is left dying. Her dearest friends, her ardent lover, whose passion she silently reciprocated, could not induce her—for she was still but a novice—to remove, and gather health in a more genial climate; but she prefers to remain and die, although her's was a beauty unknown to the world, "the beauty of infinite repose, and of changeless calm." Her heart had beaten with excited emotion when her wooer said to her, "You are free, and Herbert is waiting to lead you to the altar." No reason is assigned for this change, which seems a French suicidal caprice. Her holy mother was to prepare the robe of serge, the white crown, the silver cross, which was to be converted by the lips of the priest into a sacred object. "Do

not delay, my mother, for I would die the bride of the Lord:" all expostulation, even on scriptural grounds, was in vain.

Audrey: a Novel, by Miss LAURA JEWRY. 2 vols. 8vo. Newby, Welbeck Street. 1853.

ALTHOUGH this tale contains here and there passages of great power and merit, we think it scarcely equal to some of the authoress's former works. Much of it is evidently written solely for the purpose of covering paper, and those portions consequently tend greatly to diminish the interest we might otherwise feel in the story. We should have been happy to

Lorenzo Benoni; or, Passages in the Life of an Italian. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. 1853.

WITH Benoni, previously to the appearance of this volume, we had no acquaintance; indeed, we believe the name to be an assumed one, in order to conceal the designation of one who enjoys, in his own country, an extensive reputation. His career, though not brilliant, has been a chequered one, and his adventures have been interesting. The record of a life, faithfully penned, must ever be more interesting than a library of fictions. The present history bears the impress of truth, and deserves to be extensively read.

It cannot be pretended that the literary merit is of a very high order, but the style is easy and simple, and the narrative is pleasingly told.

Poems. By ARCHER GURNEY. Bosworth. *The Transcendentalists.* A satire for the age.

By ARCHER GURNEY. Bosworth. *Calmstorm, the Reformer.* Tinson, New York. *St. George.* By H. JENNINGS. W. N. Wright, C. Mitchell.

THE poetry of Mr. Archer Gurney is of a remarkably discursive quality. All subjects are alike to him; a true poetical athlete: "one down and another come on" is his cry. From grave to gay, from lively to severe, he pursues his course; while the costume in which he arrays the creatures of his imagination appears to concern him but little. He is evidently determined to think for himself, and not to be trammelled by rules or precedents. Though this free-and-easy style is not without its attractions, we would gladly see a little more carefulness here and there. But it seems we must

The characters introduced are very few, and bear a strong resemblance to one another. Simplicity seems to have been aimed at, and attained.

have spoken of this novel in as high terms, as we did* of a former production, entitled, "The Tide of Life." We there characterized Miss Jewry as being "fairly entitled to take rank among the leading novelists of the day." If, however, she be ambitious of retaining this position—one difficult to keep—we think it right to suggest that she must bestow more care and attention upon her future works than she has displayed on the one before us.

not hope for this, since he avowedly holds all formalities and conventionalities in supreme contempt. In his "Poems" he informs us, that even in his school-boy days he incurred the anger of his young companions by his presumption in holding opinions of his own, without reference to theirs, and even thus early made the reflection, that

the world will aye assail
What in its grooves is not supinely lying.

The same figure suggests itself to him again in maturer years, and in the "Transcendentalists" he winds up an attack on the formalists with

And so the dull world slides along its groove.

Exaggeration and sentimentality also come under his lash, whether in poetry or painting. Our last Number will have shewn our readers that we are not disposed to come to the rescue of Mr. Alexander Smith as a poet, of whom he writes—

Oh! Alexander—Alexander Oh!
Beyond thee can the false ideal go?
Such agonies, such raptures, such outpourings,
Such most magnificent æsthetic roarings!

And again,

Anxious to prove their prosy souls romantic,
Look for a frantic theme, and then go frantic.
Hence Hunt and Smith the gaudiest laurels reap,
(I think the man's called Hunt who daubed the sheep)

In the "Transcendentalists" he runs a tilt against the critic of the Athenæum for passing an unfavourable judgment on a former poem, "King Charles the First;" but it is never worth an author's while to go to loggerheads with a reviewer. We cannot take leave of Mr. Archer Gurney without doing justice to the wondrous

success of the reverend gentleman in partially realizing* in his parish the principle he maintains in his poetry, of not confining himself to the beaten paths. Had he done so, the district of St. Mary's (part of the parish of St. Anne's, Soho) entrusted to his charge, would still be the moral desert he found it; whereas, by his vigorous adoption and perseverance in an entirely new system, effectively aided by his Rector, he may truly be said to have caused the wilderness to blossom as the rose.

Calinstorm is a reformer of the genuine breed. In his super-vehement zeal for the rights of man he could turn the world upside down and inside out. Among the ways and means he adopts for carrying out his freedom theory, he is in the habit of flourishing a drawn sword in the faces of the magistrates sitting in council, to enforce compliance with his demands. At another time he intrudes into a court of justice to defend a debtor, who has swindled the man who trusted him out of a large amount, on the ground that he really believed the speculation for which he borrowed the money to be a sound one. He furiously assails the judge for convicting the prisoner, and further involves himself in a fierce dispute with a newspaper reporter attending on the occasion. These, too, in revenge for the contempt and insolence with which he has treated them, contrive to excite a popular commotion against him, wherein he loses his life. This strange production takes

the form of a drama, and sets us in a whirl, partly by its wildness, partly by a sublimity that baffles our comprehension.

"St. George, a miniature romance," is another example of enthusiasm, or sublimity, or whatever else it may be, setting all the powers of the understanding at defiance. We have here a poem, if it can be so designated, divided into five numbers, each number being preceded by what the author calls notes; the said notes being a prose rendering, as far as we can make out, of the versification that follows. This arrangement has at least the merit of novelty, if no other. The prose notes in question, the author informs us, are "employed as the sort of *antistrophe*, or chorus, resembling—alas! how distant—that of the ancient Greek drama." Distant indeed! for what analogy there is between the antistrophe of the Greek chorus and a preparatory prose explanation (?) of verse, we are utterly unable to conceive. Between the prose and the verse there is a conflict of obscurity, amidst the clouds of which we can dimly discern St. George spell-bound in a cavern, whence he is rescued, and, finding his way to Egypt, there slays that noted monster, whose death-struggles under the hero's lance are already familiar to us, thanks to the five-shilling pieces. Possibly the abraded state of these coins has induced our author to revive the story.

The Learned Societies and Printing Clubs of the United Kingdom: being an Account of their respective Origin, History, Objects, and Constitution. By the REVEREND A. HUME, LL.D., F.S.A., &c. With a Supplement by Mr. A. J. EVANS. 8vo. London: G. Willis. 1853.

THIS information now for the first time appears in a collected form. The author justly observes that "The Learned Societies consist of intellectual men, voluntarily united for the purpose of promoting knowledge generally, or some branch of it. It is assumed in all of them, except the very humblest, that the members are already learned, either in a greater or less degree." This is certainly an assumption which cannot be controverted.

The Royal Society is the first-born of these Institutions, though some claim that honour for the Society of Antiquaries, which originated, as some say, in 1572; according to others, in 1707. The Royal Society, instituted by the witty, if not very learned, King Charles II., dates 1660. Others, as the Medical Society of Edinburgh, took its rise in 1734, and only *nine*, in the three kingdoms, are of the last century.

PAYMENTS TO THE LEARNED SOCIETIES.

Persons not resident in England are often surprised to find that the payments required from those who are the special promoters of science are so large. In other places they would operate, as they do in numerous cases even here, as a positive prohibition: for it is unquestionable that many men, who would be of the greatest importance to the various Societies of the country, are unable to pay the tax in money which is required, in addition to that of time and talent, even though it would place them within the range of certain advantages, and give them a certain amount of standing. Thus, a newly-elected Fellow of the Royal Society pays 10*l.* on admission, and if he compound for his annual subscriptions—which is considered the more respectable plan—he must pay 60*l.* more. There may or may not be a special journey from the country on the day of admission, and thus he is charged in all from 70*l.* to 80*l.* In the Society of Antiquaries the rate of purchase is for the usual period of ten years, so that it amounts in all to 50*l.* 8*s.*

This is a serious business to many a scholar. The names of the respective Societies testify to the character of the studies they are severally

intended to promote, but a few require a little elucidation.

Some of the Learned Societies are incorporated, others are not. In the latter there is no permanence: their constitution or machinery may be perpetually changing, or, indeed, formally dissolved.

MODES OF DIFFUSING KNOWLEDGE.

In Societies of several years' standing there are usually certain conveniences for inquiry, not otherwise or elsewhere procurable. Thus, one of the first objects in the smallest provincial town where such a Society can be organized is to procure a museum; and, when once a beginning is made, the liberality of individuals aids or surpasses the more direct efforts. Thus the teaching that would be abstract is happily illustrated; remarks respecting the various kingdoms of nature are made plain and comprehensible by the actual specimens; and, independent of the mere amount of knowledge imparted, the inquirer is prepared to give to the teachings of science, in future, a favourable hearing. In the larger Societies there are often valuable collections of philosophical apparatus, for illustrating known principles or searching for unknown; and the difficulties which would have been insuperable to individuals vanish before their legitimate combination. There are also valuable libraries connected with most of the Societies, many of the books being of such a kind that they are not now in the market, or never were generally read. Some are valuable simply for their rarity, others for their age, many for their contents, their illustrations, &c. The members, therefore, are placed in the way of attaining a familiarity with the subjects embraced by their particular Society; but it is not to be expected that they will be equally zealous in using these advantages. They have generally the means, too, of informing themselves on kindred subjects of inquiry, for the laudable custom prevails of interchanging Transactions; so that each Society becomes possessed of the publications of its various contemporaries for a like number of copies of its own.

From these advantages, which are of a central kind, the country members, or those who are non-resident, are cut off. They can neither hear the papers, nor join in the conversation at the réunions, nor use the apparatus, nor consult the authorities in the library. There are advantages which they possess notwithstanding; and perhaps their relish for these enjoyments is increased when an opportunity does present itself. Coming at intervals from the monotony of a secluded parish, or from the turmoil and selfishness of a country town, the non-resident member breathes a new atmosphere; his ideas flow again in a channel that is almost choked up; a former state of existence is renewed; and his impressions, if more rare, are at the same time more vivid and pleasurable than those of his fellows, to whom the opportunities are ever open. He has, besides, the consciousness of being a member, which is to a certain extent a recommendation; for his claims to the honour were duly stated, they were duly investigated by men competent to judge, and he was duly elected. The members of Learned Societies are, perhaps, too much in the habit of undervaluing the standing acquired in this way, just as many without the pale, especially non-graduates, are in the habit of overvaluing it: but whether the public stare at the distinctions or sneer at them, as their ignorance or their prejudice preponderates, the man of information and sound judgment will estimate them at their real worth.

In 1682 the Royal Society sold the College at Chelsea, granted to the fellows by the Crown; in 1701 they removed from Gresham College, now extinct, to apartments in Crane Court, Fleet Street, now a large printing office; and in

1782 they entered upon their present premises. In 1703 Sir Isaac Newton was appointed President, and he continued to occupy the chair till his demise in 1727. The list of the Presidents of this flourishing Association for the present century is as follows:—

	Elected
Sir Joseph Banks	1778
Sir Humphrey Davy	1820
Mr. Davies Gilbert	1827
Duke of Sussex	1830
Marquis of Northampton	1838
Earl of Rosse	1851

The Philosophical Transactions now fill one hundred and thirty-seven volumes (1853), and one is published half-yearly. Every Fellow receives the Transactions of the Royal Society without payment, and copies are sold to the public at prices varying from 9s. to 32s. The Council comprises twenty-one members, ten retiring annually. The meetings are held weekly, on Thursday evenings, from the third Thursday in November to the third Thursday in June, excepting Christmas, Passion, Easter, and Whitsun weeks. The library consists of 42,000 volumes, well insured. The Ordinary Fellows of the Royal Society on St. Andrew's day were 780; the Foreign (honorary) Fellows were 50. They are all elected by ballot. The "compounding" members of this Association are 334; subscribing members, 234; honorary, 42: total, 571. The Linnæan Society, under the Presidency of the erudite Bishop of Norwich, number 610. The Horticultural Society of London has 1113 fellows; gardeners, at reduced fees, 20; ladies, 51; foreigners, 204: total, 1496. The Royal Zoological Society boasts, however, the highest number, 2030. The Trade Societies, as they are designated, are greater still; the Pharmaceuticals, the Lawyers, &c. The Emanuel Swedenborg Association is the smallest, for members are required to sign a declaration of belief in that abstruse and unintelligible faith.

The Archæological Society holds meetings in such ancient places as Canterbury, Winchester, Gloucester, Warwick, &c. They have offices in Covent Garden, and investigate antiquities of every kind. The life members are 513.

The Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, a similar Society, numbers 1484. The President is Earl Fitzwilliam; their founder is T. Hudson Turner, Esq.

The Society of Arts, founded, just a century ago, for improvements in general objects, in arts, manufactures, agriculture, mechanics, chemistry, geography, commerce, &c., meet in a capacious room in John Street, Adelphi. More than the amount of 100,000*l.* have been expended by them in prizes: among these were

several legacies. For upwards of forty years some member or another of the royal family has been President, and the office is now held by H.R.H. Prince Albert. Among the lists of juvenile artists rewarded in the early days of this Society were, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Nollekens (who was too avaricious even to subscribe a farthing), Bacon, Flaxman, Wyon, Sir W. C. Ross, Sir Edwin Landseer, Finden, and other celebrities. The ordinary members are now 800; the honorary members are 50.

The Royal Society of Edinburgh was established in 1739 as the Philosophical Society of Scotland: it included at that time Lord Kames, David Hume, Dr. Robertson, Blair the essayist, and Blair the author of the very poetical "Grave." The topics were formerly physical and learned, but the literary communications have long been few. They have only sixteen volumes of Transactions; the last was read in 1845-46. The number of honorary members is limited to fifty-six, of whom twenty may be English. The numbers are small; the *Ordinary* Fellows (a term objected to in Scotland) numbering only 279; the foreign, 36; English, 20. The President is at present the able lecturer and writer, Sir David Brewster, K.H.

It is stated officially that many applicants to be admitted into the Learned Societies are rejected; for what reason we are not informed. It cannot be for want of room, for the apartments are never a quarter filled. It is reported that a rigid inquiry into this matter, by a general committee, is in a little time to be prosecuted; an event that will doubtless be looked for with considerable impatience.

The "British Association for the Advancement of Science" was instituted at York 27th Sept. 1831.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETIES.

The proposal to form such an Association was suggested by Sir David Brewster, in a letter to Mr. John Phillips, one of the Secretaries of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society; and, after receiving universal and cordial approval in that locality, it was submitted to men of science all over the United Kingdom, and was received with equal favour. The objects of the Association are (1) to give a stronger impulse and a more systematic direction to scientific inquiry: (2) to promote the intercourse of those who cultivate science in different parts of the British Empire, with one another, and with foreign philosophers: and (3) to obtain a more general attention to the objects of science, and a removal of any disadvantages of a public kind which impede its progress.

The objects of the Association being more of a general than of a local kind, it cannot strictly be called either metropolitan or provincial: in this respect it is unlike the two Archæological Societies, which, though they itinerate, are central in London. Its meetings are held annually, in the summer months, in some of the larger provincial towns; and on these occasions the towns of Ireland and Scotland, as well as of England, have been honoured by its visits. It is difficult to over estimate or even to imagine the amount of benefit conferred upon science in the

provinces by these annual gatherings. Societies which were unnoticed and unknown, have, by a little fostering care and judicious advice, risen to importance—many others have been originated—inquiries and observations have been set on foot—and a pleasing and beneficial interest has been awakened in the minds of many, for learning generally, from ordinary intercourse with the men whose names and acquirements have long been regarded with respect. Besides, the broader basis, geographically, upon which the Association acts, gives it great advantages in prosecuting certain classes of observations; and the friendly intercourse of the more prominent cultivators of science, in their various departments, tends to elicit new truths, to enlighten old ones, and to shew that a connection subsists among all.

The Royal Astronomical Society was founded in 1820 (the great majority of organized associations being formed after the Napoleonic wars), and the date of its charter of incorporation, then under the changed title of the Astronomical Society of London, is March 7, 1831. Its object "is the encouragement and promotion of astronomy."

The following remarks deserve every attention and excite much interest, and no doubt receive it, although some of its assertions may well be questioned:—

THE WHOLE WORLD EXPLORED.

The Societies which embrace literature, however, appear to act upon a wrong principle throughout; a principle which has, no doubt, been imbibed insensibly from the multitude, whose idea of knowledge is, that it is almost synonymous with physical science. It is thought that there is no progress made—nothing worth either reading at a meeting or printing in transactions—unless it can be called a "discovery" in literature. The whole world is explored as opportunity permits: China, India, and Egypt, are laid under contribution; and museums, libraries, and dusty nooks, are carefully examined for something, however valueless, that has escaped alike the ravages of time and the curiosity of man. One would think that in these circumstances the ordinary work is all done, and done well; and that no spot is left for useful inquiry, except on the very outposts of learning. Yet it would scarcely be possible for any idea to have less foundation in fact than this. With one or two unimportant exceptions, what literary work has ever been undertaken and accomplished by authority? Where are the "Inedited Remains of Ancient Literature," which the Royal Society of Literature has given to the public, though it is required to do so in the first dozen lines of its charter? What public attempt has ever been made "to fix the standard, and to preserve the purity, of the English language?" Where are the improvements in our lexicography? How happens it that a learned Englishman often knows less of his own language and literature than of those of two or three other countries; that a philosophical grammar of our important tongue is yet unwritten; or that (except in London) the whole subject is without a representation in any of our universities? Much might be said upon this subject, and in the same spirit of sorrow and kindness: there are times, however, when a hint is sufficient: may this be one of them!

Some of the older Societies occasionally become lethargic: there is, perhaps, no competition with them, and they naturally do as little for their payments as is compatible with the conditions of their charters or the forbearance of their members. A very few years ago the Society of Antiquaries was in this state: it is much better now, though very far from what it might be; and the same might be said of one or two others. Many of the Printing Clubs ought never to have existed, as the work

which they do to the best of their ability should have been performed more regularly and fully, with the machinery and by the authority of the respective Learned Societies.

In the various Printing Clubs there are, as nearly as can be ascertained, more than seventeen thousand yearly subscribers. In the original Percy and Bannatyne Societies the system has been to produce a certain number of books (from four to twelve at a time), but this has been found far from convenient, and people are apt to look to the quantity of the text rather than to its merit. The price is of course regulated by the charges for printing, illustrating, binding, and other contingencies.

The following suggestion from Dr. Drake contains practical wisdom. Ten or twelve of the minor metropolitan Societies are advised to rent a common building, to vary the evenings and the hours of meeting, and, by a pleasant reciprocity, they could enable their members to command the advantages of a large library.

We have spoken of prices—

At a Learned Society, the honoured Roxburghe Club, instituted some years ago in commemoration of the celebrated sale of the library of John, Duke of Roxburghe, which lasted for forty-two days, among the valuable books disposed of on that occasion were the "Histories of Troy, a Tale Divine." This was sold, to Dr. Dibdin's vast delight, to the then Duke of Devonshire, for nearly one thousand and sixty pounds.

The celebrated Valdarfer Edition of Boccaccio, after a spirited contest, was knocked down, on the above occasion, for two thousand two hundred and sixty pounds! No bid was under 150*l*.

We recommend this volume as a very useful book of reference. Every one ought to have the information it contains close at hand; but we do not know where else it is to be found. Half the book's utility, however, is marred by the absence of an Index.

Willich's Popular Tables for ascertaining the value of Lifehold, Leasehold, and Church Property, Renewal Fines, &c. Third Edition. With additional Tables of Natural or Hyperbolic Logarithms, Trigonometry, Geography, &c. Longmans. London, 1853.

ONE of the most useful and most faultless books of the year. It is scarcely possible to imagine the amount of labour saved to existing and future generations by these tables. Questions that would require long and intricate calculation, are here unerringly solved in an instant, with a certainty and simplicity that leave nothing to be desired.

In addition to the vast amount of information comprised in former editions of Mr. Willich's excellent book, we find in this, the *third*

that has been called for by the public in the last ten or eleven months, in the first place, a lucid introduction to natural or hyperbolic logarithms; a table of natural or hyperbolic logarithms from 1 to 1200; various trigonometrical tables; the diameter, circumference, and area of circles from 0.1 to 100; the length of circular arcs radius = 1, from 1° to 180°; measurements of the superficies of the land on continents and islands, in square degrees; a table of the length, in yards, of one minute of longitude and latitude, being one geographical or nautical mile, from 0° to 70° of latitude; various important astronomical tables; and a very curious formula furnished by Mr. Baron Alderson, for the easy extraction of the roots of perfect cube numbers not exceeding nine digits.

Our readers will perhaps consider the most interesting of these tables, in a statistical point of view, one supplied by Professor Babbage: it at least affords encouragement to those who aspire to longevity.

1751 persons were taken, all of whom had attained an hundred years, and were all living at the same time. In one year they had diminished to 1587, in the second year to 1442, in the third to 1280, in the fourth to 1126, and so on till, out of the original 1751, only 143 reached the age of 120; 44 survived to 130, 12 to 140; and one tough old gentleman actually resisted the effects of time and weather, till he had completed his ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH year!

In the body of the work, besides the ordinary interest tables, we have several, shewing the present value of various kinds of property, such as reversionary freehold estates, advowsons, &c.; the several times in which any principal doubles itself at any rate of interest from two to ten per cent.; tables shewing the periods annuitants should live to be reimbursed the purchase-money paid for incomes contingent upon life; and many others equally important and valuable, which we have not space to describe.

The book should be in the possession of every man of business throughout the kingdom: it needs only to be once referred to, in order to be thoroughly appreciated.

The Marine Botanist; an Introduction to the Study of the British Sea-weeds. By ISABELLA GIFFORD. Third Edition. Post 8vo. Folthorp, Brighton. 1853.

PERHAPS of all scientific studies, as Miss Gifford calls it, that of the *algæ*, or sea-weeds, is least known, for it cannot be studied by any who do not live at, or at least visit, the sea-side; and this fact makes *The Marine Botanist* a most interesting book. Few, if any, inland people know the many uses to which

sea-weed is applied : it has been long a dainty, and longer still, has formed a portion of human food, and has still more generally promoted the fertility of the soil. In the islands of the Grecian Archipelago a particular alga flavours the ragouts ; and the kind known as Irish Moss (caragheen), bleached and boiled into a jelly, is exceedingly delicate and nutritious, and, when properly manufactured, is, we are assured, as pleasant to the palate as calf's-foot jelly, blanc-mange, custards, or preserves. Who would not possess such culinary knowledge ? It is in high esteem in China, where it is employed medicinally against worms ; and, in that country, from a sea-weed gum, ornamental lanterns are fabricated. Stranger still, the algæ constitute the fundamental ingredient of edible swallows'-nests, the finest of which are sold to the Chinese for their weight in gold, though this, after all, may not be very much. It is a mistake to imagine that they are formed of animal gelatine. By the Highlanders and Irish, sea-weed is largely consumed, after having been soaked in fresh water : it is eaten either dried or boiled, and, when dried, has somewhat of the odour and flavour of violets. It affords food also to the natives of Australia and to the Sandwich Islanders. It is also the pabulum of the tasteful pilchard.

For manure it is collected on most of the sea-shores, especially in Jersey, Wales, and Ireland ; and is beneficial to most garden vegetables, especially to artichokes. In the Orkney and Shetland Isles, when mixed with sea-sand and stable-litter, asparagus and sea-kale thrive under it. It is good for fertilizing potatoes. Pigs are very fond of it, and devour it greedily in the fields, where it is spread for manure.

In the three kingdoms, especially in the north of Scotland, it is burned in ovens or pits and formed into kelp, which is the carbonate of soda employed in glass and soap making, &c. In the Channel Islands the *fuci* (a species of algæ) give a most peculiar flavour in smoking bacon and fish : it also gives a *gout* to the crabs and lobsters on these coasts.

Milton, alluding to the marine algæ, observes—

“Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish :—part single, or with mate
Graze, the sea-weed their pasture, and through groves
of coral stray.”

This *Marine Botanist* is a good bulky volume, and right well worthy of perusal.

The Spectator. Post 8vo. Bosworth. 1853.
A REPRINT of Addison's and Steele's *Spectator*. A book in which something good and fresh may ever be found. This edition is remarkably neat, portable, and compendious ; the type

is clear and legible ; and, in short, every care seems to have been bestowed on the work.

The Study of German simplified in a New, Systematic, and Practical Grammar, according to the systems of Ollendorf and Dr. Ahn. By H. MANNHEIMER. Bonn : W. Salzbach. London : Williams and Norgate. 1853.

The Perfect Speaker, or a Complete Manual of the idioms and difficulties of the German and English Languages ; with easy and modern German and English Dialogues. By H. MANNHEIMER. Bonn. London : Williams and Norgate. 1853.

THE German student of the present day possesses many and manifest advantages over those who attempted to conquer the grammatical difficulties of this language a few years back. The fault of all former grammars, and indeed of all the numerous elementary books that have yet been put forward in Germany, has been that want of method and system which is so conspicuous in these. Nothing can exceed the lucid arrangement adopted by Mr. Mannheimer in his practical grammar, which reminds us forcibly of the excellent French grammars published many years ago by M. Hamel, certainly the best introduction to that language that ever issued from the press.

Mr. Mannheimer has supplied a want long acknowledged by every English student of the German language, and yet his plan is so simple, that, like all others of a similar nature, we wonder it has not been adopted years ago.

Our author's great object has been to teach his pupil to *think* in German, without which none can hope to converse in it with fluency. For this purpose he has collected a number of easy sentences, in constant use in the daily affairs of life, or drawn from the works of classical writers, and he has interwoven them with anecdotes and proverbs exhibiting the spirit and genius of the nation. In Mr. Mannheimer's own words, we may affirm that “while on the one hand the student finds no material points omitted, on the other, he will not be overburdened with intricacies of constructions, and an accumulation of rules at the beginning of his task.”

It may indeed be affirmed, that, with the aid of these two books, and the occasional advice of an experienced German, all the difficulties and intricacies of the language may be mastered without effort in a very few months.

The World's Greatest Benefactor. A Lecture delivered by ALEXANDER WALLACE, Edinburgh. Post 8vo. London : Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1853.

THIS publication was addressed to a large

meeting of the working-classes of Bradford, and printed at their request. It is piously eloquent, and it would be well if there were many more such books given to the public; for its style and doctrine are plain and clear, and every line is intelligible to the humblest capacity.

Outlines of Mental and Moral Science. Intended for the Purposes of General Instruction; as well as for the Use of the Higher Classes in Male and Female Academies, and as an Introduction to the Logic, Metaphysics, and Ethics of Colleges. By DAVID STUART, D.D. Second Edition, enlarged. Dublin: James M'Glashan. Post 8vo. 1853.

A BOOK whose purport is sufficiently defined by its title. It contains much general and historical information, but its grand aim is to promote piety and devotional feeling. "Ask Cuvier," exclaims the Rev. Dr. Stuart, "and he will answer that an undevout anatomist is mad;" and so say Galen and Sir John Herschell. A Lexicon, at the end of the volume, contains a mass of information, tending to a more extended knowledge of the principles of pure Christianity. The author quotes many curious remarks: for instance, he cites Archbishop Whately—"Suicide, if any one considers the nature and not the name of it, evidently wants the most essential character of murder, viz. the *hurt* and *injury* done to one's neighbour in depriving him of life, as well as to others, by the insecurity they are, in consequence, liable to feel. And since no one, strictly speaking, can do *injustice* to himself, he cannot, in the literary and primary acceptation of the words, be said either to rob or to murder himself." "This may be true," comments Dr. Stuart, "using the terms *justice* and *injustice* in their conventional meaning, according to the usages of human society and the decisions of human laws; but murder is *injustice*, and equally so is suicide."

Theological Colleges. By the REV. C. HERBERT. S. Bowering, Dalton, Wertheim and Mackintosh, London.

The Educational Franchise. Hatchard, Ridgway.

THE subject treated in the first of these pamphlets is one that has long engaged the deepest attention of a large portion of the community; and rightly so. In this vigilant age, when whatever concerns the improvement and general ordering of society, in a secular sense, is considered and investigated with an acumen and earnestness unparalleled, it would be strange indeed if somewhat of the same animus did not extend itself to things spiritual. All who would be eminent in the political sphere must be thoroughly versed in the world's history, and

the intricacies of government, with its bearings on the interests of the commonwealth. Physicians and men of law must devote themselves to the attainment of a profound insight into the area of their several professions; and this knowledge must be acquired in each and every case beyond, and independently of, ordinary and matter-of-course education. Shall they, then, on whom devolves the most important charge of all, assume it without adequate preparation, or a due appreciation of its peculiar difficulties and responsibilities? That such has, till within a very recent period, been the case, is a state of things as lamentable as it is undeniable; and though a strong feeling has latterly been awakened on the subject, the necessity of devising a remedy fully recognised, and partially good results obtained, the main deficiency still exists in unabated deformity. To supply this deficiency, it is contemplated to establish Theological Colleges in various parts of the country; institutions especially designed for the training of aspirants to the sacred ministry, not only by directing their studies to Church History, and such other knowledge as more particularly concerns their office, but further to imbue them with a truer and deeper sense of its nature, and the duties attaching to it, than they, for the most part, can acquire under the present system. The Bishop of Lichfield, in a recent charge to his Clergy, investigated the question with much acumen, but with a certain caution befitting the discussion of a project yet in its infancy. Mr. Hebert, in the essay before us, takes a lucid and suggestive view of it. He shews that a College for each diocese, as is by some proposed, would be considerably more than the necessity of the case demands. He contemplates five as a desirable number, which might be situated in London, Bristol, Lampeter, Liverpool, and one of the midland towns. These, in conjunction with Oxford, Cambridge, and Durham Universities, would, he assumes, answer the purpose fully, and might properly supersede all other existing institutions of like character. The propriety of maintaining a connection between the Theological Colleges and the Universities is generally recognised; a connection which may be carried out, either by requiring all candidates for Holy Orders to study during an extra year in one of the former, after keeping their terms at the University; or, as our author suggests, by permitting them to take their Bachelor's Degree, if competent, in the seventh term of residence, and to keep the remaining three at a Theological College. It is clearly expedient that these Colleges should be constituted as adjuncts to the Universities, not as in any way superseding them. Though an University education, by familiarizing the mind with the world

as it is, and bringing all variety of character, temperament, and genius, into contact, expands the range of ideas, and engenders a generous and liberal tone of feeling, it has a tendency, as experience amply shews, to impress upon the future clergyman, a secularity, incompatible, abstractedly considered, with his sacred office. On the other hand, an exclusively ecclesiastical training is attended with the danger of begetting a spiritual pride, a confined view of things, and a lack of that sympathy with the community without which the ministrations of the Pastor, however earnest and devoted, must necessarily fail of their desired end. It is solely by the blending together of these apparently discordant elements that we can hope for the attainment of the happy result long looked for, but never yet accomplished. Into the details of the construction and government of these proposed Colleges it is not our province to enter. The principle alone we would illustrate as one which all must admit to be at least worthy of the most careful investigation, affecting, as it does, the highest interests of all classes.

Akin, in some degree, to this reform contemplated in the constitution of the Church, is the improvement in that of the House of Commons, discussed in the second of the above pamphlets. Among the multifarious projects staved off by our legislators to the next Session is another revision of the constituency, one feature of which we may reasonably hope to be the establishment of an educational franchise. Few will be disposed to underrate the beneficial results derivable from the introduction into the Lower House of a certain number of Members who have not been compelled to go through the unsavoury process of soliciting the "sweet voices" of the multitude, but who will enter upon their legislative functions untrammelled by any political pledges or party incumbrances. How to accomplish this desirable object is the question. The actual solution of the problem must await the deliberation of the wise heads to which the destinies of the nation are now entrusted. In the mean time there can be no harm in hearing the suggestions of an individual. The present writer, then, proposes that the new educational franchise should be conferred on Clergymen and Ministers of all denominations, on barristers, attorneys, and other legal functionaries; professors of medicine and surgery; half-pay and retired officers of the army and navy, and of the East-India Company's service; Graduates of the Universities, and certificated Schoolmasters; and finally, Fellows of the Royal Society, and of all other chartered literary and scientific bodies. The Members to be selected by this learned constituency must of course be of the same class. The numbers

of electors, under their several divisions above enumerated, in Great Britain, are estimated at 92,618, and the number of Members to be thus elected at 70. In making this latter recommendation, the writer seems to have forgotten the motto *Ne quid nimis*. Had he more fully considered the matter, it would puzzle him to determine how room is to be found for this addition of seventy Members to the already overgrown House of Commons. Now, since the proposition he advocates has, in the main, our unqualified warm approval, and we are always ready to help a friend in need, we will suggest a method whereby the difficulties arising from making the house yet more unwieldy than it is may be obviated. The new Members would present unquestionably the beau ideal of purity of election: no corrupt influences could by possibility be brought into play as regards them. We would suggest, then, that all seats in future declared void by reason of bribery should be supplied by them; and, if the experience of the last Session is to be in any way relied upon, there cannot exist a shadow of doubt but that the seventy vacancies required for the purpose will be speedily available; thus affording a most agreeable illustration of the process of eliciting good out of evil.

The Bouquet culled from Marylebone Gardens. By Blue Bell and Mignonette, and arranged by Thistle for private circulation. Nos. 26, 27, 28, 29. London: Printed at the "Bouquet" Press, 1853.

THE indefatigable editress of this charming serial, displays, with unremitting energy, fresh grace, and some new beauties in every Number. Each bright garland that she weaves is, in some respect, more attractive than the last, no effort being spared to select from every clime the choicest flowers, and to arrange them in harmonious order. To her, neither the chilling severity of winter, the backwardness of spring, the dull leaden sky of our northern summer, nor the decadence of autumn, seem to present any material obstacle to the successful accomplishment of her pleasing task. It has been said that—

"E'en in the stifling bosom of the Town,
A garden, in which nothing thrives, has charms
That soothe the rich possessor."

What, then, would the poet have said or sung had he been permitted to wander through those blooming gardens, whence the fair "Mignonette" culls, with so much skill, her never-fading blossoms, and tends with gentle hand her

Unblown flowers—new appearing sweets.

Unlike the trashy wares, so sedulously puffed and incessantly palmed off upon an indiscriminate

minating public by our west-end publishers, the numbers of this periodical are "not to be bought for gold." The youthful editress of the "Bouquet" and her co-adjutors, seek not a circulation beyond their own circle. They crave neither notoriety nor fame, nor that

—"habitation, giddy and unsure."

Which he hath "that buildeth on the vulgar heart."

Their merits and abilities are patent enough to all by whom they would be known, and they are—many.

In that delightful district where, *mirabile dictu*, the flowers are vocal again as in the days of Ovid, a peculiarity of these specimens displayed before us is, that each retains the initial letter of the contributor who has undergone a temporary metamorphosis. We should scarcely have expected such a phenomenon as this in modern days, and least of all in the smoky atmosphere of the great metropolis. Yet the Marylebone Bouquet incessantly exhales agreeable odours; or, in other words, both the prose and verse of the floral authors exhibit, for the most part, a creditable amount of fancy, feeling, and good sense.

The idea which prompted the establishment of this periodical was a happy one, and one that, we understand, is likely to be acted upon soon on a more extended scale.

Authors are beginning to find, somewhat tardily it is true, that they may very well dispense with the offices of those drones of society, the publishers, who have been too long battenning on the honey while the poor bees have perished. Literary men, however, now ask, "Why should we toil to enrich lazy tradesmen, and reap ourselves, no profit from our work? What need, indeed, have we of the Lintots, the Curlls, the Osbornes, the Caves, or the Cadells of the present day? Let us give our works to the world, and let the public send to us for the books they require." An Association, we are assured, is forming to carry out this admirable project. It cannot but prove successful, if properly conducted, and it will effect the overthrow of the most grinding tyranny that has ever disgraced the republic of letters.

A History of the Church for the Use of Children. By the REV. J. M. NEALE.

AMONG the many ecclesiastical histories we already possess, we do not know of any which offer the qualification by which the title of the present one is accompanied.

This is a want that has long been felt, and we are glad to see it supplied by one who has hitherto been so forward in providing instructive entertainment for youthful lovers of historic lore.

"Part I." only has as yet been issued from the press, and may rather be called a history

of the *early* Church, as it brings us no further than the Council of Chalcedon.

Mr. Neale treats this epoch with clearness and precision, and narrates with truthful simplicity the stirring events which characterise the dawning of Christianity;—the disputes and Councils—the heresies and persecutions through which the as yet infant Church manfully fought her way, rising, phoenix-like, with renewed vitality from every fresh attack, and displaying, in the constancy and devotion of her saints and martyrs, a vigour and energy almost beyond the belief of this lax, slothful, and self-indulgent age.

The minds of the young, can scarcely be too early impressed with these recitals of Christian heroism, so worthy of the holy cause in whose behalf it was called forth; and we know of no influence so well calculated to elevate the mental standard, and confirm the faith of the rising generation, as that produced by an acquaintance with the sublime character developed through the fierce and fiery trials of religious persecution.

The Pastor and his Flock. A Tale. Cleaver. NOT personal experience only, but a sensitive heart to turn that experience to account, is requisite for one who would appropriately chronicle

The short but simple annals of the poor.

Both these essential qualifications the authoress of the present little volume evidently possesses; and the result is, a brief and unpretending series of touching sketches, setting forth the tender care of the Pastor over his flock, the homely virtues of some, the ill courses of others, arising from ignorance and evil associations, and the influences effecting their reformation. A leisure half-hour might be less profitably spent than in running through these 130 pages.

Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio. Illustrated by Birket Foster. London: Ingram, Cooke, and Co. 1853.

THESE "Fern Leaves," gathered, as the fair writer assures us, "at random in shady spots, where sunbeams seldom play," are in reality a series of short, interesting, and entertaining articles, most of which were written for, and published in, various American journals: others now appear in print for the first time.

Some of these effusions are thrown off in a grave, others in a lively vein: the book is consequently fragmentary in its character, and, as such, peculiarly adapted for perusal, either on a journey, or during those broken hours when we have not either time or inclination to apply to more serious or less desultory studies. There is scarcely one among these sketches which does not convey an useful les-

son in a pleasing form. Several pourtray with fidelity American thought, feelings, and habits, and, as such, are extremely interesting. There is a very pleasing quaintness in many; while here and there we meet with touches of phraseology sufficiently indicative of the writer's transatlantic origin.

We select from the variety before us, the history of Edith May, because it is a history that might be told of many. A young lady, endowed with all the usual peerless attractions of heroines, and possessing a devoted lover (Ainslie), has the misfortune, in an unlucky hour, to quarrel with him. It was only a lover's quarrel—a few hasty words—a formal parting between two hearts, that neither time nor distance could ever disunite;—then a lifetime of misery!

Out of pique, Edith marries Mr. Jefferson Jones, "an ossified old bachelor, who had but one idea in his head, and that was, to make money. There was only one thing he understood equally well, and that was how to keep it. He was angular, prim, cold, and precise; mean, grovelling, contemptible, and cunning."

Mr. Jones becomes aware of Edith's prior attachment, and in order to ascertain whether it has been forgotten, thus accosts her:—

THE TRIAL.

"I'm thinking of taking a short journey, Edith," said he, seating himself by her side, and playing with the silken cord and tassels about her waist. "As it is wholly a business trip, it would hamper me to take you with me; but you'll hear from me. Meanwhile, you know how to amuse yourself, hey, Edith?"

He looked searchingly in her face. There was no conscious blush, no change of expression, no tremor of the frame. He might as well have addressed a marble statue.

Mr. Jefferson Jones was posed. Well, he bade her one of his characteristic adieus; and, when the door closed, Edith felt as if a mountain weight had been lifted off her heart. There was but one course for her to pursue. She knew it; she had already marked it out. She would deny herself to all visitors; she would not go abroad till her husband's return. She was strong in her purpose. There should be no door left open for busy scandal to enter. Of Ainslie she knew nothing, save that a letter reached her from him after her marriage, which she had returned unopened.

And so she wandered restlessly through those splendid rooms, and tried, by this self-inflicted penance, to atone for the defection of her heart. Did she take her guitar, old songs they had sung together came unbidden to her lips;—that book, too, they had read. Oh, it was all misery, turn where she would!

Day after day passed by: no letter from Mr. Jones! The time had already passed that was fixed upon for his return; and Edith, nervous from close confinement and the weary inward struggle, started like a frightened bird at every footfall.

It came at last—the letter—sealed with black! "He had been accidentally drowned. His hat was found; all search for the body had been unavailing."

Edith was no hypocrite. She could not mourn for him, save in the outward garb of woe; but now that he was dead, conscience did its office. She had not, in the eye of the world, been untrue; but there is an Eye that searches deeper—that scans thoughts as well as actions.

Ainslie was just starting for the Continent, by order of

a physician, when the news reached him. A brief time he gave to decorum, and then they met. It is needless to say what that meeting was. Days and months of wretchedness were forgotten, like some dreadful dream. She was again his own Edith, sorrowing, repentant, and happy.

They were sitting together one evening: Edith's head was upon his shoulder, and her face radiant as a seraph's. They were speaking of their future home.

"Any spot on the wide earth but this, dear Ainslie. Take me away from these painful associations."

"Say you so, pretty Edith?" said a well-known voice. "I but tried that faithful heart of yours, to prove it! Pity to turn such a pretty comedy into a tragedy: but I happen to be manager here, young man!" said Mr. Jones, turning fiercely toward the horror-struck Ainslie.

The revulsion was too dreadful. Edith survived but a week. Ainslie became hopelessly insane.

The story of a bright but brief life is touchingly told in the following simple but graphic lines, which we give, because none can fail to peruse them with pleasure.

LITTLE MAY.

"I wonder who made God! Mamma don't know. thought mamma knew every thing. The minister don't know, because I asked him. I wonder do the angels know? I wonder shall I know when I go to heaven?"

Dear little May! She looked like an angel then, as she stood under the linden-tree, with her eyes fixed on the far-off sky, and the sunlight falling on that golden hair, till it shone like a glory round her head. You would have loved our little May—not because her face had such a pensive sweetness in it, or that her step was light as a fawn's, or her little limbs so gracefully moulded—but because her heart was full of love for every living thing which God had made. One day I rambled with her in the wood. She had gathered her favourite flowers—the tiniest and most delicate; the air was full of music, and the breeze laden with fragrance; the little birds were not happier than we. Little May stood still; her large eyes grew moist with happy tears, and, dropping her little treasures of moss, leaves, and flowers, at my feet, she said, "Dear Fanny, let me pray."

She knew that the good God scattered all this beauty so lavishly about us, and she could not enjoy it without thanking Him. Dear little May! we listen in vain for her voice of music now.

"The churchyard hath an added stone,
And Heaven one spirit more."

Our fair authoress is, we are assured, a young, beautiful, and blooming widow, who, although she has achieved a name in her own country, thinks proper to conceal it here: we therefore do not deem ourselves justified in revealing it. None will be disposed to deny, however, that "Fanny Fern" is endowed with no small share of the indomitable energy and spirit of her countrymen, when they cast their eye upon the following address to one who casually made use of the pusillanimous expression,

"I CAN'T."

Apollo!—what a face! Doleful as a hearse; folded hands; hollow chest; whining voice; the very picture of cowardly irresolution. Spring to your feet, hold up your head, set your teeth together, draw that fine form of yours up to the height that God made it; draw an immense long breath, and look about you. What do you see? Why, all creation taking care of number one;—pushing ahead like the car of Juggernaut over live victims. There it is; and you can't help it. Are you going to lie down and be crushed?

By all that is manly, no!—dash ahead! You have as good a right to mount the triumphal car as your neighbour. Snap your fingers at croakers. If you can't get round a stump, leap over it, high and dry. Have nerves of steel, a will of iron. Never mind sideaches, or heartaches, or headaches;—dig away without stopping to breathe, or to notice envy or malice. Set your target in the clouds, and aim at it. If your arrow falls short of the mark, what of that? Pick it up and go at it again. If you should never reach it, you will shoot higher than if you only aimed at a bush. Don't whine if your friends fall off. At the first stroke of good luck, by Mammon! they will swarm around you like a hive of bees, till you are disgusted with human nature.

"I can't!" Oh, pshaw! I throw my glove in your face, if I am a woman! You are a disgrace to corduroys. What! a man lack courage? A man want independence? A man to be discouraged at obstacles? A man afraid to face any thing on earth, save his Maker? Why! I have the most unmitigated contempt for you, you little, pusillanimous pussy-cat! There is nothing manly about you, except your whiskers.

Colt on Revolving Chambered-Breech Fire Arms. Edited by Charles Manby, F.R.S., M. Inst. C. E. Clowes and Sons, Charing Cross.

COLONEL COLT has now for some time enjoyed a world-wide reputation as the inventor of the most powerful and destructive weapon, of its class, that the ingenuity of man ever devised. We hail him cordially on that account, as a benefactor to mankind—as a true pacificator; for whatever is calculated to render wars more deadly, tends at the same time to prevent their recurrence. We have on former occasions expressed our candid opinion of the merits of these repeating-arms, and we have since then had further occasion to bear testimony to their tremendous efficiency.

At a trial of one of Colonel Colt's pistols at the Rifle ground at Erith, not long since, we saw thirty-two out of thirty-six shots strike within a circle seven feet in diameter, at a range of FOUR HUNDRED AND TEN YARDS! the most remarkable performance, in all probability, ever effected by a pistol; and that pistol had a barrel only Seven and a-half inches in length.

The Pamphlet before us, which is remarkably well written, and intelligible to the dullest capacity, gives a perfect history of the progress of the invention up to the present improved manufacture of the perfect article, and of the beautiful machinery by which they are produced.

Whether as a protection for his person while travelling, or for the defence of his house when at home, every sensible man ought to possess one of these matchless Revolvers; not the trashy vamped-up imitations of them, got up in Birmingham, which are much fitter to shoot *at* than to shoot *with*.

Those who wish to satisfy themselves as to the reasons for the superiority of the Yankee article have only to peruse this capital little

Treatise, and inspect the Diagrams by which it is illustrated.

Scotland and the Scottish Church. By the Rev. HENRY CASWALL, M.A. John Henry Parker, Oxford, and 377 Strand.

IN this compendious little volume we have a clear, concise, and intelligible history of the Scottish Church, setting forth the real grounds on which Episcopacy is based, and pointing out at the same time the benefits and dangers of free synodical action.

Little certainly is known of the state of this branch of the Church in the far North. Many are apt to consider Episcopacy as a schism, set up in unrighteous opposition to the Kirk, and "sympathize altogether with the party which, owing to accidental circumstances, has obtained the advantages of a legal establishment." To give an idea of the opinion entertained upon the Continent of the spiritual destitution of Scotland, we may mention, that when, a few years since, our most gracious Majesty visited Cologne, and contributed a handsome donation to the funds for the restoration of the cathedral there, a meeting of many influential inhabitants of that town was held, to discuss the propriety of thanking Queen Victoria for her gift, and to request her, with all due respect, to apply the fund to the INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY into that benighted portion of her dominions known by the name of Scotland! Not long since, too, we happened to be travelling in company with an Abbé, a man of great erudition and information, who, in the course of conversation, lamented, with much earnestness and distress of mind, the *fact*, that "So beautiful a country as Scotland, inhabited as she is by so fine a race, should have resisted with such determination all attempts at the introduction of the light of the gospel." We endeavoured in vain to persuade the worthy ecclesiastic that he was labouring under an erroneous impression. He had travelled through every part of the country, and, with the exception of Strathglass (the country of the Chisholm, and a Roman-Catholic district), he assured us that the rest of the nation were as complete heathens ("*païens*"), as their ancestors were two thousand years ago: indeed he added, in no part of the world had he ever witnessed such debasing profligacy as in Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Now, if this be the prevalent opinion, our Scotch friends cannot be too grateful to Mr. Caswall for the trouble he has taken in removing the stigma. The whole of Caledonia ought to unite in promoting the extensive circulation of this book, and in expressing her gratitude to a man who has exerted himself so ably and so strenuously in her behalf.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Mademoiselle de Cardonne. Par M. A. DE GONDRECOURT. Paris. 1853.

THIS last work which M. de Gondrecourt has presented to the reading public, is a sketch, touched up by the pencillings of fiction, of the disturbed life led by the inhabitants of St. Domingo during the short reign of Toussaint l'Ouverture, the "Black Patriot of Hayti." We had almost imagined that the fever for writing on slave emancipation, if not extinct, had at least considerably abated ere this; yet we find many allusions to it in M. de Gondrecourt's new work. We cannot, however, complain of a total want of novelty in the subject, as a description of life in the West-Indian Islands is not yet a very hackneyed topic, and his opinions on slave liberation seem to differ very essentially from those of the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and her many disciples and imitators. An extract from the book will perhaps be the best means of demonstrating some of the author's views. Speaking of the evils attendant on slavery, he says—

Le mal était assez exorbitant par lui-même, pour que des déclamateurs ignorants ou de mauvaise foi ne se crussent pas obligés de l'exagérer en outrageant la vérité. Que si l'on compare l'état matériel des nègres des colonies avant l'émancipation, à l'état des nègres libres dans leurs tribus sauvages en Afrique il est certain que l'asservissement leur donnent le bien être. J'irai plus loin; je dirai qu'en France le paysan pauvre, le journalier des campagnes souffre beaucoup plus les tourmens de sa misère que ne souffrait l'esclave sur le domaine de son maître des tourmens de sa servitude; et, enfin, pour conduire mon assertion à sa limite extrême je ne craindrai pas d'affirmer que le nègre maintenant affranchi doit regretter sinon pour son âme qu'enivre la liberté, au moins pour son corps torturé par l'indigence, les soins paternels, intéressés, secourables des maîtres dont il savait apprécier les bontés.

* * * * *

Qu'on ne me prenne pas pour un adversaire aveugle et obstiné de l'émancipation. Je suis de mon temps, et mes instincts ne sont pas rétrogrades. La liberté des nègres était justice, par cela même que l'esclavage était d'origine inique; mais l'émancipation a été brutale et elle sera funeste; elle sera funeste parce qu'elle a du même coup, ruiné le maître, étourdi l'esclave; ruiné le maître qui mourra de misère, étourdi l'esclave qui mourra du vertige. Certes la métropole a été généreuse car elle a indemnisé le colon. Indemnisé! ce mot ne proclame-t-il pas l'abus? quels cris ne jetteraient par les héritiers des acquéreurs de biens nationaux, si on venait leur arracher leurs domaines en les indemnisant par une concession insignifiante pour chacun d'eux ruineuse pour l'État? Et cependant la France a été généreuse, je le répète, quoiqu'elle se soit endettée pour commettre une injustice déguisée sous le nom pompeux de réparation."

Nearly at the commencement of the book we have a scene described with much dramatic power. It is a nocturnal meeting of the *nègres-marrons*, who have assembled, headed by La Rémédios, a Capresse, hideous in body and diabolical in mind, to conspire against Toussaint l'Ouverture. La Rémédios predicts the advent of a French invasion, and promises her fellow-conspirators that the Holy Spirit will send a

chief; when, to the astonishment of all, herself included, he appears in the person of Toussaint l'Ouverture. Genius instructs him, how to gain over this wild band, and, in a few seconds, those, once his bitter foes, become his devoted friends. He brings a traitor before him for punishment, and in that traitor La Rémédios beholds Jérémie, the *fiancé* of her daughter. She is desired by Toussaint to judge him, and, fearing the vengeance of the traitor for herself, condemns him to death; but the rope breaks as he is being hung, and Martial, a French sergeant, who has been a hidden witness of the whole transaction, shoots him to free him from the torture he endures. Martial is discovered, and brought before Toussaint. He remains his prisoner, with a promise not to attempt to escape, for a fortnight. The scene here changes to the house of the Comte de Cardonne, a Creole, who has attained the rank of admiral in the French navy. La Rémédios and old Smarth are his confidential servants; but not even in the house of her master does the former allow her diabolical work to cease: she has sworn eternal enmity to the whites; and, to remove from M. de Cardonne's neighbourhood all those faithful to him, she poisons, one after the other, his devoted slaves, and causes criminal suspicion to rest on good old Smarth. The family de Cardonne are suddenly surprised by a visit from Dessalines, the black governor under Toussaint, who becomes enamoured of Nancy, M. de Cardonne's daughter. In Dessaline's suite is Martial, who dines with Smarth, when they arrange to go out together at dead of night *en chaloupe*. It is during this nocturnal adventure that they fall in with M. Meynard, Martial's captain, who had sent him ashore to explore, and they bring him with them to land. He is the bearer of a letter from General Leclerc to M. de Cardonne, announcing the intended descent of the French upon the island, and begs in vain M. de Cardonne's assistance. M. Meynard is a suitor for the hand of Nancy: he had known her when she was *pensionnaire* in a convent at Versailles. He is smuggled at night by the old admiral into his house, lest he should be seized by the blacks, and he becomes the *fiancé* of Mlle. Nancy. Besides dreams of love he has visions of glory, and he resolves to go unarmed to Dessalines, and seek to form a compact. He knows the vanity of the man he has to deal with, and his savage love for Nancy, and these are the points on which he bases his hopes of success. By telling him that General Buonaparte wishes him to be proclaimed emperor, and by promising him the hand of Nancy de Cardonne, he entraps him, and causes him to sell himself to the French. Juliette, the

daughter of La Rémédios, becomes Meynard's accomplice, from a resolve to avenge on her mother the death of Jérémie; for, from overhearing a conversation between Meynard and Martial, she learns the whole truth. She denounces her to the admiral as *l'empoisonneuse*, but it is too late; Smarth has been sent away.

Il faut courir après Smarth, le rencontrer, le ramener ici.

La Rémédios respira; elle connaissait sa fille, elle prévoyait quelque ruse de son génie pervers.

— Ramener Smarth! et pourquoi demanda le Comte?

— Pourquoi? répondit Juliette en traversant la chambre d'un pas précipité et se plaçant devant la porte de sortie, pourquoi? parce que vous avez, vous amiral, et vous, mam'zelle, commis un grand crime envers Dieu et cet honnête homme.

Le comte bondit sur son siège et son visage s'éclaira d'une vive lumière.

Smarth! Smarth honnête homme! répéta-t-il à mots interrompus

— Vous avez osé accuser un innocent qui verserait pour vous la dernière goutte de son sang . . . vous avez été ingrats et barbares . . . ce n'est pas Smarth qui empoisonnait les nègres des Tamarins et de St. Jean . . . voilà, voilà l'empoisonneuse.

L'amiral et Nancy poussèrent un cri d'épouvante; Juliette, le corps frémissant les lèvres pâles, les yeux ardents tenait une main tendue vers la Rémédios et la désignait à l'horreur de ses maîtres—Dans cette attitude dramatique et implacable, la jeune mulâtresse était d'une idéale beauté; elle avait le geste que le peintre immortel donne à l'ange accusateur au jour du jugement dernier.

La Rémédios se releva de toute sa hauteur en frissonnant et s'appuya au mur, comme le serpent qui se ramasse et se dresse en sifflant prêt à s'élancer sur son ennemi. Rien de plus affreux que cet odieux visage terrifié par la colère. Jamais face de panthère prise au piège et furieuse, n'exprima par de plus horribles contractions, la rage féroce et la douleur—Le comte, d'abord stupéfait et muet de stupéfactions, retrouva le premier la parole—Je m'en doutais! s'écria-t-il . . . je suis un misérable!

Il n'en put dire davantage: de grosses larmes sillonnaient ses joues. Nancy s'était instinctivement jetée dans les bras de son père. Tout son être frémissait.

La Rémédios is bound by strong cords, and the Comte himself remains to watch her. To aid Juliette in her plot of vengeance, she has Nancy taken prisoner, and confined at St. Marc, Dessaline's house. Her father is in despair at his daughter's capture, and as La Rémédios promises to obtain her release, he severs her bonds, and sets her free; but, traitress to the last, she immediately seeks Dessalines, and informs him that he is, on her suggestion, being made the Frenchman's *jouet*. Meynard, Nancy, Juliette, together with upwards of fifty white people, are taken to the Ravine aux Couleuvres to be slaughtered, whither she herself proceeds, to glut her vengeance and to revel in the horrid sight.

La Rémédios courut à Mademoiselle de Cardonne et la secourant par un bras elle lui dit avec rage:

— C'est toi qui es cause de mon malheur, toi, ton père, ta famille, ton amant, tous ceux qui ont ta peau et ta couleur . . . Oh! je vais me baigner dans ton sang, je vais te déchirer de ces deux mains et te mettre en lambeaux. Mademoiselle de Cardonne leva sur le monstre un regard de pitié.

— Tu veux savoir ce que tu m'as fait, n'est-ce pas? eh

bien, écoute donc ce que je vais te dire: J'avais ton âge, j'étais même plus jeune que toi, et assurément j'étais plus belle; j'habitais la contrée Espagnole, lorsqu'un homme, un Français qui portait ton nom, un frère de ton père, me fit croire qu'il m'aimait, et moi je devins folle de cet amour. . . . Cet homme ne voulait cependant satisfaire qu'un caprice. . . Il m'abandonna bientôt, il fit plus, il me vendit, car j'étais son esclave; il me vendit avec l'enfant que je nourrissais; cet enfant était pourtant sa fille, cette fille la voilà . . . c'est Juliette. . . Ton oncle partit pour l'Europe, m'abandonnant à mon désespoir, aux larmes qui en peu de temps, flétrirent ma beauté. Il me laissa aux mains d'un nouveau maître et ce maître ne pouvant m'employer à aucun travail, parce que je n'avais force et courage que pour pleurer, fit châtier ce qu'il appelait ma paresse et ma lacheté . . . le fouet du commandeur a laissé sur mon corps des traces qui veulent du sang; car le sang peut seul les effacer. Cependant Dieu me donna la résignation; les caresses de mon enfant me ranimèrent, je me mis au travail et avec tant de zèle que je pus me racheter, m'affranchir. Libre, je courus après ton oncle . . . il était mort! Je changeai de nom et entrai au service de ton père . . . tu me devines, n'est ce pas? J'ai pendant douze ans nourri ma haine de patience, j'ai attendu mon heure pour frapper à mon tour . . . sur toi, sur ton père, sur tous les tiens, sur tes amis, sur les blancs maudits, j'ai juré d'assouvir ma colère d'exercer ma vengeance . . . l'heure est venue, tu vas mourir; mais avant d'expirer tu auras assisté au supplice de ton beau fiancé. . . Dessalines va venir, il te prendra dans ses bras. . . Une cérémonie grossière, une cérémonie en usage au pays de Guinée, te mariera, toi si fière et hautaine au général Dessalines, ton ancien valet; tu seras sa femme; le capitaine que tu vois là-bas et qui semble vouloir deviner mes paroles aux mouvements de mes lèvres; le capitaine assistera à cette cérémonie et selon la loi de la guerre chez les peuplades de Guinée, il sera décapité sous tes yeux pour consacrer la victoire de son rival. Alors Dessalines fera de toi ce qu'il voudra. . . Tu mourras donc, mais de honte et de douleur. . . Quant à ces brigands étendus en troupeau à mes pieds, ajouta la Capresse en levant la main sur les prisonniers, leurs cadavres apprendront aux Français, du haut de ces arbres, que nous leur faisons une guerre sans pitié. . . Qu'ils viennent donc te délivrer, ces soldats tant vantés, qu'ils viennent! jamais ils ne sortiront assez vite de leurs vaisseaux pour t'arracher de mes mains avides, car . . . entends tu frémir ces broussailles . . . c'est Dessalines ton galant, ton adorateur, ton. . . Ah! malédiction! trahison! . . .

La Rémédios tournoya sur elle-même en poussant un cri terrible, et tomba la face contre terre; en vain elle se débattit pour se relever, elle ne put que se rouler dans une mare de sang.

Un coup de feu avait retenti dans la ravine, et la mulâtresse venait d'être frappée d'une balle qui lui avait fracassé l'épaule droite."

* * * *

La Rémédios s'était trainée jusqu'aux pieds de la créole et là, pendant que Nancy occupée du combat et des actions de grâce qu'elle rendait à Dieu, ne la voyait pas, elle s'était dressée sur ses genoux et s'efforçait d'atteindre Mademoiselle de Cardonne avec la main gauche. Elle allait y parvenir: déjà ses doigts crispés effleuraient le visage de Nancy menaçant ses lèvres du poison qu'ils cachaient sous leur ongles, lorsque Smarth la saisit aux cheveux par derrière, et la renversa.

— Tu m'appartiens! cria le matelot, reste là—Smarth mit un pied sur la poitrine de la Rémédios et contempla avec une sorte d'indifférence le carnage que les prisonniers de St. Marc, délivrés par leurs sauveurs, faisaient des soldats de Dessalines.

Le Comte de Cardonne reçut à la fois dans ses bras Nancy et son fiancé; il avait épuisé son énergie, il s'affaissa sur lui-même en disant;

— Ce n'est rien mes enfants, la joie m'étouffe . . . ah! Dieu est aussi bon qu'il est grand! . . . embrassez-moi.

L'amiral, le capitaine, Nancy, et Smarth se penchèrent sur la capresse, dont le regard était fixe et vitreux, dont le visage était décomposé. La Rémédios s'était empoisonnée; les doigts de sa main gauche étaient engagés dans sa bouche et dans une crispation suprême, elle les avait serrés entre ses dents de manière à les broyer.

— Tant mieux ! dit Smarth je n'aurais jamais pu tuer une femme. . . .

This is a novel possessing, unlike most French novels, a definite aim, and that aim is, to demonstrate, that, were the blacks emancipated, they would not only be in a condition of miserable poverty, but in a state of savage brutality. We are inclined to hold M. de Gondrecourt's opinions, so far as he adverts to a sudden transition from slavery to freedom; but if slavery cannot at once be totally abolished, its horrors might surely be greatly mitigated. He seems to forget that there are instances where the

master, heeding not the well-being of his slaves so long as his estate flourishes, allows tyrannical and heartless overseers to lord it over them, and, without inquiry, adopts their opinion as to the amount of severity which the slaves deserve. The story is interesting, and generally well and powerfully told, though, perhaps, in parts it is rather too much spun out. The characters are all very decidedly marked; and to those unaccustomed to the wild passions of tropical climes, they may seem unnatural. We trust that even among the blacks there are few such specimens of concentrated and incarnate malice as La Rémédios's: we should have thought twelve years' patience would have sufficed to have cooled the ardour of the most implacable revenge.

La Dame aux Perles. Par ALEXANDRE DUMAS, Fils. 3 vols. Paris. 1853.

IF we were to take our notions of French society from Paul de Kock, or his hopeful son Henri, or from the Marquis de Faudras, or from M. Dumas, fils, we should be far wider from the mark than a Frenchman, who should believe English society to be what he finds depicted in "Tom Jones," or imagined in "Almack's Revisited." "Tom Jones" is a work for all time; but it is no portraiture of English manners in the nineteenth century. "Almack's Revisited" is a work of no time at all, for it is but a reflex of the idea that serving-men have of their masters and mistresses. But the first is a reality which was, and the second is a feeble, namby-pamby caricature of what is. The modern French novel is neither a portrait nor a caricature: it is simply an imagination of what, in the minds of the authors, ought to be. If a juvenile English bagman were to write a description of the acts and fortunes of the people who meet at Devonshire or Stafford House, he would arrive at the same point of similitude which Henri, Alexander, and Faudras have attained when describing the salons of even contemporary Paris.

A modern French "*Artiste*"—a word which comprehends tenth-rate painters, small dramatists, composers of waltzes and polkas, just-fledged journalists, and young romance-writers, is, even on the shewing of M. Dumas fils, an animal which a well-mannered French lady holds in horror—"an impossible man, an ill-bred individual, whose works she may, for a moment, regard with pleasure; but whom it would be out of the question to make her companion—a person who exhales a perennial odour of tobacco, who lives only with women of loose character, and whose talent, such as it is, is a thing apart from himself." This is a

very understated account of the ignorant, worthless, and conceited reality; but nevertheless this is the hero of modern French novels of the juvenile class.

The young *artiste*, it is true, is not universally received. When he puts his cigar, *de régie et à deux sous*,* in his mouth, and his hands in the pockets of his plaited trousers, or twirls his moustache with an abstracted air, and walks in the Champs Elysées, previously to diving into a cellar to dine sumptuously off viands of doubtful origin; when, by sequence to a visit to the Mont de Piété, he conducts his half-starved *brodeuse* to the Prado, the Chaumière, or the Salle Valentino, he is not quite the hero whom drawing-rooms would adore. But, *tant pis pour eux*. There are, in the higher currents of the social atmosphere, souls that are above *les convenances*, "ces pauvres femmes du monde," says our author, "restent pour la plupart, condamnées à ce qu'on appelle les hommes du monde:—c'est triste." Very, very, sad! But, happily, according to this school of romance-writers, there are superior creatures among these "femmes du monde," who emancipate themselves from this sad necessity of wasting their affections upon well-bred gentlemen. These superior creatures are the heroines of the romancers of young France.

What interest can be excited by such a school of novelists as this? A great deal. It is true that the hero is necessarily (for the author always draws his chief character before his looking-glass) a very vulgar dandy; but there is, as young Dumas says, in some of these men a talent apart from the horse-flesh-eating and dancing-shop-haunting individual. They describe woman well—woman in her charming

caprices and in her abounding fondnesses, in her torturing coqueties and in her all-abandoning devotion, in her fractious jealousies and in her child-like confidence, in her yearning love and in her bitter hate, in her quick susceptibilities, her delicate instincts, her subtle stratagems, her coaxings, her tremblings, her doubts, her hesitations, her impulsive yieldings, and her blank despair: all is known in theory, and told in action, by these young weavers of impossible love stories. How they have gained their lore it is scarcely useful to inquire: probably as M. Orfila gained his knowledge of the action of poisons by experimenting—in *corporibus vilis*. Doubtless these victims were not duchesses. But a duchess, in her *affections*, is but a woman who has the right to wear a peculiar cap: the passion or the sufferings which M. Dumas might have seen are not less interesting because, when he describes to us a bursting heart, he insists upon making us believe that it is not the heart of a young *couturière*, but the heart of a duchess. Call it what you like, we feel that it is human and womanlike.

It is this which set all Paris reading the "Dame aux Camelias;" it was this that bore the drama founded upon the tale through three hundred nights of representation; and it is this same quality that will give popularity to its successor "La Dame aux Perles."

The plot is after this manner—

The hero is Jacques de Feuill, "grand garçon de vingt-sept ans" described by his friend M. Dumas as being enthusiastic, impulsive, gay, generous, independent, clever at his art, and strong as a lion. His art is that of a *musicien*, and his parentage is of a very doubtful character. "Some say his father is dead; others are clear that the individual was never known." For the benefit of the ladies, we must add that Jacques had large blue eyes, fair hair, and a pale complexion.

M. Dumas, for the author introduces himself in his own person into his own novel, and surely no one has a better right there, finds this Adonis in a considerable state of disquietude. There was a rich and luxuriously beautiful widow, one Madame de Wine, who had the sweetest little feet that ever went pit-a-pat, or, "like little mice, stole in and out" beneath, what Sir John Suckling ventures to call, a petticoat. Perhaps she was twenty-seven, but she often looked no more than eighteen. Then she dressed so charmingly, and gave such capital dinners to Jacques and his friend M. Dumas, and loved Jacques with all her generous soul, did all he told her to do, worshipped him as an *artiste*, was so considerate to his tastes, so tolerant—"Je ne suis ni obstacle ni à son travail ni à ses relations. Je sais ce que c'est qu'un artiste, de son âge sur-

tout." When Jacques condescended to take Madame de Wine to the opera she was the belle of the house, and she received quantities of bouquets next day, which made Jacques testy and waspish.

As a specimen of the conversation of the lovers, M. Dumas gives the following. The lady says—

"You ought to be proud of being loved by a woman like me."

"My dear child," replied Jacques (for they spoke before me as though they had been alone), "the man who is proud of being loved by a pretty woman is a fool. I wear all my vanity for myself and not for other people. If people look after me in the street I had rather it be for the music I compose, than for the dame who accompanies me; though for that matter I should prefer their not turning round and looking at me at all. When a woman is so handsome as you are, she has but two things to do. The one is to tutor herself to an utter oblivion of the fact, the other is to exert all her cleverness to make other people pardon her that fact."

What a sulky sultan was M. de Feuill!

When M. Dumas arrived in Paris, Jacques had become tired of Madame de Wine, and desired M. Dumas to go and tell her so, which that gentleman did.

Let us pause upon Count Vladimir, for he appears to be the popular portrait of a Russian according to the latest French fashion.

"Who is this Vladimir?" asks M. Dumas of Jacques.

"He is the Russian whom you saw just now. All the Poles call themselves Stanislas, all the Scotch M'Donald, and all the Russians Vladimir: take that fact for granted once for all. This Vladimir fancies himself sarcastic, he is really tiresome; he believes himself subtle, he is really false; he imagines himself a civilized man, he is really a Russian: he deceives himself by the half in every thing.

"When I met Vladimir he was just what all Russians appear to be at first sight, but what very few really are. They have politeness, cleverness, elegance, style, knowledge of society to as great, and perhaps to a greater extent than ourselves; but, after all, they are only salted with all this. Civilization has been rubbed into them, and the real natural barbarism comes out when the salted counterfeit is in contact with the sterling natural article. Then it is that you find the real nature of these educated Russians. Then it is you discover them to be ignorant and barbarous, as a people who are just building themselves up into a nation, and corrupt and dangerous as the subjects of a falling empire."

After this, it will of course be understood that Vladimir is a spy, and the villain of the novel.

Now for the duchess, the actual *Dame aux Perles*.

The duchess is, of course, *grande dame*. The duke, her husband, is a poor wretch, utterly corrupt in body and in soul; with no other passion than the love of play, and with no other hope of retrieving his losses than that his wife may produce him an heir; for his uncle "dix fois millionnaire," loved him not, and had made it a condition of his succession that he should have a child upon whom his millions might be settled. How beautiful the duchess was M. Dumas tells at too great length for us to tran-

scribe or translate. Moreover, it will answer a great deal better for each male reader to imagine a very beautiful woman in his own peculiar style. She was a coquette to the end of her finger-nails, as the French say; and she was the heroine of a hundred anecdotes. She had induced a German baron, at her simple request, to urge his horse to an impossible leap at a ten-foot wall, accepting his conditions, that if he were killed she should go to his funeral; if only wounded, she should nurse him. The discreet baron broke his arm, and the duchess kept her word, nursed him for three weeks, and naively answered the remonstrance of her friends by the simple remark, "lorsqu'on a perdu un pari, il faut le payer."

"Mais," remarks the author, "rien ne prouve qu'elle ait été la maîtresse du baron."

It is very pointedly intimated, however, that the duchess had already had a lover who died in Russia. Vladimir had been the go-between who had lent his own passport, and had remained secluded for many months, that the personation might not be discovered. The duchess still pays Vladimir by patronage and constant loans. Upon the last occasion that this nameless lover had danced with the duchess, she was pleased with the music of the waltz. Her partner sent it her the next morning, and the name of Jacques de Feuill was on the title-page as the composer. This fact seems to have sunk into the duchess's mind, and she begs Vladimir to introduce her to Jacques. Vladimir was nothing loth, for he had some designs upon Madame de Wine. The duchess and the "Artiste" meet in Vladimir's rooms at breakfast.

The duchess falls desperately in love with Jacques, and the interest of the story lies entirely in the change of character her love produces. A hundred instances of devotion and child-like fondness are told in language that makes us wish the circumstances were such that we could better sympathise and admire. Jacques is M. Dumas' idea of a man of infinite probity and dignity: in the English point of view he is an irreclaimable snob. No sooner is he thoroughly convinced of the duchess's passion, than he becomes furiously exigent. He is ashamed of his métier of music master; he holds her fiercely to her lightest promise, although sickness, scandal, or even force prevented its fulfilment; and she, poor duchess,

does the behests of her imperious artiste in full risk of the world's contumely, in sacrifice of every relic of earlier love, and struggling towards him in captivity, in disease, and even in death.

The duchess becomes enceinte. The duke carries her away by force—we are not very clearly told why—and Jacques follows her. The duke only wanted a son, and it might have appeared probable that it was the same to him whether the son was born in Paris or in Austria. But poor Annette is carried off to Austria. Jacques frets and fumes, believes he is being made ridiculous, that ultimate misfortune to a Frenchman, and at last, at her earnest entreaty, gives her six months, within which she must manage to return to him. Poor, devoted Annette! She writes him a letter, which reaches him in full "orgie," and which is pleasantly swallowed, before he can read it, by one of the ladies present. Annette having given birth to a son, the duke, who has now no further views upon her, gives her her liberty. The six months are nearly expired, and well she knows how sternly Jacques will require the fulfilment of her engagement. She sets forth from her Austrian prison, through the snows of winter, to rejoin her artiste, and she arrives paralysed and dying. No organ of vitality except her beautiful eyes will obey her volition when they meet; but "ses grands yeux, où perlèrent deux larmes brillantes," closed in death; and Jacques—went to Italy and wrote a capital opera.

Such is the new French novel, which Paris declares to be charming, and which will doubtless be dramatized with enormous success. As a moving tale of woman's devotion, it is impossible to speak lightly of it. Although its morality is abominable, we have perhaps no great right, in the face of some of our recent English productions of the same *genre*, to charge this as a special vice of French literature; but that any popular writer can draw a character like this Jacques de Feuill, with his hands in his trousers' pockets, and his cigar in his mouth, acting, through three volumes, a part of besotted selfishness, grovelling suspicion, and vulgar vanity; and can uphold him all through as a man of talent and a gentleman, gives us much to meditate upon as to what is understood by these words among modern Frenchmen.

Madame de Longueville, Nouvelles Etudes sur les Femmes illustres et la Société du XVII. Siècle. Par VICTOR COUSIN. 1853.

M. VICTOR COUSIN, having resigned for a season his philosophical writings, appears before us as the champion of the illustrious ladies of

the seventeenth century. Madame de Longueville, the sister of the great Condé, "cette chère et pénitente princesse" as (Madame de

Sévigné called her), is the first with whom he wishes to make us intimately acquainted. He therefore introduces us within the hitherto unentered walls of the Convent des Carmélites de la Rue St. Jacques, and gives us a short sketch of the early history of a goodly company of saints, who have sought refuge there from the disappointment and cabals of an outer world of sin and woe. It was among the sisters of the Convent des Carmélites that Madame de Longueville's young ideas first developed themselves, and it was there that she returned to weep over brilliant talents expended in intrigue and warfare, and to end her life in penitence and sorrow.

Le premier couvent des Carmélites fut établi à Paris, au faubourg Saint-Jacques, sous les auspices et par la munificence de cette maison de Longueville où mademoiselle de Bourbon devait entrer. Sa mère, madame la Princesse, était une des bienfaitrices de l'institution naissante; elle y avait un appartement où souvent elle venait faire de longues retraites. De bonne heure, elle y mena sa fille et y pénétra sa jeune âme des principes et des habitudes de la dévotion du temps. Mademoiselle de Bourbon grandit à l'ombre du saint monastère; elle y vit régner la vertu, la bonté, la concorde, la paix, le silence; on l'y aimait et on l'y appelait. Il est donc naturel qu'à la première vue des tempêtes qui menaçaient toutes les grandeurs de la terre, et qui frappaient les membres les plus illustres de sa famille, elle ait songé à prévenir sa destinée et cherché un abri sous l'humble et tranquille toit de ses chères Carmélites. Elle y avait de douces et nobles amitiés qu'elle n'abandonna jamais. Nous possédons d'elle une foule de lettres adressées à des carmélites du couvent de la rue Saint-Jacques, à toutes les époques de sa vie, avant, pendant et après la Fronde; elles sont écrites, on le sent, à des personnes qui ont toute sa confiance et toute son âme, mais on ignore quelles sont ces personnes. Elle les appelle tantôt la mère prieure, tantôt la mère sous-prieure, la sœur Marthe, la sœur Anne-Marie, la mère Marie-Madeleine, la mère Agnès, etc. On voudrait percer les voiles qui couvrent les noms de famille de toutes ces religieuses. On se doute bien que les amies de mademoiselle de Bourbon et de madame de Longueville ne peuvent avoir été des créatures vulgaires; et comme on sait que bien des femmes de la première qualité et du plus noble cœur trouvèrent un refuge aux Carmélites, comme le nom de la sœur Louise de la Miséricorde est devenu le symbole populaire de l'amour désintéressé et malheureux, une curiosité un peu profane mais bien naturelle nous porte à rechercher quelles ont été dans le monde ces religieuses si chères à la sœur du grand Condé.

Madame de Longueville, when as yet Mademoiselle de Bourbon, was an habituée of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, famed for the *ré-unions* of the Blues of that period, whose gradual degeneration into pedantry and affectation drew from the pen of Molière, the indefatigable advocate of simplicity and truth, his third piece, "Les Précieuses Ridicules," in 1659, and his last but one, "Les Femmes Savantes," in 1672.

En effet, quelle idée se présente à l'esprit dès qu'on parle de l'hôtel de Rambouillet? Celle d'une réunion choisie où l'on cultive la plus exquise politesse, mais où s'introduit peu à peu et finit par dominer; le genre précieux.

Et qu'était-ce que le genre précieux?

C'était d'abord tout simplement ce qu'on appellerait

aujourd'hui le genre distingué. La distinction, voilà ce qu'on recherchait par-dessus tout à l'hôtel de Rambouillet: quiconque la possédait ou y aspirait, depuis les princes et les princesses du sang jusqu'aux gens de lettres de la fortune la plus humble, était bien reçu, attiré, retenu dans l'aimable et illustre compagnie.

Mais que faut-il entendre par la distinction? On ne la peut définir d'une manière absolue. Chaque siècle se fait un idéal de distinction à son usage. Deux choses pourtant y entrent presque toujours, deux choses en apparence contraires, qui ne s'allient que dans les natures d'élite, heureusement cultivées: une certaine élévation dans les idées et dans les sentiments, avec une extrême simplicité dans les manières et dans le langage. Je suppose qu'à Athènes, chez Aspasia; Périclès, Anaxagore, Phidias, parlaient d'art, de philosophie, de politique sans plus d'effort et de déclamation que des ouvriers et des marchands n'en auraient mis à s'entretenir de leurs occupations ordinaires. Socrate était un modèle accompli en ce genre, et le *Banquet* de Platon, où l'on traite, après souper, des matières les plus hautes dans le style le plus charmant mais le plus naturel, nous donne une idée parfaite de ce qu'était alors le ton de la bon compagnie, cet atticisme particulier à Athènes, et qui même à Athènes était le signe de la distinction. Il en était de même à Rome chez les Scipions, où un badinage aimable se mêlait souvent aux propos les plus graves, un peu moins peut-être aux soupers de Cicéron, quand César n'y était pas, le maître de la maison n'étant pas un assez grand seigneur pour être toujours parfaitement simple, et l'homme nouveau, je ne dis pas le parvenu, surtout l'orateur et l'homme de lettres s'y faisant un peu trop sentir, alors même qu'il s'efforçait le plus d'imiter Platon. C'est cette urbanité romaine, fille un peu dégénérée de l'atticisme athénien, que l'hôtel de Rambouillet recherchait et qu'il contribua à répandre.

La grandeur était en quelque sorte dans l'air dès le commencement du XVII^e siècle. La politique du gouvernement était grande, et de grands hommes nassaient en foule pour l'accomplir dans les conseils et sur les champs de bataille. Une sève puissante parcourait la société française. Partout de grands desseins, dans les lettres, dans les sciences, dans la philosophie. Descartes et Corneille s'avançaient vers leur gloire future, pleins de penses hardies, sous le regard de Richelieu. Tout était tourné à la grandeur. Tout était rude, même un peu grossier, les esprits comme les cœurs. La force abondait; la grâce était absente. Dans cette vigueur excessive, on ignorait ce que c'était que le bon goût. La politesse était nécessaire pour conduire le siècle à la perfection. L'hôtel de Rambouillet en tint particulièrement école.

Corneille stands first on the list of the *gens de lettres* who graced the Hôtel de Rambouillet by their presence; and it was there that he held frequent and interesting classical conversations with Balzac. It was there that the "Cid" was first enthusiastically received, a piece in such perfect harmony with the ideas of the times, where even the occasional blemishes which appear in the character of the noble and pathetic Chimène serve but to render her a more perfect ideal of the *femmes illustres* of the age. It was there, too, that, in 1643, he first read "Polyeucte," his *chef-d'œuvre*. Voiture, although now forgotten, held a prominent place among his contemporaries, and seems to hold a still more exalted position in M. Cousin's good opinion.

Mais Voiture n'a pas seulement une facilité pleine d'agrément; il me semble que, dans ses pièces un peu

plus étudiées, il a des idées, de la philosophie, de la sensibilité, quelquefois même de la passion. J'ai besoin, je le sens, de me mettre bien vite à couvert derrière l'autorité de Boileau, qui, dans sa lettre à Perrault, fait l'éloge de Voiture et particulièrement de ses élégies. Pour ma part, je les préfère à toutes celles qui ont paru avant 1648, année de la mort de Voiture et de la fin ou du moins de la décadence de l'hôtel de Rambouillet, bien entendu en exceptant les élégies de Corneille, aujourd'hui trop oubliées, et dont quelques-unes, ont des passages qui le peuvent disputer aux plus touchants de ses tragédies.

Je prie qu'on veuille bien lire l'épigramme à une coquette que Voiture appelle Bélise. N'y a-t-il donc ni élévation force dans les vers suivants :

" Cette unique beauté dont vous êtes ornée
N'aura jamais pouvoir sur une âme bien née ;
Votre empire est trop rude et ne sauroit durer ;
Ou, s'il s'en trouve encor qui puissent l'endurer."

We then have several other quotations from the pen of Voiture.

Il faut le reconnaître, pour être juste avec Voiture : il est le créateur d'une littérature particulière, la littérature de société, s'il est permis de s'exprimer ainsi ; il a excellé dans la poésie, badine et légère, dans le genre des petits vers, où depuis il a eu tant d'écopiers insipides, que Voltaire a porté jusqu'à la grandeur, et qui est la meilleure partie, le titre le plus vrai de sa gloire poétique. Voiture a été, fort en petit, le Voltaire de l'hôtel de Rambouillet.

Chapelain, Pelisson, Mdlles. Scudéri, Godeau, are all mentioned as literary associates of Mdlle. de Bourbon. M. Cousin next introduces us to Mdlle. de Bourbon's *amies de jeunesse*, and describes how they spent their life at Chantilly, Ruel, Liancourt, and Labarre, in the society of le Duc d'Enghien, Coligny (killed in a duel with the Duc de Guise), le Duc de Chatillon, one of the heroes of Sens, Lowat, killed at the siege of Dunkerque, &c. These were the illustrious personages we see passing their lives, as a prelude to their future glory in the realms of poetry, of beauty, and of gallantry, at Chantilly ; and we follow them, through the medium of M. Cousin's pages, to varied and dissimilar destinies. We see Condé sighing at the feet of Mdlle. de Vigueau, and then, having renounced love for ambition, we follow him through some of his most celebrated campaigns.

Depuis quelque temps, il est presque reçu de parler de Condé comme d'un jeune héros qui doit tous ses succès à l'ascendant d'un irrésistible courage. Prenons garde de faire un paladin du moyen âge, ou un brillant grenadier comme tel ou tel maréchal de l'Empire, d'un capitaine de la famille d'Alexandre, de César et de Napoléon. Sans doute Condé avait reçu comme eux le génie de la guerre, et, ainsi qu'Alexandre, il excellait surtout dans l'exécution et payait avec ardeur de sa personne ; mais il semble que l'éclat de sa bravoure ait mis une voile sur la grandeur et l'originalité de ses conceptions, comme son extrême jeunesse à Rocroy a fait oublier que depuis bien des années il étudiait la guerre avec passion et avait déjà fait trois campagnes sous les maîtres les plus renommés. Si c'était ici le lieu, et si j'osais braver le ridicule de m'ériger en militaire, j'aimerais à comparer les campagnes de Condé en Flandre et sur le Rhin avec celles du général Bonaparte en Italie. Elles ont d'admirables rapports : la jeunesse des deux généraux, celle de leurs principaux lieutenants, la grandeur politique des résultats, la nou-

veauté des manœuvres, le même coup d'œil stratégique, les mêmes calculs servis par la même audace, par la même activité, par la même opiniâtreté. C'est dégrader l'art de la guerre que de mesurer les succès militaires sur la quantité des combattants, car à ce compte Tamerlan et Gengis-Khan seraient les deux plus grands capitaines du monde. Le général de l'armée d'Italie n'a guère eu, ainsi que Condé, plus de vingt à vingt-cinq mille hommes en ligne dans ses plus grandes batailles. J'oserais dire, à l'honneur de Condé, qu'il a toujours eu devant lui les meilleures troupes et les meilleurs généraux de son temps, entre autres Mercy, le premier capitaine de l'Allemagne au XVII^e siècle. Une fois il n'eut dans sa main qu'une armée composée de différentes nations, dont les jalousies et même les défections trahirent ses plus grands desseins. Une autre fois, il commandait à des troupes fatiguées et découragées, dont toute la force était dans sa seule personne. Et puis, ce qui est à mes yeux le signe le plus certain du grand homme, il a fondé une école immense : il a laissé à la France non pas seulement un grand nombre de maréchaux sachant très-bien leur métier, mais de grands généraux formés à ses leçons, dressés de ses mains, et qui, loin de lui et après lui, ont gagné des batailles. On lui doit une grande partie de Turenne, qui, en le voyant agir à Fribourg et à Nortlingen, ajouta de plus en plus l'activité et l'audace à ses autres qualités. On lui doit Luxembourg et Conti. On lui en doit beaucoup d'autres, égaux ou supérieurs à ceux-là, et qui donnaient les plus hautes espérances trop tôt moissonnées, entre autres Laval, la Moussaye et Châtillon. Joignez à tout cela cette magnanimité de l'homme bien né et bien élève qui, au lieu de s'attribuer à lui seul l'honneur du succès, le répand sur tous ceux qui ont bien servi, et se complait à célébrer Gassion et Sirot après Rocroy, Turenne après Fribourg et Nortlingen, et Châtillon après Lens.

We track Madame de Longueville, under the influence of La Rochefoucauld, entering into politics, and becoming one of the chief actors in the Fronde, plunging at last even the great Condé himself into the miseries of a civil war. And thus, leaving her on the threshold of intrigue, ends the first part of Madame de Longueville's Memoirs.

"Wonderful woman!" exclaims a more amusing biographer of the Duchess than M. Cousin can ever hope to be "who had the genius to govern the politics of an empire, and the care to make her peace with God; thus saving herself upon the same plank from Enfer and from Ennui"—an expression so very French, that we cannot resist the temptation to quote it.

M. Cousin's book does not bring to light any very novel facts : it is but a compilation from different works published at the time, if we except that portion of it which refers to the Carmelites. There are very many books detailing the oft-told history of the Fronde which have pleased us better : there is a prosy heaviness about the volume, indicating that narration is not the author's forte. We must, however, commend the research which he seems to have made ; though the very palpable indications of so much labour, coupled with the heaviness of M. Cousin's style, render the work little likely to receive much favour from the general reader.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

Les Dieux en Exil. PAR HENRY HEINE. Bruxelles et Leipzig.

ALTHOUGH this is but a pamphlet in size, it deserves more than a passing notice. First and foremost we owe our readers an explanation how it happens that a work written in the *French* language is classed among our Reviews of German literature.

The German poet, Henry Heine, has for many years past been struck with paralysis. His limbs, his body, his features, even to his very eyelids, are lame, and to all purposes like those of a dead man. Indeed it may be said that life only lingers in the brain and tongue—the man is a mere corpse: the poet alone survives. An exile from his country for many long years past, and for many years past, too, a captive to illness in the back-room of a small *apartment* in the Faubourg Poissinière at Paris, the poet, whose early flights of fancy created a new era in German lyrics—and, one might almost say, in German politics and religion—has still been active; and if not his best, at least his most pungent books have issued from that living head attached to a dead body, which keeps its long vigils in the heart of the Babel of France. His best poems—the very collection which produced so profound a sensation about two years ago—were of course not written, but dictated by the poet. When he composed the book which forms the subject of the present notice he had no German friend at hand, and the work was therefore dictated to, and written down by, a French amanuensis. Hence the inadmissible French style which impairs, though it cannot paralyse, Heine's admirable manner. The book appeared first in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," and cut a strange figure in those classic pages. The French public did not know what to make of it; but the Germans appropriated it at once, and spread it, in many translations, through the length and breadth of their country. The fact is, the "*Exiled Gods*" have no affinity" to French literature beyond the accident of language: the book is thoroughly German; and, what is more, thoroughly *Heinish*: it treats German legends and myths in that easy and graceful manner which charmed the world in the "*Reisebilder*" and the "*Salon*." In spite of age, disease, and the trammels of a foreign language, and one diametrically opposed to German thought and form of thought, it requires but the perusal of a couple of pages to recognise the author who caused all Germany

to shout with laughter at the mention of Göttingen, the town in which "the cattle predominate by far," and which "makes a very pleasant impression on those who turn their backs on it." Heine was at college at Göttingen, and his student life must have made a profound impression upon him, for he reverts to it on every conceivable occasion. Thus, for instance, he commences the "*Exiled Gods*" with an anecdote of his college chum, Henry Kitzler, and an allusion to the memorable night of the 31st December 1820, when Doris, the beadle, got such an awful thrashing, and eighty-five duels were contracted between the hostile parties of the "*Burschenschaft*" and the "*Landsmanschaft*." As usual with Heine's exordiums, a large number of blasphemous inuendoes are intermixed with his stories of Göttingen life; but when this froth and refuse of his mind is cleared away, he insensibly glides into the midst of his real subject-matter; and the author, who but an instant before shocked us by his scepticism, is suddenly found to entertain his readers with dreamy tales and legends, shewing, or tending to shew, the intimate connection between the popular superstitions of Germany and the gods of Hellenic and Roman antiquity. The gods of old, conquered by Christianity, and driven out of their temples, sought refuge in dense forests and ruins of ancient buildings, and a few of them follow some trade or profession, the better to hide themselves from the eyes of their priestly conquerors. We make no excuse for extracting one or two of the legends.

The hero of the adventure is usually a German cavalier, one young and inexperienced, whom the demons attract and entice into their snares. The scene is in Italy. Some fine morning he strolls through the forest: his thoughts are of his native woods, and the fair-haired girl he left behind him. All of a sudden a statue meets his eye, and he stands speechless with astonishment. Can it be the Goddess of Beauty? He is face to face with her, and his young barbarous heart feels the magic of the charms of the antique. His eyes have never dwelt on such forms. Beneath that marble dwells a life more ardent than that which blushes in the cheeks of the maids of his native land. Those white, stony eyes dart glances at him, so voluptuous and so languishingly sad that his heart groans with its weight of love and pity, of pity and love. Ever since that day he haunts the forests and the ruins; he shuns the drinking-bouts and the games of chivalry. And then, all of a sudden, one morning he comes back from one of his nocturnal expeditions with his face pale and his features convulsed with horror and despair. He dons his armour, saddles his horse, and is never heard of afterwards.

What can have happened to him? On that evening, they say, he went as usual to the ruins on the hill. The sun was down; darkness veiled the spot where daily he contemplated the statue of the beautiful goddess. It was not there. Wandering about in search of it, he found himself near a villa which he had not before seen in that part of the forest. As he stood gazing and wondering, varlets, bearing torches, sallied forth, and asked him to pass the night in the house. In a large saloon he met a woman whose face and figure bore the most striking resemblance to the beautiful statue of his secret lover. The resemblance was the more striking from the snow-white dress and the pallid face of the strange lady. The cavalier saluted her with much courtesy, and she looked at him for a long time with silent gravity. She then asked whether he was hungry. Now, though the cavalier's heart beat high, he felt, nevertheless, that he had a truly Teuton stomach, and the walk having sharpened his appetite, he said he should be very happy, &c. Then the lady took his hand in a friendly way, and conducted him through vast and sounding halls, splendid, and yet inexpressibly desolate. The candle-labres threw a palish, bluish light on the walls and the paintings which ornamented them, such as the loves of Paris and Helen, of Diana and Endymion, of Calypso and Ulysses. Large fantastic flowers trembled with weird movements in marble vases; the perfume they exhaled was akin to the charnel-house, and troubled the senses. And the wind groaned in the chimneys as the death-rattle in the throat of a dying man. In the dining-room the lady seated herself opposite the cavalier, to whom she handed a variety of choicest dishes. But salt was wanting, and the honest Teuton asked for it. When he asked for it the features of his fair hostess contracted almost to ugliness; and when the salt was, at his repeated request, placed upon the table, the servants trembled and shook so that they overturned the salt-cellars. The young hero was terrified; but the wine he drank, in Teuton measure, warmed his heart and re-activated his courage. He became confidential and even jolly; and when the fair lady asked him, "Dost thou know what it is to love?" he responded to the query with burning kisses. Drunk with love, and perhaps with wine, the brave went to sleep on the bosom of the fair. Confused, feverish, delirious dreams troubled his rest. He saw his old grandmother, sitting in a large arm-chair in the old house at home, muttering her prayers. And then there were enormous bats with torches in their claws, shouting with laughter, and flying round and round him; and when he looked hard at those anomalous animals, he thought he recognised in them the features of the servants who waited at supper. And lastly, he dreamed that his fair hostess was suddenly transformed into a nasty, crawling monster, and that, assailed by her, and, strictly speaking, in self-defence, he cut off her head. He awoke late in the morning, not in the beautiful villa where he believed he had passed the night, but in the midst of the ruins which he had been in the habit of haunting; and he saw, with terror, that the beautiful statue he loved so much had fallen from its pedestal, and that its head, broken by the fall, lay at his feet.

The next legend is by far less guilty and gloomy, and so it ought to be, for its hero is a merry god:—

There are large lakes in the Tyrol; their banks are forest-clad, and the trees, piercing the clouds, are reflected in the calm blue waters. Weird sounds issue from the lakes and the forests—sounds which cause the lonely traveller to start and to tremble as he passes through those mysterious regions. On the banks of one of these lakes stood the hut of a youth who gained his livelihood by fishing, and who occasionally ferried the wayfarers across the lake. One night, in autumn, he was roused by a tap at his window. He got up; and on leaving the house

saw three monks, with their hoods drawn over their faces, and evidently in great haste to be ferried over. Still they did not want his services: they asked him for the loan of his boat, and promised to bring it back in a few hours. He granted their request, as well he might, considering they were three to one; and having seen them off, he returned to his hut, where he soon fell fast asleep again. A few hours afterwards he was again roused by the return of the monks, one of whom gave him a piece of money, and the three departed in great haste. The young man went to examine his boat, which he found all safe in its proper place; and he shook himself with great violence, as men do in winter when their limbs are getting numbed. In fact he was shivering, though not, indeed, from the cold of the night. A curious sensation of chilliness pervaded him ever since the monk had given him that piece of money: the monk's hand was as cold as ice. He recollected this adventure for a long time; but youth is forgetful after all, and the fisherman had all but forgotten the event of that night, when, in the following year, in the same night of autumn, the same monks knocked at his window, and asked for and obtained the loan of his boat. On their return a piece of money was again handed to him, and again the young man's limbs shook and his heart stood still within him at the touch of that icy hand. And the same event and the same sensations occurred regularly every year in the course of that same night.

When the seventh year came round the fisherman felt the strongest desire to unravel the mystery. He was resolved to satisfy his curiosity at any price. He placed a heap of nets at the bottom of the boat to serve him as a hiding-place. The mysterious travellers arrived at the usual hour, and the fisherman succeeded in gaining the hollow he had left under the nets. The voyage was very short, which astonished him much, for it usually took him above an hour to row to the opposite bank of the lake. His astonishment increased when, on that bank, where he knew every inch of the ground, he saw a meadow which he had never seen before, and which was surrounded by trees of a thorough exotic aspect. Countless lamps were suspended from their branches; vases with burning frankincense stood on marble pedestals, and, besides, the moon shone so bright that the young man could see the people who crowded that place as plainly as if it had been the noon of day. There were in that spot many hundreds of young men and women, all of them of great beauty, though their faces were as white as marble. They were dressed in short white tunics, and looked very much like walking statues. The women had wreaths on their heads, and their hair, dressed in the shape of crowns, fell in brilliant waves on their white shoulders. Both men and women, waving gilt staves wreathed with vine leaves, rushed forward to welcome the new comers. One of these, divesting himself of hood and frock, stood forth as a gentleman of grotesque dimensions, whose face, hideously hibiscous and lascivious, grinned between two pointed, upstanding ears, which bore a strong resemblance to the ears of a goat.

Our readers will have recognised the gentleman, and we need not therefore, give them Heine's *saugrene* description of his nether man.

The second monk, too, doffed his frock, and appeared as a stout man, whose enormous obesity caused the women to laugh, and laughingly they placed a wreath of roses on his bald head. The faces of the two monks were marble white, as those of the other personages, and the same whiteness shone from the face of the third monk, when, with a sly smile, he raised his hood. When he had undone the ugly rope which girded his loins, and when, with a movement akin to disgust, he had flung off his holy and dirty coat . . . he stood forth dressed in a tunic sparkling with diamonds, a handsome youth of exquisite form, though of feminine aspect. The women,

mad with enthusiasm, surrounded and nearly stifled him with their caresses. They put a crown on his head and flung a leopard's skin over his shoulders.

The rest of the narrative is taken up with a brilliant description of a fête of Dionysos. We have only room for the conclusion:—

These, then, are the gentle spectres that have left their groves and the mouldering ruins of their temples to celebrate once more the sacred mysteries of the *cultus* of pleasure. Yes, it is a posthumous orgy: the saucy ghosts would again dance and sing to celebrate the advent of the son of Semele Again they would dance the polka of paganism; the dances of old, those laughing dances which they danced without hypocritical petticoats, without the control of a gendarme of public virtue, and in which they flung themselves headforemost into the divine intoxication, the dishevelled, agonising, frantic whirl of *Eros Bacche*!

Alas! the poor Tyrolese boatman knew nothing whatever of mythology: his classical education had been sadly neglected, and he trembled with fear when he saw the beautiful hero surrounded by his strange-looking disciples, and seated on his golden car. He trembled at the sight of the indecent gestures and the outrageous movements of the Bacchantes, Fauns, and Satyrs, whose cloven feet and horns reminded him strongly of a portrait he had at one time seen of the devil. The whole of this pale assembly appeared to him to be a congress of vampires and demons, met together to imagine the ruin of all good Christians. His stupor increased when he saw the Menades in their impossible postures, and the Corybants wounding themselves with knives and courting pleasures even in pain. The sounds of the music, sweet and responding, made his heart burn within him; and in order to escape, as he thought, from the throes of eternal fire, he ran to his boat and crouched down under the nets. Shortly after, the monks returned to the boat, gained the opposite shore, and the youth, cleverly contriving to slip out on landing, met them at the door of his hut, and received, as usual, a piece of money from the icy hand of the principal personage.

He thought it his duty to denounce this mysterious adventure to the ecclesiastical tribunals. The prior of a convent of Franciscans in that neighbourhood was greatly considered as the president of one of those tribunals, and he was moreover famous as a most learned exorcisor. The fisherman resolved at once to submit his story to this holy man. He gained the convent, and knelt down at the feet of his reverence, who, frocked and hooded, sat immovable in his large carved arm-chair. When the youth had finished his terrible story, the ecclesiastical judge raised his head; the movement caused his hood to fall back, and the wretched fisherman beheld with horror the principal of the three monks whom he just now had been accusing. His reverence smiled, and said, with much unction—

“Beloved son! we are fully inclined to believe that you passed last night in company with the pagan god Bacchus. Your fantastic vision proves thus much. We will not, for many reasons, speak ill of this god; still men are variously gifted, and many are called, though few are elected. Some men there are who can stand up against a dozen bottles. I humbly and thankfully confess that I am one of them. But there are likewise incomplete and weak natures that yield to a pint, and it would appear unto me, beloved, that thou art one of them. We therefore counsel thee to abstain from the juice of the grape, and never again to bother the ecclesiastical authorities with the muddy dreams of a tyro-sot. We also counsel thee to keep thine own counsel respecting this silly story, lest thou compellest the Holy Office to apply to thee, by the intervention of the secular arm, five-and-twenty lashes, full measure. For the present, be-

loved son, go in peace, and find thy way to the convent kitchen, where the brother cellarer and the brother cook will gladden thy heart with lunch.”

Of course the brother cellarer and the brother cook are our two old friends, Pan and Silenus. The rest of the stories are of the same stamp. They are all of them popular traditions, naively told, and spiced up with a good deal of malice and deception.

Symbolik der Menschlichen Gestalt. Ein Handbuch zur Menschenkenntniss. VON CARL GUSTAV CARUS. Leipzig.

DR. CARUS holds a high rank among those Germans whom, with the utmost respect, we designated as “fantastic men of science.” He is a man of great and varied learning, an acute observer, and a thorough-going generaliser; but, he has also much original inventive power, and a happy knack of confounding the higher problems of science with the essence and form of poetical inspiration. In his present work—the symbolics of the human form—he treats of the outlines and the general proportions of quantity and quality of the human form, as a whole, as well as in parts. Throughout the book, which is both readable and instructive, he is at great pains to distinguish between the pathognomic proportions and those which were originally intended by nature; and the fact that he cannot—and indeed who can?—in every case establish such a distinction, is the weak point of the treatise, which, in all other respects, is fully worthy of the author's former works. His chapter “on constitutions and temperaments” contains many striking and novel views on a hacknied subject; and the chapter “on predetermination” might possibly be read with advantage by our reforming amateur jailors generally, and by the Birmingham magistrates in particular.

Gespräche mit Dämonen. Des Königsbuches Zweiter Band. VON BETTINA VON ARMIN Berlin.

THIS is one of the unaccountable books which it is impossible to review. Bad books by old-established authors—and by old-established authors, too, of whom no one exactly knows why they are authors, and how they came to be established in any way—defy criticism, for the verdict of the literary judge is common-place, even before he has pronounced it; and as there are not even doubtful merits for him to attack—as nothing is to be shown up where the matter does, by its own nature, stand in the most unfavourable light—all that is left for him to do is to let the author stand forth in all his or her insignificance, and with all his or her contemptible pretence, that most ill-favoured

distinction of the *Legitimists* of classical romanticism.

Frau von Armin had never a vocation to put pen to paper. A pert, plain girl of Frankfort, of Jewish-Alsatian-Italian half-caste, she gained her first laurels by being a hanger-on and household-toady to the Frau Rath—Goëthe's mother—whom she talked at when present, and wrote at when absent. She did also, during that period of humble companionship, indite certain letters to Goëthe, the aged minister; and these letters, considerably altered and amplified, were afterwards published by her under the title of "Goëthe's Correspondence with a Child;"—a colossal untruth, for there are only about three or four short notes from Goëthe in the whole of the large octavo volume; and the person to whom these notes were addressed was a very mature child of at least four-and-twenty. All the rest of the book contained the "child's" correspondence with Goëthe; that is to say, a series of gossiping, and, in parts, indecent letters, which Fraulein Bettina addressed to the great poet, and in which, among other fine things, she recounted how she—the child—

"When on a sultry summer's day
She, little dressed, in the forest lay"—

then and there undressed and bathed in an open stream; and how, having thus bathed, she drank two bottles of Rhinewine; and how, having got drunk therefrom, she went to sleep on the grass. While in another of these letters she reminds Goëthe of a scene, which, according to her account, was transacted in the garden at Weimar, in the course of a very cold night, and which—an indecent fiction though it be—would be too disgusting for publication, even to the hole-and-corner publishers of Holywell Street and Clerkenwell. Strange to say, it was this very collection of letters which established Frau von Armin's literary fame; and this fame she subsequently increased and multiplied, by living on terms of the most outrageous good fellowship with the literary celebrities of her time, by talking "slang," on every conceivable occasion, and by manners which might possibly be considered free, even in the guard-room of a regiment of dragoons. A few years after the advent to the throne of the present king of Prussia, Frau von Armin, stung to emulation by the popularity of Eugène Sue's "Mystères de Paris," composed a book on Berlin pauperism; and, mendacious in titles as of old, she called this production "the King's own book," or, "Dies Buch gehört dem König." No authentic information has reached us as to what his Prussian Majesty said to the book, but rumour asserts that his comments were by no means flattering. And now, more than ten years after the publication of the "Königsbuch," Frau von Armin comes forward

with her "Conversations with Demons"—the second part of the "Königsbuch." She dedicates it to "the Spirit of Islam," represented by the generous Abdul Medjid Khan, Emperor of the Osmanlis. The first chapter, which is dated of the 4th April 1808, and which most probably was written at that remote period, contains an atheistical religious homily; and the second chapter, under date of the 28th August of the same year, is an account of a conversation Frau von Armin had with the Chief Rabbi of the Frankfort Jews on the subject of Jewish emancipation. The two interlocutors talk in set phrases, and are very sentimental, as the following extracts will prove:—

"How strange is it, that we all quarrel for space on earth; yes, indeed, how awful it is!—So cruel is the thorny path on which humanity acquires its property of care—and then they envy one another. From the highest to the lowest they are all jealous of the apple of life. Down there is the hothouse, where its place is given to every little plant and where its name is kept to make up as far as possible for the lost home; and how there every thing in tranquil comfort, betwixt the noble neighbouring flowers, opens chalice to the light and the gardener, when the sun sets through the open windows, sheds plenty of evening dew, full of thousand pearls over them, which refreshes them. Then I myself feel gloomy, and my heart feels heavy, I must despise myself that I want nothing of the enjoyments of life, then I am made ashamed by the Jewish children, which so greedily drink in their small portions of the fresh air which of an evening streams to them over the gables of their reeking homes, then am I offended with all the splendours of life as a jeer on my powerless will, then do I abjure the world of fashion which is at so much trouble to count its ancestors that it may condemn the people and to the spirit as to the eye, from high places they are all level—hills and valleys."

Our readers will see at once that *Non Sequitur* is the inspiring genius of this poetic prose. Most characteristic, too, is the utter absence of full stops and semicolons. The talk of an able-tongued female making up for its want of sense with an abundance of words, without any particular meaning to any one of them. There are demons, too, for a wonder! since they are mentioned on the title page, and these demons hold converse sweet with the sleeping king of Prussia. As for instance, Rex loquiter—

"Thou speakest of an elevation of the people, of the abolition of the woes of human life, of the abolition of war—with what power wilt thou conquer this field of eternal contentions?"

And the demon answered and spake—

"Not with thy pillars of the State, who cogitatively put their fingers to their foreheads, in order to impose their limitation laws, at least for another short century, upon the necks of the people; thou seest it (qu? what) in the distance stumbling along, over the fruit of their unwisdom, which in the hour of its birth contained the worm. Wilt thou again rummage forth the antiquated, in order to place it more crooked still before the growing spirit of humanity, which no longer, like idle children, amuses its *chami* with it, but which stamps with its feet upon the twice torn bottom of the law? And because these accusers of the people, still more enraged,

stand around thee, wilt thou therefore raise the lash over thy people? If thou wouldest but imbibe the Genius of Revolution, then indeed wouldst thou be the genius of the people, which establishes itself, and exhales laws which fructify the spirit."

"*Rez*—Tell me, dost thou not intend leading me astray from the commandments of the church, from its dogmas and sacred forms of religion, from the laws of ethics, and the vows which God demands at the hands of kings?"

To which the demon again maketh answer—

"Not doctrines of ethics, nor kingly vows, and laws of vengeance found harmony between princes and peoples. Dogmas and Canonlaw are educational institutions of sophists, humanly and diabolically alternating according to the system of armed tolerance and neutral preponderance. Church matters and school matters are abortions of the State, and both are themselves so vile in joint deceit, betraying reason, that they create the worse disharmony between God and man, the more a speculative being is compelled to swallow of them. And those that are born slaves cannot nourish the people's desire for civilization, and the fire of its enthusiasm. But those martyrs of narrow-minded rancour and strangling penal edicts have in their horoscope a proud and glorious flight, and though the arm of your laws is long enough to reach their bodies, you cannot touch and seize upon their minds. For their minds do not crawl in the dust with the creeping things under your feet; they stare at the ether from the first rising of their star, and their first breath is drawn into a capacious breast, thirsting after liberty: their sensations are most noble organs of revelation; their sight is most intimate transfiguration of volition, their word, validity of all treaties, their courage a fastness of hidden truthfulness, superior to all the freaks of fate of those political quacks, full of morbid perjury, and feverish treason of the dignity of princes and the happiness of nations."

If our readers have thought our opening remarks harsh, they will not, we are sure, repeat the same accusation after reading the extracts we have given. They are taken at random, and are of not more than an average nonsensicality. Nor, to do Frau von Armin justice, are the "Conversations with Demons" worse in point of style, taste, and sense, than any of her former writings. For it may be said of her, that from the first she attained the height of absurdity, and that she has not—in the course of a long, varied, and yet singularly unpro-

ductive literary career, shewn the slightest symptoms of an approach to common sense.

Erinnerungen eines österreichischen Veteranen aus dem italienischen Kriege des Jahre 1848 und 1849. 2 Vols. Stuttgart.

THESE reminiscences of the Italian Wars of 1848 and 1849 are from the pen of Field-Marshal Lieutenant Schönhals, a native of northern Germany, and for many years past an officer in the Austrian army. Surely no one is more competent to write on the subject of those wars than General Schönhals, who, from the commencement of hostilities to the battle of Novara, acted as chief of the military chancellery of Field-Marshal Radetzky, and the future historian of the eventful years, through which it has been our lot to live, and the mighty sympathies and antipathies of which still act upon us to the exclusion of all truly historical feeling, will find General Schönhals' work of the greatest value in all that concerns the military operations of the two campaigns. As for the political views—which are freely expressed in the two volumes before us—we characterize and excuse them by saying that they are the views of an Austrian soldier. The same apology holds good for the violent and, in many instances, outrageous language in which the gallant General indulges on the subject of the Italian national party. Whatever censure that conquered party may deserve, it is surely neither just nor generous in the conquerors to bestow it; and expressions such as "A handful of ne'er do wills," "Infamous traitors," "A pack of contemptible demagogues," would be stains upon any collection of memoirs, even if not applied to those whom the author met and conquered on the field of battle. The military author of the present day would be all the better for imitating the *courtoisie* of ancient chivalry; nor should a military engineer forget that the dangers of recoils are not confined to the practice of gunnery.

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